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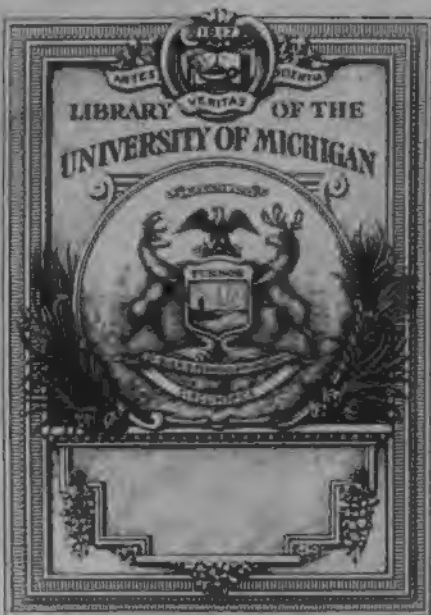
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THE
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MAY TO AUGUST, 1857.

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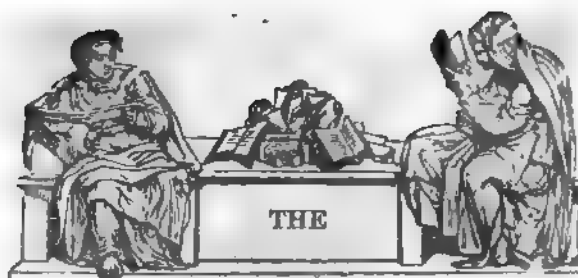
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MAY, 1857.

#797

From the Edinburgh Review.

PHILIP II. AND HIS TIMES.*

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, from the grave in which he lies, still confers new and very unexpected gifts upon Spain. In the fifteenth century he gave her the New World. In the nineteenth, that New World gives back historians to Spain—historians, who not only investigate and describe with becoming enthusiasm her great actions and her conquests in that new hemisphere which is their country, but who follow the destinies of Spain herself to their ancient source, upon her own soil, and in the past annals of Europe. It is from America that we have, in our own time, received the most extensive survey of Spanish literature and the most captivating narratives of Spanish political history; for Ferdinand the Catholic, Isabella of Castille, Charles V., and Philip II., inspire as much curiosity and interest to these Transatlantic historians as the exploits of Cortes in Mexico, or of Pizarro in Peru.

Nor is this the only circumstance worthy of remark in the volumes now before us. These historians of European or American Spain are neither Spaniards nor Catholics. They belong to another race; they profess another faith; they speak another tongue. Washington Irving, Prescott, and Ticknor, are (so to speak) Englishmen and Protestants; for the sons of Protestant England are now the rulers of that continent which was discovered and conquered nearly four hundred years ago, by the ancestors of Catholic Spain. The history of Spain has fallen, like her Transatlantic empire, into the grasp of foreigners and of heretics.

Is this, then, one of the strange caprices of fate in the destinies of nations? Or is it one of those mysterious designs of Providence upon mankind which remain impenetrable, even after the lapse of ages? Not so: it is a natural and consequential fact, which may be fully explained by the history of Spain and of Europe for four centuries—it is a sentence warrantably pronounced and justified by the course of events.

When Charles V., wearied with power, with public affairs, with mankind, and

* 1. *History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain.* By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. 2 vols. London: 1855.

2. *The Rise of the Dutch Republic; a History.* By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. 3 vols. London: 1856.

with himself, pronounced his third abdication, and sought, in the Monastery of Yuste, the repose he needed for his body and his soul, he bequeathed to his son, Philip II., the most vast and powerful monarchy which Christendom had ever known. In Europe, Spain, the north and the south of Italy, and the Low Countries—that is to say, Holland, Belgium, and six of the finest of the present departments of the north and north-east of France. In Africa, several of the most important positions on the northern coast, Oran, Tunis; and, on the western coast, the Cape Verde Islands and the Canaries. In Asia, the Archipelago of the Philippines, and several of the Spice Islands. In America, the Archipelago of the West Indies, Mexico, Peru, and those unexplored territories which the Romish theocracy had assumed the right to grant in fee to Spanish ambition. Philip was also the husband of the Queen of England. The empire of Germany, which his father had not succeeded in transferring with his personal sceptre, devolved on his uncle Ferdinand—an ally so near that he rather resembled a vassal. Save this imperial dignity, Philip succeeded to all the dominions of his father, who had seen, to borrow a fine expression of Montesquieu, “the world expand to enlarge the field of his greatness;” and it was under his reign that the pride of his subjects first boasted that the sun never set within his territories.

For that period of the world, and in comparison with the contemporary wealth of other nations, the internal prosperity of these possessions was not less brilliant. In Spain, an official document, of 1492, sets down the population of the kingdom of Castille alone at 6,750,000—about double the amount estimated by Mr. Hallam to have formed at that time the population of this country. The permanent revenue of the Crown of Castille, which in 1474, at the accession of Isabella, was only 85,000 reals, had risen in 1504 to 26,253,334 reals, and the supplies voted by the Cortes for that year added 16,113,014 reals—in all, 42,366,348 reals, or about £100,000. The discovery of America, and the intercourse between the several portions of the monarchy, had given a rapid impulsion to the commercial activity of Spain; her mercantile marine reckoned, towards the close of the fifteenth century, nearly 1000 vessels. Still greater was the progress and the opulence of the Flemish provinces,

then said to contain 350 walled towns, and more than 6000 small towns or burghs. Antwerp boasted of 100,000 inhabitants; and even the Venetian ambassador, in spite of his national predilections, did not scruple to compare that city to the Queen of the Adriatic. Such was the activity of the manufacturing population in these towns of Flanders, that, according to Guicciardini, children of five or six years old were profitably employed; and in the rural districts, amidst fields tilled and watered as carefully as the plain of Granada, the intellectual culture of the people was so diffused, that, if we may believe the same authority, it was rare to meet a peasant who could not read and write. Thus, in the Spanish empire, the arts of war and the arts of peace flourished with equal splendor; and the same sovereign had at his disposal the gold of Mexico and Peru, the infantry of Spain, the industry of Flanders, the science, the taste, and the statecraft of Italy.

These resources lay at his disposal, in Spain at least, without contention and without control. Ferdinand and Isabella, in the first instance—after them Charles V.—had vanquished the adversaries, and crushed the obstacles, which had formerly limited the authority of the Crown. No divisions existed between the kingdoms of Spain. No unbelievers shared the territory with the Christian people. With the exception of Portugal, marriage and conquest had reduced the Peninsula to a single state. Unity had triumphed in the government as well as in the territory. The Mendozas, the Guzmans, the Ponces de Leon—those haughty nobles who could arm, one against the other, a thousand pikemen, ten thousand men-at-arms, and who burned in Seville fifteen hundred houses of their foes—had been subdued by the Crown, and were now arrayed about it for its honor and its service. The Commons of Castille, and that heroic pair who had marched at their head—Don Juan de Padilla and Dona Maria Pacheco, his wife—had failed, in 1522, in their struggle for liberty. Neither the feudal nobility nor the municipal bodies of Spain had accurately measured their pretensions by their strength; both these orders had been wanting in political intelligence and in the spirit of organization and of accommodation which can alone insure that success which is not won without difficulty by the best of causes. Neither

by aristocrats nor by democrats, neither by a nobility nor by a people, can the wants of an age, the essential conditions of social order, and the gradation of the respective ranks of society be overlooked with impunity. A just sympathy hangs over the memory of these generous defenders of ancient rights and of public liberty in Spain; but their defeat was natural; and if they had for a moment conquered Ferdinand or Charles V., they must soon have lost a power which they had not the wisdom or the strength to exercise.

Philip II., then, succeeded at once to a vast monarchy and to a victorious and unlimited monarchical power. And no man was more fitted by nature to enjoy without diminution this double inheritance. Able, laborious, persevering, firm, sagacious, skillful in the use of men, and skillful in dispensing with those who had served him best, he had not that ardent impetuosity, that intemperance of ambition and activity, which incites to wild and various undertakings, and which develops, but consumes, all the powers of the mind. Addicted to work, he was not less averse to movement; journeys—frequent and rapid changes of abode, of society, or of habits—bodily fatigue and the sudden incidents of war—intercourse with the people, and all the great and exciting scenes of public life and human society, were objects of his antipathy. He lived at once in pomp and in silence, in business and in repose, in government and in solitude. On all occasions he was slow and secret; the most important events, the most exalted persons, the most urgent questions, could wring from him for many weeks no answer. When he entered a city where he was obliged to appear amongst his subjects, he flung himself back in his carriage to avoid their gaze. He was a sovereign of the closet, never extending his confidence beyond the narrow sphere of his own instruments, and even within that sphere suspicious of them; but though he would never have conquered either the dominions, or the power, or the greatness which he inherited, he seemed born to preserve them in their integrity, and his life was devoted to their retention. He possessed for this purpose one great qualification which had been wanting to his father—he was really and thoroughly a Spaniard. Born and bred in Flanders, Charles V. was at first, and

long remained, a Fleming. When he ascended the throne of Spain, great and general was the irritation against his Flemish habits and predilections. At a later period, passing his life in constant intercourse with all the States of Europe, Charles V. became less Flemish, but not more Spanish. He spoke German, French, Italian, Flemish, just as well and as readily as the Spanish tongue; and notwithstanding his retreat to the mountains of Estremadura, Flanders ever remained the home and country of his heart. Philip II. never had, either by birth or by affection, any other country than Spain: he spent in it the first twenty-one years of his life; he never left it but upon the most pressing occasions; he returned to it as soon as he could do so without extreme political peril; and he constantly evaded, during the last thirty-nine years of his reign, the reasons and the entreaties which summoned him to other parts of his dominions. He knew neither the German nor the Flemish languages; indifferently the Italian and the French. The Spanish was almost his only tongue, as Spain was his favorite abode. He found pleasure and confidence among Spaniards only. Between their faith and his faith—between their manners and his manners—between their tastes and his tastes—the harmony became every day more complete. Spaniards alone were summoned to his councils at Madrid, even to conduct the affairs of his other possessions; and when, in 1559, at the States-General of the Low Countries assembled at Ghent, the Flemings asked him to send away the Spanish troops and Cardinal Granvelle, because they were foreigners, he rejected their prayer with the ungracious reply: "I, too, am a foreigner." For Spain and for its sovereign, what elements were these of strength and of success! What pledges of a powerful and glorious future!

The condition of the Spanish monarchy in the middle of the sixteenth century will appear still more advantageous if it be compared to that of the two monarchies with which its relations were most frequent and most important—that of France and that of England. Francis I. had been succeeded on the throne of France by a feeble prince—rash, vain, equally ready to plunge into great undertakings and to recoil before obstacles or reverses. Charles V., before his abdication, had taken care to insure to his son, by the truce of Vau-

celles, concluded for five years, an interval of repose not less needed by France than by Spain; but very few months had elapsed—perhaps, indeed, the negotiation of the truce was hardly terminated—when Henry II. allied himself to the Pope and the Sultan to make war on the most Catholic King; and by his orders the truce was most abruptly broken in Italy by the Duc de Guise, in Flanders by Admiral de Coligny. On every point the fortune of war turned against France; in spite of the skill of Guise, the veteran experience of Montmorency, the heroism of Coligny, the battles of St. Quentin and Gravelines were lost; St. Quentin was taken by the Spaniards; Italy was evacuated by the French; and, after two years of a ruinous contest, in which the recovery of Calais was the only stroke of enterprise and of success, Henry II. hastened to conclude the inglorious peace of Cateau Cambresis, and to promise in marriage to the Infant Don Carlos, of tragical celebrity, that daughter of France who was some months afterwards to wed, in lieu of the Infant, Philip himself, a widower by the death of Queen Mary of England. The affairs of France were not more prosperously conducted at home than abroad. The Reformation was rapidly spreading there—not enough to secure its triumph, but enough to prolong the contest, and to survive its defeat. Persecution grew more violent—civil war broke out—religious passion prevailed over national honor—faith spoke louder than patriotism—Catholics and Protestants invoked alike foreign aid. The Catholics dispatched frequent messages to Philip II., the bearers of their apprehensions and their entreaties. The Spanish ambassador in Paris, Perrenot de Chantonnay, the brother of Cardinal Granvelle, denounced to his master the weakness of Catherine de Medicis toward the Protestants. “You may reckon,” wrote he, “that whatever is done at Geneva, as well in the pulpit as in the administration of the sacraments, the like may be done with equal impunity throughout this kingdom, beginning with the King’s palace.” When Catharine obtained with difficulty that the Queen of Spain, her daughter, should come to meet her at Bayonne, the Duke of Alva was about her person, and repeated in the name of his master, and with his natural harshness, that “a prince can do nothing more scandalous or more injurious to his interests than to allow his

people to live according to their conscience; that it was necessary, before all things, by severe remedies, and without sparing steel or fire, to extirpate this evil to the root, since mildness and sufferance could not fail to increase it; that if the Queen was wanting in this her so just duty, his Catholic Majesty had resolved to sacrifice everything, and even his life, to stop the course of a plague which he considered alike menacing to France and to Spain.” But whether Catherine followed or did not follow these counsels, France became more and more a prey to religious and civil discord, and Spanish influence, sometimes combined with the Court, sometimes combined with those fanatic malcontents who were ere long to establish the Ligue, extended its supremacy over the country.

Over England, and its new queen, Elizabeth, Philip II. had less hold. On the death of Mary he had attempted to contract the same tie with her sister, and still to remain King-Consort of England. Elizabeth evaded without absolutely rejecting the proposal. Philip renewed it; but he charged his ambassador, the Duke of Feria, “to speak out in the matter of religion, and to declare that he could only marry a Catholic Queen, resolved to uphold the Catholic faith.” Elizabeth declined altogether; but under the pretext that she did not intend to marry at all. Though, however, she resolved not to unite herself to Philip, she was not disposed to quarrel with him at once, and without absolute necessity. She knew too well the difficulties and perils which encompassed her to provoke the hostility she already anticipated. A Protestant by her position, by policy, by patriotism, and also to a certain extent in belief, she was called upon at the same time to maintain and to repress the Protestant party. She had to deal both with Catholics reluctant to resign that ascendancy which Mary had restored to them, and with Puritans who aspired in the State as well as in the Church to far bolder and broader reformation. On the morrow of her accession, on the frontiers of her kingdom, in the same island, a Catholic queen, powerful by her connexions and by the charms of her person, had already assumed the attitude of a rival, usurped the title of Queen of England, and commenced against her a series of conspiracies, which was to end thirty years later by a catastrophe fatal to

the life of Mary Stuart, and scarcely less fatal to the glory of Elizabeth. And amidst these internal difficulties, the Queen was, in spite of all her prudence, engaged abroad, with no support but that of a jealous though loyal Parliament and people, in the great struggle of the two principles which were contending throughout Christendom for authority and for freedom.

Thus, then, Philip II. found himself at the commencement of his reign the undisputed sovereign of the widest and richest of the monarchies of Europe—the absolute master of his dominions, intimately united to the faith, the prejudices, and the manners of the land of his birth and of his predilection; whilst his neighbors and his rivals were States torn by religious and political dissensions, and princes incapable of empire, or inexperienced women on disputed thrones.

Let us pass at once from the middle to the end of the sixteenth century—from the accession of Philip II. to his death. Without tracing the slow and sinuous course of events, let us weigh the result of this whole period. We have seen in what condition Philip II. took the Spanish monarchy: let us inquire in what state he left it, and what that monarchy became under forty years of his government.

The scene is completely changed, both in the internal condition of the three monarchies, and in their mutual relations of strength, of activity, of European influence and greatness.

Spain had lost the Low Countries. Seven of those provinces had already entirely emancipated themselves from her empire, and formed, under the style of the United Provinces, a republic which took rank among the Powers of Europe. Philip II. still waged against his former subjects a feeble and hopeless war; but he was on the brink of the grave, and a few years later his son, Philip III., concluded at the Hague, under the name of a twelve years' truce, to save the last pang of royal pride, a treaty which was in fact a recognition of the independence of Holland and a peace. The other provinces of Flanders had indeed remained faithful to the Romish Church, but they were not the less alienated from the Spanish monarchy; Philip, not being able to govern them as he wished, desisted from governing them altogether, and handed over the sovereignty of the country to his eldest

daughter, the Infanta Isabella, married to the Austrian Archduke Albert—a prince who had been a cardinal, but who shook off the ties of the Church to become a sovereign. In 1599, the Infanta and her husband reigned in Brussels, under the joint title of “the Archdukes.” Thus the country of Charles V.—those magnificent provinces for which Philip II. had labored incessantly for forty years—where he had wrought so many acts of iniquity and of horror—where he had inflicted such incalculable sufferings, and roused such indomitable hatreds—were, at the close of his long career, either lost altogether to the crown of Spain, or transferred to the German branch of his house, with the single reservation that they were to revert to the royal line in the event of a failure of issue from their new rulers.

Abroad, and especially in his relations with France, the designs and the efforts of Philip II. had proved equally vain. He had ardently fomented in France the two curses of religious persecution and of civil war. He had supported the Ligue and the Guises in their most factious plots to such an excess, that the Pope himself, and that Pope Sixtus V., repudiated his policy, and said to Louis of Gonzaga, Duc de Nevers, “In what school have you learnt that it is well to form parties against the will of their lawful sovereign? I am much afraid that things may be brought to such a pass, that the King of France, Catholic as he is, may be compelled to call for the aid of heretics to rescue him from the tyranny of the Catholics.” Whilst Henry III. was still alive, Philip, in his eagerness to exclude Henry IV. from the throne, had concluded a formal treaty with the Guises, by which they mutually bound themselves that “none should ever reign in France either himself a heretic, or who, being king, should concede public impunity to heretics.” After the assassination of Henry III., Philip, burning with the twofold ardor of secular ambition and religious zeal, had recommended the party of the Ligue to call to the throne his own daughter Isabella, and he ordered the Duke of Parma to enter France with his army to support the Ligue at all hazards—even at the risk of losing the Low Countries. The Duke of Parma, by two able campaigns, did succeed in checking the progress of Henry IV., and still held the crown of France on the cast of a die. At the States General,

assembled at Paris in 1599, Philip II. felt full extent of his power; the faction of the "Seize" had formally offered the throne to himself or to some one of his descendants. Yet but a few months after this explosion of Spanish fanaticism, Henry IV. entered Paris the bearer of victory and peace. Two years later, Mayenne and the Ligue made their submission. In the following year Philip himself entered into negotiation with Henry of Bourbon; and on the 2d of May, 1598, the ambassadors of Spain signed the peace of Vervins, two weeks after Henry IV. had promulgated liberty of conscience to the Protestants by the Edict of Nantes—a measure far from complete, but greatly in advance of the prevailing spirit of those times, and which was the signal stamp and seal of the defeat of Philip II., the confusion of his maxims, and the ruin of his pretensions.

In his relations with England, the King had undergone reverses, not more bitter, perhaps, but even more direct and more terrible. His plots with Mary Stuart, sometimes designed to marry her to the Infant Don Carlos, sometimes to deliver her from captivity, and to place her on the throne of England, "whether Queen Elizabeth died a natural death or by any other kind of chance," had ended in a more tragical and disastrous failure than his French intrigues with the house of Guise. He had seen the most powerful armament which had ever sailed from the ports of Spain—the Invincible Armada itself—scattered and destroyed in a few days before the blasts of the tempest and the valor of English seaman. English cruisers had on several occasions ravaged the coasts of Spain, and, not long before, Essex had pillaged the city of Cadiz, Philip being unable to repel these attacks or to avenge these insults. Nay, it was with repugnance that Elizabeth consented, on the solicitation of Henry IV., to join in the peace of Vervins—a peace far more necessary to Philip than to herself, and far more eagerly desired by Spain than by England.

Scarcely was this peace signed when the King died, mutilated in his possessions, defeated in his political and religious ambition, humbled in his pride, leaving the Spanish monarchy enfeebled and depressed. Its neighbors, who had been his obsequious allies or his timid antagonists, were now its conquerors; and the contested

acquisition of the crown of Portugal was the sole compensation which remained for so many losses and reverses. To this had Philip II., in a reign of forty-two years, brought the monarchy of Charles V.

Was, then, this decline an accident in the destinies of Spain, the fault of an individual, the result of the mistaken but transient policy of a single reign? To answer this question we must extend our survey; and as we have already passed from the accession to the death of Philip, let us descend from the death of Philip to the present time. The great witnesses of history are events examined by the light of ages. What has the monarchy of Charles V. become since the commencement of that decay already so perceptible under the sceptre of his son?

Beyond the confines of Europe, in America, there is no more Spain; all her conquests have shaken off her yoke, all her establishments have escaped from her authority. One splendid possession alone remains to her—the Island of Cuba, the Queen of the Antilles; but that possession is already precarious, day by day more coveted and more assailed by the United States, neighbors as powerful as they are ambitious, as daring as they are powerful, and which pursue the track of conquest like those mighty rivers that extend their course and overflow their boundaries by the incalculable volume of their waters.

The Spanish colonies, now severed from the mother country, have not become to Spain what the United States have become to England—a wide and wealthy market—a swarm of active and industrious settlers who have left the hive, but who, in spite of their rivalry, are still united to their parent State by habit, by interest, and by conformity of tastes, in close, manifold, and productive intercourse. The colonies of Spain have sought to become free States. But Spain has given them none of the principles, the traditions, and the examples of liberty. They have conquered their independence only to fall into a state of anarchy—a state of anarchy not less unfruitful than their former servitude. The most subversive notions, the most uncontrolled passions, are propagated and indulged without restraint and without success in the immense dismembered territories of what was once the Spanish empire. Catholics in name, these nations are infested by the excess of licentiousness and infidelity; they are the chief con-

sumers of the cynical productions of the profligate incredulity of the last century, the refuse of our own. Spain has taught her colonies to defend and maintain her faith as ill as she taught them to establish and to exercise their own freedom.

In the north of Africa, whether she had first driven and afterwards pursued the Moors, Spain has long since retired before the descendants of that conquered people; the conquests of Charles V. and Cardinal Ximenes have been abandoned: nothing remains to her on that coast but one or two miserable receptacles for outlaws and convicts.

Upon the native soil of Spain, in that magnificent peninsula which is bounded by the Pyrenees, the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic Ocean, the prosperity and grandeur of the monarchy have shared the same fate. Two royal races, once the proudest rivals in glory and in power, the house of Austria and the house of Bourbon, have occupied that throne; both of them have left the Spanish nation in weakness and in apathy; the descendants of Louis XIV. degenerated at Madrid as rapidly as the descendants of Charles V. Under their administration Spain has witnessed the decline of her industry and wealth, of her armies, of her fleets, of her finances, of her literature as well as of her policy, of the mind as well as of the State. The well-meant but incoherent and incomplete reforms attempted by Charles III. disguised for a moment the ruin they failed to arrest. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have been to Spain two centuries of servile government, of disorganization, of waning life.

Has, then, this state of intellectual and political torpor in the government and in the nation preserved either one or the other from revolutions? Has stagnation secured durability? Does the soil, which has ceased to bear in its increase, forget the shocks of the earthquake? Has the trance of Spain been a period of repose? The world knows it is not so. No sooner has an opportunity occurred, no sooner has some great blast from without swept over Spain, than the daring spirit of the age manifests itself as abruptly as if it had never ceased to haunt the nation; there, as elsewhere, blending gleams of intelligence with clouds and darkness; confounding generous desires with extravagant designs; not less presumptuous, not less ambitious, not less licentious than in

those communities where it has long extended its authority and established its empire. No sooner had Spain been roused from her torpor by the call of national honor and of war, than she flung herself into the track of revolutions; her ancient manners, her ancient attachment to the throne and to the Church are not yet altogether lost; and they have more than once rescued her from the brink of the precipice; they must still play a considerable part in her destinies; but they have failed either to satisfy or to restrain her; they have failed to prevent the irruption of the revolutionary spirit; they will fail to overcome it; and if Spain emerges from the perils which surround her, she will certainly not return to that authority, alike oppressive and ineffectual, which Philip II. and his successors had imposed upon the nation.

Whilst Spain has fallen into this state of apathy, which has not saved it from anarchy, what has been the fate of those neighboring States which were in the sixteenth century her subjects or her rivals? What has been the growth, and what have been the results of that growth, in the destinies of the Low Countries, of France, and of England?

Imagine Philip II. returning to Brussels to contemplate the aspect of Belgium—the Belgium of our own times. Instead of those subject provinces, eternally divided and naturally jealous in their common dependence, he would find a kingdom of no very ancient date, but already consolidated by trials of no ordinary gravity, and a Protestant sovereign who has not thought it necessary to abjure the creed in which he was born, but who brings up his children in the faith of Rome, surrounded by the confidence, the respect, and the loyal attachment of a Catholic people; he would find the most entire religious liberty and toleration, proved by the continual and unrestrained expression of different forms of belief, and of the fervor of different opinions, with their respective claims and their mutual controversies; he would find the municipal liberties of Flanders still in full vigor and still dear to the population; a vast deal of political freedom, exercised with judgment and moderation in spite of the awkward institutions of the country; an immense amount of industry and wealth diffused through all classes of society, and promoting the development of the intelli-

gence as well as the prosperity of the nation. From the sixteenth to the nineteenth century what changes have been wrought! what obstacles surmounted! what improvements perfected! Philip would look on such a state of things with extreme surprise; scarcely would he resign himself to believe what he must see before him.

If he passed from Brussels to the Hague he would again encounter a fresh source of astonishment and disappointment. He would see in that spot his oldest and most tenacious enemy—the house of Nassau, tranquilly established on a throne, surrounded and supported by all the liberties, whether ancient or modern, of that country. The Protestant Low Countries have triumphantly survived, in the course of the last three centuries, the rudest trials ever inflicted on a people. Under a Republican form of government, they conquered, with infinite toil and sacrifices, the freedom of their faith and the independence of their government; abroad, they successfully resisted the greatest sovereigns of Europe—the house of Austria and the house of Bourbon—Philip II. and Louis XIV.; at home, they have outlived the miserable dissensions of the Commonwealth, the furious rivalry of those parties to both of which they owed their salvation—that of a republican aristocracy, and that of a family of popular and patriotic princes. These labors being achieved, these perils being surmounted, when the events of another age opened before them, and the revolutions of the great European community pressed upon Holland, that ancient Republic assumed the form of a constitutional monarchy; neither stubborn to retain, nor prompt to discard, its former condition, but able to provide for the new exigencies of its situation by employing the different elements of its past history. For a people which has played a considerable part in the world, no act of progress is more difficult or more meritorious than a transformation thus modestly accomplished, with no defeat and no sacrifice of dignity to any party, under the influence of an enlightened sense of national interest, and by a great act of public reason.

France, indeed, has suffered in these three centuries transformations far different, far deeper, far more poignant, than those of Holland. That country has desired or accepted rules of government the most various; monarchy and republican-

ism, absolutism and constitutional government, the despotism of a man and the despotism of an assembly, a supremacy in Europe, sometimes earned by war, sometimes exercised in peace, the empire of the sword and the empire of opinion. But in none of these conditions has France found rest; none of them has sufficed to content or to arrest her; she has tried and traversed them all, as experiments soon to be cast aside with disgust; and she has exhibited to Europe the spectacle of a nation alternately ardent and indifferent, fit and unfit for political life, as mutable as she is mighty, capable of any conquest, incapable of any lasting possession.

Yet upon a closer and more attentive examination of these vicissitudes and inconstancies of France, and of the revolutions of her government, it is not impossible to discover one desire, one hope, one national object still the same: though at times her course has been interrupted and that object thrown aside, it has never been completely forsaken; for it lived in the heart of the nation, even when no outward signs of activity disclosed its presence. In the sixteenth century, amidst the crimes and calamities of religious and civil war, the Chancellor de l'Hôpital, the President de Thou, the great judges of the land, the *bourgeoisie* of that age, were already bent on laying the foundations of a legal monarchy, and on securing the principal rights of personal freedom. In the seventeenth century the same design, enlarged to the limitation of the power of the Crown and to the introduction of a more popular element in the government, gave rise to the coalition of a part of the nobility and the middle classes in the Fronde—that strange mixture of selfishness and of sincerity, of frivolity and of bloodshed. Long after this design had miscarried, when Mazarin and Louis XIV. had secured the ascendancy of pure monarchy, a pious and illustrious prelate, a proud and honorable courtier, a virtuous heir to the Crown—Fenelon, St. Simon, and the Duc de Bourgogne—entertained a vision of reforming that monarchy for the honor of the aristocracy and the benefit of the nation. Reforms of a far bolder and broader nature became the fixed object and the passionate desire of the eighteenth century. The Revolution of 1789 was the result; in other words, the old society of France was recast in the mould of democracy; and this work, which was

commenced under the name of constitutional monarchy, continued through all the crimes of the Republic, and was crowned by the glories of the Empire. After a quarter of a century of chaos and creation, of anarchy and despotism, of triumphs and of reverses—when France was reduced by the intervention of Europe to that state of repose which she herself desired, she found that repose under the shelter of constitutional monarchy, and she lived for thirty-four years in the enjoyment of its blessings, believing that she had at last obtained that free government which she had projected in 1789. Plunged once more into anarchy, she eagerly accepted, to escape from fresh calamities, the alternative of a temperate despotism, sustained by an imperial dynasty and sanctioned by the suffrages of the people. But who shall venture to affirm that this is the termination of her political aberrations, or that she will not one day revert to the hopes and the experiment of free government, which she has already so often grasped, relinquished, and resumed with the same vivacity? In a new preface which M. Guizot has recently added to the sixth edition of his "History of Civilization in France," he describes, in forcible and accurate language, these characteristics of the history of his country.

"France has undergone in the last fourteen centuries the most extraordinary alterations of anarchy and despotism, of illusion and disappointment. But she never long renounced either order or liberty, the two conditions of the honor and the well-being of nations. That fact sheds a gleam of light over the gloom of our history. That fact tells us, that with all the errors and the crimes of these times, we are not such unexampled innovators or such idle dreamers as we are accused of being. The end we are pursuing is, in fact, the same which our forefathers pursued: they, too, labored in their day to emancipate and to raise, both morally and materially, the different classes of our society; they, too, aspired to insure, by free institutions and by the effectual participation of the nation in its government, the good conduct of public affairs, the rights and the liberties of individuals. And if they on many occasions failed in this generous design, still have some strong and manly minds, patrician or plebeian, magistrates or common citizens, stood erect amidst the general prostration, maintaining sound principles and lofty hopes, and not permitting the sacred fire to go out because no temple had yet been successfully raised about it. The confidence of these persevering champions of the good unfortunate cause has not been deceived; that cause has

not only survived its misfortunes, but in its own good time it breaks forth with greater energy and power. Time enlarges what it does not destroy."

Whatever may be the obscurity of the future in the political government of France, that nation has no cause to view it with excessive apprehension; her past history may supply her with some consolations for the difficulties she encounters, and even for the failures, more or less protracted, she has to endure. There is more than one road which may lead nations to prosperity, civilization, and freedom. The road which France has taken is not the shortest, or the surest; but along that road she has seldom ceased to advance. Devastated as she had been in the sixteenth century by religious animosities and persecutions, she nevertheless resumed, in the seventeenth century, under the hand of Henry IV. and the sceptre of Louis XIV., her rapid course in every kind of activity, of progress, and of glory. Exhausted by the reverses, and instructed by the rapid decline of absolute monarchy, she cast herself with eager impetuosity, in the eighteenth century, upon the track of opposition, of reform, and of freedom: there, too, in spite of her extravagant pretensions and preposterous errors, she shone with no common intellectual lustre, she extended over the world her opinions, her manners, and her influence, and she helped to prepare new destinies for the people of the earth—a nation full of vital strength, rushing onward, rushing in the wrong direction, then suddenly perceiving her error, and changing her course; or at other times motionless and apparently exhausted by her unprofitable search, but never resigned to impotence, finding in fresh efforts and fresh triumphs a compensation for her former failures—great, intelligent, and powerful, in spite of all her faults, and destined to float after a hundred shipwrecks.

The political life of England has been, for the last three hundred years, more temperate, more fortunate, and more skillfully conducted than that of France. England has achieved the task which France has vainly attempted—the establishment of a free government. That task has cost us two revolutions, but these revolutions (including even that of 1548, in spite of its excesses) were in truth the development, not the interruption, of the

faith, the spirit, and the institutions of this country. Both in 1640 and 1688, the movement of the nation was essentially Protestant and Parliamentary. Parliament had been for centuries, and Protestantism had already been for a hundred years, the heart of England. When the people of England changed their government, they did not break with the past; and far from abjuring their religion and their laws, they defended, established, and extended them more and more. The spirit of tradition has ever borne as large a part in our feelings and our actions as the spirit of innovation: and we owe to the combination and the equipoise of these two elements the social success of our revolutions, and that steady progress of legal liberty, of moral and religious stability, and of bold and persevering activity, which has now established, for nearly two hundred years, the strength, the prosperity, the glory of England, amidst the convulsions and the efforts of the rest of Europe.

We have exhausted our terms of comparison. We have drawn side by side at different eras of their greatness the contrasted destinies of the three great nations of Western Europe. Why, then, is Spain, which was so powerful precisely three hundred years ago, when in 1556 Charles V. resigned his empire to Philip II., so feeble at the present time? How comes it to pass that France and England, following such different courses, and with such unequal success, have nevertheless both incessantly advanced and increased? The problem is worthy of our examination, for events, which embrace so large a portion of the world and of time, are the revelation of eternal laws and the sentence of Divine justice.

The sixteenth century was the crisis of Christian Europe, for it was the tomb of the Middle Ages, and the starting-point of modern history. The principles of thought and action adopted at that period by the States of Europe have decided their fate.

Neither intellect, nor energy, nor virtue, nor glory, were wanting to those Middle Ages, which were long so unjustly appreciated, and which have been in our own time not less unjustly vaunted or decried. The Middle Ages were a period of faith and of conviction, of robust activity and original invention, fruitful in great

things, in great men, and in courageous efforts for the freedom and progress of mankind: they fought out stoutly, and in spite of many obstacles, some of the great problems of humanity; in letters and the arts they sometimes touched the beautiful, often the sublime; and although they oppressed and humbled, they did not scorn, mankind. But after several centuries of violent, though monotonous fermentation, the great day of trial came upon the Middle Ages—that trial to which all the ages and conditions of humanity are sooner or later exposed. Fermentation can not be perpetual or fruitless: organization must one day begin. The longer the society of the Middle Ages endured, the more deeply did the want of justice and of improvement, of order and of freedom, penetrate the strata of which that society was composed. The defects and abuses which lurk in all human affairs from their origin, or affect them by the injuries of time, broke forth at last at every stage of the social structure, in the Church as well as in the State. The society of the Middle Ages was urged to the work of organization and reform. The calls of interest and the claims of opinion, which had become more imperious or more exacting, summoned that society, whether feudal or municipal, lay or clerical, to assume a constitution more regular and more stable, fitted to extend to all its members means of progress and pledges of protection. In that effort the society of the Middle Ages perished, for it was incapable of regular organization and of effectual reform. Good intentions and honest endeavors were not altogether wanting. In the political sphere, kings and their councillors, the States General of France, the Cortes of Spain, the Parliaments of England, the Municipal Confederations of Italy, Flanders, and Germany—in the ecclesiastical sphere, popes and councils, bishops and friars, labored more than once, from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, for the redress of grievances, for the reformation of abuses, for the establishment of a regular government and an equitable authority over the civil and religious interests of Europe. Their efforts were vain. The tyrannical anarchy of the Middle Ages was untamable by man: no creation could naturally arise from that social chaos.

Nor is this result attributable solely to the rulers of the people in those ages,

whether laymen or ecclesiastics, whether kings, popes, or nobles, or to their selfishness and their vices alone. This inaptitude and this absence of political organization were general in the Middle Ages, not less amongst the governed than amongst the governing order; they were as manifest in the struggle for liberty as in the acts of power. Whatever be the cause, whoever be the actors, a certain amount of intelligence, of wisdom, of foresight, of judicious and persevering moderation, is an indispensable condition of success. That condition is as necessary to nations as to sovereigns—to the hand of insurgents as to their oppressor: and in all the vicissitudes of public life, sacrifices must be made and conditions accepted in the name of the public interest rightly understood. But in the Middle Ages neither the people, nor the sovereigns, nor the burgesses, nor the nobles, nor the laity, nor the clergy, were wise enough, or enlightened enough, or temperate enough, or patient enough to form a just estimate of this public interest rightly understood, extending over a wide range of territory and of time, to submit to its requirements, or to adapt their conduct to insure its triumph. Their epoch was one of impetuous instinct, of abrupt resolution, of precipitate action, of brutal force. The men of those ages, circumscribed, even the greatest of them, within a dark and narrow horizon—ill acquainted, even the wisest of them, with the facts and obstacles they had to meet, failed in their political designs at least as much from ignorance as from crime: their contracted views, their false notions, their misconceptions, and the mental twilight in which they lived, proved not less fatal to the attempted organization and reform of the Middle Ages than the hostility of selfish interests or the tumult of malignant passions.

The great event, commonly called the Revival of Letters, which happened in the fifteenth century, added fresh impediments to the organization and reform of the society of the Middle Ages. The resurrection of republican and pagan antiquity shook and troubled the Christian world. That array of great actions and of great men, so different from those of the existing generation—that galaxy of the recovered works of poets, philosophers, historians, and orators, so superior, at least in the perfection of external form, to the

works of their own time—the novelty, the beauty, and the freedom of these renovated gifts, spells of no common power, intoxicated the upper classes of that ardent and unrefined society, who eagerly accepted this fresh excitement of intellectual gratification as a compensation for the burdens and the evils they had to bear. This trial was inevitable. The nations and races of the world which have filled the age with their lives and works can not remain unknown or unnoticed by those which come after them. Providence itself, watching over the growth of mankind, forbids so great a waste of genius and of power. It is the mission and the glory of different peoples and of different eras to pass onward the chain of their history and their being, and reciprocally to act on those they can not know. To deplore the revival of letters, which gave us back the Greece and the Rome of antiquity, because the European society of the Middle Ages was struck and shattered by this revolution, would be an act of retrospective and retroactive barbarism. This was one of the phases through which the society of Christendom had to pass; and assuredly, after having victoriously subdued the institutions of Paganism fifteen hundred years before, Christianity was not now to quail before its spectre. Taking an extended view of history and of time, the Revival of Letters neither corrupted nor impaired Christian civilization, but, on the contrary, gave it a broader and mightier impulsion to new and abundant increase. Yet at the moment when this event took place, it aggravated the disorder and the difficulties of Europe; it cast doubts and perplexities upon the faith and the usages of Christendom; and it inspired many of the most eminent men of that age with the discouraging and enervating feeling of contempt for the country and the time in which they lived. The human mind became more curious and more skeptical, whilst the manners of society were relaxed and enervated. The progress of this intellectual activity and appetite rendered that reformation, which the Middle Ages had vainly attempted to effect, at once more necessary and more difficult of execution.

The world, however, stops not, though it cease to be guided; and if its leaders fail it, others will be found to satisfy its desires. Just as the remains of Pagan

antiquity were again disclosed in all their splendor, just as the spirit of the Middle Ages had failed to reconstitute the modern society of Christian nations, the sixteenth century, opened by two mighty events—events correlative though distinct—the reformation of the Church and the foundation of the great monarchies of Europe.

Of the three great States whose policy and whose destiny it is here our object to characterize and to compare, Spain was the best prepared and the most resolved to accept one of these events and to reject the other. Monarchy had triumphed in Spain more completely and more gloriously than in any other part of Europe. By marriage or by conquest, Ferdinand and Isabella had reduced the Peninsula to a single kingdom. Without immoderate violence, without revolting oppression, in the name and in the interest of public order, of justice, and of the common good, the authority of the Crown was already almost as much concentrated as the political condition of the territory. The feudal aristocracy were sufficiently subdued to serve and to shine, without resistance, in the army and the court. Indeed, the nobles did not always take their seats in the Cortes, to which the Crown summoned in preference the delegates of the towns—a loyal and docile class, provided they were suffered to retain their corporate privileges, and were not called upon for too much money. The burgesses of Spain in the fifteenth century showed so little zeal for a share in the government of the State, that considerable towns—such as Burgos and Toledo—solicited the King to pay their deputies; and many others, which enjoyed the right of representation in the Cortes, made over that right to the representatives of some neighboring city, whom they charged to attend and vote on their behalf. The deputies of Salamanca are said to have represented five hundred towns and fourteen hundred villages. The whole province of Galicia sent no other representatives than those of the little town of Zamora; and when, in 1506, several cities claimed the privilege of representation, led on that occasion by their interests to attend the Cortes, those cities which had constantly exercised the franchise opposed their demand, maintaining that by the ancient usage of the realm the right of representation was confined to eighteen cities of the kingdom. In opposition to popular claims thus limited and

humble, Ferdinand and Isabella had found it an easy task to assert the plenitude and the independence of their royal authority.

The Spanish monarchy of the fifteenth century had moreover an advantage which has often been absent when it was most required: the two sovereigns were able and respected; one of them beloved by her subjects to a singular degree, and both of them faithfully and gloriously served by their principal ministers. Ferdinand of Arragon, though wanting in greatness of mind and splendor of genius, without fidelity in his domestic life, was, nevertheless, a serious, laborious, sensible, moderate, frugal, and just prince, whose ambition did not exceed his strength, and who was little wont to abuse success. Isabella of Castile is, of all the queens who have reigned in Europe, that one who has left behind her the fairest reputation of virtue and the highest mark of ability; her great and conscientious character rose to enterprise and boldness in the hour of need, whilst she followed the modest course of a woman's life in the ordinary circumstances of her existence: she was at once dignified and affectionate; faithful to her friends and to her duties; and in her somewhat difficult relations with the King, her husband, she combined the submission of a wife with the independence of a queen. She it was who comprehended and constantly supported—sometimes with great difficulty—Christopher Columbus, Gonzalvo of Cordova, and Cardinal Ximenes, three of the noblest and most honest subjects who ever served a crown—three heroes, under the tonsure, under the buckler, and in the solitudes of the Atlantic—all three alike unchangeable in their loyalty, although ill-treated after the death of Isabella by the master to whom they had given, one the New World, another the supremacy of Italy, the third the outworks of Islam on the African coast. Such was the monarchy of Spain as it rose from the chaos of the feudal system—such was the array which surrounded that throne.

But if Spain at the opening of the sixteenth century was prepared and zealous for the establishment of a great monarchy, she was utterly opposed to a religious reformation. The contest with the infidel had been for eight centuries the thought, the passion, the task, the glory of the Spanish nation. And in that nation the infidel was not this or that sect of Christ-

ians, this or that tribe of Spaniards, but the Arab, the Moor, aliens in race as well as in creed, enemies as well as miscreants, the conquered conquerers of a former age. All these religious and patriotic feelings, all these incentives to hatred and to war, rose at the name of unbelievers, and still glowed in Spanish hearts when the unbelievers became Protestants and heretics. It was against the Moors and the Jews, against the followers of Mohammed and the murderers of Christ, that Ferdinand and Isabella kindled the fires of persecution, and established the Inquisition to crush their ancient enemies in the name of their country and their Church.

A task somewhat dissimilar, but equally glorious, seemed to await them when Columbus had opened the gates of the New World. The Catholic kings were called upon to bring within the pale of Christianity, and of their empire, those idolatrous nations whose very names and numbers were still unknown. To Queen Isabella especially this enterprise became a passion. Yet, ere long, her pious ambition was crossed by fresh perplexities; the fierce cupidity to which the Indians fell a prey, the atrocities committed to plunder and to convert them, excited scruples in her mind, which she expressed but a few days before her death, and in the terms of her will, with pathetic solicitude. Ferdinand, indeed, less scrupulous than the Queen, but not less wary, had treated the Moors with care and forbearance long after their defeat. Several of his ordinances prove that, as late as 1499, the treaties which had secured to them the free exercise of their religion and their laws within the territory they inhabited were faithfully observed. But a few scruples of conscience and a few precautions of policy do not long resist the authority of a principle, and the impulse of a passion proclaimed and upheld by all the institutions and powers of the State. When the crown of Ferdinand and Isabella passed to their grandson, the unity of the Catholic faith imposed by political force, without distinction of persons or of means, was already the law and the will of Spain, both of the nation and of its rulers.

When Charles V. inherited from his grandfather this creed and this law, with the title of the Catholic kings, he found himself constrained to adopt equal, or, rather, far greater measures of forbearance. The Moors of Spain were enemies long

since exhausted and vanquished—the Protestants of Germany were adversaries in the pride of youth and the ardor of progress. By the extent and variety of his possessions and his policy, Charles V. was successively, and even simultaneously, engaged in Italy against France and the Pope, in Germany against the Lutherans, in Africa against the Arabs, in Eastern Europe against the Turks, and everywhere in a series of variable and inconsistent contests, which never allowed him to concentrate on one point, or on a single object, his movements and his forces. Though a Catholic and a despot, he was more politic than fanatical; and his judicious and clear-sighted comprehension sometimes taught him to yield to necessity, and even to pause in the execution of his fondest designs. In struggling against the Reformation he affected to act on political grounds, and not to resist religious freedom absolutely and in itself. He had Protestant allies against the Protestant League; and Cardinal Farnese quitted the Imperial camp with indignation because the service of the conventicle was performed beside the sacrifice of the mass. The history of Charles V. in Germany is but a long series of half measures, of temporization, of concessions, of wavering, of compromises: and, after all, it was upon the basis of two great acts accepted by that prince—the Treaty of Passau in 1552, and the recess of the Diet of Augsbourg in 1556—that a religious peace, that is to say, religious liberty among the States, was first established in Germany. But in his hereditary dominions—in the Low Countries, in Italy, and, above all, in Spain—Charles V. avenged himself for this extorted hypocrisy, and rigorously applied the principle of unity and constraint in matters of faith. He urged that principle still more absolutely from his cell in the monastery of Yuste. When released from the fatigues and the responsibility of power, he could only give, in the name of his conscience and his conviction, the advice of a free but not dispassionate spectator. Having learnt in May, 1558, that the doctrines of the Reformation had penetrated into Andalusia and Castille, he instantly wrote to his daughter, the Infanta Doña Juana, regent of the kingdom in the absence of Philip II.:

“Believe me, my daughter, that this affair causes me no small care, and brings me more

grief than I can express, to see that these kingdoms were perfectly tranquil and exempt from such a calamity during the absence of the King and my own, but now that I am come hither to enter into my rest, and to serve our Lord, so monstrous and insolent an abomination should break forth in my presence and your own, when I well know what toils and grief I have endured on this account in Germany, to the not small risk of my salvation. Assuredly, if I were not certain that you and the members of the Council who are about you will extirpate this evil to the root, I know not if I could resolve to remain here and not go forth myself to remedy the evil."*

Four months afterward, and a few days before his death, whilst adding a codicil to his will, he addressed to the King, his son, these last words:

"I command him as a father, and upon the obedience due to me, carefully to pursue and chastise the heretics with all the severity and vigor which their crime deserves, without allowing any guilty person to escape, and without regard to the prayers, the rank, and condition of any man: and in order that these my intentions may have their full and entire effect, I recommend him everywhere to protect the Holy Office of the Inquisition; thus will he deserve that our Lord will insure the prosperity of his reign, will guide him in all his doings, and protect him against his enemies for my greater consolation."†

Philip obeyed the behest of his father to a degree which Charles V. himself would doubtless never have attained. The chastisement and extirpation of heresy—the maintenance, the restoration or the extension, by fire and by the sword, of the unity of the faith—was the object of his constant and devouring anxiety—the rule and standard of his policy, abroad as well as at home, in his family as well as in his dominions. There lay his entire history. We care not to linger over the uninviting spectacle; but one or two scenes may be recorded which disclose, with a malignant brightness, what the mind of such a man, and the government of such a king, became under the sway of the fixed and fatal idea that possessed him.

On the 29th of August 1559, Philip returned from Flanders to Spain; it was the first time he had set foot in that kingdom

since his father had resigned the sceptre to his grasp. He was in that flush of fortune and of satisfaction which Providence not unfrequently bestows on new-made kings. The war he had been compelled to wage in Italy against the Pope himself, sorely in his own despite, but from which the fiery Italian patriotism of Paul IV. had not allowed him to escape, had just been happily and moderately brought to a close. Against the king of France, his two generals, Emmanuel Philibert of Savoy, and the Count Egmont, had just gained the brilliant victories of St. Quentin and Gravelines. He had employed this success to conclude the peace of Cateau Cambresis, and to marry the daughter of Henry II., the Princess Elizabeth de Valois, a charming girl of fifteen, who was to arrive a few months later in the Spanish territories. To celebrate meanwhile these auspicious events, Philip resolved to hold a high festival with his people and his court.

On the 8th of October, barely six weeks after the King's arrival, an amphitheatre was raised upon the public square, before the Church of St. Francis at Valladolid. At six o'clock in the morning the bells of all the churches pealed forth. A solemn procession issued from the prisons of the Inquisition. Thirty prisoners came first; by the side of each of them two familiars of the Holy Office; and to fourteen of the number two attendant friars. Of these prisoners some were simply clad in black, others were muffled in a sack of yellow frieze, their heads covered with a conical cap, and upon this strange garb figures of devils and of flames were embroidered in gaudy colors. After them came the magistrates of the city, the civil judges, the clergy, the hidalgos on their steeds; and these were followed by the members of the Sacred Office itself, preceded by the arms of the Inquisition blazoned on a standard of crimson damask. Behind this procession rushed a mighty multitude of people, assembled from far and near to see the king on his throne and the heretics at stake. It is stated by an eye-witness that not less than 200,000 persons were gathered together that day in Valladolid. The Inquisitors took their seats. Upon a platform raised hard by the king sat, accompanied by his sister, the Infanta Doña Juana, his son Don Carlos, his nephew Alexander Farnese, afterwards Prince of Parma, and followed by the foreign ambassadors and the nobles of his court.

* "Recueil de Lettres inédites tirées des Archives de Simancas," par M. Gachard, tom. i. p. 297. Brussels: 1854.

† Sandoval, "Vida del Emperador Carlos V. en Yuste," vol. ii. p. 829.

Fronting this royal gallery rose a gigantic scaffold, to be seen from every part of that vast square. The assembly being complete, the Bishop of Zamora preached a sermon, called the Sermon of the Faith. The preaching having ceased, the Grand Inquisitor, Ferdinand Valdes, Archbishop of Seville, approached the king, who rose from his throne and drew his sword. "Your majesty swears," said the prelate, "by the cross of that sword now resting in your royal hands, to give to the Holy Office of the Inquisition all necessary aid against heretics, and apostates, and all those who may favor the same, and to cause whomsoever shall act or speak against the Faith to be sought out and brought to justice." "I swear," replied Philip, making the sign of the cross, which was instantly repeated by the whole assembly. The thirty prisoners were brought forth. Their sentence was read. Sixteen of them were *reconciled*—that is, condemned either to a perpetual or a temporary imprisonment, with the confiscation of all their property. These knelt down and abjured their errors. The fourteen others, being condemned to death, were immediately consigned to the stake. Those from whom the horror of that awful moment wrung any expressions of penitence obtained the favor of a speedier death by strangulation before their bodies were cast into the flames. Of the whole number, two only sternly refused every form of recantation—a Dominican monk, one Domingo Roxas, son of the Marquis of Posa, and a Florentine gentleman, Don Carlos di Seso, who had long been a favorite of Charles V. As they mounted the pile of fagots, the Dominican sought to address the people: the King indignantly ordered him to be gagged, and the gag closed his mouth till his last moment, being burned with the victim. The Florentine Seso, as he passed before the royal balcony on his way to the stake, exclaimed, "Can your majesty attend in person to see your innocent subjects burned before your eyes?" "If it were my own son," replied Philip, "I would bring the wood to burn him as he were such a wretch as thou art." Having begun at six o'clock in the morning, the ceremony was not terminated until two in the afternoon. This was the second *auto da fê* for the immolation of Protestants.

Such were, in the most brilliant days of that reign, the festivities of Philip II., and

such were the graces with which he mingled in the pastime.

As he acted, felt, and spoke on that 8th of October 1559, so he acted, felt, and spoke during his whole life. War on heretics, or the pursuit of heretics, was his work; the *autos da fê* were his triumphs. "Better not to reign at all," said he, "than to reign over heretics. I would sacrifice a hundred thousand lives, if I had them, rather than submit to a single change in matters of 'religion.'" When Count Egmont came to Madrid, in 1564, to present the remonstrances of the nobility of Flanders against his rigor, Philip convoked an assembly of theologians, and laid before them the state of the Low Countries, which were grievously agitated, and loud in their demands for freedom of conscience. Upon the supposition that the King was seeking to mask certain concessions under the authority of their opinion, these doctors at first reported that, "in consideration of the critical condition of the Flemish provinces and the imminent danger that a refusal might drive the population to open revolt against the Crown, and to the entire abandonment of the Church, the King might reasonably grant them that liberty of worship which they desired." "I did not call you here," said the King, "to know whether I could, but whether I ought, to grant this to the Flemings." The answer of the doctors then became absolutely negative, and Philip falling on his knees before a crucifix placed in the chamber, exclaimed: "Sovereign Master of all things, keep me fast in the resolution I now am in—never to become, never to be called, the lord of those who reject thee as their Lord." All that could be obtained from him was the formation in the Low Countries of a commission of three bishops and three jurists, charged to examine, together with the Council of Flanders, the grievances and the desires of the people. In July 1565, this commission sent its report to Madrid: it recommended the continuance of all the measures of severity, proposing only, that, in case of the recantation of convicted heretics, the punishment of death might be commuted by the judges into banishment. Philip approved the report with the exception of this power of mitigation, which he absolutely refused to vest in the judges; and three months afterwards, on the 17th and 20th of October 1565, he announced to his sister, the Regent Margaret of Par-

ma, his final resolution not to grant to the Low Countries, either in government or in religion, any of the changes they solicited, but especially no convocation of the States in the Provinces, and no limitation of the powers of the Inquisition. When these letters were read in the Council at Brussels, and their publication resolved on, "The time is come," said the Prince of Orange, as he left the room, "when we shall see the beginning of a rare tragedy."

That tragedy did indeed begin in the following spring, by the resistance of the aristocracy, at once directing and restraining the excitement of the people. The "Gueux" of 1566 had for their acknowledged chiefs, or for their scarcely disguised patrons, such men as Prince William of Orange, his brothers the Counts Louis and Adolphus of Nassau, the Counts of Egmont, of Horn, of Brederode, the first nobles of the land, most of them still Catholics, but leagued together to regain their ancient political liberties as well as some toleration for those of the Reformed faith, and thus proudly accepting this name of "Gueux" which the Spanish councillors had flung at them in scorn, and themselves causing medals to be struck to perpetuate it. At this explosion, begun by such leaders and resounding through the land, Philip paused for a moment with anxiety: he wrote to the Prince of Orange, who wished to retire from the Council, "You are much mistaken if you think that I have not full confidence in you; if any one attempted to injure you in my esteem, I should not be so idle as to lend him an ear, I who have so often tried your loyalty and your services." Soon afterward, on the 31st of July, 1566, he addressed somewhat milder instructions to his sister, the Regent: "Through the natural inclination I have ever had to treat my vassals and subjects by the means of clemency and love rather than by fear and severity, I have given my assent to all it was possible for me to admit." He had, in fact, assented to the abolition of the Holy Office in the Low Countries, and agreed that the bishops alone should exercise the powers of Inquisitors. But at the very time he dispatched these concessions to Brussels, he sent for a notary to his palace at Madrid, and in presence of the Duke of Alva and two doctors of laws, he declared, "That not having made these concessions freely or spontaneously, he held himself not to

be bound by them;" and three days later, on the 12th of August, 1566, he ordered his ambassador at Rome, Don Luis of Requesens, to tell the Pope, Pius V., "That in the matter of the abolition of the Holy Office he felt it would have been right to consult his Holiness, but that time was wanting, from the importunity of the people of Flanders for a speedy decision; and, perhaps," added he, "it is better it should be thus, since the abolition of the Holy Office can be of no effect unless it be ratified by the Pope, who established it; but on all this matter it will be well to be secret."

Philip was not aware that, in spite of all his precautions and his power, his secrets were almost always known to his most formidable opponent. The cause of the Reformation and of freedom in the Low Countries fortunately possessed as its chief, not only an illustrious nobleman, but a courtier and a man of the world, who had partaken in all the pleasures, and who was familiar with all the relations and intrigues of society—not less skillful to unravel the mazes of a palace than to direct the debates of council or the strife of civil war. Whilst he labored to set bounds to an iniquitous despotism, and to restrain or even to repress an irritated people, William of Orange foresaw the failure of this twofold resistance, and steadily looking to the future, he kept in his pay at Madrid numerous agents to inform him of all that was in preparation, who transmitted to him the most secret incidents of the King's closet, and even copies of his correspondence with the Regent at Brussels. "Meaning to deceive all the world," said he of Philip, "to make the more sure of it, he begins by deceiving his sister."

These apparent concessions of the King did not therefore impose on William. Information received from Paris, where he had also his emissaries, apprised him that Philip was meditating sinister designs against the rebels in the Low Countries, and their three great champions, Egmont, Horn, and himself. Such was the first note of preparation of the mission of the Duke of Alva. William perceived that the time was come to take a decisive step, and yet to place himself in safety until the day of action had arrived.

He formally refused the oath of implicit obedience which Philip required of the Knights of the Golden Fleece, and started

for Germany on the 30th of April, 1567, after having vainly endeavored to induce his two friends, Egmont and Horn, to take the same resolution. He had already left the Low Countries four months, when the Duke of Alva arrived there—that true confidant (if Philip II. ever had a confidant) and worthy instrument of the policy of his master. On the details of his administration it is unnecessary for us to dwell, they are recorded everywhere; his was the policy of the block and the gibbet, instead of the *auto da fê*, but in the name of the same principle, the unity of the faith and the unity of power. For the space of six years, with the assistance of his council of blood, by dint of proscriptions, of condemnations, of executions, of confiscations, of exactions, of depopulation, the Duke of Alva thoroughly satisfied the King; and when on the 2d of March, 1568, the Emperor Maximilian II. wrote to the King of Spain, in the name of the Electors of the Germanic Empire, and in his own name, to solicit both from his prudence and his clemency a milder administration in the Low Countries, Philip replied, “That which is done in these provinces has for its object their advantage and their tranquillity as well as the maintenance and extension of the Catholic faith. If I had not thought fit to proceed with so much justice, matters would have been promptly brought to an end there. I should not act otherwise, though I were to risk the sovereignty of these dominions, and though the world itself were to crush me.”

Nevertheless, at the end of six years, Philip could not but perceive that neither the unity of the faith nor the authority of the Crown were restored in the Low Countries, and that even his victories aggravated instead of terminating the war. The state of Europe afforded a motive to his policy and an excuse to his pride for a change, or at least an apparent change, in his conduct and his agents at Brussels. The affairs of England and of France demanded more of his attention and his efforts. In England, in spite of all the reserve of Queen Elizabeth, her policy became, both abroad and at home, decidedly Protestant; and the Reformed party in the Low Countries, as well as in France, found in her an effectual, though not an open ally. In France, the religious contest, carried on with increasing ferocity, opened to Philip II. another field of action and fresh chances of power. He frantically

applauded the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, contracted a close alliance with the Guises and the Ligue, and treated with them for the succession to that fair crown of France which seemed, somewhat later, to hang suspended for a moment over his own head. He took part, moreover, in all the plots of Mary Stuart against Elizabeth, and was preparing measures more effectual than plots. The struggle of the Catholic Church against the Reformation was now transported, as he thought, to the soil of France and England: his warfare against his own subjects in the Low Countries still fluctuated in its results, and subsided into secondary importance. The Duke of Alva was recalled, and from his recall down to the end of Philip's reign, six different governors—Don Luis of Requesens, Don John of Austria, the Duke of Parma, the Count of Mansfeldt, the Archduke Ernest, and the Count of Fuentes—successively endeavored in various degrees, but with indifferent success, to govern the Low Countries on a more moderate system. Negotiations, promised concessions, attempts to tamper with the Reformed leaders, and with the Prince of Orange himself, were continually interposed in the course of this slackened, but unceasing contest. But throughout all these negotiations and promises, Philip remained unshaken in his principle and unchangeable in his object. Never did he consent or allow it to be supposed that he would consent to allow the free exercise of the Reformed Faith in his dominions. In matters of civil government and rights, he might make concessions, and promises; in matters of religion none. And even these political concessions were mere pretexts and evasions, which he meant to hold very light whenever he could renew the struggle, and restore by force the unity of his authority and the unity of the faith. Assurances to this effect were frequently transmitted to the Court of Rome; and the superior penetration of the Prince of Orange was not necessary to pierce the conscientious duplicity of the King.

We say the conscientious duplicity—words which appear most incompatible with one another, are best fitted to describe his character, for that character was yet more strange, gloomy, and unnatural than the principles of his government; the morality of the man was not less false and perverted than the policy of the sovereign. Sincere in his faith, and boundlessly devoted

ed to what he conceived to be the interest of that faith, whilst he discharged this duty he seemed to forget the existence of any other. In his public and in his private life, cruelty, deceit, assassinations, forgeries, adulteries, the most ungrateful selfishness, the most perfidious vindictiveness, and every sort of vicious and atrocious actions abounded; yet all these things were done in frightful serenity of mind, under the conviction that his religion permitted and pardoned every thing, provided every thing were sacrificed to his religion.

One sacrifice he made to this idol, less criminal, perhaps, than many others, for serious, if not sufficient motives, were not wanting to justify it; but this action was stamped with so much harshness, and has ever remained enshrouded in so much obscurity, that not only the indignation but the calumnies of posterity have fastened on it. The more closely we have examined the history of the Infant Don Carlos, the more we are satisfied that neither on the one side nor on the other was any crime committed or intended; and that the gloomy anxiety of the father with reference to the opinions and conduct of his son on religious subjects furnished the true explanation of their tragical differences. The romantic story of the pretended passion of Don Carlos for his step-mother, Elizabeth of France, and the supposed jealousy of Philip, is contradicted by the testimony of history, by moral probability, and, we may almost say, by physical possibility. The state of mental disease into which the Infant had been thrown by a severe fall, which is proved by many positive acts of extravagance and frenzy, would suffice to explain the King's determination to remove him from the succession, and even to detain him in confinement; but this fact does not account for the mystery thrown over these measures, and still less for the semi-religious and semi-political procedure directed against the Prince. If the mental derangement of the son had been medically established, that would have been the best justification of the father; nor is it easy to comprehend why Philip should have refused to avail himself of it. The silent rigor of his measures had some other cause. "The Prince," as the Minister of Tuscany wrote to his master, "is suspected to be no 'great Catholic.'" He had expressed a lively interest in the wrongs and the re-

sistance of the Low Countries. When the Duke of Alva went to assume the government of those provinces, Don Carlos conducted himself with extreme violence, opposed the Duke's departure, and declared he would go himself to Brussels. Somewhat later he had planned to fly either to the Low Countries or to Germany, and the day of his arrest was that he had appointed for the execution of his scheme. He had more than once expressed himself in terms of bitterness and hostility against the Inquisition.

"Matters have now reached such a point, (said Philip, in writing to his aunt, the queen of Portugal,) that to fulfill my duty to God and my kingdom as becomes a Christian prince, I have been obliged to subject my son to strict confinement. I have resolved to sacrifice to God my own blood, preferring his service and the welfare of my dominions to all human considerations. I will only add, that this resolution has not been forced upon me by any delinquency of my son, or by any want of respect on his part to my person: I do not treat him in this wise by way of punishment, a thing which must have, whatever were the cause of it, a time and limit. Nor is this an expedient to correct the excesses of his life. What I have done rests on other reasons: the remedy I am applying is neither an expedient nor a temporary resource. I have had recourse to it, as I have just told you, to fulfill my duty to God and my people." (*Prescott*, vol. ii. p. 493.)

To the Pope these motives were also, perhaps more fully, communicated; for Zuniga, Philip's ambassador at the Court of Rome, reported to his master,—“His Holiness loudly applauds the course taken by your Majesty. The Pope feels that, for the salvation of Christendom, it is necessary you should live many years, and leave a successor who will walk in your Majesty's footsteps.”

After a period of six months spent in alternate paroxysms of frenzy and depression, on the 24th of July, 1568, Don Carlos lay stretched on his pallet, expiring, exhausted, perhaps already insensible. With noiseless steps Philip entered the chamber of his son, and, half concealed behind the Prince of Eboli and the Grand Prior, Don Antonio of Toledo, he looked upon him, stretched out his hands towards him, and making the sign of the cross, gave him his farewell blessing. “After which,” to use the words of the historian Cabrera, “the King returned to “his closet, more afflicted and less anxious.”

By the death of his son, Philip conceived his policy to be secure.

But around the dominions of the King of Spain, in spite of all his vigilance, other systems of policy were already formed and flourishing, far more different from his own than any which Don Carlos could have practiced had he ascended the throne, —far more formidable, whether as his rivals or as his foes.

In England, Elizabeth found herself, on her accession, in presence of two Reformations; the one royal, the other popular. Both of them were rescued by her succession to the throne from great evils and great dangers; but whilst the former held the work of reform to be complete, and sought to arrest it, the latter held it to be incomplete, and aspired with passionate fervor to promote its ulterior consequences. Catholicism was defeated, but its defeat was recent, and its powers were still to be feared; the Church of England had gained the victory, but those beyond the pale of the Church still demanded further liberty.

That religious liberty which they demanded lacked the support of civil liberty, and relied on its assistance. With the assent of Parliament, Henry VIII. had tyrannically accomplished the royal Reformation; by the action of Parliament the popular Reformation hoped to triumph and to be free. Under all the despotism of the Tudors, the Parliament of England had never disappeared. It had been servile, it had been wavering, but it had never ceased to take an active part in the government of the State. The lists were still open to all comers and to all the chances of victory. Contrasted with the fate of popular assemblies in other parts of Europe, this circumstance was exceptional, but not inexplicable. Protestant England is the country in which the institutions of the Middle Ages—of those times which were most essentially Catholic—are still best perpetuated and preserved. The political franchises of the nation, which had been won in the thirteenth century, led to the triumph of the Reformation in the sixteenth. The people of reformed England instinctively understood that their freedom and their faith were one; and in their struggles, as well as in their hearts, they constantly identified their new form of religion with their ancient liberties.

In this complex and agitated position,

the Queen displayed consummate clearness of insight and firmness of purpose. Though perhaps Catholic in her own tastes, she became in the policy of her country and her Government a stanch and sincere Protestant. Though despotic by character, by descent, and by design, she never carried to the last extremity her pretensions or her actions. Though she affected to resent the remonstrances of her Parliament and of her people, she never overlooked grievances or rights which it would have been unsafe for the sovereign to ignore. She repressed with harshness, and oftentimes oppressed, that great party of religious and political reform which had arisen in her own time, and which was destined the following century to found the constitutional monarchy of England under her less able successors; but she contrived to conciliate while she resisted it, and it grew beneath the shadow of her sagacious disapprobation. Neither religious freedom nor political freedom existed under Queen Elizabeth; but from her reign and her policy, we date in England the triumph of the Protestant cause, to which we owe all the rest.

No doubt the Protestant cause is obnoxious to the reproach of intolerance and persecution; it did not proclaim the principle of liberty of conscience, and it not unfrequently violated that principle. But the germ of toleration was there, and that germ, however disputed and disavowed, could not fail one day to put forth its power. For men who claimed the liberty of exercising their own faith against the constituted authorities to impose on others the tyranny of constraint in matters of belief was a revolting inconsistency; and amongst the Protestant sects this species of recrimination was soon mutually urged. But above these sects were some of the champions of the new-born Protestant cause, especially amongst the men of the highest eminence in the arts of government and of war, raised by their vigorous intellect or by their judicious experience beyond the vulgar passions of their time, who speedily perceived that in these religious questions freedom is the best security of public peace as well as the right of conscience; and this principle they labored to infuse into the public opinion and the laws of their country. William of Orange had the honor, in the sixteenth century, to be one of the first and the boldest assertors of this great moral truth,

to which at the end of the seventeenth century the most illustrious of his descendants was destined to secure an imperishable triumph. These early champions of religious freedom failed in their efforts; but no efforts are lost on behalf of a good cause which is still defended and still pursued; and they were followed by a goodly array of successors, in the name of philosophy, in the name of Christianity, men in authority, and men in private life, all actors or spectators in these religious contests. Another of the greatest and most essential effects of the Reformation was considerably to reduce, and even to supersede, the priestly office in the relation of the worshiper to the Deity; this relation tended therefore to become more personal and direct, a circumstance that leads to the strong development of original energy and activity in the religious life of the soul, and therefore imparts to it the use and the desire of freedom. Throughout the continual wars and fierce persecutions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the slow but steady progress of the principle of religious liberty may be discerned and traced from step to step in all the Protestant States, in Holland, in Germany, and in England; for it is the natural consequence of the convictions, the sentiments, and the institutions which Protestantism had established in the world.

Amongst the Catholic States, France was, in the sixteenth century, the first which had the merit of discovering, and, to some extent, of adopting this principle. The condition of that country, both in its religious and its political parties, was even more complicated and more perplexing than that of England. Catholicism had indeed recovered its ascendancy, but it was not in a condition to crush or to silence its Protestant antagonists; the Reformed party was still stronger in France than the Catholics in England; the struggle between two Churches was far more protracted, more dubious, and marked on both sides by more sanguinary violence. In politics the Crown was the master, but it was unsupported and unrestrained by any of those great institutions which connect the nation with its government, and thereby render the action of authority certain and effectual. The monarchy of France in the sixteenth century, though nearly absolute in principle, was powerless in reality, and incapable of discharging its public duties, or of watching over its own

interests. It could neither protect its subjects from one another, nor protect itself against the ambition of the great, or the passions of the people. The nation was sincerely monarchical, both in the nobility and the commons, yet they gave way to all the pretensions and the license most fatal to monarchy. In the heart of a royalist kingdom this sovereign royalty saw the State a prey to anarchy and civil war, through which it was drifting helplessly along, with some faint efforts to check its course.

Two classes of statesmen, very different from each other, but who saw distinctly the deplorable state of the country and of the Government, sought in earnest for means to stop these calamities. The former consisted of men versed in warfare and in public affairs, judicious, lukewarm in religious disputes, caring little for truth or morality, but attached to the greatness and independence of their country, desirous to restore some degree of order and security for themselves and for the nation; skillful, moreover, to prognosticate the different chances of the future, and careful to provide against them. The latter was composed of men of a higher stamp, most of them in judicial offices, some high, some humble in position, devoted to their country and their king, hating the intrigues of the Court and the influence of the foreigner, desiring just laws under a competent authority, and who had attained, by their virtues, their enlightened piety, by science, by letters, and by experience, to conceptions of justice and of government far superior to those of their age. The Chancellor de l'Hôpital and Du Plessis Mornay may thus be ranked beside the Marshall de Damville and the Duc de Brissac. These dissimilar elements, which were brought into proximity by their own good sense and by the public danger, contributed to form what was called the party of the *politiques*; a party not undeserving of its name, for in spite of the futility of their efforts in the course of the struggle, they undoubtedly exercised a decisive influence on its termination; and it was from this party that the policy of the French monarchy received, from that very period, the peculiar character and the impulse which afterwards gave it the stamp of originality and success.

Tried by any standard of morality, it is impossible to judge Catherine de Medicis

with too much severity—she was at once corrupting and corrupt, cold and frivolous in the very act of crime, treacherous with an everchanging treachery, and capable of any enterprise or any risk from the love of agitation and the lust of dominion. But with all these vice, Catherine had two merits—she attached herself heartily to the monarchy and to France; she defended, to the best of her power, the independence of the crown and of the nation against the Guises and the King of Spain, by refusing to abandon her trust either to the extreme violence of parties or to the foreigner. She was selfish and wayward, but not by nature violent or fanatical. In spite of her distrust and antipathy to the Protestants, she had no deliberate purpose or permanent resolution against them. From 1562 to 1584 Charles IX. and Henry III., acting under the advice of their mother, endeavored by no less than nine edicts or treaties to terminate the contest: and these attempts at pacification were not all of them perfidious deceptions. Catherine was not indisposed to make concession to religious freedom, not from a sense of justice or as a right, but as a political necessity preferable to the excesses of civil war or of tyranny. She took L'Hôpital for her minister, and supported him for a considerable time against the fanatical party. Cardinal Richelieu was not the first ruler of France who hit upon the expedient of an alliance with the Protestants of Germany or the North to sustain or to raise the crown of France against the House of Austria: Francis I. had commenced that policy against Charles V.; Catherine de Medicis repeated it against Philip II. Her mind was naturally free from excessive prejudices and passions; her creed had not smothered her reason; and in spite of all her faults and cruel actions, she never lost sight of the safety and greatness of the royal prerogative and of the kingdom. Nor was hers an insignificant part in the policy which eventually delivered France from internal factions and from foreign influence.

But the triumph of this policy was the work and the glory of Henry IV. We think that Europe, and even France, where the memory of this prince is still so popular, have not yet done him full justice. The Protestants never forgave him for having become a Catholic, nor the Catholics for having been a Protestant. He ac-

complished the two greatest, the two hardest, the two most useful things which were desirable and practicable in his time. At home, after the fiercest struggles of civil discord, he restored peace, not by a harsh and despotic power, but by temperate government—he procured a victory to one party without oppressing the other—nay, even to the defeated party he secured more freedom than it had ever had before. Abroad he pursued a policy altogether national and independent, looking to nothing but the safety and greatness of his country, and liberating his foreign policy from every consideration and every influence which might be at variance with the paramount interests of France. He made peace with Spain in spite of the ill-will of his ally the Queen of England. He persisted in his alliance with England and the other Protestant States, notwithstanding his conversion to the Catholic faith, well knowing that these Powers were the natural antagonists of the governments whose hostility or whose rivalry was formidable to France and to himself. His mind was alike free from prejudice and from rancor, lively but well-balanced, proof against despondency and against illusions; to different interests and to different motives of action he assigned with precision their relative importance, and he never allowed his foreign relations to enchain his domestic policy, or his domestic policy to thwart his foreign relations. His ambition was tempered with patience; his sympathies were warm, yet he was not accessible to external influences; he was facile in the intercourse of life, yet cautious to stand in no man's power; skillful to enforce his will and his authority before they were called in question; and not less persevering in his designs than fertile and flexible in his means of success. Never did a king, whose lot was cast in times of excessive violence, employ more gentle remedies to end a vast deal of evil, to begin a vast deal of good, or restore a monarchy to its balance by a more just adaptation of ancient traditions to the more liberal demands of his own age.

The sixteenth century was at an end. From the inaptitude of the Middle Ages to organize and to reform the state of Christendom, by the revival of classical antiquity, by the reformation of Luther and Calvin, all the great questions which can agitate the human mind and human society

—questions of religious liberty, of intellectual liberty, and of political liberty—had been raised and debated in the course of that mighty epoch. At the commencement of the seventeenth century three totally distinct systems of policy had prevailed and were in full activity in the three great states of Western Europe. In Spain, a system exclusively and absolutely Catholic. In England, a system essentially Protestant. In France, a system more mixed and undecided—Catholic, yet in the spirit of the laity rather than of the clergy, royalist without being practically despotic. These three systems naturally assign a different answer and a different fate to the great questions of the age. In Spain all freedom was alike extinguished, whether religious, intellectual, or political; the Inquisition and the Crown shared the despotic government of the realm, whilst literature and national poetry, which had flourished with so much lustre in the preceding age, fell into decrepitude and decay, like the community to which they belonged. In England the symptoms were already manifest of an ardent national effort to establish freedom in all its triple forms; the sects of Protestantism were eager and numerous; the contest was begun between the Puritans and the Church of England, between Parliament and the prerogative. In France the principles of religious freedom were admitted and exercised, for the Edict of Nantes was in force; some of the principles of political liberty were maintained by a few minds of the highest order, but their application was precarious and incomplete; the States General of the realm were again convoked, but their functions were lost, and they separated to meet no more; but the intellectual liberty of the French nation had already acquired its full activity and power, in philosophy, in science, and in literature; the constellation which was to illuminate that age already gleamed on the horizon; Descartes, Gassendi, Fermat, Corneille, Pascal, Bossuet were born, and were ere long to sound the deepest problems of human nature, to touch the noblest emotions of the heart, to exercise and to satisfy the loftiest faculties of the mind.

From that epoch to the present two centuries have already passed—a third has run more than half its course: the three systems of policy which prevailed in the sixteenth century in the three great

States of Western Europe have undergone the decisive test of duration. Their several elements have given birth to their natural effects. The light of experience rests upon this page of history: he who runs may read the conspicuous and majestic result.

In England, freedom of faith, freedom of thought, and freedom of government, perfected and assisted by each other, have triumphed in their common efforts: the relation of the soul of man to its Maker, the expression of the human intellect to its fellow-men, are alike free; whilst free institutions secure the personal rights of every man and the public rights of all. Under the protection of these institutions and these liberties, the prosperity and power of the nation have marvellously augmented, and still increase from day to day. Christian principles, joined to a reverence for the past and a respect for law, have carried us unscathed through our severest trials; for, by the happy constitution of this country, the essential condition of the morality, strength, and happiness of human society, namely, the union of permanence and of progress, of conservation with improvement, has been obtained and secured, as far at least as the incurable frailty of all human works will permit it.

In France, both in the seventeenth and in the eighteenth century, political freedom was wanting. Religious freedom, which had been accepted and secured by the enlightened liberality of Henry IV., perished under the bigoted and arrogant despotism of Louis XIV. But in spite of all legal impediments, the intellectual freedom of the French nation has ever asserted an empire of its own; that independence and public spirit which were absent from the institutions of the country took refuge in social life, where the animated expression of opinion, the pleasures and pursuits of the mind, have kept their place in the favor of the nation, and sometimes even in the favor of the absolute sovereign. They were relished by Louis XIV. They were tolerated by Louis XV. The faculties of the human mind remained free and active, though without any direct or precise application to the administration of the country; but their influence, which was recognized by the government—a government less despotic in its spirit than in its form, sufficed to keep up the circulation and vital move-

ment of the moral and social powers of the nation. France was ill-governed, but not, in the strict sense of the term, oppressed, and she had lost neither her lustre, her prosperity, nor her greatness. The day came at last when this intellectual freedom of the country, controlled by an authority too mild and too weak to resist it, imperiously demanded freedom of conscience and freedom of government in the name of the rights of man and of the people. From that day to the present, France has been tossed by storm after storm across the pathless seas, and it is still a problem whether she will ever reach that haven for which she started, and which she has twice appeared to have attained. But thanks to that intellectual freedom which she has ever retained, and thanks to the temperate policy of her kings, she has encountered these trials in the full possession of her powers; she has borne them without perishing; and she has wrested from those frightful convulsions results of no common value. She has reformed the internal condition of society, she has emancipated the industry of the country from internal restrictions; the administration of public affairs, and what may be termed the mechanism of society, has attained a high degree of perfection; freedom of conscience, though ill-defined and imperfectly secured by the law, is nevertheless established. In spite of her mistakes and her reverses, France has a right to believe that she has not yet seen the close of her achievements any more than of her trials; and that the efforts and the progress she has made in the last three centuries will never be complete until she has secured, by public liberty, the pledge of her triumphs and realization of her hopes.

The destinies of Spain are more melancholy and more obscure. That noble people remained for three hundred years doomed to stagnation by its spiritual and temporal tyrants, and it submitted to its fate until the insults and the arms of a foreign invader roused it from its lethargy. But the victory secured to the Spanish nation in that contest by the alliance of England gave birth to no lasting principle of political regeneration. The burden of centuries of apathy, sterility, and decay is less easily shaken off than the burden of foreign oppression. The Spaniards may pursue their task, but has Europe sufficient reason to place confidence in the result?

In thus endeavoring to trace the princi-

ples and the results of the distinct systems of policy which have, for the last three hundred years, disputed the empire of modern society, we have confined these observations to three States of Western Europe. But this survey might be carried further; the same political systems might be compared in the States of Northern and in those of Southern Europe, or in the British and Dutch colonies and the colonies of Spain, both in America and in Asia. Everywhere the results are the same; everywhere the same answer must be given to the same interrogatories. Wherever Catholic absolutism has reigned, it has stopped and congealed the life of society; it has stricken the nation with barrenness; by stifling freedom, it has established an authority without real coherence and force—an authority which has never prevented the occurrence of great days of trial, and which, those trials having begun, fails to curb their excesses, and proves to be almost equally incapable of reform and of stability. Wherever, on the contrary, Protestantism has prevailed, as in England, Holland, or in the North of Europe; or even the more moderate and enlightened form of Catholicism, as in France, Belgium, and a part of Germany, where the Church of Rome has not been either the instrument or the mistress of the civil power—moral activity, social energy, public prosperity, have spread and increased, under different shapes and with various success, but always with fruits beneficial and glorious to mankind. These nations may have committed great faults or great crimes, they may have endured great sufferings, their progress has been more or less rapid, more or less complete; but they have not fallen into decrepitude or extinction; through all the aberrations of their course and the vicissitudes of their destiny, they have remained or have become capable of the highest culture. These abundant results, though sometimes in appearance contradictory, are in reality the harmonious product which fulfills the task of humanity and satisfies the wants of society; and thus they have continued to advance toward that boundless future which is the sublime goal of Christian civilization, and the mark of its divine origin.

The two works which stand prefixed to this article have for their subject the earlier scenes and the most prominent actors in the great European drama which we

have here sought to follow in its plot and its significance—the Spanish monarchy in its gloomy splendor, and the Commonwealth of the United Provinces in its bloody origin—Philip II. and William of Orange—Catholicism and Protestantism—contending with equal fury and under their most indomitable champions. Starting from different points, and arriving at different periods, in this memorable history, Mr. Prescott and Mr. Motley relate the same tale. Both of them being Protestants, the one has chosen for his principal subject and the centre of his narrative the King and his Catholic court; the other, the Prince and the people of the Reformed faith. The work of Mr. Prescott is to comprise the whole reign of Philip II.; but the two first volumes, which alone are now before us, contain no more than the first twelve years of that period, from 1556 to 1568. Mr. Motley has taken the life of William of Orange as the standard of his book. He opens it with the accession of Philip, and closes it in 1584, when William fell by the pistol of an assassin paid by the King; and Philip exclaimed on the arrival of the intelligence, “Had that blow been struck two years ago, the Catholic Church and I should have gained by it.” Philip had cause to temper his exultation with regret; for, though William of Nassau was no more, the Commonwealth of the United Provinces was founded.

These publications have been seasonably undertaken; for the evidence necessary to a full and entire comprehension of the events and the men they describe has only become accessible in our own times. Not, indeed, that earlier chroniclers were wanting to record them. Charles V. and Philip II. had both taken especial care to provide this class of writers, and even to furnish them with information. Three Spanish historians and one Neapolitan, contemporaries of the period, Sepulveda, Herrera, Cabrera, and Campana, have left voluminous narratives of their reigns. Sepulveda and Herrera were the regular historiographers of Charles V. and Philip II. respectively, and the former seems to have enjoyed from his master a degree of independence equal to his opportunities of observation. On one occasion, he wished to read to the Emperor some fragments of his work. “No,” said Charles, “I will neither hear nor read what you have written about me. Others will read it when I am gone; but if you require information

on any point whatever, I shall always be ready to give it you.” Even in his retirement at Yuste, the Emperor occasionally received Sepulveda, who was also living in retirement at a small country-house near Cordova, his birth-place, and writing his book as his master was closing his life, at a distance from the world, but not detached from it. There is no reason to suppose that Philip II. granted the same familiarity or the same freedom to his historiographer Herrera. These official historians, however, and especially Sepulveda, are not only important as contemporary and well-informed witnesses, but they have a good deal of that unconscious impartiality which proceeds from an accurate knowledge of the persons and events they describe. In the history of Philip II. by Cabrera, which has no official character, and only the first part of which has been published, some traits of the character and secret policy of the King are to be found, so true and forcible, that the author himself appears scarcely to have felt their whole significance. In addition to these contemporary writers, several subsequent authors, such as Gregorio Leti in the seventeenth century, and Watson in the eighteenth, wrote the history of Philip II., but without having access to any new authorities. In our own time, fresh materials have been discovered in great abundance: in Spain, in Holland, in Belgium, in France, the public archives have been searched; diplomatic correspondence, private memoirs, the most authentic and secret documents have been dragged to light and abandoned to the curiosity of the learned and the idle. Three great collections more especially, the archives of the house of Nassau, published at Leyden by M. Groen van Prinsterer; the correspondences of Charles V., Philip II., and William the Silent, which M. Gachard has published either textually or by extracts from the archives of Simancas and of Brussels; and the papers of Cardinal Granville inserted in the great collection of unpublished historical documents relating to the history of France, which was begun in 1833 by M. Guizot, then Minister of Public Instruction, have in the last twenty-five years poured a flood of light on the history of this period; and we may now be almost as well acquainted with the transactions of the sixteenth century as if the living men of that age were speaking and acting before us.

To these numerous documents, which were already known to the public, Mr. Prescott and Mr. Motley have added some new and hitherto unknown results of their own researches. Their books are not mere compilations from other books; they have prosecuted these discoveries in public libraries, in archives, in private collections of MSS.; each of them gives a careful account in his preface of his own sources of information, of the courteous assistance he has received, of the results which he hopes to have attained; and their works fully confirm, by their close and conscientious study of the subject, that confidence which the mere statement of their labors at once inspires.

As we proceeded in the history of Philip II. by Mr. Prescott, this confidence steadily increased. He has given us not only a complete and accurate narrative, but a narrative which is remarkably impartial; and this impartiality is not only the strict impartiality which consists in speaking the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, but the generous impartiality of a liberal mind, which enters into opinions and feelings it does not share, assigns a fair place to diversity of situation, to disinterested motives, to traditional prejudices, to irresistible circumstances; and treats the memory of historic personages, whose principles and actions it execrates, with the equity and forbearance of an upright and humane judge passing sentence on their lives. Philip II. and the Duke of Alva, even Margaret of Parma and Cardinal Granvelle, sometimes put Mr. Prescott's virtue to a severe trial; but his virtue is never at fault. It does great honor to Protestant civilization that it has furnished historians thus prepared to render full and free justice to its bitterest enemies. This impartiality, just without effort, is the result of a sincere homage to truth, of an earnest sentiment of Christian charity, and of the security of a cause already won. Nor is this honorable moral distinction peculiar to Mr. Prescott; it may be traced in several of the Protestant historical researches which have recently been directed to the Catholic Powers of the sixteenth century, and especially in the dissertations prefixed by M. Groen van Prinsterer to his "Archives of the House of Nassau." From a Dutchman and a zealous Protestant, busied in the records of the sufferings and the heroic struggles of his forefathers, this scrupulous and

unswerving fairness is even more meritorious.

Considered as a literary work, independently of this high moral appreciation of persons and of events, Mr. Prescott's "History of Philip II." has other merits which, rare as they are, are not always remarked. The structure of this book is ingenious and well arranged. Mr. Prescott has not bound himself to follow in strict succession the chronological order of events; he has classed them according to their characters, and divided them into groups, which follow their respective and distinct course, without, however, losing the thread which connects them, or ceasing to form a whole. Thus, the accession of Philip, and his first wars in France and Italy—his return to Spain, and his administration of the kingdom—the condition, the revolt, and the struggle of the Low Countries under the government of Cardinal Granvelle, Margaret of Parma, and the Duke of Alva—the trials and the death of Egmont, Horn, and Montigny—the story of Don Carlos and Elizabeth of France—form a series of complete pictures, at once distinct and well connected together, and the general history of the King's reign may thus be grasped in its grander masses, instead of rolling the incoherent links of a broken chain. This style of writing places the moral succession of causes above the material succession of events, and supersedes, by a loftier chronology, the chronology of the almanac. The master of all historians, Tacitus, has left us, in his *Annals* and in his *Histories*, examples of either method; and although he has, in both his works, shed the splendor of his genius with equal lustre over the details he relates, their diversity and their unequal beauty as works of art are extremely striking.

Amongst the group of events which fill the two first volumes of Mr. Prescott's book, there is one, interesting enough in itself, but so disproportioned to the rest of the work as to impair its general harmony and effect—we mean the four chapters he has devoted to the Knights of Malta, and to the siege of Malta by the Turks in 1565. This brilliant incident filled too small a space in the history of Philip II., and Philip II. himself filled too small a space in the history of the siege, for Mr. Prescott to have assigned to it so large a portion of his book. He has evidently been led away by the charm of his

subject, and by the pleasure of painting in detail that glorious passage in the long struggle of Christians against the Infidel, the character of the gallant veteran, Jean Parisot de la Valette, who was then Grand Master of the Order, and the impetuous valor of his Knights.

To this merit of a well-arranged history Mr. Prescott adds that of an easy, unaffected, though somewhat frigid, power of narration. He belongs to the historical school of Robertson, judicious rather than profound in its general views, and more remarkable for simplicity than for descriptive power. The pictures Mr. Prescott has given us are never wanting in truth, but they are sometimes wanting in life. History only becomes dramatic on two conditions; it must have either the passion of the politician or the imagination of the poet. Mr. Prescott has neither one nor the other; he is a calm and enlightened philosopher, an accomplished man of letters; he is well read in the history of Philip II., and he relates it with fidelity; but he has studied it after the lapse of three centuries, in all the serenity of his own reflections and the tranquillity of a New England study—faithfully, therefore, as these events and these personages are described by him, he leaves them where he finds them, in their tombs.

Mr. Motley has more vehemence; not that of a politician engaged in the struggles of party and the responsibilities of office, but that of a Republican, a Protestant, an honest man, who hates, as if he saw them before his eyes, the outrages and persecutions inflicted on civil and religious liberty, centuries ago, in a far country, and lashes with all his heart the authors of these crimes. His admiration for the champions of the liberal and Protestant cause is not less keen. As much as he execrates Philip and the Duke of Alva, he loves William of Orange: he describes him, he praises him, he defends him as if he were personally interested in his fate and in his fame. William is to Mr. Motley what his illustrious descendant is to Mr. Macaulay—not merely a hero, but a hero of his own. Too well-informed to overlook the imputations which rest upon the memory of that great Prince, and too conscientious to conceal them, Mr. Motley scrutinizes every detail, and argues the cause of his client with unbounded confid-

ence. Thus, his account of the marriage of William, in 1561, with the Princess Anne of Saxony, a daughter of the great Elector Maurice, and of the religious equivocations of the Prince in the negotiation of this alliance, is a model of obstinate and skillful pleading to screen the weak side of a good cause and a great man. Thus excited by alternations of extreme aversion and strong predilection—which, however reasonable in themselves, have obtained absolute possession of Mr. Motley's mind—this writer does not handle his subject with the perfect fairness and comprehensive grasp of Mr. Prescott; nor does he, like his eminent contemporary, descend into the ranks or search the hearts of his enemies, to understand and to describe their conduct with strict impartiality.

His strong and ardent convictions on the subject of his work have also affected its style and literary character; his narrative sometimes lacks proportion and forbearance; he dwells to excess upon events and scenes of a nature to kindle in the mind of the reader the excitement he himself feels, and he studiously withholds from the opposite side the same amount of space and of coloring. His style is always copious, occasionally familiar, sometimes stilted and declamatory, as if he thought he could never say too much to convey the energy of his own impressions. The consequence is, that the perusal of his work is alternately attractive and fatiguing, persuasive and irritating. An accumulation of facts and details, all originating in the same feeling and directed to the same object, mingles our sympathy with some degree of distrust; and although the cause he defends is beyond all question gained, we are not impressed with the judgment of such an advocate. With these merits, and with these imperfections, the "History of Philip II." and the "History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic," are undoubtedly two important works, the result of profound researches, sincere convictions, sound principles, and manly sentiments; and even those who are most familiar with the history of the period will find in them a fresh and vivid addition to their previous knowledge. They do honor to American literature, and they would do honor to the literature of any country in the world.

From the North British Review.

MRS. BROWNING'S POEMS.*

THE poetical reputation of Mrs. Browning, late Miss Barrett, has been growing slowly, until it has reached a height which has never before been attained by any modern poetess, though several others have had wider circles of readers. An intellect of a very unusual order has been ripened by an education scarcely less unusual for a woman; and Mrs. Browning now honorably enjoys the title of poetess in her own right, and not merely by courtesy.

The poems before us are divisible into three tolerably distinct classes; first, the imaginative compositions, which form the bulk of *Miss Barrett's* poems, and several of which *Mrs. Browning* tells us she "would willingly have withdrawn, if it were not almost impossible to extricate what has once been caught and involved in the machinery of the press." Secondly, the poems which have immediately arisen from personal feeling and personal observation. Of these the chief are the so-called "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and "Casa Guidi Windows." Thirdly, the novel-in-verse, or present-day epic, called "Aurora Leigh." Besides the poems belonging to these three classes, there are several "occasional pieces" of more or less significance.

Pieces which the authoress confesses that she "would willingly have withdrawn," are, by that confession, almost withdrawn from criticism. We imagine the two dramas, "a Drama of Exile," and "the Seraphim," are among the number of those which Mrs. Browning, in her last edition, introduces with "a request to the generous reader that he may use their weakness, which no subsequent revision has succeeded in strengthening, less as a reproach to the writer, than as a

means of marking some progress in her other attempts." We will only say concerning these and some other youthful essays, that we think the authoress mistaken in supposing that the "machinery of the press" will give them the deprecated perpetuity, unless she herself continues to reprint them; and that their value "as a means of marking some progress in her other attempts," is of a kind which her personal friends will appreciate much better than the world, for whom, we presume, she writes and publishes.

Dismissing the whole of the first volume of the "Poems" as containing very little that is worthy of the authoress's matured powers—although much that would be remarkable in any other recent poetess—we come, in the early part of the second volume, to one of Mrs. Browning's most beautiful pieces, "Bertha in the Lane." It contains a most skillful and touching delineation of disappointed affection, and the workings of that feeling. This poem is not only "simple, sensuous, and passionate," as Milton said that poetry should be; but it is also very artistical in its form and contrasted details, and in the construction of the measure, which beautifully answers to the feeling. Mrs. Browning will, probably, be popularly remembered as much by this little poem as by any she has written; and, excellent as it is in its present state, its value might be, at least, doubled by condensation and a more thoroughly polished diction. No poet of Mrs. Browning's rank should condescend to the use of capital letters to give emphasis to her words, or to change an adjective into a substantive, or to the introduction of such expressions as "fever-bale," when a little trouble would have supplied others, suited to the simplicity of grief, and the laws of the English language; nor can we understand how a writer, capable of such a strain of strong and simple feeling, could mar it at the end by

* 1. *Poems*. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. Fourth Edition. 3 vols. 8vo. 1856.

2. *Aurora Leigh*. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. 8vo. 1856.

such an odd jumble of Christian doctrine and classical allusion as the following :—

“ Jesus, Victim, comprehending
Love's divine self-abnegation,
Cleanse my love in its self-spending,
And absorb the poor libation !
Wind my thread of life up higher,
Up, through angels' hands of fire !
I aspire while I expire.”

The piece that follows “ Bertha in the Lane” is one which is a favorite, we believe, with many of Mrs. Browning's admirers. We cannot say that it is so with us ; for, although it contains many noble and subtle lines, and a current of true passion runs through the whole, it appears to us to be fundamentally damaged by the social fallacy—a very common one with novelists and poets of inferior standing to that of Mrs. Browning—upon which it is built. “ Lady Geraldine's Courtship ; a Romance of the Age,” is the story of a peasant-poet's love, told by himself. He tells us that, although he was “ quite low-born, self-educated,” yet, “ because he was a poet, and because the public praised him,” “ he could sit at rich men's tables.” At these he had an opportunity of seeing, and of falling in love with, “ an Earl's daughter”—which was not wonderful, or out of course ; but that she should have fallen in love with and married him is, and, we will venture to add, ought to be so. The more one knows of men and women, the less one thinks of the wisdom and possibility of happiness in a *mésalliance* of this kind ; and the case is not made a whit the better by the hero's being a poet. A woman, moreover, is not essentially the better for being an Earl's daughter ; grace and goodness, as substantial, might have been found for Bertram in a sphere not wholly and hopelessly removed from his own. That which really does distinguish a Lady Geraldine from any other graceful and equally well-disposed lady in a lower sphere, is precisely what Bertram could not possibly have enjoyed, and what he would have deprived her of, namely, the *station in society*. It seems to us, that Mrs. Browning has not consulted the poet's true dignity in making so poor and worldly an exaltation a part of the honor of which he is capable and desirous. Or, if that was not her intention, if she meant, rather, to display the nobility of the Lady in leaving the condition in which she had passed her life, for the sake of passing it

henceforward in the unsophisticated company of an uneducated poet and his friends and relations, she ought, in order to have brought out her meaning artistically, to have shown that the Lady was not only fully aware of the sacrifice she was making, but that she was also capable of enduring it to the end, with all its trying circumstances of social contempt and dissonance of habits. But Mrs. Browning has not done either of these things ; so that our feeling, on coming to the “ happy conclusion” of the poem, is one of unmixed commiseration for the hero and heroine, who are putting their heads into so desperate a noose, without having the slightest notion of what they are about. This poem, however, is more than usually rich in graceful and powerful descriptions.

In this, as in all Mrs. Browning's pieces of any length, there are parts obviously not so good as Mrs. Browning might have made them, had she chosen. The best that an author has written is a fair standard to try all the rest by ; and it is clear that one who is capable of such subtle and finished lines as :

“ And the shadow of a monarch's crown is
softened in her hair ;”

and several others in the same poem, should have known better than to degrade them by the proximity of such baldness as :

“ She treads the crimson carpet, and she
breathes the perfumed air ;”

and much more in the same poem.

This is not a time in which a poet can afford to do anything but the best. There are several carelessly written poems in these volumes which would bear a high polish—to say which is to commend their substance as gem-like. Great polish is an indication of the highest poetry, because none but the highest poetry will take it. With a few very great poets—in English only Shakspeare—poetry seems always to have flowed forth from the writer's heart in a condition of absolute finish. All who are really poets have probably known this wonderful mood now and then—it has produced a few rapidly written, yet perfect passages or small poems ; but a poet who works with a right understanding of what he is about, will aim at leaving nothing which a *reader* can point out as being less

happily conceived and executed than those inspired morsels.

Mrs. Browning shines nowhere to greater advantage than in the sonnet. Her lyrical verse is seldom good. In proportion as poetry aims at lyrical character, it becomes necessary that it should possess that absolute perfection of verbal expression which is given by vivid lyrical feeling—that rarest of all poetical qualities. To write a good sonnet demands power of a high order. It requires that some grave and novel thought should be expressed in high and pure language, and in an extremely elaborate form, the limits of which are fixed. Mrs. Browning brings to her task the industry, the thoughtfulness, and the power of language which are requisite; and accordingly she has written several sonnets which will bear comparison with the best in the language. It must be confessed, however, that Mrs. Browning gives us specimens of sonnets presenting very marked defects. It is quite wonderful into what mistakes this lady sometimes falls, particularly when she is under the impression that she is doing something remarkably good. Perhaps the most absurd line that was ever written by so good a poet is the following, concluding the sonnet to "Hiram Powers' Greek Slave," and adjuring her to

"Strike and shame the strong,
By thunders of white silence overthrown."

Mrs. Browning's worst fault is her almost constant endeavor to be "striking." This tendency has deformed her volumes with scores of passages scarcely less offensive to true taste than the above. Such passages are not only bad in themselves, but, being as it were, the hypocrisy of art, they cast suspicion and discredit upon their context wherever they occur. They are proof positive of absence of true feeling—of the tone of mind that "voluntary moves harmonious numbers"—at the time of writing; and the only poem of Mrs. Browning's from which they are almost entirely absent, is the series of "Sonnets from the Portuguese," for the originals of which we fancy that we must seek in vain, unless we detect them in the personal feelings of the writer. In this series of sonnets we have unquestionably one of Mrs. Browning's most beautiful and worthy productions. In style they are openly—indeed, by the title, avowedly—an imita-

tion of the fourteenth and fifteenth century love-poetry; but to imitate this is so nearly equivalent to imitating nature of the simplest and loftiest kind, that it is scarcely to be spoken of as a defect of originality. The forty-four sonnets constitute consecutive stanzas of what is, properly speaking, one poem. They are lofty, simple, and passionate—not at all the less passionate for being highly intellectual and even metaphysical. Nothing is more untrue than the common notion that deep and subtle thought is foreign to passion. On the contrary, under the influence of passion, an obtuse mind will often become witty, and a naturally subtle intellect will be made still more piercing and abundant in what to inferior minds may seem excessive refinements of thought and imagery. The following sonnet deserves to rank with the very best of Milton and Wordsworth.

"I thought once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for
years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old and young:
And, as I mused it, in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was
'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair,
And a voice said, in mastery while I strove:
'Guess now who holds thee?' 'Death!' I
said. But there,
The silver answer rang: 'Not Death, but
Love.'"

"Casa Guidi Windows" is one of the very few things that have been lately written about the political condition of Italy in a tone with which, upon the whole, a sensible man may sympathize. Mrs. Browning says, in her preface to this poem, that it "contains the impressions of the writer upon events in Tuscany, of which she was a witness. 'From a window,' the critic may demur. She bows to the objection in the very title of her work. No continuous narrative nor exposition of political philosophy is attempted by her. It is a simple story of personal impressions, whose only value is the intensity with which they were received, as proving her warm affection for a beautiful and unfortunate country, and the sincerity with which they are related, as indicating her

own good faith and freedom from partizanship."

"Casa Guidi Windows" is, to our thinking, the happiest of its author's performances, if not the highest. The difficulty of the metre, in which every rhyme occurs thrice, here as in the sonnet, seems to act as a restraint upon the authoress's imagination, preventing it from indulging in that kind of flight of which boldness may be said to be the only recommendation. So difficult a metre is furthermore in itself a kind of compulsory finish which is a great advantage to the verses of a writer evidently not much given to the drudgery of polish, where it may be shirked. It has been said of the poet, that he :

"Freely sings
In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
And finds in them, *not bonds, but wings.*"

And this is more than usually true of Mrs. Browning. Her genius nowhere rises in so spirited a style, or maintains so steady an altitude, as in those poems in which she submits herself to the heaviest fetters of eternal form ; whereas, in blank verse, and in other measures, *not sufficiently weighted with rule*, her imagination "pitches" like a kite without a tail.

Of the two parts of "Casa Guidi Windows," says Mrs. Browning, writing in 1851, "the first was written nearly three years ago," (1848,) "while the second resumes the actual situation." The first is full of hope, pardonably felt and finely expressed, for the immediate future of Italy. In this part there is little or no action. It is all aspiration, mingled, however, with moderation and shrewdness. In her preface she congratulates herself on not having caught the "epidemic enthusiasm for Pio Nono." In Part I. we find the causes which prevented the Pope from fulfilling revolutionary hopes admirably shown, and in Part II. we find no less exactly and candidly stated the causes of the people's failing in the hour of their opportunity. Our limits do not permit of lengthened extracts. We give the return of the Grand Duke Leopold, as one of Mrs. Brownings highest achievements :

"I saw and witnessed how the Duke came back.
The regular tramp of horse and tread of men
Did smite the silence like an anvil black
And sparkless. With her wide eyes at full strain,

Our Tuscan nurse exclaim'd: 'Alack alack,
Signora, these shall be the Austrians.' 'Nay,
Be still,' I answered: 'Do not wake the child!'

For so, my two-months' baby sleeping lay
In milky dreams upon the bed, and smiled,
And I thought 'he shall sleep on while he may,
Through the world's baseness. Not being yet defiled,
Why should he be disturbed in what is done?'

Then, gazing, I beheld the long drawn street
Live out, from end to end, full in the sun,
With Austrian thousands, sword and bayonet,
Horse, foot, artillery, cannons rolling on,
Like blind slow storm-clouds gestant with the heat

Of undeveloped lightnings, each bestrode
By a single man, dust-white from heat to heel,

Indifferent as the dreadful thing he rode,
Like a sculptured Fate serene and terrible.

As some smooth river which has overflow'd
Will slow and silent down its current wheel
A loosened forest, all the pines erect,
So swept, in mute significance of storm,
The marshalled thousands, not an eye deflect

To left or right to catch a novel form
Of Florence city, adorn'd by architect
And carver, or of Beauties, live and warm,
Scared at the casements! all, straight-forward eyes

And faces, held as steadfast as their swords,
And cognizant of acts, not imageries.
The key, O Tuscan, too well fits the wards!
Ye ask'd for mimes—these bring you tragedies.

For purple—these shall wear it as your lords."

"Casa Guidi Windows," we repeat, is the happiest of Mrs. Browning's performances, because it makes no pretensions to high artistic character, and is really "a simple story of personal impressions." The first thing that a poet, or indeed any other workman, has to do, is to find out what he is well able to do ; and he should always determine to do a little less than he is able, in order that his limitations may not appear. There is no knowing how much a poet may do who has done nothing he has attempted ill ; and it is a great point in art, as well in worldly prosperity, not to let your neighbors know the figure of your fortune. And this as much for their sakes as for yours. All good art is the very best thing in this way that ever was done or ever will be done ; and the best, in whatever way, is related to the best in all things, and has its aspect towards the Infinite in all directions. Now, this lovely

freedom on the face of art seems to be contradicted by any appearance of strain and insufficiency. A dead wall—though it were the wall of China—is a bad background for any landscape. It is the misfortune of nearly all our living poets that the dead wall of our limitations is the most conspicuous feature in their picture. This is because they take in more ground than their talents give them a title to. In “Casa Guidi Windows,” and in the “Sonnets from the Portuguese,” Mrs. Browning attempted nothing but what she was perfectly competent to perform, and therefore they were better *poems* than others which may contain a great deal more *poetry*.

“Aurora Leigh” is the latest, and Mrs. Browning tells us, in the dedication, “the most mature” of her works; the one into which her “highest convictions upon Life and Art have entered.” It was not well judged to prejudice the reader, at the very outset, with the inevitable doubt, “Is a poem the right place for ‘highest convictions upon Life and Art?’” This poem is two thousand lines longer than “Paradise Lost.” We do not know how to describe it better than by saying that it is a novel in verse—a novel of the modern didactic species, written chiefly for the advocacy of distinct “convictions upon Life and Art.” If poetry ought to consist only of “thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers,” a very large portion of this work ought unquestionably to have been in prose. But the question seems open to discussion, and we give Mrs. Browning the benefit of the doubt. Perhaps the chief misfortune for the poem is, that there may always be two opinions on all “convictions upon Life and Art.” For example, we ourselves dissent altogether from certain of the views advocated. We think that “conventions,” which are society’s unwritten laws, are condemned in two sweeping and unexamining a style; that the importance of an ordinary education in the formation of character is too emphatically denied by the example of Marian Erle, whom we regard as an impossible person, under her circumstances; that Art is not the highest power in the world; and so forth. “Aurora Leigh” would assuredly have been a more *poetical* work if it had made the question “Do you agree with it?” an absurd one, and had only allowed of the question, “Do you or do you not understand it?” The safest way of speaking of this poem, which,

expressly or by implication, has so considerable a polemic element in it, is to place a simple analysis of it before our readers. Concerning the great beauty and subtlety of some of the extracts we shall give, there, fortunately, can not be two opinions.

The father of Aurora Leigh “was an austere Englishman, who, after a dry lifetime spent at home in college-learning, law, and parish-talk,” went to Italy, and fell suddenly in love with an Italian girl who passed him in a procession.

“Her face flashed like a cymbal on his face,
And shook with silent clangors brain and
heart,
Transfiguring him to music.”

Mr. Leigh gained the hand of the fair Florentine, and Aurora was born; but before the child was four years old, her mother died, having changed the nature of her husband, and made the “austere Englishman” into a man of sentiment.

“There’s a verse he set
In Santa Croce to her memory:
‘Weep for an infant, too young to weep much
When death removed this mother’—stops the
mirth
To-day on women’s faces, when they walk
With rosy children hanging on their gowns.”

Mr. Leigh left Florence, and lived in almost entire solitude, with his child and one servant, “among the mountains above Pelago,” and there he

“Who through love had suddenly
Thrown off the old conventions, broken loose
From chinbands of the soul, like Lazarus,”

taught his child “what he had learned best,” grief and love, and, as it afterward appears, Latin and Greek; also, “the ignorance of men,” how

“A Fool will pass for such through one mistake,
While a Philosopher will pass for such
Through said mistakes being ventured in the
gross,
And heaped up to a system.”

So nine years passed, and Aurora Leigh thus describes herself at thirteen:

“‘I am like,
They tell me, my dear father; broader brows,
Howbeit, upon a slenderer undergrowth
Of delicate features; paler, near as grave—
But then my mother’s smile breaks up the
whole,
And makes it sometimes better than itself.’”

At this time Mr. Leigh suddenly died. The child was soon torn from her nurse, now her only companion, by "a stranger with authority," from England, who conducted her to the house of her father's sister. The lady is thus described :

"She stood straight and calm,
Her somewhat narrow forehead braided tight,
As if for taming 'accidental thoughts
From possible pulses; brown hair, pricked
with gray,
By frigid use of life, (she was not old,
Although my father's elder by a year,)
A nose drawn sharply, yet in delicate lines;
A close, mild mouth, a little soured about
The ends, through speaking unrequited loves,
Or, peradventure, niggardly half-truths;
Eyes of no color, once they might have smiled,
But never, never have forgot themselves
In smiling; cheeks in which was yet a rose
Of perished summers, like a rose in a book,
Kept more for ruth than pleasure, if past bloom,
Past fading also.

* * * * *

She, my aunt,
Had loved my father truly, as she could,
And hated, with the gall of gentle souls,
My Tuscan mother, who had fooled away
A wise man from wise courses, a good man
From obvious duties, and, depriving her,
His sister, of the household precedence,
Had wronged his tenants, robbed his native
land,
And made him mad, alike by life and death,
In love and sorrow. She had pored for years
What sort of woman could be suitable
To her sort of hate, to entertain it with;
And so, her very curiosity
Became hate too, and all the idealism
She ever used in life was used for hate,
Till hate, so nourished, did exceed at last
The love from which it grew, in strength and
heat,
And wrinkled her smooth conscience with a
sense
Of disputable virtue (say not sin)
When Christian doctrine was enforced at
church."

Miss Leigh's notions of female education differed widely from her brother's. She seems to have thought both love and grief were weeds or flowers that need no cultivating, but spring up readily enough in every woman's heart. Here is Aurora's English school programme, which, with many hundreds of lines like them, have certainly no right to be called verse :

"I learnt the collects and the catechism,
* * * * *

And various popular synopses of
Inhuman doctrines never taught by John,
Because she liked instructed piety.

I learned my complement of classic French
(Kept pure of Balzac and neologism),
And German also, since she liked a range
Of liberal education—tongues, not books.
I learnt a little algebra, a little
Of the mathematics; brush with extreme
flounce

The circle of the sciences, because
She misliked women who were frivolous.
I learnt the royal genealogies
Of Oviedo, the internal laws
Of the Burmese empire, by how many feet
Mount Chimborazo outsoars Himalayah,
What navigable river joins itself
To Lara, and what census of the year five
Was taken at Klagenfurt."

Aurora had a cousin, Romney Leigh, the owner of the family estate, Leigh Hall. The two children saw much of each other, but were of dispositions and tastes so opposite, that their intercourse consisted chiefly of disputes. As they grew up they diverged further from one another. Romney became a philanthropic socialist, bent on utilitarian plans of action, and pondering on the dregs of humanity; while Aurora grew into a poetess, for ever musing on the ideal and beautiful. She discovered, in an attic, piles of books marked with her father's name, and from this sanctuary would steal spiritual food, unknown to her aunt. She read "books good and bad;" and makes the following admirable remarks upon the perils of such a course of study :

"You cheer him on,
As if the worst could happen were to rest
Too long beside a fountain. Yet behold,
Behold!—the world of books is still the world;
And worldlings in it are less merciful
And more puissant. For the wicked there
Are winged like angels. Every knife that strikes
Is edged from elemental fire to assail
A spiritual life. The beautiful seems right
By force of beauty, and the feeble wrong
Because of weakness. Power is justified
Though armed against St. Michael.

* * * * *

True, many a prophet teaches in the roads;
True, many a seer pulls down the flaming
heavens

Upon his own head in strong martyrdom,
In order to light men a moment's space.
But stay!—who judges?—who distinguishes?
"Twixt Saul and Nahash justly, at first sight,
And leaves King Saul precisely at the sin
To serve King David? Who discerns at once
The sound of the trumpets, when the trumpets
blow

For Alaric as well as Charlemagne?
Who judges prophets, and can tell true seers
From conjurers?"

The delineation of her mind at this period gives occasion to the following remarkable passage:

"The cygnet finds the water, but the man
Is born in ignorance of his element,
And feels out blind at first, disorganized
By sin i' the blood,—his spirit-insight dull'd
And crossed by his sensations. Presently
We feel it quicken in the dark sometimes;
Then mark, be reverent, be obedient—
For those dumb motions of imperfect life
Are oracles of vital Deity
Attesting the Hereafter. Let who says
'The soul's a clean white paper,' rather say:
A palimpsest, a prophet's holograph
Defiled, erased and covered by a monk's,—
The Apocalypse, by a Longus! poring on
Which obscene text, we may discern perhaps
Some fair, fine trace of what was written once,
Some upstroke of an alpha and omega
Expressing the old scripture."

From reading poetry, she became a writer of it, and gives us scores of pages of "her highest convictions upon art," all more or less acute, and worth considering, but which would be more in place in a review than an epic. The development of her powers as a poetess is elaborately depicted; but, as Mrs. Browning is herself almost the only modern example of such development, the story is uninteresting from its singularity.

Aurora wrote and read on in secret, her aunt only half suspecting this development, of which she would have disapproved with all her might.

"She said, sometimes, 'Aurora, have you done
Your task this morning—have you read that
book,
And are you ready for the crotchet here?'
As if she said, I know there's something
wrong;
I know I have not ground you down enough
To flatten and bake you to a wholesome crust
For household uses and proprieties."

The poetess did her work meekly, her "soul singing at a work apart," and all went on without let or hindrance, till one June morning, when Aurora arose upon her twentieth birthday. She got up early, and left the house, "brushing a green track along the grass," and finding that the world would not, or rather could not, crown her, seeing that she was a poetess only in secret, she took a sudden fancy to crown herself; and after hesitating between bay, myrtle, verbena, and guelder roses, she turned to a wreath of ivy, and

twisted it round her head. At this moment she beheld her cousin beside her,

"With a mouth
Twice graver than his eyes."

Romney had found her manuscript poems, with "Greek upon the margin." A conversation ensued on the subjects of art and philanthropy, the cousins espousing different sides. The burden of Aurora's argument was this:

"You will not compass your poor ends
Of barley feeding and material ease
Without the Poet's individualism
To work your universal. It takes a soul
To move a body—it takes a high-souled man
To move the masses—even to a cleaner sty:
It takes the ideal, to blow an inch inside
The dust of the actual: and your Fouriers
failed,
Because not poets enough to understand
That life develops from within."

And, as she eloquently says, in another place:

"The thrushes sang,
And shook my pulses and the elm's new
leaves—
And then I turned, and held my finger up,
And bade him mark, that howso'er the world
Went ill, as he related, certainly
The thrushes still sang in it. At which word
His brow would soften—and he bore with me
In melancholy patience, not unkind,
While breaking into voluble ecstasy,
I flattered all the beauteous country round,
As poet's use . . . the skies, the clouds, the
fields,
The happy violets, hiding from the roads
The primroses run down to, carrying gold—
The tangled hedgerows, where the cows push
out
Their tolerant horns, and patient churning
mouths
'Twixt dripping ash-boughs—hedgerows all
alive,
With birds, and gnats, and large white butter-
flies,
Which look as if the May-flower had caught
life,
And palpitated forth upon the wind—
Hills, vales, woods, metted in a silver mist;
Farms, granges, doubled up among the hills,
And cattle grazing in the watered vales,
And cottage chimneys smoking from the
woods,
And cottage gardens smelling everywhere,
Confused with smell of orchards. 'See,' I
said,
'And see, is God not with us on the earth?
And shall we put Him down by aught we do?
Who says there's nothing for the poor and
vile,

Save poverty and wickedness? behold!
 And ankle-deep in English grass I leaped,
 And clapped my hands, and called all very
 fair."

The burden of Romney's argument was, that women write at best but such poetry as gains, for highest eulogy, comparison to a man's; that poetry, unless of the very best, is frivolous work; that there is earnest work to do, for him to do, and for her to do, if she will become his helper and his wife.

The young poetess, indignant at being sought as a mere helpmate, refuses the offer. Her aunt, on hearing of Romney's offer and rejection, expresses great grief, and tells Aurora that she will inherit no money, all her father's and all her aunt's being settled on Romney, by a clause in a former deed, excluding offspring by a foreign wife. She told her, further, that Romney's father had wished that the cousins should marry, in order to repair this injustice, and that her own father had known and approved the wish, all of which strengthened Aurora in her determination to adhere to her refusal.

Soon after this, the aunt was found dead by her bedside, with an unopened letter in her hand. On the reading of the will, it was found that she had left Aurora three hundred pounds, "and all other moneys of which she died possessed." Romney, who, as heir, attended the funeral, told Aurora that the old lady died possessed of £30,000, of which no mention was made in the will; but Aurora, suspecting that her cousin was by some means bestowing upon her this money, insisted on seeing deeds to prove her aunt's possession of it. A little inquiry showed that Romney had presented this sum to his aunt, and that the unopened letter found in her hand contained the deed of gift, which, though made, had never been accepted. Aurora tore the deed in shreds and went to lodgings in London.

Seven years later we find her an established authoress, with piles of literary letters; solitary and poor, hard-worked, but uncomplaining. One day a stranger enters, and announces herself as Lady Waldemar. With little prelude, she declared herself to be a widow, and in love with Romney Leigh. She told Aurora that her cousin was on the point of espousing a beggar's daughter from St. Giles's, and asked her help in breaking off, or at

any rate, postponing the marriage. Aurora ascertained that Lady Waldemar was commissioned by Romney to tell her the news, and introduce her to his bride-elect, and to get her countenance to the marriage, which marriage Lady Waldemar to him appeared to approve and promote. She would have nothing to say to this double dealing on the part of Lady Waldemar, to whom she plainly says as much, in not very courteous terms. Aurora then hastened to St. Margaret's Court to see the woman whom her cousin was to marry. "An ineffable face" met her on the threshold of a wretched room, and being soon assured by Aurora's friendly manner, its owner, Marian Erle, told her story.

She was the daughter of a drunken poaching tramper, who beat her mother, her mother turning in anger to beat her:

"Her first cry in our strange and strangling
 air,
 When cast in spasms out from the shuddering
 womb,
 Was wrong against the social code, forced
 wrong.
 What business had the baby to cry there?"

She grew up neglected and ill-used, till some ladies got her to a Sunday-school. There she learned to read and write, also to understand the wickedness of her parents, but little else. She found, however, a more profitable school in "Heaven's high blue," which she would steal away to gaze at; and in sundry fragments of the English poets which chanced to come into her hands: thus, we are to suppose, she learned the high code of morality and virtue which she afterwards adhered to, for no one taught or spoke to her but her brutish parents, and the unprofitable Sunday teacher. When she reached early womanhood, her mother attempted to betray her to a drunken squire, from whom she fled in terror. Swooning, she was picked up and taken to a hospital. She had a long illness, and it was on her recovery that she first saw Romney Leigh, who was visiting the sick people, and on hearing that she was about to leave, inquired what her future plans were, and by degrees learned her history. "He sent her to a famous sempstress house far off in London," and there she worked well till one of her companions fell sick. Marian then left the house to nurse her, and, after the death of the girl, stayed to watch and

nurse the crazy mother, who was now alone. Romney found her at this work. "He was not angry that she had left the house wherein he placed her." "He did not say t'was well, yet Marian thought he did not take it ill," and on the day her last patient died, Romney asked her to be his helpmate and wife.

Aurora was charmed by the girl's manner, and embraced her as her future cousin. Romney came in while they were still talking, and Aurora expressed a wish that the wedding should be from her home, but her cousin refused :

"I take my wife

Directly from the people, and she comes,
As Austria's daughter to imperial France,
Betwixt her eagles, blinking not her race,
From Margaret's Court, at garret height, to
meet

And wed me at St. James's, nor put off
Her gown of serge for that. The things we
do,

We do: we'll wear no mask, as if we blushed."

The marriage-day arrived, and

"Half St. Giles in frieze

Was bidden to meet St. James in cloth of
gold ;

And after contract at the altar, pass
To eat a marriage-feast on Hampstead Heath."

The congregation assembled early, and chatted long, expecting the bride, but she came not ; and, at the last moment, a letter is delivered to Romney in Marian's hand. In this letter, Marian states her conviction that she best shows her love to Romney by saving him the unhappiness that must follow a union with her :

"It would be dreadful for a friend of yours
To see all England thrust you out of doors,
And mock you from the windows."

She hints at there being some one else
whom Romney loves :

"You might say,

Or think, (that worse,) 'There's some one in
the house,

I miss and love still !' Dreadful !"

She then goes on to say she shall go
where no one can find her :

"I never could be happy as your wife—
I never could be harmless as your friend :
I never will look more into your face

Till God says 'Look.' I charge you seek me
not,

Nor vex yourself with lamentable thoughts,
That, peradventure, I am come to grief :
Be sure I'm well, I'm merry, I'm at ease !
But such a long way, long way, long way off,
I think you'll find me sooner in my grave."

Inexplicable as the mystery was to Romney, it was still more so to the congregated hundreds of St. Giles's, who did not read the letter, and were too much exasperated at their missed triumph to listen to Romney, who wished to address them. "Pull him down, strike him, kill him!" was called out from the crowd, some of whom suggested foul play on the part of the bridegroom ; and it was not till the police were called in, that the church could be cleared, and order restored.

Romney made long search for Marian, but could find no trace of her. He then left London, and Aurora again lost sight of him. On his return to the country, Romney became more than ever engrossed in his schemes of philanthropy. He turned his family seat into a Phalanstery, and devoted himself to the reformation of the thieves and poachers who took up their abode there.

Aurora now wrote a great poem, in which, after long feeling dissatisfied with her productions, she at last had a consciousness of having in some degree conveyed in words the things she had thought and felt. She went soon after to a party, and refused an offer from a man of birth and fortune, and heard that Romney was engaged to Lady Waldemar. Almost immediately after this, she left her new poem with a publisher, and set out for Florence.

On her way, Aurora was detained a few days in Paris ; and, walking one day in the flower-market, she met Marian Erle. Marian has a child, and would gladly avoid Aurora, but Aurora persists in going to her home and succeeds at last in learning the mystery of Marian's flight, and present condition.

Lady Waldemar had been often to her, and had contrived to make her believe that misery would follow her marriage with Romney ; that Romney had loved her, Lady Waldemar, and she him ; that his offer to Marian was prompted by principle only, and would be followed up in a spirit of martyrdom. Lady Waldemar then offered to send her in the charge of a respectable person, who had formerly

been her maid, to Australia. Marian gladly accepted the offer, and went with the woman, who, instead of taking her to Australia, had brought her to an infamous house in Paris, where drugs and force were used to accomplish her ruin. She had fled from this place in delirium, was taken in by a farmer's wife; obtained employment, but lost it on its appearing that she was about to become a mother; and had, since then, supported herself and her child, now a year old, by needle-work.

Aurora took both mother and child to her own home; and, after long debate, wrote two letters, one to a mutual friend of her's and Romney's, telling him all, and asking him only to communicate this story to her cousin should he not be married to Lady Waldemar; and the other to that lady, reproaching her for having

"Tricked poor Marian Erle,
And set her own love digging her own grave,
Within her green hope's pretty garden ground:
Ay, sent her forth with some one of your sort,
To a wicked house in France."

She adds that, if Lady Waldemar is Romney's wife, and will

"Keep warm his heart, and clean his board, and
when
He speaks, be ready with obedience," etc.

If she will attend to all this, she is "safe from Marian and Aurora;" but if she "fail a point," they will

"Open mouth,
And such a noise will follow, the last trump's
Will scarcely seem more dreadful, even to her."

These letters sent, Aurora proceeded with Marian and her child to Florence. A letter from a friend tells her that her poem has won all suffrages, and is doing the work of an evangelist; and then speaks of Romney in words which Aurora misunderstands into conveying news of his marriage with Lady Waldemar. The natural effect of the first news is counter-balanced by the second, and Aurora sinks into a state of melancholy, which lasts till the concluding scene.

On looking up one evening, as she is sitting alone in the garden, she sees Romney standing before her. By this time, it is clear to every one but Aurora herself, and perhaps to her, that she loves him deeply. She is too much agitated to no-

tice, either from his manner of greeting her or sitting down, that he is blind. Romney believes that she has heard of his misfortune, for it was, indeed, an allusion to it that she had misunderstood for a notice of his marriage; they, therefore, talk for some time at cross purposes. Romney, however, says one thing in a straight-forward way:

"I have read your book,

* * * * *

The book is in my heart;
Lives in me, wakes in me, and dreams with me:
My daily bread tastes of it, and my wine,
Which has no smack of it, I pour it out;
It seems unnatural drinking,"

and refers to their old argument on Aurora's birthday, confessing himself a convert to all she then urged. He also tells her of the failure of his labors at Leigh Hall, where the people had risen up and burnt the old house to the ground; of an illness which had attacked him afterward; and speaks so plainly, in the course of his narrative, of his unchanged love to Aurora, that she, believing him to be the husband of another woman, rebukes him. All this misunderstanding and beating about the bush, is tedious, though it gives occasion to a magnificent simile—Aurora, bidding her cousin look at the stars:

"I signed above, where all the stars were out,
As if an urgent heat had started there
A secret writing from a sombre page,
A blank last moment crowded suddenly,
With hurrying splendors."

The *éclaircissement* comes at last. Aurora, mentioning Lady Waldemar as her cousin's wife,

"Are ye mad?

He echoed—"Wife! mine! Lady Waldemar!"

and this half of the mistake is rectified; and Romney gives a letter from Lady Waldemar to Aurora, in which that Lady repudiates the charge of having sent Marian "to a wicked house in France." She explains that Marian's conductor was an old servant who had lived "five months" in her house, and had money for the voyage to Australia, the embezzlement of which had probably tempted her to stop short on the way. Having finished the letter, which related also how all was

broken off between Romney and its writer, Aurora exclaims:

"Ah! not married!

'You mistake,' he said,
'I'm married—Is not Marian Erle my wife?
As God sees things, I have a wife and child;
And I, as I'm a man that honors God,
Am here to claim them as my wife and child.'

"I felt it hard to breathe, much less to speak.
Nor word of mine was needed. Some one else
Was there for answering. 'Romney,' she
began,

'My great good angel, Romney.'

Then at first

I knew that Marion Erle was beautiful.
She stood there still and pallid as a saint,
Dilated, like a saint in ecstasy,
As if the floating moonshine interposed
Betwixt her foot and the earth, and raised her
up,

To float upon it. 'I had left my child,
Who sleeps,' she said, 'and having drawn this
way

I heard you speaking . . . friend, confirm me
now.

You take this Marion, such as wicked men
Have made her, for your honorable wife?"

"The thrilling, solemn, proud, pathetic voice!
He stretched his arms out toward the thrilling
voice,
As if to draw it on to his embrace.

'I take her as God made her, and as men
Must fail to unmake, for my honored wife.'

"She never raised her eyes nor took a step,
But stood there in her place and spoke again—

'You take this Marian's child which is her
shame,

In sight of men and women, for your child,
Of whom you will not ever feel ashamed?"

"The thrilling, tender, proud, pathetic voice!
He stepped on toward it, still with outstretched
arms,

As if to quench upon his breast that voice.

'May God so father me as I do him,
And so forsake me, as I let him feel
He's orphaned haply. Here I take the child
To share my cup, to slumber on my knee,
To play his loudest gambol at my feet,
To hold my finger in the public ways,
Till none shall need inquire, 'Whose child is
this?'

The gesture saying so tenderly, 'My own.'"

This is all Marian required. She would fain have her own consciousness of innocence ratified by such proof from the man she most revered; but sorrow has driven love from her heart; she can not reawaken in herself an interest for any but her child; she gratefully but firmly

refuses to marry Romney, who, believing his love to Aurora unreturned, is taking his leave, when on her alluding again to the stars, he tells her of his blindness, and relates how the illness which produced it was caused by an assault from Marian Erle's father, whom Romney had endeavored to save from justice, at the time of the riots at Leigh Hall: he then again says, farewell, but is stopped by Aurora, who confesses her love to him; and so the story ends—considerably to the vexation, we should think, of those readers, who may be such thorough-going haters of "conventions" as to wish to have had Romney actually married to Marian Erle.

The command of imagery shown by Mrs. Browning in this poem is really surprising, even in this day, when every poetaster seems to be endowed with a more or less startling amount of that power; but Mrs. Browning seldom goes out of her way for an image, as nearly all our other versifiers are in the habit of doing continually. There is a vital continuity, through the whole of this immensely-long work, which is thus remarkably, and most favorably distinguished from the sand-weaving of so many of her contemporaries. The earnestness of the authoress is, also, plainly without affectation, and her enthusiasm for truth and beauty, as she apprehends them, unbounded. A work upon such a scale, and with such a scope, had it been faultless, would have been the greatest work of the age; but, unhappily, there are faults, and very serious ones, over and above those which we have already hinted. The poem has evidently been written in a very small proportion of the time which a work so ambitiously conceived ought to have taken. The language which, in passionate scenes, is simple and real, in other parts becomes very turgid and unpoetical; for example:

"What if even God

Were chiefly God by working out himself
To an individualism of the Infinite,
Eterne, intense, profuse—still throwing up
The golden spray of multitudinous worlds
In measure to the proclive weight and rush
Of his inner nature—the spontaneous love
Still proof and outflow of spontaneous life?"

Or, in a different style, the style, unfortunately, of hundreds of lines:

"In those days, though, I never analyzed
Myself even: all analysis comes late."

Or, again :

"Those faces ! 'twas as if you had stirred up
hell
To heave its lowest dreg-fiends uppermost
In fiery swirls of slime—such strangled fronts,
Such obdurate jaws were thrown up con-
stantly."

These, and other artistic defects, detract somewhat from the general effect of the poem ; but no one who reads it with true poetic sympathy can withhold his tribute of admiration from a work possessing so many of the highest excellencies.

From the Dublin Magazine.

L I F E I N G E R M A N Y . *

GERMAN literature and German life have become deeply interesting to England. For a long period, the motions of the mind and the distinct peculiarities of the life of Germany were as comparatively unknown to us as the social laws of Papua, or the etiquette of the court of Sennaar. Those were only faint rumors that reached the mass of the English people, of poets who rivaled their own—of men who speculated on the highest objects of thought, beneath the retired shade of their ancestral lindens. There were many reasons for this ignorance.

The literary movement in Germany was developed with a rapidity almost unparalleled. The continual wars which engaged us during the eighteenth, and the beginning of the present century, filled England with interests purely political and commercial.

The petty pursuits, the unmanly indolence, the merely individual interests of German princes, the miserable political dissensions resulting in no positive good, the entire want of union between the rulers and the ruled, and the incohesion

between the States themselves, which prevented the establishment of a representative Diet realizing the dream of German unity, the contemptible nature of the courts, and the demoralization of whole districts in consequence, created in the English mind a placid self-satisfied contempt for Germany.

So clearly defined as a nation itself, the British people virtually ignored the existence of a populous country, because it possessed no political unity. Still it would be false to say that German literature was absolutely unknown during this period. Individuals had both studied and loved it, but each of these was isolated in his position towards Germany. Besser was told by Englishmen themselves in the year 1814, "That the English as a people were incapable of apprehending German thought or feeling—that Goethe and Herder they did not understand—that Klopstock they totally misunderstood ;" and Besser himself says, in a letter to Perthes, "I myself now see more and more clearly that it is impossible the genuine English should have any taste for our works ; the insular character of the people is intellectually exclusive ; it can not get out of itself, and it can not take in any thing foreign." Perthes, with a clearer view of the state of things, answered : "We are in good repute there, and the tranquillity which is

* Memoirs of Frederick Perthes ; or Literary, Religious, and Political Life in Germany, from 1789 to 1843. From the German of Clement Theodore Perthes, Professor of Law in the University of Bonn. Edinburgh : Thomas Constable and Co. London : Hamilton, Adams and Co.

gradually winning its way all over Europe will open us fresh channels, even on that side of the water." This hope has been fulfilled. During the peace which followed on Waterloo, Englishmen had time to examine into the life and literature of a country, so interesting from the events which had so lately agitated its surface. The noble devotion displayed by the youth in the war of independence, and the echo of songs like Körner's, awoke a pulse of admiration and sympathy for a bravery like their own. The tales of misery and sorrow brought from cities ravaged, and by men who had themselves suffered the horrors of the occupation of Hamburg and the cruelties of Davoust, stirred the pity and the purse of England. As knowledge of the country and people, so knowledge of the language and literature increased. At first gradually, through its songs and poetry, but still later when the reaction from the materialism of an age of peace took place, the soul of these islands, in all the eager joy of a prisoner tasting the fresh breeze, abandoned itself to the spiritual and speculative philosophy of Germany.

From the youth, who are ever less conservative, the desire of investigating the products of this new soil spread to the older men. The learned doctors of our universities began to perceive that there were men more learned than themselves. The poetic darkness of history opened its secrets to the immense information and the analytic imagination of Niebuhr. Men who had devoted their whole life to those pursuits, wrote on Greek and Roman writings and antiquities with a learning which was redeemed from weariness by the power of entering into the very heart of the time they examined. Metaphysics founded a new school in Kant, and from his impulse, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and a multitude of opponents and approvers, arose. The scientific religious element developed itself on one side in Paulus, Bretschneider, and Strauss, and on the other in Nitzsch, Schleiermacher, and Neander. The evangelical element found fit and erudite representatives in Oldshausen, Hengstenberg, and many others, whose learning was not inferior to their faith.

Nor was Germany backward in the realms of science and art. The steppes of Tartary, the forests of the Orinoco, the icy slopes of South-America and Central

Asia, the plateaux of Mexico, gave up their secrets to the intellect of Alexander Humboldt; who blended them into one with the forces of the globe and the motions of the universe. Art, in the highest sense of the word, was, we had almost said, recreated by Schiller and Goethe. Lessing, Tieck, and the Schlegels wrote on criticism, and wrote themselves till a new school of criticism arose.

It was in these men that a literary nationality sprang up, and blossomed and bore fruit with a swiftness which seemed to be unnatural. It is the paradox of Germany, that she has no political existence, but yet a positive well-defined national existence. It seems as if her recognized position in the world were to be as subjective as her writings. It is only those who know and love her literature that recognize her nationality—a truth real to them, but not to all the world. The principle of nationality was grasped by the German writers, and rejected by the German rulers. Each of the former gave up his whole life and energy to the working out his own aim, with the conviction that it was the consequence of his constitution, and most fitted to develop his inner life, and therefore a duty. In carrying out this individual purpose, he never lost sight of the great principle that he was not working in an isolated field, but in the garden of the world. He never forgot that unconnected work must perish; so in striving to bring his own to perfection, he investigated all other true work at the same time, that not only he might assist himself, but assist others; that he might not perish in the Particular, but live in the Universal.

This is the idiosyncrasy of the German mind—the idea of a universal connection; and this in turn resolves itself into two classes—those who made the unity depend on the eternal will of one personal Being—and those who made it consist in all things being portions of the same and of one another, and these all forming one conception—God; and this is the pantheism of the German. Various followed out as this principle has been, it is that which pervading any community gives it national existence; for so far as each man therein does his work, as if it were the only and the most important thing in the world, and yet with a continual reference to the whole in which he works, so far will that community have true national exist-

ence; whether politically, as in England, or ecclesiastically, as in the Church of Rome, or in literature, as in Germany.

Our recognition of this nationality, peculiar and distinct and many-colored as it is, is due much to Thomas Carlyle. In his Essays, he has opened to us the magic gardens and caverns where the German intellect had created beauty for itself to walk in. Still his view is one-sided; only two or three faces of the Germanic cube are presented to us. So far as biography is history, so far are we satisfied with his masterly portraits. But a few individuals do not comprise the whole. Again, in Carlyle's writings the mode in which the Germans regard their own religious life, and the political, such as it is, is not known to us with sufficient clearness. Goethe, Schiller, Richter, Novalis, and others, do not come up to the standard of religious life. Some were men of ghastly doubts, others of cool rationalism, some of incomprehensible poetic metaphysics, others of weird, and sometimes savage thought, as if the spirit of the ancient Kobold were mingling with the heart of human love. Again, his very subjects shut Carlyle out from treating, except *en passant*, of the struggles of the German people for nationality and freedom, and the political passions which rent her, as Samson did the lion, during the storms of the Napoleonic era.

It is because it supplies the history of these struggles from a German point of view, and gives us an insight into the other side of German belief, that we welcome the memoirs of Frederick Perthes; and especially as these subjects are combined with those of great literary interest, and all redeemed from being uninteresting and frigid by their connection with the heart and life of a brave, true, high-hearted, earnest, Christian man.

On the 21st of April, 1772, Frederick Perthes first saw the light shining over Rudolfstadt. At the age of seven he lost both his parents, and was intrusted to the care of his maternal uncle, Frederick Heubel. Loyal, pure, mingling politics with the speculations of the Kantian philosophy, studying now the classics and now anatomy, this Heubel and his sister Caroline trained the moral and intellectual nature of the boy. Often, too, Perthes would spend months with John Heubel, who lived in the castle of Schwartzburg, and whose duties led him over the forests

and hills of the surrounding country. Admitted to the court library, his lively fancy sought for materials in histories and travels. For four years he read vast volumes, with a sprinkling of fiction; and it is a noticeable fact that the sailor Prince Henry and Albuquerque became his heroes—strange elements for the thin, delicate boy, with those small hands and blue eyes of his, to grow up among: but they suited him marvellously well.

Reading brought with it no false idealism; and, moreover, this John Heubel introduced him to the realities of nature. Walking rapidly over the forests and hills which ringed the Schwartzburg, the boy gained strength, and fostered the germ of his wondrous life-activity. And nature taught that imagination, afterward so productive, her delicate lessons; and the vastness and darkness of the forest laid the foundation of veneration, and gave that sense of the Infinite which afterward developed into the loving religion of the man; while at home his Kant-loving, horse-admiring uncle, and the tender sternness of his aunt, taught more by their lives than words a high morality. Often, during this life, do we meet with this secluded knot of loving guardians. A good old age they lived to, and died not long before him they loved so well. The sense of these old people pervades this history like a clear pure air. Like beings of another world, they seem from their forest seclusion to watch their child. There is a touching beauty in the visits of Perthes to this solitude. He came to them fresh from the *Lebensturm*, with the atmosphere of being and doing round him; and he was received with the old love, the old simplicity, the old ceremonies. It is on record that he felt once more a child. All the turmoil and dust of life, in those brief days, must have slipped from him like a robe, as with his youthful eagerness he walked again by the side of the old soldier, and whistled to the dogs, and viewed the forest and the flood. With such an education, the mercantile life had no charms for him; and as a relative of his was in the book trade, and, as above all, there must be books to read, Perthes resolved on being a bookseller. Early on an autumn morning he left the gray old Schloss for Leipsic, to enter on his apprenticeship with Adam F. Bohme, who had already sent him back for a year, as too delicate for his profession. On his arrival Bohme said, "Why, boy, you are

no bigger than you were a year ago ; but we will make a trial of it." Delicate as he looked—the love he felt, and the abounding sense of physical and mental life which thrilled his veins like wine, made him to enjoy and to endure. The experience of the boy was that of the man. During the bombardment of Hamburg, Caroline, his wife, writes thus : "From the 9th of May, Perthes had not undressed for one and twenty nights ; and during that period had never lain down in bed. I was in daily anxiety for his life. He was only occasionally, and that at half an hour at a time, in the house." Again, "during the truce the young men of the legion were devoted to him heart and soul, and clung to him with child-like affection and confidence. They delighted in the sympathy of the slender, delicately-formed man, who never shrank from the endurance of any hardships with them—who took part in all their joys and perils." Again, at Flottbeck, when assisting the exiles from Hamburg, Perthes writes playfully to Sievekling : "I hope my future biographer will record that I have walked about for nearly a fortnight, and driven twenty miles in a requisition wagon with a broken bone." Such were the love and the life which animated our delicate Perthes.

Settled under his master, a primitive iron-bodied old gentleman, our Perthes made a strange figure, with his hair cut in front to a brush, and behind to a queue ; with wooden buckles and a cocked hat. Hard work had the boy, both in the warehouse and the streets all day ; and in the evening, wet, cold, and wearied, collating, while his iron master, who never thought of a fire, stamped about the shop and rubbed his hands. At last winter came on, and frost-bitten feet laid him up for nine weeks in his miserable attic. For nearly a year his heart, so excitable, had found no food ; but, during his illness, there crept to his bedside, book in hand, the dream of his youth—his master's daughter, Frederika. Nursing him—reading to him ponderous Muratori's history—the sympathy thus established lasted the whole of his apprenticeship. The necessity of his nature was filled up. He could not live without love. And his love must be incarnated. This principle was the main-spring of Perthes' existence ; and the tracing of it in his life will develop the whole of his social history. All through his apprenticeship and youth, his love for

Frederika supported him, and gave wings to his existence ; and the noble nature of the man is seen in this, that when a new apprentice, Nessig, a lively, strong, handsome youth, also became a candidate for Frederika's love, his excitable heart conquered its jealousy, and he disclosed all to Nessig, and both agreed to love her in harmony and openness. And they kept to their agreement ; each sharing all the confidence and feelings of the other. A memorable story is this—what we in this country would feel inclined to sneer at ; but it is only an additional proof how little, from our point of view, we are able to understand the German mind on the subject of the affections. When Perthes left Leipsic, Nessig remained behind ; and their letters on the subject of Frederika are indeed curiosities. On his return they agreed to propose together, and let her make a choice which they would abide by. Stranger than the whole progress of the love, was the answer of the loved. "Perthes I love," said Frederika, "Nessig I love—yet I can give my hand to neither." We hear not how Nessig bore it, but Perthes it was as the loss of life. "My whole life-plan is ruined—ruined by her. I have done with life. God give me comfort and strength!"

But, fortunately, before this he had set up his business as a bookseller, and the necessity of fulfilling his engagements goaded him to action. For the next great life-impression he was prepared by the first. It is a rare case when suddenly crushed passion, in any one possessed of vivid life and youth, destroys the heart. It but wounds it—lays it bare and shivering. Then man wants not the light, joyous love of the girl—if such a thing exists now in these hot-pressed days—but the calm depth of the woman ; not to excite, but to heal. And this was the case with Perthes. Again he felt alone—impulseless. His love, left unexpended, fell back and crushed his heart. It was now that amid a new circle of friends, among whom were Klopstock and Jacobi, he met Caroline, daughter of Claudius, at her father's house. "Her bright eyes, and her open, clear look pleased me," wrote Perthes afterward ; "and I loved her." A few weeks later, at the Christmas festival, he met her again.

"Before the entertainment commenced, accident threw him alone with Caroline in a side

room. He had not a word to say ; but he experienced a calm and happiness which he had never felt before. The Christmas games began, but Perthes had eyes for nothing but the quiet expression of pleasure which beamed in Caroline's face. On the topmost branch of the Christmas-tree hung an apple, finer and more richly gilt than any. Perthes dexterously reached it, and, blushing deeply, presented it, to the no small surprise of the company, to the conscious Caroline. From that evening things went on between them as they usually do between accepted lovers."

Shortly afterward they were married ; and Perthes, who had felt love before, which he called "torture and distraction," now understood it as "peace and joy." For four and twenty years, in storm and sunshine, in death and life, in inner life and outward life, in joy and sorrow, through all the terrors of a siege and all the misfortunes of a fugitive, this love—begun beneath the branches of a German Christmas-tree—lasted entire and whole ; a rare and perfect chrysolite. Her slender figure, white and clear brow, her regular features, the loving smile which played about her mouth, the deep, hazel eyes, were as nothing to the irresistible charm which inspired unbounded confidence in all who approached her. With a rare intellect, she found her chief pleasure in superintending her household and being a true-hearted mother. Her relations with her husband till their close were unchanged in purity, love, and faithfulness. Supporting and supported, life's burden to each was all the sweeter that it needed help to bear. Every year the wedding day was renewed with their hearts.

"It is eighteen years to-day—Caroline writes—since I wrote you the last letter before our marriage, and sent you my first request about the little black cross. Perthes, my heart is full of joy and sadness. Would that you were here—you can not quite know my indescribable affection, for it is infinite. This day eighteen years I did not long for you more fervently or more ardently than now. Thank God, over and over again, for every thing ! I am, and remain yours, in time—and, though I know not how—in eternity, too. Affection is certainly the greatest wonder in heaven or on earth ; and the only thing I can represent to myself as insatiable throughout eternity."

This affection did not clash with the deeper love which rejoiced even at her own loss, in seeing him in the path of duty and honor. Ill, on the point of her con-

finement, her children sick, and utterly ignorant of her husband's place of refuge, during the calamitous year of 1813, she yet writes :

"I struggle ever more and more to keep thought and fancy, heart and yearnings, under control—but, oh ! my beloved, I suffer inexpressibly ! I tell you every thing, for you should know how things actually stand, that you may be able to do what is right under the circumstances ; but I do not write thus to induce you to draw back. I take God to witness, who is more to me than even you are, that I do not wish you to do any thing but your duty."

She was interested, and lovingly so, in all he did, and said, and thought ; and her approval and advice often gave to his plans that undefinable finishing touch, for want of which, so many almost perfect things have lacked perfection. Distinct, yet capable of harmonizing, the calm, contemplative soul of Caroline, and the unfaltering activity and lightning life of Perthes, mingled like oxygen and nitrogen, and produced the living atmosphere of married life. None but those who read their letters and their lives can understand how each was an absolute necessity to the other ; and how inefficient the action of Perthes' life would have been, unless he had had at home a love which he felt to be eternal, to fall back on in all moments of despondency—to give that calm and aim to all his plans which the sense of something sure ever supplies to one who is tossing on the restless sea of being. Thus passed four and twenty years ; and Perthes longed to fulfill his wife's wish, and to leave business, and close his life in another sphere, where he would be able to grant her that calm and quietude of communion with him and God, which had formed the dream of her hope through all the years of the eager life in Hamburg. But sudden as a thunderbolt came paralysis, and Caroline died.

God's finger touched her, and she slept—and he was once more alone. He had had many children. Two of his daughters had been married. His eldest son had gone to the University. He had left Hamburg for Gotha, his second home. There were none with him after the death of his wife but his third daughter, Matilda, and three younger children. Three years afterward she, too, left her father's house, and then the last shadow of loneliness fell on the loving heart. He then removed to the

house of his son-in-law, Becker, who lived near Gotha; but his sorrow was not healed. He writes to Nicolovius: "I am alone, and full of yearning and longing. I deeply crave for sympathy to cheer the desert within me; but no one understands me now, as I was once understood. There is no comfort for the sadness I feel. Night is in my soul." It was with feelings like these that he met Charlotte Becker. She was an intimate friend of his married children, and a widow of thirty with four children. Again we have occasion to refer to the principle of Perthes' existence. He could not live without love, and this love must be incarnated. He almost states this himself in a letter written during the struggle in his mind before he resolved on his second marriage. After asserting that he is sure Caroline foresaw a second marriage for him, he says of her, "My inner life is filled with her memory, and will be so to my latest day, but I must own that this is possible only while I *incorporate* in thought her happy soul, and think of her as a human being." He felt that his love, unlinked in every thought to another human heart, would not crush him as in youth, but would turn to selfishness. "To us in our life here below," he says, "the love of the creature is given to educate us for the love of God. Can I dispense with this earthly help, and yet keep love alive in my heart? Can I escape the danger of isolating myself and becoming selfish?"

With this reasoning he determined to declare himself. It is wonderful and refreshing, and were it not so beautiful it would be ludicrous, to find Perthes returning to the freshness of youthful passion once more. At the age of fifty-one the dew of early feeling lay cool and gleaming on the meadows of his heart. The constant activity which never allowed affection to degenerate into sentimentality, but always gave what he received, kept his heart still susceptible. We can not forbear this extract:

"My own experiences amaze me (he writes to Rist,) the varying moods familiar to the innocent heart of the boy in his first love, the enthusiastic tenderness that found vent in happy melancholy, and universal good-will to all creation—these lay far, far behind me like a lovely dream, and no wish had power to call them back. But now I feel again as I did then."

Shortly after he declared himself. Charlotte asked a month's delay, during which

time Perthes underwent all the pleasurable pains, the torments, the doubts, the ecstasies of the most youthful lover; and yet the *man* in his personality is always watching and even laughing at these youthful madneses. At last Charlotte consented. This marriage supported him as of old. The void of his nature was filled up. He writes to Niebuhr: "I have won a great treasure. I am loved with woman's utmost tenderness, and my Charlotte's noble mind discovers nothing in me which lessens her esteem." His friends could not imagine what would have become of him had it not been brought about. Wonderfully fortunate was our Perthes, climbing the haughty hill of life with the undaunted, loving, Christian, supporting heart of Caroline, descending it with the calm, consoling, maternal love of Charlotte.

It is possible to apply the principle thus traced in his character from early life to another portion of his being—his religious belief. The history of the inner life of Perthes is deeply interesting to us, surrounded as we are now by almost the same atmosphere of religious vitality which he breathed, owing to the transference of German thought to this side of the Channel. But to speak fully of it here would exceed our limits.

Soon after leaving his apprenticeship of six years—"happy years of earnest striving"—he abandoned the dream of human perfection for another—the effort to shape his being into harmony by subduing the heart to the demands of the moral law by the exercise of lofty will. But to crush out susceptibility by this cold shaping of the will would have been to him an "inward hell." He could not live without loving emotions. The perusal of Schiller led him next to the theory that "the cultivation of our feelings is the grand necessity," refined through art to such a height that they would rule the will. The lines in Schiller's poem, *Die Künstler*, were constantly urged on him by Speckter, one of his friends.

"It is only through the morning-gate of the beautiful that you can penetrate into the reasons of knowledge; and, what we here feel as beauty, we shall one day recognize as truth." But in this he also failed, and it was when beginning to realize this failure that he met Jacobi. Under his influence he rejected all hope of harmonizing the will by the rules of the un-

derstanding, and was taught that God revealed himself by immediate revelations in feeling. Yet his heart ever yearned for a personal God, not only revealed in feeling, but actually incarnated as an object of love; and this he was given by the teaching of his father-in-law Claudius, who quickened in his heart the germ of that Christian faith which afterward slowly developed itself in life, and revealing itself more clearly to him through action and love, finally ended in a profession of belief which is marvellous for its simplicity at that time; and to its gradual life development, and to his want of dogmatic religious education in childhood, may be traced the love which he had in after life for the writings of the mystics, of whom Tauler and Thomas a Kempis were his favorites, while even at times Jacob Böhme claimed his study. The corrective to these writings in his character was his religious activity. He *knew* of the truth, because he *did* the truth.

The principles of character which we have endeavored to trace from his childhood, were manifested in an outward life which would be marvellous any where but in Germany. At the age of twenty-four he entered on the book-trade—1796. It was daringly, but not rashly undertaken. The swimmer was bold, and the water of the sea of life bears up him who trusts it. The plan he adopted was novel, and Perthes had formed his own opinion on the literary wants of the great movements of the age, and on this foundation he began. The calculator, the wise Micawber of this time, who waits ever and ever till some golden opportunity shall turn up, waits like Horace's rustic till all the river shall flow away, and grows old upon the banks. But Perthes trusted to native intuition, and did not wait a moment. At the age of twenty-four he had the lonely, strong self-reliance of manhood. Soon after this lusty plunge in life, he made the friendship of Jacobi and Claudius, and by them was introduced into the Holstein circle, which at that time included the Stalbergs, the Princess Gallitzin, Nicolovius, and other well-known names. The impetuous, loving, keen heart pleased them well, and through these, and his marriage into the family of Claudius, his literary relations increased. His unobtrusive sense of order, his skill, his *Perthean* mode of conducting business, his stainless honor in money matters were so great,

that for several States round, and even in ultra German countries, he attracted the notice of all the literary circles, and he was enabled to ride out the monetary storm of 1799, at anchor. Whole families intrusted him with the task of forming their libraries. In 1811, Niebuhr wrote to him for his opinion on his first volume of Roman history, and declared that the judgment of Perthes and Goethe would satisfy him. In the midst of all the trials of a rising business, his trust and energy never failed or flagged for one moment. In hours of great difficulty he rested on his wife. "You have penetrated into the profoundest recesses of my being," he writes; "there is no moment of my existence in which you are not in me, with me, and before me; and all I see, feel, or observe, I seem to see, feel, and observe only for your sake." "God will never fail me," he says again, "and good fortune follows our energy and enterprise." It is before hearts like these that the world lies down, and is pleased to be trodden on.

In the year 1798, he had entered into partnership with Besser, a man of a peculiar idiosyncrasy, and possessing an unequaled knowledge of the character and value of books in all languages. Between these two men a friendship arose which was cloudless to the end, and when afterward Perthes retired to Gotha, and left the business to Besser, each tried to apportion the larger share to the other.

The aim too of Perthes and of Besser was identical—to make their business the medium of the literary intercourse of Germany with all the various European nations. With this high object his book-trade waxed greater and greater, till he could write, "that he had found himself through his calling."

With all this he was not dead to any of the movements of Germany, religious, political, or literary. He took an active part in them all. He worked for the sufferings which he pitied, and he mourned over the apathy of his countrymen on all national subjects. His zeal for the nationality of Germany, which was kindled by the oppression of Napoleon, and the calamitous desolation of Germany in the years 1805 and 1806, burnt unceasingly and bravely even unto death. These two great aims, the advance of his well-loved business to the ground of his own ideal, and the establishment of the nationality of Germany;

were inseparably connected in his mind. With Müller he formed a friendship by unceasing efforts to help his great project for his country. His indignation at Goethe's want of patriotism, and the apathy of the people, was as vivid as his hope their regeneration. The times did not damp his spirit. "Ought we not to feel ourselves great," he writes to Müller, "just because we are born in such evil times?"

In July, 1806, the very form of the German empire was destroyed by the confederation of the Rhine, and Hamburg became a sovereign State, and in November was occupied by Mortier. The commerce of the town was instantly destroyed. "All that was is annihilated," wrote Perthes to Jacobi, "there is no longer any trade as it existed formerly." The proceeds of ten years' hard work were overwhelmed in the general insolvency. Notwithstanding this, in 1807 his business was more active than ever; Hüllman wrote from Frankfort on the Oder: "You have the most extensive collection in Germany," and Niebuhr had sportively called him, "the king of the booksellers from the Ems to the Baltic."

In 1809, the peace of Vienna destroyed the freedom of Austria, and the political nationality of Germany. Perthes, fearing for a general dissolution, and recognizing strongly the scientific and literary nationality of his country, determined to endeavor to keep this alive by engaging all the great men in contributing to a journal which should be exclusively German, and be published by him under the title of the "National Museum." The reception this project met with from all, and the innumerable replies which poured in, sufficiently attest the respect and enthusiasm with which he was looked on by the whole literary world of Germany. In the spring of 1810 it appeared, but his strength almost gave way under the immense labor of editing it, and the continued political excitement. During this troublous period, his son Clement, the author of the present work, was born, and Perthes' words at his birth seem almost prophetic of this book: "We rejoice in the birth of a boy," he writes; "through the youth now growing up we may exert an influence on the future, which we can not on the present."

In 1810, Hamburg was declared a French town, yet, in the midst of a system

of espionage, by a judicious management, Perthes even extended his business. In 1812, the news of the total annihilation of the French host in Russia reached Hamburg. Now it was that the spirit of Perthes rose with a wing which, in the centre of the storm, was as untiring as the summer air. He brought the burghers together; he sought out all men of note among the lower orders; he organized and planned with Von Hess and Benecke, two of the leading men of Hamburg; he combined every element in the city for one purpose—the expulsion of the French. But Perthes did not wish that the rising should be merely in Hamburg, he hoped to make it the signal for the whole of Germany. With this intention, which marks the character of the man, ardent but far-seeing, he set forth to ask the Duke of Oldenburgh to head the movement; but, when returning, he heard that, on a rumor of the approach of the Russians, the populace had risen *en masse*, and the French had been driven from the town. There was nothing for it but to make the best of it. A short time afterward, the cannon of Davoust opened on the city. Day by day on Hamburg fell the heaviness of devastation; day by day was Perthes seen, encouraging the youth, infusing life into the burghers, consulting with and assisting the generals, relieving the wounded, housing the wearied guards. He seemed possessed of omnipresence, nothing escaped his glance. The soul of Hamburg was concentrated in its bookseller. At last the city surrendered, and Perthes fled to rejoin his wife, whom he had sent away beforehand. Further and further must he fly, for the French are deeply indignant.

"He had lost every thing; he had not even ready money for the support of his wife and children, yet he worked morning and night to secure the creditors through the debtors of the house. He was perfectly calm and clear; he received expressions of respect and consideration from all sides. "What I hear of you inspires me with the deepest respect," wrote the Duke of Augustenberg; "and your indomitable spirit fills me with admiration, and I esteem it as an honor and a pleasure to have an opportunity of saying this to you. Your belief in a higher world is, indeed, a great matter; it is this belief alone which is the source of your strength."

Leaving his wife at Aschau, a summer villa on the shores of the Baltic, he crossed that sea in a storm to Sweden, and we

find this characteristic passage in a letter to Caroline :

"So I am again on land, after a glorious passage. How I delight in these noble waves ; my deepest feelings are called out by them, and I become cheerful and courageous. I feel as if I were in my proper element. Far off across the sea the moon cast a strip of silver light, and the rayless sun a reflection of glowing red. I never received such impressions of the sublime as during that short voyage."

During the truce which followed, Perthes' exertions were incessant ; and when war broke forth again, he wrought, like Cœur de Lion before the castle of Torquillstone, as if ten men's strength were in his heart. Amid all the disputes, and parties, and fightings, and fears of the time, this small delicate figure seems to move like a lance of light, disclosing difficulties and their solution, piercing falsehood through and through, with a brilliancy of honor untainted by any stain, and a brightness which comforted and succored all who were desolate and oppressed ; and this at a time when his family were ill, his wife at a distance, his property irrevocably gone. He gave up all, that he might help some. So deep was the impression that his self-sacrifice, and his genius, and honor made, that Niebuhr writes : "Would God that you would now step forth as a statesman in our fatherland. I call to every one who has ears to hear to tell me how you can in future be brought into the administration of Germany ;" and, in addition, he possessed the personal confidence of the generals and princes of Germany, Sweden, and Russia. In the mean time, at Aschau, Caroline and his children were suffering continually. Her misery was excessive, and her crushing anxiety for his life was not relieved till the news that he was sent on a peaceful deputation to Frankfort as the representative of the Hanse towns, for whose preservation as independent States he had been laboring with the intensest assiduity. Shortly after he returned to Caroline, Perthes was requested to assist in the distribution of money to the Hamburgers. "He took up his quarters at Flottbeck, a small town on the Elbe, about nine miles from Hamburg. Here the situation of the city revealed itself to his eyes in all its horror." On the 30th of December, Davoust had burnt the hospital, only giving a single day for the removal

of the sick, and in that bitter weather out of 800 there died 600. After eighteen hours' notice, the suburbs also were set on fire, and 20,000 people were driven out of the city to face the biting cold, and to sleep to death upon the snow. Perthes was untiring ; he wrote, he planned, he sent to England and to Russia for money, he had recourse to loans, he was continually with the generals ; his correspondence in answer to questions on all subjects connected with the people and country was enormous. "He held no office, he had neither rank nor title," writes his son, "and yet he appears at this time to have occupied the centre around which all business revolved that had any bearing on the destinies of Hamburg." In the meantime there came no news from Caroline, and he was much depressed in spirit. At last, worn out, and his work for the time finished, he returned to his temporary home. Caroline met him at the threshold, and led him in silence to his dead son. Broken in health, his prospects and property gone, the aim of his life seemingly destroyed, the loving heart felt the calm death-smile of that son whose laugh had been the brightness of his house. But neither the noble man nor the noble woman failed in faith or courage. The keen life and indomitable energy went forth again to comfort and succor, and Perthes lost his own grief in relieving that of others. It was the Christian peculiarity of this man that he gave his life for others. This it is which makes him so noble and so true. This it was which produced that energetic action which never failed. The law of Christian existence was the principle of his being : "Whosoever loseth his life shall find it."

During the years of 1814 and '16 he re-organized his business, and by a journey through the Southern States established a unity of the book-trade between Northern and Southern Germany.

He was now fifty years of age, and the need of the battling energy of life being gone, Perthes wished for a quieter sphere of action. The wish of his later years had been to retire with Caroline, who had so nobly and so womanly endured, and grant her that quiet communion with him which she in her declining state of health so much desired. We have seen how this wish was frustrated.

It is a solemn moment when the youth steps into life alone, yet it is mingled with

a certain lofty joy. But it is a more solemn moment when the man, bereaved of his heart companion, left of his children, closes the book of manhood and opens that of age. Men there are who live from youth upward, and die without an epoch in their lives; but some are called on to change place and friends, and leave the well-known haunts endeared by a thousand joys, and sanctified by trials overcome. This was the case with Perthes. Deeply did his susceptible heart feel the abandonment of Hamburg. The loss of Caroline wrought a sorrow which did not speak. Like Jacob, rich, his life aim won, he left the land of labor. Like Jacob, too, when all was brightest he raised the cup of happiness to his lips, and "the wine of life was drawn." In the bitterness of his soul he went forth to his new home. This he had settled at Gotha, the capital of the Duchy of the same name, and well known to us as the place where Prince Albert spent his youth. A primitive little town, with the watchman's horn at night, and by day the gay maidens, and the strong men of the neighboring Thuringian forest, passing through the quaint and quiet streets, all full of relics of the olden time. Here it was that Perthes determined on opening business as a publisher. Stricken in heart as he was, he could not but be active; as usual, he had well considered what he was about to undertake. He was intimately acquainted with all the great men of the time, with all the literary requirements of the age, and had extensive correspondence with France, England, and Spain.

For twenty years he issued from his press a continued series of historical and theological works, and the latter class are those which have exercised the greatest influence on English divinity. The struggles and the various difficulties which he had to endure and contend with in creating a historical literature for Germany, are interesting in minute detail, but would not be so here. It will suffice to give a short extract from a letter to the Baron Van Gagern, written when he was endeavouring to combine a number of literati, to write a genuine history of the European States:—

"Your Excellency will smile at my believing it possible to unite learned Germans in a common enterprise. I know the difficulties perfectly, but no one can influence the world by him-

self, and he who is too wise to be helped will never do great things in any department. I hope by this truth to overcome even the sensitiveness of the learned. I do not despair. I have the gift of uniting the dispersed, bringing the distant near together, and tuning any discord of heart and mind among right feeling men. This is the plow I have plowed with all my life."

In carrying out this object he succeeded, after six years' continual striving. Thus in a short time he ranked with Cotta and Reimer as one of the three first publishers of Germany. His activity was always the same vigorous thing, and his insight was equally clear. He was popular with all classes of men. It was known by his papers, after his death, that he had two thousand books offered to him for publication. Still carrying in his heart his favorite idea of the book-trade as a national concern, in 1823 he stirred up his brother workers to make Leipsic the centre of their movements, and by his advice two hundred booksellers formed themselves into a society, a national guild. In 1833 he decided the sense of a meeting for the building of a bookseller's exchange. "He it was," says Frommann, "who, as chairman, reconciled all contending opinion—all those present remember the striking words he used, and the impression they made." His hopes for the success of this were most sanguine, and were realized, in 1836, by the opening of the building by the Merchant's Company of German Booksellers, which, fifteen years later, contained seventeen hundred members. "For many years," writes Frommann, "Perthes, though always declining to act as President, was really the central point in all our deliberations and decisions."

With this realization of his life-aim, we conclude the outward life of Perthes.

In 1837, he was warned by an attack of influenza that he was no longer young. But the restfulness of the second youth was his. He had lived and conquered—all that had been keen was now calm. He was youthful to the last. He remembered Frederika and thought of Caroline, as with his wife he walked by the streams, for his old love of nature had returned in a fuller stream. In his wanderings in the Black Forest we trace the boy who, years ago, raced through the woods which greened around the Schwartzburg.

To enjoy the remaining summers of his life, he rented a small house at Friedrich-

roda, a little village about ten miles from Gotha. Much amusement was there to his friends who, located in the front of the house, found their view barred by a blank stone wall; but from the large windows of the back the hill sloped down into the vast floor of the Black Forest, whose pines every morning burned in the red sunrise. On each side of the valley the mountains rose, full of tarns, and their sides rich with beech and fir, through which wound the rocky bridle-paths of the country. Crowning the vale was the ducal castle, formerly the ancient Benedictine cloister of Reinhardsbrunnen.

Here it was that, threading the wood-paths with his wife and three little girls, and climbing the hills for new points of view, his loving heart made friends with the charcoal-burners and the woodsmen, and the knots of the village people, so that in 1840 they gave him the freedom of their little town.

Here it was that every Saturday the house was full of grandchildren and relations, and the merriment flew over the old woods till evening—and Perthes the heart of all.

Here it was that the friends of his manhood came to see the old life warrior, and to carry away a keener sense of being. Here it was that Tholuck, and Lücke, and Marheineke, and De Wette, and Oldshausen, were his guests; and one summer evening suddenly came Schelling, one of the last of his early friends, “then a slender, black-haired, Swabian youth, now a robust old man, with snow-white head,” and the sun rose upon their parting.

Thus he revived the past in the present, without losing the present in the past.

Thus went by five years; Perthes going to Friedrichroda in May, and in September, when the forest mists were cold, returning to Gotha, and still carrying on his business actively.

But the time was close at hand when the soldier of life was to lay aside his armor. In 1842 he wrote to Bunsen: “I believe that my end is not far distant. I have no longer any appetite, not even any spiritual appetite, for what is on this side of the grave. My souls longs for more certain nourishment.”

On Christmas day all his family assembled round him. He enjoyed himself with youthful glee. But, in 1843, his illness, which was liver-complaint, grew as the year advanced. Still, pain-tossed and

emaciated as he was, the light of intellectual and spiritual life shone clear and warm. In March he still sat up, dressed, and surrounded by books and papers. He took undiminished interest in the new histories of Hagenbach and Ranke. He spoke for hours to his sons on all the possibilities of their lives. “One forgets,” writes one of his friends, “that he is subject to the universal law of decay.” But as the outward ebbed away, the inward life, which had been strengthened by sorrow, was deepened by meditation. Very characteristic was his reading of the Bible. During the impetuous activity and the progressive soul contests of the years of manhood, the Epistle to the Romans was his constant study. But now when age had tamed the lion-like rapidity of feeling, and the soul assumed the contemplative rest of love, he found in the Gospel of the loved disciple all he desired: “He who has,” says Perthes, “the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth chapters of St. John has all he needs for life and death.” It is told of him that the nearer he approached the grave the oftener did he read the seventeenth.

His consciousness he retained to the last. There was no torpid slumber of that quick intellect. “The knowledge of life being over,” he writes to Dörner, “is to me a very peculiar, and by no means depressing feeling, rather, on the contrary, exhilarating.” To Neander: “In hope and faith I am joyfully passing over to the land where truth will be made clear, and love pure.”

In May 1843, his sufferings increased, and on the 18th of May he died. We extract Clement Perthes’ account:

“About six o’clock in the evening, an intimate friend, the court-preacher Jacobi, came in. Perthes opened his languid eyes to him, and stretched out his hands, saying, ‘For the last time; it will soon be over but it is a hard struggle.’ About seven, Jacobi and the doctor left him; at eight, his breathing became slower and deeper, but without occasioning any uneasiness. His whole family stood round him. Perthes had folded his hands, and, for a short time, prayed aloud, but his speech had now become inarticulate, only the oft-repeated words. “My Redeemer,” “Lord,” “forgiveness,” could be distinguished. It had now grown dark. When lights were brought in, a great change was visible in his features; every trace of pain was gone, his eyes shone, his whole aspect was, as it were, transfigured, so that those around him could

only think of his bliss, not of their own sorrow. The last sounds of this world that reached the dying ear were: "Yea, the Lord hath prepared for the blessedness and joy, where Christ is the sun, the life, the all in all."

Thus died a Christian German. But of far deeper importance to us than the death is the life. A life undeviatingly true, and self-sacrificing, and loving, and manly. A life which had no false shame. A life based on the principles of His life "who went about doing good," and strengthened by belief in His revelation—a life which had great aims, and which wrought them out greatly—a life nobly begun and nobly finished. A married life which is a high example to women and to

men, and that at a time when the nation-degrading principles of the French about marriage are entering our capitals and towns—for all true national existence has its deepest foundation-stone in the purity and reality of its domestic relations. Those to whom it is refreshing to meet with a Christian heart untouched by any pettiness, or party hate, or wild intolerance, will find it here. Those who wish to understand Fichte's dogma: "That life is blessedness, for all true life is love," will understand it here, if they have not found it in a higher life than Perthes lived. Those who are relieved by reading of a joyous, practical, thorough existence will be cheered.

From the London Quarterly.

EDUCATIONAL ESSAYS.*

"We hope that we have many young readers." Happy the author who can solace himself with this hope, and who remembers the responsibilities which it imposes! He should have a high commission and an earnest purpose, and be, moreover, master of his craft, who is ambitious to teach the young of his generation. There are more failures in this than in any other aim of sincere or insincere zeal; and it is a great mercy that this is the case. It is one of God's safe-guards thrown around young people, that their instincts are, generally speaking, impatient of the empirical, unskillful, dishonest, or unearnest voice, while they are swift to hear and apt to follow the genuine teacher sent to them from God. Dr. Thomson seems to be one of these. These genial and instructive essays are pervaded by a pur-

pose to engage the minds and hearts of young men, and young women too, in the service of all that is great and good. He reverences his hearers, puts great faith in their susceptibility to the highest moral influences, and tasks all his powers to make his words acceptable to them. The essays are thoroughly sound in principle, simple in expression, full almost to excess of the fruits of various reading, and earnest and devout in their tone. Their faults are many; but they are not such as to defeat their general aim: some of them are the result of the desultory character inseparable from a volume of unconnected lectures, and others of them, perhaps, become such by crossing the Atlantic and meeting the English eye. But, on the whole, the book deserves our hearty commendation.

Our main object in taking it up now is to derive from it some suggestions for a few plain practical comments to *our own*

* *Educational Essays.* By E. THOMSON, D.D., LL.D. Cincinnati. 1856.

young readers at the commencement of a new year of our labors. Like our author, we advise all who are of riper years and maturer judgment to pass over this final article; not begrudging, however, the solitary half-sheet which is devoted to the exclusive benefit of their juniors, perhaps their own children. There is no fear of its being neglected. If none glance at it but the class for whom it is especially intended, it will vie with any other article in the volume in the number of its intelligent readers.

For we also hope, and more than hope, that our pages have many young readers. This periodical keeps them as a body continually in view. Its pages are most carefully adapted to their tastes and their improvement. Its subjects, and the treatment of them, are always brought before the imaginary tribunal of our young men, before they are sent forth into the world. There is no portion of the community whose favorable censure it more deeply desires, or is more fully bent upon winning; hence there is none which exerts a more direct influence upon the style and character of its endeavors to contribute to the general progress of the age. And this solicitude has a threefold reason: first, and supremely, a concern for the well-being of the young themselves; secondly, a natural regard for its own interest as a journal; and, thirdly, a sense of its responsibility to the generation which the young are in process of forming.

We desire to be of service to young people in a matter which is to them of incalculable importance—the choice of the books they read, and their general estimate of the literature of the age they live in. Young men find themselves as soon as their minds expand to a clear perception of their relation to things around them, in the midst of a whole world of literature, good, indifferent, and infamous, into the possession of which they have entered as an inheritance, and which is daily increasing upon their hands. They are appealed to by a thousand conflicting voices, and called to exercise their judgments upon the gravest questions—some of which ought not to be submitted to their judgment at all, being placed by Providence beyond the need of it, and others which every generation brings to its own children to decide upon. Growing up into such responsibilities, they can not have too many

guardians and monitors. Those whom we address are not without guides in things which pertain to their supreme, their eternal interests, and in all that concerns the link between this world, with all its duties and obligations, and the next, with its blessedness and rewards. Our function is to be serviceable to them in regard to the probation of their minds in the world of literature; to mediate between them and the books which claim their attention; to suggest those which may be read, to recommend those which should be read with deep earnestness, and to act as an *Index Expurgatorius* with regard to those which they should avoid. We aim to condense for them into readable essays the information of many unreadable volumes; to unmask the illusions and discover the true tendencies of the bewildered speculatists with whom our own, like every age, abounds; and, while doing all this, to foster and direct those intellectual and literary tastes which are only not the noblest that a young man can cultivate. This is our aim, and this we will do, if God permit—but not without the aid of our young men themselves. We would be a necessity to them—they are a necessity to us. Our hope is in their frank and unreserved surrender of their minds to our guidance now in their unformed youth; we have no doubt of going with them in that case through life, and of being transmitted with their approval to their children after them. We would make much sacrifice of literary pretension, were it necessary—but it is not—in order to sustain and to extend our influence upon the multitudes of those who are now just emerging out of boyhood, fresh with all the elastic vigor of their youth. Give them to us, and we care not who rival us in the good graces of their fathers. But they will be the fathers soon themselves. They are forming the generation which is now at hand; and no periodical, tinctured by the slightest sense of responsibility to the cause of all progress, can fail to see the importance of its mission to the youth of the age. They are to sway the coming time. All the best interests of humanity will soon be transmitted to their keeping. Many religious, commercial, political questions of our age await their solution in the next. Many great social reforms which are now struggling into possibility will be in their hands to mature or to suppress. Many fearful evils, which are only

threatening us, must be grappled with by them; and the responsibility of having any part in the training of the future men of the age, is a consideration which, more than our own interest, or even their personal good, moves us to continual jealousy over our influence with the young. These remarks may seem to travel out of the sphere of our impersonal function; but they are not unsuitable to the time, or our professional office, when rightly viewed. Moreover, we have begged this sheet for particular readers, and they will understand our meaning and motives.

How many thousands of young men are just at this time thinking of their plans for mental improvement during the coming year, musing over their last year's neglected and broken rules, and scheming, in the impressible buoyancy of their self-forgiveness, new "distributions of time!" Few intelligent young people, between the age of fifteen and five-and-twenty, let either a birthday or a New Year pass without some such tribute to the importance of system in the management of their little stock of opportunity. They have not yet reached the time when the mind grows weary of forming plans for its self-regulation, or is disgusted with its past failures. Their period of life is full of elasticity: the voice of the past is scarcely heard; the future, and the present, out of which it is growing, is every thing. What would we not give if we could point out to them one single book or tract which should give them effectual help at this critical conjuncture! But we know not one treatise within the compass of the English language which meets the case. Heavy and cumbrous books on the "improvement of the mind" there are in abundance; "students' guides," also, we have, which may be of service to such young Teutonic geniuses as have their whole life before them for study, with all their faculties under their absolute control, and know no weariness of the flesh or spirit. But a plain, sensible tract—nothing more is wanted—which should lay down the few general principles on which mental culture depends, point out the best and most accessible works on every subject, and direct the young reader to the surest means of cultivating and gratifying his various intellectual faculties, is sighed for in vain by multitudes of young men. Even in the learned professions, where they might reasonably

be looked for, nothing is more difficult to find than a plain directory, keeping pace with the age and its works, to the young man's studies. And as it regards the large unprofessional mass of our youth, the young artisans and apprentices—the bulk of the youthful population—they are left to their own instincts, directed by the casual review or the public voice, in the choice of books: the whole world of literature is before them, and Providence their only guide.

These reflections were suggested to our minds by many passages in Dr. Thomson's lectures, and especially by his *Essay on Miscellaneous Reading*. The *Essay* itself does not answer to the title, and so far disappointed us; for there is nothing which we should be more glad to see than an earnest lecture on one of the great evils of our railroad-reading times—that of the desultory, purposeless habit of reading every thing which falls in one's way. An inveterate miscellaneous reader will never come to any good. He adopts the surest method of impairing his faculties, and teaching his memory to be unfaithful. He is a marvel to himself, that he can read so much and know so little. He gradually becomes a total stranger to the exercise of earnest, patient thought, and is sure to descend to a vicious and trifling taste. He contracts the fatal habit of reading without attention, and the still more fatal habit of catching the tone of whatever happens to be passing through his mind—if he has any left—at the moment. Hence vanity, presumption, unreality, skepticism; and in the end, it may be, something worse than all these, to which they too often lead. To take another and a lighter view of it: the aimless reader of every thing defrauds himself of nearly all the benefit, and very much of the pleasure, which judicious reading affords. He does not give his faculties time to play their part. His mind is always in too much haste to think, reflect, and form a deliberate judgment; hence he loses the exquisite pleasure, and the great advantage, of ratifying or reversing by his own judgment the conclusions of others. His memory, crowded with various and discordant rubbish, resents the neglect of method, and comes at length to be utterly inert. His imagination, or fancy, or taste, has no time to dwell upon, and relish, and feel the beauties, which just flash upon it, and are gone for ever. Thus all the ends

of reading are perverted; the price of knowledge, and wisdom, and endless delight is in the hands of a fool; "the Pierian spring," as Dr. Thomson somewhere says, "is turned into the waters of *Lethe*;" and the mind, seemingly always at work, has never any thing to show for its pains.

Reading, however, must be in some sort miscellaneous—that is, diversified; and, provided it be directed by a few great controlling principles, can not be too various. Our essay, after discussing briefly *how we should read*, comes to the question, *why we should read*; and then makes a needless distinction between the lighter uses and the higher ends of reading. We say *needless*; for, "to tranquilize our passions, to beguile our journeys, to give interest to our idle hours, to refine the manners and harmonize the heart, to awaken the desire for knowledge and form the taste for reading," are surely worthy to be classed among the highest ends at which books aim; and our human nature being what it is, these objects are not lightly to be "passed over," even when put in comparison with "the information, the balancing, and the stimulating of the mind, the formation of the style, and the reformation of the heart." As we would put it, every young man should determine to apply these five tests to *all* his reading of every kind, or rather should make every page he reads contribute to one or other of these five purposes: 1. The information of his mind in his own particular vocation. 2. The acquisition of general knowledge. 3. The disciplining of his faculties. 4. Their pure recreation. And, 5. Lastly, though pervading all, the education and amendment of the soul, as on probation for eternity. To regulate and adjust these various purposes, to neglect none, to give each its proper place, to remember each at the right time, is the great problem of the young reader's probation, the test and trial of his wisdom. There are no lighter and higher ends of reading; whatever hour can give a good account to one or other of these tests is an hour well spent.

We would reverse Dr. Thomson's order, and place the proper profession of a young man first in its claim upon his time. "There are those who object to this direction, and think that a man should concentrate all his powers upon his profession." We are among the objectors. All who are supposed to read these lines have

a calling in life; and every calling—if we omit some of the lowest—has a literature of its own, which it should be the business and the pride of every one whom Providence has placed in it to cultivate. In our own days of methodized knowledge, every profession and every craft has the results of all experience digested into books. In the professions, properly so called, every one knows that the price to be paid for eminence is assiduous daily and nightly devotion to the volumes in which all their mysteries are locked up. The divine, the lawyer, and the doctor of medicine are each of them set down at the threshold of life in the midst of a library all but unlimited; and what is the first obligation of reading to them? But the builder, and the carpenter, and the tanner, the tradesman in every line, the clerk in every office, all have a specific literature of their own, more or less extensive, more or less repaying study. To what a large class of young men should McCulloch's *Commercial Dictionary* be instead of a library!

A thorough acquaintance with the book-learning of his own craft is honorable in each, and secures every young man from contempt. It can not fail to tell upon his success in life; for it will double his interest in his occupation, and the zeal which he throws into its affairs. On the other hand, no amount of general information will redeem the folly of him who is shallow and soon exhausted upon subjects in which he should be a master. Let, therefore, the books which bear upon his own calling be the foundation shelf in his little library; let him determine, whatever else he may be ignorant of, to be wise in the things which concern his business in life, and to derive all the benefit which thought, and study, and reading will afford him in his attention to his daily calling. And if he does so, he will not only secure an honorable place in his own vocation, but take the surest method of acquiring general knowledge. For such is the communion of all branches of information, that it is impossible to study one subject well without becoming more or less acquainted with a thousand accessory matters. Almost every good book on every topic is a kind of centre to all literature.

Thus having done justice, as we think, to the claims of a young man's main vocation, we pass naturally to the second guiding principle of all our reading—the

acquisition of general information. It is not only desirable, but it is the duty of every young man, under the condition we have already laid down, to aim at some acquaintance with every branch of knowledge. And it is a duty which is placed in our day within the reach of fulfillment to every one who is in earnest, and redeems his time. But the mark must not be set too high. We must learn to content ourselves with the general principles of science, with the leading dates of history, with the broad outline of geography, and, in short, with the *fundamental facts* of all knowledge. These are provided by the industry of skillful writers in such variety and abundance, and at so cheap a cost, that almost every young man may have on his own shelves the elementary principles of all the literature of the world. If he take pains to establish in his mind the rudiments of any science, there will be the nucleus of an ever-growing information. Geology is the science of a life; but there are at least a dozen handbooks which digest most scientifically, in a few pages, all the results of the last thirty years' astonishing revelations in that science. A clear and definite notion of the great critical eras in the history of the world is obtained at no great expense of labor, but its advantage as the foundation of a growing historical knowledge is incalculable. The same applies with still more force to the history of our own land. In short, we may apply this principle generally. The youth who would enrich his mind, fill his memory with knowledge, and go on through life adding to his stores of information, must spend his first years in laying diligently his foundations. Let him be thankful for the *handbooks* of the day, its *dictionaries* of science and general knowledge, which none despise but the ignorant; let him make it a rule to read nothing on any subject the principles of which he has not fixed in his memory; let him keep his note-book near at hand, and use it not too much, but to the purpose; and, finally, let him determine to find out the meaning of every *word* which convicts him of his ignorance, and to satisfy himself at once on every point which is doubtful. If he work on his way patiently, and humbly, and perseveringly, guided by these rules, there is no limit to the amount of information with which, in the course of years, he will store his mind.

But there is another purpose, and higher even than this, to which reading should be subservient—the disciplining of our mental faculties. It is impossible to read at all without performing, consciously or unconsciously, a series of mental processes. So far, however, as we have already gone, these processes have been regarded as ministering to the memory alone, the aim being to store up knowledge for use. Multitudes never go beyond this. They use their minds through life without studying, or seeking to improve, the wonderful instrument which they use. But the mind is susceptible of an education and of a discipline which has no limit in this life. Now there are two ways in which reading may subserve the strengthening of the mental powers; first, when it is chosen for that express purpose, making that its only aim; and secondly, by its insensible, unconscious influence, when it is conducted aright. Those who have time and opportunity do well to put themselves in early life under the discipline of those abstract studies, the chief object of which is to train the mind to patient thought, concentrated attention, and government of its own processes. Such are mathematics and formal logic; and the hours spent upon the demonstrations of Euclid, or the mastering of the laws of syllogistic reasoning, are never thrown away, though their benefit remains simply within the mind. If direct and practical benefit be considered essential, the same advantage to the discipline of the mental powers may be gained by studying metaphysics and mental science, making some such book as Taylor's *Elements of Thought* the foundation; or by determining to master, for instance, Butler's *Analogy* and *Sermons*. We would lay, however, more stress at present upon the slow but sure effect upon the invigoration of the mind, of the fixed habit of reading carefully whatever is read. And here we may refer with approbation to our essayist's excellent observations on the question, How shall we read? The substance of his answer is, that we must read, first, with diligent *scrutiny* of the meaning of words—their shades of meaning, and their construction in the sentence. "Hence, it would be well for us to have always upon the table an English dictionary, and a biographical, a geographical, and a scientific one, that we may understand the allusions, and feel the full power, of the author. A good

book read with constant references, whenever necessary, to maps, history, and authority, is worth a cart-load read superficially; it exercises our highest faculties, extends the circle of our information, and revives, deepens, and applies knowledge previously acquired." Next, that we should read with *reflection*; that is, that the reader should constrain himself to follow the thread of the author's argument, exercising an independent judgment upon "the validity of his inferences, the weight of his matter, the additional illustrations and arguments by which his reasoning might be corroborated, the relation which the facts bear to our previous knowledge. Men too often, either from a want of information or a want of independence, from an overweening confidence in the author or an incorrigible indolence in themselves, from an unpardonable haste or an unfortunate weakness, receive all that they read. Such minds are never in one stay. If you would know their present state of mind and opinion, ask what book they have last read." These last sentences are worth pondering; but they must be guarded against perversion. It is a miserable thing for a young man to be under the hard necessity of weighing every truth for himself. Surely God never intended that. Surely the unripe youth must pass through a term of frank submission and docile surrender to the guidance of others, in which he has nothing to do but to set his own seal, and give his assent to what he learns, before he should trust to his own independent judgment. But to a thoughtful, humble, and devout youth the transition is gradual and sure from the one to the other. If he is wise enough to seek direction as to what he reads, and never in earlier life permits himself to listen to any but trustworthy and authoritative teachers, he will in due time know how to choose the good and refuse the evil; he will be in no danger of being swayed without volition of his own by every wind of doctrine. Lastly, comes the *appropriation* of reading. The determination to make that which is read *our own* results surely in the general invigoration of the intellectual powers. "The habit of attentive, reflective, appropriative reading may not be easily acquired, nor is any other good habit; but we may say of it, what Aristotle says of learning, "The roots are bitter, but the fruits are sweet." Youth is the time to

acquire it, and the best mode is to use the pen; not to transcribe important chapters or beautiful passages, to be used as aids in argumentation or gems in composition—a practice which enervates memory and degrades style; nor to construct common-places—an exercise much more useful; but to form discourse of your own." Here, however, we must pause, and suggest our own idea of the use of the pen, instead of that which the author seems to intend. Not a word should be said against the practice of accumulating choice passages of great authors; the very act of writing them down must impress their influence deeply upon the mind. But the most important use of the pen of the young student is to analyze the work which he is reading, and reproduce its train of thought in his own words, and with as much precision as he can. This habit, perserved in for a few years, would do more than any one other rule to form, and strengthen, and discipline the mind. It would abridge his reading very considerably, but a thousandfold increase his benefit.

Recreation is the natural counterpart of discipline; let us, then, turn to another legitimate test which may be applied. Human nature requires, and God permits, rest and diversion both to body and soul. Among all the sources of simple recreation to which men repair, books may be fairly regarded as taking the first place. There is more pure refreshment of spirit and exhilaration of mind derived from literature than from any one other refuge of man's weariness; perhaps, in our day and in this land, than from all others combined. We shall say nothing now of the perversion of this wholesome source of recreation; of the vast mass of pestilential literature which creates and feels its abuse. We have now to do only with the legitimate and necessary use of reading to this end; and with special reference to those who make reading an earnest business of life. They should impress this principle upon their minds, that writings of lighter interest are to be resorted to for mental recreation alone. Light reading is the repose of the mind which reads hard. It should not take the place of bodily rest, of the refreshment of the soul amid the beauties of nature, of social relaxation, and of the several amenities of life. It should aim simply at the refreshment of the mental faculties; and be moderate,

therefore, and discreet. Being such, it is as useful in its place as more earnest study, and can be as well accounted for. There is a vast range of literature in which the mind may disport itself and come back refreshed. In this may be classed pure poetry, books of travel, genial and garrulous essays, lives of good and great men, and such pictures of life and manners as are less fictions than reflections of reality and truth. The same mind which works hard in reasoning, combining, storing up its acquirements, finds its rest in imagination, fancy, and humor. Let us deserve our repose by the labor of reality, and then find it if we will for a season in the unreal world. But here we are on dangerous ground; let us make our essayist the spokesman.

"I utter a single caveat against a class of books which is usually employed to serve the purposes of recreation—I mean novels and romances. In condemning them, let us not be understood as denouncing all fictitious productions: the fables of *Æsop*, the allegories of prophecy, the parables of Christ, the tales which embellish and impress historical facts, and the illustrations which the pulpit employs with so much grace and efficiency, afford at once authority for fiction, and rules for its construction and use. Novels and romances usually offend a pure taste and a sound mind by their gaudy dress, their unnatural characters, and their paucity of instruction; and always tend to weaken the power of attention, to impair the judgment, to divorce the connection between action and sympathy, to give a preponderance to the imagination, to create a distaste for simple truth, and a disinclination both for manly studies and the dull realities of life. Many of them are liable to a greater objection, as, by a Plutonic chemistry, they turn the diamond of virtue into the charcoal of vice. It is alleged that they soften the heart, and excite an interest in suffering. Often, however, it is an undistinguishing or a mawkish sensibility, which, while it can weep over the picture of a dead gipsy, can wring the heart of a living father. That, by inflaming the imagination, interesting the affections, and exciting an interest in books, they may be useful to some minds, and, indeed, to most minds in certain moods, must be admitted; but since the good they accomplish may be effected by works of unquestionable tendency, why resort to such as intoxicate while they imparate, bewilder while they allure, and emasculate while they excite? The higher forms of poetry, philosophy, and religion, are sufficiently fascinating and energizing to all the faculties."

All this is very good in the main, though the author's illustration of his point at the commencement is singularly unfortunate.

To say nothing of the fable, and the historian's and the preacher's illustrations, surely the prophetic allegory and the Redeemer's parables have no element of fiction in them. Our Lord's parables are based upon the deepest and most mysterious truths of nature and of life, and are the profoundest and severest part of His teaching. What seems fiction in his lips is no other than the inmost reality of things. But not to dwell upon this, the light literature of the day demands the youthful reader's utmost caution. The far greater portion of it is simply worthless; much of the remainder, however bright, is polluted. There is a residuum, which is the creation of the highest order of genius, employed in the delineation of life and manners: but here we are met by a sad alternative. Either they leave out altogether the mystery of man's religious nature, and the struggles of his probation for another world—that is to say, the most real and essential element of his being; or, if they admit it, it is generally in such a manner as to convey the most unreal impressions. A consciousness of this is perpetually inducing sincere Christian writers to exhibit the workings of the spiritual faith and life in religious novels—in some cases, indeed, with great success. But the instances of success are not those which command general attention and excite general frenzy; it is not in the tales of which *Dred* may be regarded as the highest representative at present that we are to look for Christian truth recommended in fiction. If faith is merely a vague aspiration of the soul, and the perfection of the Redeemer's life its only stimulant and object, then *Dred*, and a few other books of the same kind, but with less genius, are exquisite exhibitions of its influence; but if faith is the great condition of man's acceptance, and the atoning death of Christ its first and indispensable object, then are these works capable of doing such mischief as their transcendent genius, and their harrowing appeals to the benevolent instincts of humanity, can scarcely repair. But this is tempting us into a digression, from which we must make haste to return.

It, however, leads us directly to the last test which a thoughtful young man should apply to all his reading—its influence upon his spiritual nature, the performance of his duties to God and man, and his relation to another life. Our author

makes, in closing, some pertinent and striking remarks upon the supremacy of the Bible, age after age, in its influence upon the human mind; and on the supreme importance of living under its continual inspiration. He whose being is ruled by the Word of God, will, of course, read nothing which that Word does not sanction; and in proportion to the integrity of his submission to its sway, will be his jealousy over his intercourse with the thoughts and words of men. It will cost him no great effort to renounce or withstand the fascinations of unsanctified literature, who *trembles at the Word of God*. But more than that, he will make it his study to bring all his reading into subordination to the supreme influence of Divine truth, and into coöperation with its sanctifying energy. Religion has an intimate connection with the discipline of the intellect and the enrichment of the mind. The Divine Spirit uses all our faculties in the process of our salvation. He opens the treasures of wisdom and knowledge to the prepared mind; and the preparation of our minds for the highest teaching is not His work alone. It may be that the intellectual discipline of this life may have more to do with another life than we are apt to think; and that indolence or unfruitful reading may entail consequences which the blessedness of eternal salvation will not entirely repair. Be that as it may, the piety of the earnest student and conscientious reader, who sanctifies all his acquirements by deep devotion, and who thus brings every energy of his mind, and affection of his heart, and impulse of his will, into the service of his religious life, comes nearest to that standard which the Epistles of St. Paul constantly set before the Christian's eyes.

But the religion of reading does not end there. We are born not only to save our own souls, but to do our duty. Knowledge puffeth up, unless its subordination to the practical ends of usefulness

turn it into wisdom. The utilitarian principle, if it have any value at all, has its value here. The glory of every young Christian, of every young man—alas for the young man who is not a young Christian! is to renounce himself for the good of his generation, to seek not his own things even when most solicitous for his own advancement, but to train his powers and capabilities to their utmost pitch, that they may bring their utmost glory to God in the service of the world's redemption from ignorance, wretchedness, and sin. Every vocation of usefulness is best filled by those who bring most knowledge, and wisdom, the fruit of sanctified knowledge, to the performance of its duties. Let the young man, therefore, *rejoice in his youth*. The fact that he is *young* is itself a most inspiring encouragement, if he is bent on living an earnest life. He may redeem his time, in a sense in which none else can; he may renounce every evil habit, form and act upon any good resolution, aspire to unlimited excellence and usefulness, and hope for a career honored of God and blessed of man—if he will.

“With you the soil is plowed, and the clods broken; cast now the seed into the furrow, that, when the earth mourneth, and the vine languisheth, and the joy of the harp ceaseth, it shall not be as the shaking of an olive-tree, or as the gleaning of grapes when the vintage is done; but that your barns may be filled with plenty, and your presses burst out with new wine. The mind cultivated from youth puts on its noblest crown when the almond-tree flourishes, and enjoys a marvellous second-sight when they that look out of the windows are darkened: judges have given their ablest decisions, physicians exhibited their highest skill, and divines produced their richest works, when the grasshopper was a burden.”

We gladly use the words of this genuine Transatlantic friend of young men to express our own earnest wishes, and our farewell for the present to all the young people who read our pages.

From Fraser's Magazine.

K E M B L E ' S S T A T E P A P E R S . *

HISTORIANS are rapidly getting divided into two classes: those who take pains, and those who make money. Some few writers are honest enough to do the first, and clever enough to do the second; but they are exceptions. Generally speaking, the aim of the writer is only to construct, with the greatest possible rapidity, that repulsive combination of the instructive and the amusing which aspires to the title of popular literature. Facts sink into utter unimportance; views of character, theories of political events, explanations of political conduct, once given by some standard writer, are endlessly repeated; the one object is, not to say any thing new or any thing true, but to say something smart. Two causes are at work to produce this: there prevails an ignorant admiration of the inferior modes of modern French writers, and the class of writers and readers constantly gets worse as it gets larger. Writers of popular history, and those who read and admire them, may be compared to Turks trying to adopt the costume and fashions of Western Europe. The process is inevitable, but it is not a pleasing one to witness. The West must infuse its ideas into the minds of the East, and the imitation of external peculiarities marks the earliest and easiest stage of the change; but a European feels rather ashamed of his own costume when he sees it travestied on the limbs of an Oriental. So, although we are aware that bad literature must precede good in the minds of many, and that the demand for bad literature is irresistible, still we shrink from the spectacle. And the bad literature of which we speak is not that which circulates in forbidden

streets, but that which comprises the slipshod, irrelevant, untrue, careless, pretentious works on grave subjects, that are intended for the higher and middle classes; to comic histories, to clervernesses of all kinds written to demand about grave and great men; to all the trash that is paraded as "exceedingly well adapted for country book societies." The best antidote for such literature, and the only one that has any immediate efficacy, is to be found in the works of those few gifted writers who can please as well as conscientiously inquire, can write as well as think, and tell a story as well as examine and decide what ought to be told. But there is also another class of writers to whom we owe great obligations, who do not hope to attain a direct popular influence, and whose office it is rather to fortify and aid those who already desire that a love of labor and a love of truth should be recognized among the qualities of a historian, than to allure those who only turn to history to fill up a vacant hour.

Among the principal of the writers of this class is Mr. Kemble, whose studies in Anglo-Saxon history have been found so valuable by all who have tried to go back to the beginnings of the English constitution and law. Mr. Kemble has now published a work referring to a very different era, it being a collection of State Papers intended to illustrate the history of Europe, but especially of Germany and the Electorate of Hanover, during the period when William III. and Anne occupied the throne of England. We have rather more than two hundred letters from men and women who then held eminent stations in the political world, and of these a large proportion are from the pen of Leibnitz. Biographical notices are inserted to make the reader acquainted with the previous history and subsequent fortunes of the different writers of the letters. These notices are very ably and carefully

* *State Papers and Correspondence Illustrative of the Social and Political State of Europe from the Revolution to the Accession of the House of Hanover.* Edited, with Historical Introduction, Biographical Memoirs, and Notes, By John M. Kemble, M.A. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1857.

written, and the selection of letters has been made with sufficient judgment to enable us to form something like an adequate notion of the position and character of the chief writers. Altogether it is a work which we are very glad to have, and which we should be very glad to see widely read. We might make objections to it. The choice of the subjects of biography is somewhat capricious; many of the letters are unimportant, and many of the events and transactions illustrated by these State Papers are of the smallest and humblest character. But the real merit of the book is not in the parts, but in the whole. It is because it carries us to the sources of history, under the guidance of an author to whom these sources are familiar, that it deserves perusal. As we read these letters, we gain an appetite for the first foundations of history—for those ultimate facts on which, however remotely, smart writing builds its airy superstructure. It happens that the ground over which Mr. Kemble takes us is, in a great measure, the same as that traversed by Mr. Thackeray in his Lecture on George I. Let any one compare the knowledge he gains from the State Papers with that derived from the Lecture, and he will find that all he learns from Mr. Thackeray is, that the Elector of Hanover lived in a little court with little foolish people in it, and that a great many clever and satirical things can be said about this petty principality and its chiefs. But the book makes these people realities to him. We may confidently say, that any one who ever reads any materials of history with a view to investigate any one point of historical truth, will ever after see and judge history and historians in a new light. Verification, however partial and temporary, is the first step to the attainment and appreciation of historical truth; and it is the direct and obvious tendency of such a book as Mr. Kemble's to implant a taste for, and foster a power of, verifying historical assertions.

With reference to this point of the gain to be derived from some acquaintance with the sources of history, we may be permitted to remark that the Universities have it in their power to give a direction to historical studies which might prove of considerable importance. The Universities possess inestimable advantages: they can operate on minds strengthened with previous knowledge, and desirous of new;

they can rely on students who will study, and will not immediately begin to publish what they have learned; and this class is the great want of the outer world. They have excellent libraries, and every resource of wealth, space, and leisure. The students of the two Universities should be taught to consult original authorities. The day on which he first opens the Rolls of Parliament or Rymer's *Fœdera* is a greater epoch in a student's career than that on which he hears the ablest lecture that was ever delivered. There is, of course, a measure in this, as in every thing. There are only a few of the sources of history that a student can profitably consult; but it would be a very possible task to determine what those few should be. The habit of mind promoted by honest, independent investigation is the object to be aimed at, not the amount of truth elicited, which must necessarily be small and unimportant. In the later part of English history, the memoirs of Clarendon and Burnet furnish a means of transplanting the reader of the nineteenth century into the seventeenth and eighteenth; but the process is here, perhaps, too easy to be very valuable. Early history offers a better field. If the student of Mr. Hallam's *Middle Ages* hunts out any of the references contained in the notes to that work, where the text is based on facts contained in such authorities as the Rolls of Parliament, he will, with one or two days' work, begin to ascertain how good histories are made. It will be necessary that he should have, first, good guidance, or he will not know how to set to work; and, secondly, a limited and definite range of study, or he will soon grow either superficial or despondent. But if the Universities do not undertake to give such guidance, there is little use in their pretending to meddle with the study of English history.

Mr. Kemble opens his work with an historical introduction, in which he describes the state of Germany at the time when the State Papers were composed. Germany had been shaken to the very base by the shock of the Thirty Years' War. From that shock she has never thoroughly recovered, even to this day. The cause of the decay of Germany are among the dark passages of history. Even if we grant that there is a perceptible progress in the general conditions of man, yet certainly this progress does not move

along the path of human calculation. Germany has been the parent of progress beyond her own boundaries, but she herself has not advanced. The Germany of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was a better country, with a freer people, a more honest set of rulers, a much wiser system of government, and an infinitely higher position in Europe, than the Germany of the present day. There is scarcely anything more sad in the history of man than the contrast between the noble, living freedom and truth of Luther and his contemporaries, on the one hand, and the faithless, timid, bigoted, insulting system imposed on Prussia since the Revolution of 1848 on the other. It is true that this may only be a temporary disgrace; and the English alliance is an external homage to a higher order of things, which deserves to be noted. The causes however, of the present state of Prussia, and the apparently hopeless degradation of the part of Germany under the control of Austria, go very far back, and the effects therefore are not easily to be removed. One of the chief of these causes was, undoubtedly, the bloody war which was ended by the Peace of Westphalia—a war of which Mr. Kemble well says, that it left Germany prostrate and ruined, not less by the loss of its material prosperity, than by the total breaking-up of all those social and political relations which had hitherto held the great but heterogeneous body together. Thousands of villages vanished for ever from the face of the earth. In many cities one half, in some two thirds, in a few even five sixths, of the houses had been destroyed. The peasant, “with his house torn down or burnt over his head,” had become a bandit. The princes had become “little more than the heads of mobs of plunderers.” Some had taken service under Austria; others, bursting the bands of the old Germanic confederacy, were endeavouring to establish themselves as independent sovereigns; and divided only by the Rhine was France, whose deep principle of policy was the desintegration of the Empire. Louis XIV. finished the work which the war had begun. He cajoled, bribed, subsidized, flattered, threatened, and intrigued, until he became the master of the poor little princes of Germany. There was no spirit of resistance within their petty principalities; the tried and famished peasant had no longer any wish but to eat the bread

of misery undisturbed. The princes therefore, and sometimes their wives, but far more generally their mistresses, acted as they pleased; and being cut off from all great aims, thought only of the smallest. They were chiefly occupied in their serious hours with filching little strips of territory from each other, and in their leisure hours in imitating, on the tiniest scale, the luxury and formal grandeur of the Court of Versailles.

Among these princes there was however, one who was in every way a remarkable man—Frederick William III. of Brandenburg, “whom history has justly surnamed The Great Elector.”

“Called,” says Mr. Kemble, “to raise his little principality to the highest point of power, and to prepare its reception into the foremost rank among the dynasties of Europe, wise in counsel, provident of means, intent upon great ends, and well assured that the prosperity of the prince can only consist with the prosperity of his people, he had succeeded in driving the Swedes from his neighbourhood in the Baltic, in repelling the pretensions of Poland, in restoring the material well-being of his estates, and in taking up the high position of the head of the Protestant interest in Germany. And great as was the debt which Germany owed the Elector, Europe, that is, free and Protestant Europe, owed him a debt scarcely less. He was the only German prince of any importance who supported Holland and the Stadtholder. The minor potentates of Northern Germany, together with the Scandinavian kingdom, were bent upon a system of union among themselves, and neutrality beyond their borders. Ultimately, the policy of the Elector of Brandenburg prevailed; and although he did not live to see the formation of the Grand Alliance, yet he contributed, in a very important manner, to the possibility of its being made, and imbued statesmen to whom he left the charge of affairs with the convictions of State policy which he himself entertained so strongly.”

Englishmen, are, however, perhaps more concerned with the fortune of a much smaller State than that of Brandenburg. The tiny principality of Brunswick was split into two portions—viz., Brunswick Wolfenbüttel and Brunswick Lüneburg. The latter boasted a subdivision, and was held by the separate houses of Zell and Calenberg, or (to give it the name by which it is better known) Hanover. The third son of a Duke of Hanover had, in 1658, the honor to espouse Sophia, the twelfth child of the Elector Palatine, and of Elizabeth, daughter of James I. Perhaps no couple in Europe

could at the time of their marriage have had less reason to suppose they were destined to found a line of monarchs. But death, and the forced unfruitfulness of royal families, made both husband and wife the representative of their parent stock. The husband became reigning Duke of Hanover, and, by dint of pushing, scheming, and all kinds of bribery and diplomacy, he finally got created an Elector, and became Elector of Hanover. Sophia lived long enough to have been within a few days of wearing the English crown. At the Hanoverian Court lived Leibnitz, and the great bulk of the papers contained in this volume are written from or to Leibnitz and his princess. They are the two chief pictures in the gallery, and it is to study them in the only way in which historical pictures can be really studied, namely, by looking at the sketches given in their own handwriting, that Mr. Kemble principally invites us.

The Electress was one of the most remarkable women of her time—and it was a time in which any goodness, sense, or honesty in women was worth noticing. Her husband, who, tried by the standard of the German princes of his day, was not a bad man, obeyed the prevailing fashion, and “gave her reason to deplore his vagrant fancies.” His wife, however, handsomely forgave what she could not help. “*Il m’importe peu*,” she said, when the Elector’s attentions to a fair Italian were pointed out to her, “*il m’importe peu que M. le Duc promène son cœur toute la journée, pourvu que le soir il me le rapporte*.” She even condescended on one occasion to address an indignant defense of the Elector’s mistress to a lady who had called in question the conduct of that eminent person; and if policy prompted her to do this, she could not have viewed the connection without an occasional pang; for however completely she may have stifled the feelings of female jealousy, she must have been mortified, being as clever as she was handsome, to see herself excluded from the world of politics. The Elector did as his fellows in rank did; and as they made a point of settling State affairs with the reigning favorite, the Elector took counsel with Madame von Platen instead of doing so with his wife. Still, the Electress was not a woman who could be at the head of a Court and not make her influence felt; and perhaps her side of the little Hanoverian Court was as worth

seeing as any thing of its kind in Germany. Mr. Kemble dwells with evident pleasure on the attractions which the circles of Sophia had to offer, and the passage in which he describes these attractions will bear an attentive perusal.

“But although the direct interference of the Electress with public affairs may be denied, there was another sphere in which her personal influence must have been actively exerted and continually felt. Among the multifarious interests which were to be conciliated are all the objects of the Serene House could be attained, it is impossible that such a woman as Sophia should not have played an important part. Her court of Hanover, and still more her intimate circle at Herrenhausen,* were celebrated throughout Europe for the dignified and graceful intercourse with men of good breeding and learning, in which she personally appeared to so much advantage. Here were gathered round her women of lofty station and cultivated manners, remarkable for their grace and beauty, or distinguished by their wit. Sophie Charlotte of Prussia, as amiable and as clever as her mother, took refuge here from the wearisome pomp of her own court, and the pedantry of her heavy husband; here Caroline, the future Queen of England, her beloved daughter-in-law, hung on the eloquent lips of Leibnitz, discussing the providential scheme of the world, the perfectibility of man, and drawing even out of evil proofs of the wisdom, justice, and mercy of God. Here were to be found the light, vivacious Frenchman, the grave and traveled Englishman, attracted by the fame of her society and the charms of her conversation; and here was the central point to which news of every description from every corner of Europe continually flowed, to be again continually dispersed for the amusement and instruction of her correspondents. In this society the pious and learned Molanus, the polished and deeply-read Hortensio Mauro, laid aside for awhile their severer studies; here Händel preluded to those sublime strains which have given to him among composers the same rank which Milton occupies among poets; and here, above all, throned, the great intellectual giant of the age, to whom questions touching the profoundest metaphysics or the lightest art were equally welcome and familiar; who was as well versed in the history of ancient realms and peoples as in the politics of his own

* This country-house, about two miles from Hanover, is built in the stiff French style, with large gardens, decorated, or deformed, by a profusion of bad statues, fountains, and clipped beech and hornbeam hedges. These however were, and still are, full of nightingales, which the Electress loved. Her apartments in this château have lately been restored to the state in which they were when she talked pleasant scandal here with her daughter the Queen of Prussia, and Caroline of Anspach, or laughed at Leibnitz’s jests, and dictated her correspondence with half the *beaux esprits* of Europe.

day, the intrigues or the gossip of cotemporary courts—who devised stupendous machinery to-day for the mines in the Hartz whence the Electors derived their wealth, and to-morrow must inevitably be consulted as to the hanging of a picture or the furnishing of a boudoir; who founded academies of science and art, and labored in vain with Bossuet to find some common ground of reconciliation between Protestant and Catholic, yet refused a cardinal's hat and the librarianship of the Vatican, offered him on condition of apostasy; the friend of Bernoulli, the correspondent, and, unhappily, at length the opponent of Newton; the dexterous negotiator, and the most lively and amusing of letter-writers; the most universal man, perhaps, of whom the history of letters has to tell. In such a circle, drawn together by such a woman, how much must not have been won, which mere diplomatic notes, memorials, and deductions could never have brought to pass! How many difficulties, envenomed and complicated by mere official communications—"ces vaines paroles dont la politesse des ministres assaisonne l'âpreté des refus"—must not have yielded to the charm of her conversation and the irresistible graces of her manners!"

As Sophia grew older she grew a person of more and more importance: first, by the rise of her husband in the scale of German princes, and, in her latter years, by the near prospect of wearing the English crown. During the reign of Queen Anne, the Electress of Hanover was in constant communication with the chiefs of the party who were more especially concerned to maintain her pretensions. This collection includes several letters that originally passed between Sophia and her British adherents. Bishop Burnet is perhaps the most noted of her correspondents who belonged by birth to our side of the water; but the list includes Thomas Burnet of Kemney, a distant relative of the prelate; Lord Raby, afterward Lord Strafford, English ambassador at Berlin; and Mr. Stepney, English envoy at Dresden and Vienna. It would be unfair to expect too much from letters of the kind preserved in this volume. There is not, perhaps, one which deserves praise as a piece of composition, and there is scarcely one which can be said to give important historical information. But we must take them as a whole if we wish to do them justice. We can not close the book without feeling that we know the period not only better, but in a different way from any to which we had been accustomed,

and that many persons of more or less eminence are no longer mere names to us, but associated with a certain cast of expressions which they themselves have employed. We see that, even at a time when the run of distinguished men and women were not inspired by very lofty aims or actuated by very lofty motives, there was a constant fund of good sense, and of that higher kind of prudence which, with reference to public conduct, we may call good principle, afloat among those who raised themselves above the dead level of sensual enjoyment. Sophia was a good and attached mother; and there are numerous indications in these letters that age did not chill her heart, and that it was always sure to give a warm welcome to all the offerings and outbursts of family affection. She had the misfortune to outlive her beautiful and accomplished daughter, the Queen of Prussia; and her sons were a source of great trouble to her, especially her eldest son, George I., whose ill-fated match is one of the most melancholy stories of the time. She had not, therefore, a very happy life—few women perhaps have, who live as long as she did; but it was brightened by the light of affection and the influence of a cheerful spirit. Most of her letters contained in this volume are given in the original French; but there is one exception, and it happens that the letter is more than usually interesting, not only because it is characteristic of the writer, but because it gives a glimpse at the great barbarian who was then making Russia a powerful empire, and at the estimation in which he was held, and the manner in which he was treated by the queens and princesses of civilised Europe. Peter passed, in 1697, through Coppenbrück, a fief of the House of Brunswick, and Sophia and her daughter were far too curious to let so strange a sight pass them unnoticed; so they requested and obtained an interview, and this is the account given by the Electress of the evening which these royal personages spent together:

"The Czar is very tall, his face is very handsome, and his person very noble; he has great liveliness of spirit, and his repartee is ready and to the purpose: but, with all the advantages which Nature has given him, it is much to be desired that his manners should be a little less rustic. We sat down at once to table. M. Coppenstein, who acted as Marshal, presented the napkin to his Majesty, but he did not know

* Fred. II., Mém. de Brandenb. i. 123, 4th ed.

what to do with it, because, instead of napkins at table, they had given him, in Brandenburg, water-glasses after dinner. His Majesty was placed at table between my daughter and myself, with an interpreter on each side. She was very gay and very talkative, and we struck up a great friendship. My daughter and his Majesty exchanged snuff-boxes: the Czar's was ornamented with his initials, and my daughter sets great store by it. We remained at table, in truth, a very long while, but we would willingly have staid even longer, without feeling a moment's ennui, for the Czar was in a very good humor, and did not cease to entertain us. My daughter made her Italian sing, their performance pleased him, although he confessed he did not care much for music. I asked him if he liked hunting: he replied that his father had been very fond of it, but that, as for himself, from his childhood upward, he had been passionately fond of navigation and fireworks. He told us that he worked himself at ship-building, showed us his hands, and made us feel the callosities which had formed themselves there by dint of manual labor. After our meal, his Majesty sent for his violins, and we danced Russian dances, which I like much better than the Polish ones. We kept up the ball till four o'clock in the morning: we had, in fact, formed a design to pass the night in a château in the neighborhood, but, as it was already daylight, we returned hither at once without sleeping, and very well satisfied with our day."

Mr. Kemble seems to us somewhat to overrate the interest which attaches to these letters as illustrative of the life of Leibnitz:

"These letters," he says, "contain parts for a picture of one of the great heroes of the eighteenth century. They supply a good deal of illustration of one side (hitherto little noticed) of a great man's character. We have seen abundant materials for a life of Leibnitz, as jurist, mathematician, historian, philosopher, and theologian; but we see him here, nearly for the first time, as politician, courtier, gentleman, and accomplished man of the world."

It would be more true to say, that from these letters we see that he was a politician and a courtier, than that we see him as he was while filling those characters. We find him treated with great deference by men of high position, his opinions on State affairs eagerly sought after, his company desired by princesses of the blood, and his thoughts occupied by court balls. But we do not find in this collection any letter written by Leibnitz himself which shows any great comprehensiveness or depth of policy, or any keenness of observation or grace of writing. The highest

quality displayed in the letters of Leibnitz contained in this volume is that of a courtly good sense. Although a philosopher, he writes unaffectedly and with the appearance of enjoyment about masquerades and dances; and although he is a statesman, he makes no foolish attempts at a mock wisdom and diplomatic mystery. A letter, written on July 13th, 1700, to the Electress Sophia, describing a comic masquerade or village fair, represented the day before at the theatre of Lütseburg, may be taken as a very fair example of the faculty which this great hero of the eighteenth century had of dishing up gossip daintily enough to set before a queen. We are told how a certain M. d'Osten acted the part of a quack-doctor, and had a margrave for his harlequin, and Monagr. the Electoral Prince, "who, in fact, really has learned the *hocus pocus*," for his juggler. At the opening of the theatre, we are told, there appeared the solemn entry of the Doctor, mounted upon a kind of elephant; and Madame the Doctress (who was the Electress in disguise) showed herself also, carried in a litter by her Turks. The juggler, the tumbler, the buffoons, and the tooth-drawer came next; and when the Doctor's whole suite had passed by, there was a little ballet of gipsy-girls, ladies of the Court, under a chief, who was Madame the Princess of Hohenzollern; and some others joined them in order to dance. There is plenty more of all this, neither less nor more entertaining; and Leibnitz was quite right, probably, in supposing that the Electress Sophia would be glad to hear the news of persons related to her or familiar with her. But Mr. Kemble speaks as if his digging up this letter (and we can safely say it is a fair specimen) was an act of grave justice—a restoration of Leibnitz to his proper place in the esteem of men, and illustrative of many fine qualities. What more can it be said to indicate than that Leibnitz was gentleman enough to be asked to the show, and courtier enough to know that an account of it would be acceptable to a great lady? There is no wit or elegance in the language, no skill displayed in the portraiture of individuals, no acuteness of reflection or nicety of observation. It is as plain-sailing, common-place a piece of court gossip, written in courtly style, as can be found. Throughout the volume there can indeed be said to be only one letter of Leib-

nitz which indicates a great and commanding mind in the writer. It is a letter written to Count Schulenburg in 1702; and it discusses with ability, completeness, and sense the position in which the Elector of Saxony, who was also King of Poland, was placed by the timidity of the Poles. Their irresolution prevented Schulenburg, then acting as the Elector's general, from holding his ground against the Swedes; and Leibnitz examines the possibility of making further resistance, in a manner that shows his great knowledge of the affairs of the different Courts of Europe, and of the probability of new combinations being formed by which the Elector of Saxony might be benefited. One or two extracts from this letter may give a fair—we ought, perhaps, to say a favorable—specimen of the mode in which Leibnitz handles the political subjects of his day. The following passage has reference to some of the principal causes why the military affairs of Germany were at that moment under a cloud.

"The bad effects of the King of England's death were only too apparent; and besides, what you, sir, yourself say of the negligence with which military affairs are treated (on which nevertheless the safety of States often depends) is only too true; but I find that they hardly treat of State and finance much better. People understand very little in Germany of what the English call political arithmetic, that is to say, the profound reasonings which enter into a great detail of practice: this is because that study requires a profound application, and people find it more convenient to reason in the lump. But the event generally shows that misfortunes might have been foreseen; and, following the cavalier and superficial manner of treating matters, the same thing happens in business which they teach us in theology, namely, that all that is good comes to us from God, and all evil from ourselves; that is to say, when we succeed, it is a piece of good luck, and when we fail, it is our own fault. What touches me the most in the bad management of military affairs is, that people take so little care of the men, whom they leave, or cause to perish for no purpose. We have just at present received news of the attack on the counterescarp of Kaiserswerth: it seems they have only carried one corner of it. The King of Prussia alone must have lost between three hundred men there, for the day before the attack, the enemy had lodged about eight battalions in the place: so here is the siege of a summer-house turned into a siege of Ostend."

We will add an extract containing some good remarks on the possibility and the need of inventive genius in war:

"What pleases me in Prince Eugene is that he is enterprising, but with great judgment; that he devises extraordinary plans, and executes them with great punctuality. I am tempted to think that, in order to reduce the great power of the House of Bourbon to the extent which is required, it will be necessary to change the ordinary course of military affairs by new inventions, and by unexpected means, which it seems to me might be employed, not only in the attack of places, but also for action in the field; but one must be in the profession in order to execute them properly, and give them the requisite perfection. War is more susceptible of novel plans than politics, because war depends in a great measure on physics and mechanics; while, on the other hand, affairs of state, with the exception of finance, are only founded upon reasonings which any body may discover, if he will only give himself the pains; but since men in general have but little application, those who have the talent of application and detail may strike quite as good blows as in war, in choosing proper persons for their execution."

Among the biographical notices, there is none perhaps more interesting than that of Cavalier, the chief of the Camisards. He is not in any way connected with the history of the House of Hanover, or with the other persons of whom Mr. Kemble has given sketches. Nor has Mr. Kemble any letters or papers of importance to bring forward as illustrating the strange career of the Protestant chief, except one in which Cavalier distinctly asserts, what has been made a matter of question, that he had an interview with Louis XIV. when passing through Paris, after Villars had put an end to the Camisard outbreak. Our readers may probably remember that this outbreak took place in the Cevennes, a portion of the district of Languedoc. The inhabitants—a set of rude, rough mountaineers—were deeply attached to Protestantism, and were the last to withstand the fiery persecution which Louis XIV. directed against them as a set-off in the eyes of heaven for his numerous private sins. The danger of the times, and the wild life—scarcely better than that of beasts of prey—led by the Camisards, engendered among them a strange and morbid fanaticism. Ultimately, the leadership of these unfortunates was confided to the hands of Cavalier, the son of a peasant of the poorer class in the village of Ribauts, and then a lad little more than twenty years of age. For a long time the insurgents made not only a spirited, but a successful resistance, being stimulated

by the atrocity of the wrongs to which they were subjected. At last, the Court thought so seriously of the movement, that it was determined to send no less a person than Marshall Villars to crush it. He began by mitigating the severity of the persecution, at the same time that he pushed his military operations with much more science and vigor than had been displayed by his predecessor. Cavalier saw that the struggle must be a hopeless one, and he determined to abandon it. He entered into negotiations with Villars, and a meeting was finally arranged between them to take place at Nismes. "The Marshal," says Mr. Kemble, "received his antagonist with honor, but not without an expression of surprise that a boy of twenty-four should so long have been enabled to bid defiance to the armies and officers of the King, and succeeded in maintaining a power of life and death over his rude and excitable followers." The meeting ended in a treaty, of which all the substantial gain was on the side of the Marshal, Cavalier agreeing to disband his forces without obtaining any better pledge for the future toleration of their religion than a few vague and hollow promises. But, personally, he obtained terms not dishonorable, as he received the promise of a colonel's commission in the royal army. He failed, however, to induce his followers to acquiesce in the terms to which he engaged himself in their behalf. He escaped to Switzerland, and thence proceeded first to Savoy, and then to Holland, finally coming to England. He entered the English service, rose to the rank of a major-general, was for some years governor of the Isle of Jersey, died at a very advanced age, and was buried at Chelsea, "being one of the very few leaders of the Cevennese who came to a natural and peaceful end."

The lives of Schulenburg and Patkul are also well worth noticing. Count Schulenburg was born at Emden, in 1661. He served in different armies as a soldier of fortune; but his greatest distinction was obtained while he was in command of the forces of the King of Poland. Even while he held that appointment, his fame rested not on his success, but on the ability he displayed, and the importance of the situation he filled. He had, however, the honor of beating Charles XII. at Punitz, and of performing the difficult operation of transporting his

army, inferior in numbers and equipments, across the Oder, under the very eyes of the Swedish king. Two years later, he again encountered the Swedes not far from the battle-field of Punitz, and lost the battle through the ill conduct of a large Russian force that had been sent by the Czar to support him, and of the Polish cavalry. Some years afterward he entered the service of Venice, and in 1716 he made the celebrated defense of the island of Corfu against the Turks, "which still remains as one of the greatest feats in arms on record." He remained for twenty-eight years in command of the Venetian armies, and died at Venice in 1747. The following letter, written to his sister, describing his defeat in 1706, will repay perusal. No one can read it without reflecting how rapidly the command of great generals, and the spirit infused into bodies of men by the consciousness of belonging to a great and successful nation, can change the character of an army. Only a century and a half divides the Muscovites of Punitz from the Russians of Inkermann.

"Your predictions, my dear sister, have been but too just. Had it been possible, I would gladly have escaped this blow; but pass through it I must. You will easily judge what a state I am in; although everybody acknowledges that the Swedes must infallibly have been beaten, if my people had only chosen to act half like men. I can not understand it: never were people seen to go into battle with better spirits than these troops; yet scarcely had the Muscovites caught sight of the enemy at a distance, than they entirely lost their heads, and began to file off and retire, which is, in truth, the cause of all this misfortune, as well as also that the greater part of the cavalry ran away at the first brush. If they had only chosen to listen to me this year, this misfortune would not have happened; but the King put faith in people who have private views of their own, who do not understand the art of war, and whose whole object has been to gain time and to make money. Besides which, there is no army in Europe worse disciplined than this; the thefts, cruelties, and murders which the dragoons and troopers committed after their flight are unheard of, and that even from the field of battle itself to Saxony; and in truth it is therefore that the hand of God is so heavy upon us as it is. I confess that life is very wearisome after blows like these; but it is then that one loses it the least. I do not know how the King will now get out of all these troubles. I am sorry for him from the bottom of my heart; and I am inconsolable for having been at the head of the army in this infamous action, which can not

fail to cause the greatest disorder in his affairs. Besides, I shall not suffer slightly from it myself, through the envy and hatred of my enemies; although I am well defended against all they can say or do, being but too well convinced that there is no mistake or negligence which fortune may not render fatal in our trade of war; but to make soldiers stand who are determined to run away, or to make them act like so many puppets, that is beyond my power. But short of that I have, thank God, done all that was humanly possible, notwithstanding which there is enough of my own in the matter. Patience! I will tell you more hereafter. Have the goodness at once to show and communicate the plan and the relation, which has been drawn up in haste, to M. de Leibnitz, to whom I can not write in full."

Patkul was a Livonian by birth, and a subject of the Swedish crown. He, like most of his brother nobles, had suffered by what was termed the Reunion—a scheme by which the possessors of lands that had at any time belonged to the Crown and had passed into the hands of private proprietors, were subjected to enormously heavy dues, as an equivalent for supposed fraud on the part of the subject proprietors, or of those whom they represented. Patkul went to Stockholm to remonstrate on behalf of himself and others of his neighborhood who suffered equally by the measure. Finding that his conduct exposed him to suspicion, that he had powerful enemies, and that they were preparing to seize him, he determined to make his escape. He found his way into Switzerland, and was condemned to death in his absence. Subse-

quently, he instigated the Elector of Saxony to invade Livonia, with a view of recovering it for Poland, and he took an active part in the war against Charles XII. At the same time he acted as secret agent for the Czar, and served the interests of Russia with zeal and vigor. Peter rewarded him well, giving him the rank of lieutenant-general, and the command of 12,000 men sent to act in conjunction with the Poles and Saxons. But the allies were defeated, and, after a series of victories, Charles XII. found he could dictate what terms he pleased. He ordered Patkul to be given up to him. Patkul had been previously arrested at Dresden, although he was residing there as counsellor of the king, and as an agent of one of the king's allies, and on the demand of the Swedish sovereign, he was delivered over to what was known by all to be a certain death. After having been detained for some time in close custody, he was carried under a strong escort to the town of Casimir on the Vistula, and there most barbarously put to death on the wheel.

We will close our notice of the letters collected by Mr. Kemble, by referring our readers to those written by Caroline of Anspach, wife of George II. of England, if they wish to have the amusement of seeing how bad the writing of French can be. She was a woman, not only of strong powers of mind, as she abundantly showed in her management of English affairs, but of considerable acquirements; and she felt sufficient interest in new books and eminent authors to write about them to Leibnitz.

From Titan.

C H I N A .

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

In the days of Grecian Paganism, when morals (whether social or domestic) had no connection whatever with the National Religion—nor could, through any fiction, be fancied to have such a connection—it followed that there could be no organ corresponding to our modern PULPIT

(Christian or Mohammedan) for teaching and illustrating the principles of morality. Those principles, it was supposed, taught and explained themselves. Every man's understanding, heart, and conscience, furnished him surely with light enough for his guidance on a path so plain, within a

field so limited, as the daily life of a citizen—Spartan, Theban, or Athenian. In reality, this field was even more limited than at first sight appeared. Suppose the case of a Jew, living in pre-Christian Judea, under the legal code of Deuteronomy and Leviticus—or suppose a Musulman at this day, living under the control of Mohammedan laws, he finds himself left to his own moral discretion hardly in one action out of fifty; so thoroughly has the municipal law of his country (the *Pentateuch* in the one case, the *Koran* in the other) superseded and swallowed up the freedom of individual movement. Very much of the same legal restraint tied up the fancied autonomy of the Grecian citizen. Not the moral censor, but the constable was at his heels, if he allowed himself too large a license. In fact, so small a portion of his actions was really resigned to his own discretion, that the very humblest intellect was equal to the call upon its energies. Under these circumstances, what need for any public and official lecturer upon distinctions so few, so plain, so little open to casuistic doubts? To abstain from assault and battery; not to run away from the fists of battle *relictâ non bene parmula*; not to ignore the deposit confided to his care—these made up the sum of cases that life brought with it as possibilities in any ordinary experience. As an office, therefore, the task of teaching morality was amongst the ancients wholly superfluous. Pulpit there was none, nor any public teacher of morality. As regarded his own moral responsibility, every man walked in broad daylight, needed no guide, and found none.

But Athens, the marvelous city that in all things ran ahead of her envious and sullen contemporaries, here also made known her supremacy. Civilization, not as a word, not as an idea, but as a thing, but as a power, was known in Athens. She only through all the world had a Theater; and in the service of this theater she retained the mightiest by far of her creative intellects. Teach she could not in those fields where no man was unlearned; light was impossible where there could be no darkness; and to guide was a hopeless pretension when all aberrations must be willful. But, if it were a vain and arrogant assumption to illuminate, as regarded those primal truths which, like the stars, are hung aloft, and shine for all

alike,* neither vain nor arrogant was it to fly her falcons at game almost as high. If not light, yet life; if not absolute birth, yet moral regeneration, and fructifying warmth—these were quickening forces which abundantly she was able to ingraft upon truths else slumbering and inert. Not affecting to teach the new, she could yet vivify the old. Those moral echoes, so solemn and pathetic, that lingered in the ear from her stately tragedies, all spoke with the authority of voices from the grave. The great phantoms that crossed her stage all pointed with shadowy fingers to shattered dynasties and the ruins of once-regal houses, Pelopidæ or Labdacidæ, as monuments of sufferings in expiation of violated morals, or sometimes—which even more thrillingly spoke to human sensibilities—of guilt too awful to be expiated. And in the midst of these appalling records, what is their ultimate solution? From what key-note does Athenian Tragedy trace the expansion of its own dark impassioned music? *ὑβρις* (*hybris*)—the spirit of outrage coupled with the spirit of insult and arrogant self-assertion—in that temper lurks the original impulse toward wrong; and to that temper the Greek drama adapts its monitory legends. The doctrine of the Hebrew Scriptures as to vicarious retribution is at times discovered secretly moving through the scenic poetry of Athens. His own crime is seen hunting a man through five generations, and finding him finally in the person of his innocent descendants. "Curses, like young fowls, come home in the evening to roost." This warning doctrine, adopted by Southey as a motto to his "Kehama," is dimly to be read moving in shadows through the Greek legends and semi-historic traditions. In other words, atrocious crime of any man toward others in his stages of power comes round upon him with vengeance in the darkening twilight of his evening. And, accordingly, upon no one feature of moral temper is the Greek Tragedy more frequent or earnest in its denunciations, than upon all expressions of self-glorification, or of arrogant disparagement applied to others.

What nation is it, beyond all that ever have played a part on this stage of Earth, which ought, supposing its vision cleansed

* I quote a sentiment of Wordsworth's in "The Excursion," but can not remember its expression.

for the better appreciation of things and persons, to feel itself primarily interested in these Grecian denunciations? What other than China? When Coleridge, in lyric fury, apostrophized his mother-country in terms of hyperbolic wrath, almost of frenzy,

"The nations hate thee!"

every person who knew him was aware, that in this savage denunciation he was simply obeying the blind impulse of momentary partisanship; and nobody laughed more heartily than Coleridge himself, some few moons later, at his own violence. But in the case of China, this apostrophe—*The nations hate thee!*—would pass by acclamation, without needing the formality of a vote. Such has been the inhuman insolence of this vilest and silliest among nations toward the whole household of man, that (upon the same principle as governs our sympathy with the persons and incidents of a novel or a drama) we are pledged to a moral detestation of all who can be supposed to have participated in the constant explosions of unprovoked contumely to ourselves. A man who should profess esteem for Shakspeare's Iago, would himself become an object of disgust and suspicion. Yet Iago is but a fabulous agent; it was but a dream in which he played so diabolic a part. But the offending Chinese not only supported that flesh-and-blood existence which Iago had not, but also are likely (which Iago is not, in any man's dreams) to repeat their atrocious insolencies as often as opportunities offer. Our business at present with the Chinese is—to speculate a little upon the future immediately before us, so far as it is sure to be colored by the known dispositions of that people, and so far as it ought to be colored by changes in our inter-relations, dictated by our improved knowledge of the case, and by that larger experience of Chinese character which has been acquired since our last treaty with their treacherous executive. Meantime, for one moment let us fix our attention upon a remarkable verification of the old saying adopted by Southey, that "Curses come home to roost." Two centuries have elapsed, and something more, since our national expansion brought us into a painful and uneasy necessity of connecting ourselves with the conceited and (unhappily for us) the ignorant inhabitants

of China. From the very first, our connection had its foundations laid in malignity, so far as the Chinese were concerned, in affected disdain, and in continual outbreaks of brutal inhospitality. That we should have reconciled ourselves to such treatment, formed, indeed, one of two apologies that might have been pleaded on behalf of the Chinese. But why, then, *did* we reconcile ourselves? Simply for a reason which offers the other apology, slender as it is, for the Chinese—namely, that no thoroughly respectable section of the English nation ever presented itself at Canton in those early days as candidates for any share in so humiliating a commerce. On reviewing that memorable fact, we must acknowledge that it offers some inadequate excuse on behalf of the Chinese. They had seen nothing whatever of our national grandeur; nothing of our power; of our enlightened and steadfast constitutional system; of our good faith; of our magnificent and ancient literature; of our colossal charities, and provision for every form of human calamity; of our insurance system, which so vastly enlarged our moneyed power; of our facilities for confederating and combining, and using the powers of all (as in our banks the money of all) for common purposes; of our mighty shipping interest; of our docks, arsenals, lighthouses, manufactories, private or national. Much beside there was that they could not have understood, so that not to have seen it was of small moment; but these material and palpable indications of power and antiquity, even Chinamen, even Changs and Fangs, Chungs and Fungs, could have appreciated; yet all these noble monuments of wisdom and persevering energy they had seen absolutely not at all. And the men of our nation who had resorted to Canton were too few at any time to suggest an impression of national greatness. Numerically, we must have seemed a mere vagrant tribe; and as the Chinese, even in 1851, and in the council-chamber of the emperor, settled it as the most plausible hypothesis that the English people had no territorial home, but made a shift (like some birds) to float upon the sea in fine weather, and in rougher seasons to run for "holes," as his Majesty explained, upon the whole, we English are worse off than in Shakspeare's language are the naked natures that affront the elements:

"Though the sea-horse on the ocean
Own no dear domestic cave,
Yet he slumbers without motion
On the still and slumbering wave.

"If on windy days the raven
Gambol like a dancing skiff,
Not the less he loves his haven,
On the bosom of a cliff.

"Though almost with eagle pinion
O'er the rocks the chamois roam,
Yet he has some small dominion
Which, no doubt, he calls his home."

Yes, no doubt. But worse off than all these — than sea-horse, raven, chamois — the Englishman, it seems, of Chinese ethnography has not, except in crevices of marine rocks. What are we to think of that nation which by its supreme councils could authorize such follies? We, in fact, suffer from the same cause, a thousand-fold exaggerated, as that which injured the French in past times amongst ourselves. Up to the time when Voltaire came twice to England, no Frenchman of eminence, or distinguished talents, had ever found a sufficient motive for resisting his home-loving indolence so far as to pay us a visit. The court had been visited in the days of James I. by Sully; in those of Charles II. by De Grammont; but the nation for itself, and with an honorable enthusiasm, first of all by Voltaire. What was the consequence? No Frenchman ever coming amongst us — except (1) as a man-cook; (2) as a hairdresser; (3) as a dancing-master — was it unnatural in the English to appreciate the French nation accordingly?

"Paulum sepultæ distat inertis
Celata virtus."

What they showed us, *that*, in commercial phrase, we carried to their account; what they gave, for that we credited them; and it was unreasonable to complain of *our* injustice in a case where so determinately they were unjust to themselves. Not until lately have we in England done any justice to the noble qualities of our French neighbors. But yet for this natural result of the intercourse between us, the French have to thank themselves. With Canton the case was otherwise. Nobody could be expected to visit such a dog-kennel, where all alike were muzzled, and where the neutral ground for exercise measured about 15 pocket handkerchiefs — nobody

that had it in his power to stay away. Accordingly, the select few who had it *not* in their power to stay away, proclaimed themselves as belonging, *ipso facto*, to that class of persons who are willing to purchase the privilege of raising a fortune at any price, and through any sacrifice of dignity, personal or rational, that may chance to be exacted by the least generous of nations. Almost excusably, therefore, the British were confounded for a time with the Portuguese and the Dutch, who had notoriously practiced sycophantic arts, carried to shocking extremities, as the ransom or purchase money for equivalent concessions in money and money's worth, or indirectly in monopolies and other modes of lucrative privilege. The first person who taught the astonished Chinese what difference might happen to lurk between the two nations was Lord Anson — not yet a lord; in fact, a simple commodore, and in a crazy old hulk; but who, in that same superannuated ship, had managed to plough up the timbers of the Acapulco galleon though by repute* bullet proof, and eventually to make prize of considerably more than half a million sterling for himself and his crew. Having accomplished this little feat, the commodore was not likely to put much value upon the "crockery ware" (as he termed the forts) of the Chinese. Not come, however, upon any martial mission, he confined himself to so much of warlike demonstration as sufficed for his own immediate purposes. To place our Chinese establishments upon a more dignified footing, was indeed a most urgent work; but work for councils more deliberate and for armaments both by land and sea on a far larger scale. As regarded the present, such was the vast distance between Canton and Peking, that there was no time for this Anson aggression to reach the ears of the emperor's council, before all had passed off. It was but a momentary typhoon, that thoroughly frightened the flowery people, but was gone before it could influence their policy. By a pleasant accident, the Manila treasure captured by Anson was passing in wagons in the rear of St.

* *By repute.* — The crew of the "Centurion" were so persuaded that these treasure galleons were impregnable to ordinary cannon balls, that the commodore found it advisable to reason with them; and such was their confidence in him, that, upon his promise to find a road into the ship if they would only lay him alongside of her, they unanimously voted the superstition a Spanish lie.

James's Palace, during the natal hour of the Prince of Wales, (George IV. ;) consequently we are within sight, chronologically, of the period which will round the century dated from Lord Anson's assault. Within that century is comprised all that has ever been done by war or by negotiation to bring down upon their knees this ultra-gasconading, but also ultra-pusillanimous nation. Some forty years after the Anson skirmish, it was resolved that the best way to give weight and splendor to our diplomatic overtures was by a solemn embassy, headed by a man of rank. At that time the East-India Company had a monopoly interest in the tea trade of Canton, as subsequently in the opium trade; upon which we hope further on, by one single word of explanation, to disperse the darkness which as yet envelops that subject. What we had to ask from the Chinese was generally so reasonable, and so indispensable to the establishment of our national name upon any footing of equality, that it ought not for a moment to have been tolerated as any subject for debate; because the very attempt to debate that equality already expressed a purpose of denying it. There is a difficulty often experienced, even in civilized Europe, of making out any just equations between the titular honors of different States. Ignorant people are constantly guided in such questions by mere vocal resemblances. The acrimonious Prince Pückler Muskau, so much irritated at being mistaken in France for an Englishman, and in fifty ways betraying his mortifying remembrances connected with England, charges us with being immoderately addicted to a reverential homage towards the title of prince; in which, to any thoughtful man, there would be found no subject for wonder, or, upon reflection, for blame; since with us there *can* be no prince* that is not by blood connected with the royal family; so that such a homage is paid under an erroneous impression as to the fact, but not the less under a thoughtful and honorable feeling as to the purpose, which is, that of testifying the peculiar respect which, in a

* "*Can be no prince.*" In the technical heraldic usage, a duke in our peerage is styled a prince. But this book-honor finds no acceptance or echo in the usage of life; not even in cases—like those of Marlborough and Wellington—where the dukes have received princedom from foreign sovereigns, and might (under the sanction of their own sovereign) assume their continental honors.

free country, is cheerfully paid to a constitutional throne. But, if we had been familiarized with the mock princes of Sicily and Russia, (amongst which last are found some reputed to have earned a living in St. Petersburg as barbers,) we should certainly moderate our respect toward the bearers of princely honors. Every man of the world knows how little a French marquise or comtesse can pretend to rank with a British marchioness or countess; as reasonably might you suppose an equation between a modern consul of commerce and the old Roman consul of the awful S. P. Q. R.

In dealing with a vile trickster like the Chinese executive—unacquainted with any one restraint of decorum or honorable sensibility—it is necessary for a diplomatist to be constantly upon his guard, and to have investigated all these cases of international equation before coming abruptly to any call for a decision in some actual case. Cromwell was not the man to have attached much importance to the question of choosing a language for the embodying of a treaty, or for the intercourse of the hostile envoys in settling the terms of such a treaty; and yet, when he ascertained that the French Court made it a point of honor to use their own language, in the event of any modern language being tolerated, he insisted upon the adoption of Latin as the language of the treaty.* With the Chinese, a special, almost a superstitiously minute attention to punctilios is requisite, because it has now become notorious that they assign a symbolic and representative value to every act of intercourse between their official deputies and all foreign ambassadors. Does the ambassador dine at some imperial table—the emperor has been feeding the barbarians. Do some of the court mandarins dine with the ambassador—then the emperor has deigned to restore happiness to the barbarians, by sending those who represent his person to speak words of hope and consol-

* This tells favorably for Cromwell as an instance of fair and honorable nationality, in one direction; and yet, in the counter direction, how ill it tells for his discernment that, in forecasting a memoir on his own career for continental use, and therefore properly to be written in Latin, his thoughts turned (under some unaccountable bias) to continental writers, descending even to such a fellow as Meric Casaubon—the son, indeed, of an illustrious scholar, but himself a man of poor pretensions; and all the while this English-hearted Protector utterly overlooked his own immortal secretary!

ation. Does the ambassador convey presents from his own sovereign to the emperor—the people of Peking are officially informed that the barbarians are bringing their tribute. Does the emperor make presents to the ambassador—in that case, his majesty has been furnishing the means of livelihood to barbarians exhausted by pestilence, and by the failure of crops. Huc, the French missionary who traveled in the highest north latitudes of China, traversing the whole of the frightful deserts between Peking and Lassa, (or, in *his* nomenclature, La Sae,) the capital of Thibet, and who, speaking the Mongol language, had the rare advantage of passing for a native subject of the Chinese emperor, and therefore of conciliating unreserved confidence, tells us of some desperate artifices practised by the imperial government. In particular, he mentions this: Toward the close of the British war, a Tartar general—reputed invincible—had been summoned from a very distant post in the north to Peking, and thence immediately dispatched against the detested enemy. Upon this man's *prestige* of invincibility, and upon the notorious fact that he really had been successful in repressing some predatory aggressions in one of the Tartaries, great hopes were built of laurel crops to be harvested without end, and of a dreadful retribution awaiting the doomed barbarian enemy. Naturally this poor man, in collision with the English forces, met the customary fate. M. Huc felt therefore a special curiosity to learn in what way the Chinese Government had varnished the result in this particular case, upon which so very much of public interest had settled. This interest being in its nature so personal, and the name of the Tartar here so notorious, it had been found impossible for the imperial government to throw their usual mendacity into its usual form of blank denial, applied to the total result, or of intricate transformation, applied to the details. The barbarians, it was confessed, had for the present *not* “caught a Tartar.” The British defeat had *not* been of that vast extent which was desirable; but why? The reason was, that, in the very paroxysm of martial fury, on coming within sight of the barbarians, the Tartar general was seized by the very impertinent* passion of pity. He pitied the poor

wretches; through which mistake in his passions, the red-haired devils effected their escape, doing, however, various acts of mischief in the course of the said escape; such being the English mode of gratitude for past favors.

With a government capable of frauds such as these, and a people (at least in the mandarin class—that is, the aristocracy) trained through centuries to a conformity of temper with their government, we shall find, in the event of any more extended intercourse with China, the greatest difficulty in maintaining the just equations of rank and privilege. But the difficulty as regards the people of the two nations promises to be a trifle by comparison with that which besets the relations between the two crowns. We came to know something more circumstantially about this question during the second decennium of this nineteenth century. The unsatisfactoriness of our social position had suggested the necessity of a second embassy. Probably it was simply an accidental difference in the temper of those forming at that time the imperial council, which caused the ceremonial *ko-ton* of court presentation to be debated with so much more of earnestness and of rancorous bigotry. Lord Amherst was now the ambassador, a man of spirit and dignity, to whom the honor of his country might have been safely confided, had he stood on a natural and intelligible position; but it was the inevitable curse of an ambassador to Peking, that his official station had contradictory aspects, and threw him on incompatible duties. His first duty was to his country; and nobody, in so many words, denied *that*. But this patriotic duty, though a *conditio sine qua non* for his diplomatic functions, and a perpetual restraint upon their exercise, was not the true and efficient *cause* of his mission. That lay in the commercial interests of a great company. This secondary duty was clearly his paramount duty, as regarded the good sense of the situation; for, if he had been sent only to pay a patriotic homage to the honor of Great Britain, he might as well have staid at home. Yet the other was the paramount duty, as regarded the sanctity of its obligation, and the impossibility of compromising it by so much as the shadow of a doubt, or the tremor of a hesitation. Lord Amherst stood before a barbaric throne, but as the representative of a far more potent throne, and of a people that

* “*Impertinent*.” That is, according to an old and approved parliamentary explanation, often employed pacifically—not pertinent, irrelevant.

ranked as the leader of civilization. Yet, on the other side, he was plied with secret whispers (more importunate than the British public knew) from the great organs of commerce, suggesting that it was childish to lay too much stress on a pure ceremonial usage, of no more weight than a bow or a curtsey, and which pledged neither himself nor his country to any consequences. He felt, however, that in its own nature the homage was that of a slave. Genuflexions, prostrations, and knockings of the ground nine times with the forehead, were not modes of homage to be asked from the citizens of a free State, far less from that citizen as the acknowledged representative of that State.

For one moment, let us pause to review this hideous degradation of human nature which has always disgraced the East. That no Asiatic State has ever debarbarized itself, is evident from the condition of woman all over Asia, and from this very abject form of homage, which already in the days of Darius and Xerxes we find established, and extorted from the compatriots of Miltiades and Themistocles.*

There can not be any doubt that the *ko-ton* had descended to the court of Susa and Persepolis from the elder court of Babylon, and to *that* from the yet elder court of Nineveh. Man in his native

grandeur, standing erect, and with his countenance raised to the heavens

[*Os homini sublime dedit, cælumque tueri*]

presents a more awful contrast to man when passing through the shadow of this particular degradation, than under any or all of the other symbols at any time devised for the sensuous expression of a servile condition—scourges, ergastula, infibulation, or the neck-chains and ankle-chains of the Roman *atriensis*. “The bloody writing” is far more legible in this than any other language by which the slavish condition is or can be published to the world, because in this only the sufferer of the degradation is himself the inflictor of it. All else may have been, and generally was, the stern doom of calamitous necessity. Here only we recognize, without an opening for disguise or equivocation, the man’s own deliberate act. He has not been branded passively (personal resistance being vain) with the record of a master’s ownership, like a sheep, a mule, or any other chattel, but has solemnly branded himself. Wearing, therefore, so peculiar and differential a character, to whom is it in modern days that this bestial yoke of servitude as regards Christendom owes its revival? To whom is it that we are all indebted for the fiery struggle through which we have been forced to maintain our rejection of this horrid rite? Without hope, the Chinese despot would not have attempted to enforce such a Moloch vassalage upon the Western World. Through whom, therefore, and through whose facile compliance with the insolent exaction, did he first conceive this hope?

It has not been observed, so far as we know, that it was Peter I. of Russia, vulgarly called Peter the Great, who prepared for us that fierce necessity of conflict, past and yet to come, through which we British, standing alone—but henceforth, we may hope, energetically supported by the United States, if not by France—have, on behalf of the whole western nations, victoriously resisted the arrogant pretensions of the East. About four years after the death of our Queen Anne, Peter dispatched from St Petersburg (his new capital, yet raw and unfinished) a very elaborate embassy to Peking, by a route which measured at least ten thousand versts; or, in English miles, about two thirds of that distance. It was,

* We may see by the recorded stratagem of an individual Greek, cunning enough, but on the other hand a baseness as deep as that which he sought to escape, that these prostrations (which Euripides treats with such lyrical and impassioned scorn, in a chorus of his “Orestes,” as fitted only for Phrygian slaves) must have been exacted from all Greeks alike, as the *sine qua non* for admission to the royal presence. Some Spartan it was, already slavish enough by his training, who tried the artifice of dropping a ring, and affecting to pass off his prostrations as simply so many efforts to search for and to recover his ring. But to the feelings of any honorable man, this stratagem would not avail him. One baseness can not be evaded by another. The anecdote is useful, however; for this picturesque case, combined with others, satisfactorily proves that the sons of Greece could and did submit to the *ko-ton* for the furtherance of what seemed to them an adequate purpose. Had newspapers existed in those days, this self-degradation would have purchased more infamy in Greece than benefit in Persia. The attempted evasion by this miserable Greek, who sought to have the benefits of the *ko-ton* without paying its price, thinking, in fact, that honor could be saved by swindling, seems on a level with that baseness ascribed (untruly, it may be hoped) to Galileo, whom some persons represent as seeking to evade his own formal recantation of the doctrine as to the earth’s motion, by muttering inaudibly, “But it *does* move, for all that.” This would have been the trick of the Grecian ring-dropper.

in fact, a vast caravan, or train of caravans, moving so slowly that it occupied sixteen calendar months with the journey. Peter was by natural disposition a bully: offering outrages of every kind upon the slightest impulse, no man was so easily frightened into a hurried retreat and abject concessions as this drunken prince. He had at the very time of this embassy submitted tamely to a most atrocious insult from the eastern side of the Caspian. The Khan of Khiva—a place since made known to us all as the foulest of murdering dens—had seduced by perfidy the credulous little army dispatched by Peter into quarters or barracks so widely scattered that, with little difficulty, he had there massacred nearly the whole force; about three or four hundred out of so many thousands being all that had recovered their vessels on the Caspian. This atrocity Peter had pocketed, and apparently found his esteem for the Khan greatly increased by such an instance of energy. He was now meditating by this great Pekin embassy two objects—first, the ordinary objects of a trading mission, together with the adjustment of several disputes affecting the Russian frontier toward Chinese Tartary and Thibet; but, secondly, and more earnestly, the privilege of having a resident minister at the capital of the Chinese Emperor. This last purpose was connected with an evil result for all the rest of Christendom. It is well known to all who have taken any pains in studying the Chinese temper and character, that obstinacy—obstinacy like that of mules—is one of its foremost features. And it is also known, by a multiplied experience, that the very greatest importance attaches in Chinese estimate to the initial movement. Once having conceded a point, you need not hope to recover your lost ground. The Chinese are, as may easily be read in their official papers and acts, intellectually a very imbecile people; and their peculiar style of obstinacy is often found in connection with a feeble brain, and also (though it may seem paradoxical) with a feeble moral energy. Apparently, a secret feeling of their own irresolution throws them for a vicarious support upon a mechanic and brutal resource of dogged obstinacy. This peculiar constitution of character it was, on the part of the Chinese, which gave such vast, such clamorous importance to what might now be done by the Russian

ambassador. Who was he? He was called M. de Ismaeloff, an officer in the Russian guards, and somewhat of a favorite with the Czar. What impressed so deep a value upon this gentleman's acts at this special moment was, that a great crisis had now arisen for the appraisal of the Christian nations. None hitherto had put forward any large or ostentatious display of their national pretensions. Generally for the scale of rank as amongst the Chinese, who know nothing of Europe, they stood much upon the casual proportions of their commerce, and in a small degree upon old concessions of some past Chinese ruler, or by occasional encroachments that had *prescribed* through lapse of time. But in the East all things masqueraded and belied their home character. Popish peoples were, perhaps, the firmest allies of bigoted Protestants; and the Dutch, that in Europe had played the noblest of parts, as the feeble (yet eventually the triumphant) asserters of national rights, everywhere Asia, through mean jealousy of England, had become but a representative word for hellish patrons of slavery and torture. All was confusion between the two scales of appreciation, domestic and foreign, European and Asiatic. But now was coming one that would settle all this in a transcendent way: for Russia would carry in her train, and compromise by her decision, all other Christian States. The very frontier line of Russia, often continuous with that of China, and the sixteen months' journey, furnished in themselves exponents of the Russian grandeur. China needed no interpreter for *that*. She herself was great in pure virtue of her bigness. But here was a brother bigger than herself. We have known and witnessed the case where a bully, whom it was found desirable to eject from a coffee-room, upon opening the window for the purpose, was found too big to pass, and also nearly too heavy to raise, unless by machinery; so that, in the issue, the bully maintained his ground by virtue of his tonnage. That was really the case oftentimes of China. An army could not march over half the tropic of Cancer in order to bag a wrongdoer. Russia seemed to stand upon the same basis of right as to aggression. China, therefore, understood her, and admired her; but for all *that* meant to make a handle of her. She judged that Russia, in coming with so much pomp, had some, thing to ask. So had China. China,

during that long period when M. de Ismaeloff was painfully making way across the steppes of Asia, had leisure to think what it was that she would ask, and through what temptation she would ask it. There was little room for doubting. Russia, being incomparably the biggest potentate in Christendom, (for as yet the United States had no existence,) seemed, therefore, to the Chinese mind the greatest, and virtually to include all the rest. What Russia did, the rest would do. Mr de Ismaeloff meant, doubtless, to ask for something. No matter what it might be; he should have it. And the weightier the request, so much the better, for so much the more certainly would he on *his* part grant the counter-gift. At length the ambassador arrived. All his trunks and packages were unpacked; the last sheet of brown paper had been torn off; no use in further delay; and so Mr. de Ismaeloff unpacked to the last wrapper his own little request. The feeble-minded are generally cunning; and therefore it was that the Chinese council did not at once say *yes*, but pretended to find great difficulties in the request—which was simply to arrange some disorders on the frontier, but chiefly to allow of a *permanent* ambassador from the Czar taking up his residence at Peking. At last this demand was granted—but granted conditionally. And what now might be the little condition? “Oh! my dear fellow—between you and me, such old friends,” said the Chinese minister, “a bauble not worth speaking of; would you oblige me, when presented to the emperor, by knocking that handsome head of yours nine times—that is, you know, three times three—against the floor? I would take it very kindly of you; and the floor is padded to prevent contusions.” Ismaeloff pondered till the next day; but on that next day he said, “I will do it.”—“Do what, my friend?”—“I will knock my forehead nine times against the padded floor.” Mr. Bell, of Antermomy, (which, at times, he writes Auchtermomy,) accompanied the Russian ambassador, as a leading person in his suite. A considerable section of his travels is occupied with this embassy. But, perhaps from private regard to the ambassador, whose character suffers so much by this transaction, we do not recollect that he tells us in so many words of this Russian concession. But M. Lange, a Swedish officer, subsequently employed

by the Czar Peter, does. A solemn court-day was held. M. de Ismaeloff attended. Thither came the *allegada*, or Chinese prime minister, thither came the ambassador's friends and acquaintances; thither came, as having the official *entrée*, the ambassador's friend Hum-Hum, and also his friend Bug-Bug; and when all is said and done, this truth is undeniable—that there and then, (namely, in the imperial city of Peking, and in Anno Domini 1720,) M. de Ismaeloff did knock his forehead nine times against the floor of the Bogduchan's palace, having previously (which is hardly requisite to mention) stretched out the length of Ismaeloff, which, like a wounded snake, dragged — But stop! let us not grow poetical. M. de Lange's report on this matter has been published separately at Stockholm; neither has the fact of the prostration, and the forehead knockings to the amount of nine, ever been called in question.

Now, it will be asked, did Ismaeloff absolutely consent to elongate himself on the floor, as if preparing to take a swim, and then knock his forehead repeatedly, as if weary of life—somebody counting all the while with a stop-watch, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, and so on? Did he do all this without ever capitulating, as diplomacy calls it—*i. e.*, stipulating for some ceremonial return upon the part of the Chinese? Oh! no; the Russian ambassador, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and our own at the end of it, both bargained for equal returns; and here are the terms: The Russian had, with good faith, and through all its nine sections, executed the *ko-ton*; and he stipulated, before he did this, that any Chinese seeking a presentation to the Czar should, on coming to St. Petersburg, go through exactly the same ceremony. The Chinese present all replied with good faith, though doubtless stifling a little laughter, that *when* they or any of them should come to St. Petersburg, the *ko-ton* should be religiously performed. The English lords, on the other hand—Lord Macartney, and subsequently Lord Amherst—declined the *ko-ton*, but were willing to make profound obeisances to the emperor, provided these obeisances were simultaneously addressed by a high mandarin to the painted portrait of George III. In both cases a man is shocked: by the perfidy of the Chinese in offering, by the indiscretion of the Christian envoys in accepting a mockery

so unmeaning. Certainly the English case is better; our envoy escaped the degradation of the *ko-ton*, and obtained a shadow; he paid less, and he got in exchange what many would think more. Homage paid to a picture, when counted against homage paid to a living man, is but a shadow; yet a shadow wears some semblance of a reality. But, on the other hand, for the Russian who submitted to an abject degradation, under no hope of any equivalent, except in a contingency that was notoriously impossible, the mockery was full of insult. The Chinese do not travel; by the laws of China they can not leave the country. None but starving and desperate men ever *do* leave the country. All the Chinese emigrants now in Australia, and the great body at this time quitting California in order to evade the pressure of American laws against them, are liable to very severe punishment (probably to decapitation) on reëntering China. Had Ismaeloff known what a scornful jest the emperor and his council were enacting at his expense, probably he would have bamboozed some of these honorable gentlemen, on catching them within the inclosed court of his private residence.*

* There seems to have been a strange blunder at the bottom of all our diplomatic approaches to the court of China, if we are to believe, what the lexicographers tell us—namely, that the very word in Chinese which we translate ambassador, means *tribute-bearer*. If this should be true, it will follow that we have all along been supposed to approach the emperor in a character of which the meaning and obligations were well known to us, but which we had haughtily resolved to violate. There is, besides, another consideration which calls upon us to investigate this subject. It would certainly be a ludicrous discovery if it should be found that we and the Chinese have been at cross-purposes for so long a time. Yet such things *have* occurred, and in the East are peculiarly likely to occur, so radically incompatible is our high civilization with their rude barbarism; and precisely out of this barbarism grows the very consideration we have adverted to as laying an arrest upon all that else we should have a right to think. It is this: so mean and unrefined are the notions of oriental nations, that, according to those, it is very doubtful indeed whether an eastern potentate would be able to understand or figure to himself any business or office belonging to an ambassador, except that of declaring war and defiance, or, secondly, of humbly bringing tribute! Hence, we presume, arises the Chinese rigor in demanding to know the substance of any letter before admitting the bearer of it to the imperial presence; since, if it should happen to contain a defiance, in that case they presume that the messenger might indulge himself in insolence; and this it might not be safe to punish in any nation where the sanctity of heralds still lingers,

However, in a very circuitous way, Ismaeloff *has* had his revenge; for the first step in that retribution which we describe as overtaking the Chinese was certainly taken by him. Russia, according to Chinese ideas of greatness, is the greatest (*i. e.*, broadest and longest) of Christian states. Yet, being such, she has taken her dose of *ko-ton*. It followed, then, *à fortiori*, that Great Britain should take *her's*. Into this logic China was misled by Ismaeloff. The English were waited for. Slowly the occasion arrived; and it was found by the Chinese, first, doubtfully, secondly, beyond all doubt, that the *ko-ton* would not do. The game was up. Out of this catastrophe, and the wrath which followed it, grew ultimately the opium-frenzy of Lin, the mad commissioner of Canton; then the vengeance which followed; next the wars, and the miserable defeats of the Chinese. All this followed out of the attempt to enforce the *ko-ton*, which attempt never would have been made but for the encouragement derived from Ismaeloff, the ambassador of so great a power as Russia, having “knocked heads” (as the Chinese call it) without any great scruple. But, finally, to complete the great retribution, the war has left behind, amongst other dreadful consequences, the ruin of their army. In the official correspondence of a great officer with the present youthful emperor, reporting the events of the present rebellion, it is repeatedly declared that the royal troops will not fight, run away upon the slightest pretext, and in fact have been left bankrupt in hope and spirit by the results of their battles with the British. Concurrently with this ruin of the army, the great rebellion, conducted by the Tae Ping, has pledged itself in its proclamations to *exterminate* the reigning dynasty; and if that event should be accomplished, then the destruction of the reigning Mantchoo family will have been due exclusively to its memorable insolence (the demoniac *hybris* of Greek Tragedy) toward ourselves. Should, on the other hand, the Tae Ping rebellion, which has now stood its ground for five years, be finally crushed, not the less an enormous revolution—

and a faith in the mysterious perils overtaking all who violate that sanctity. Wherever there are but two categories into which the idea of ambassador subdivides, then it must be difficult for the Chinese to understand in which it is that we mean to present ourselves at Peking.

possibly a greater revolution—will take place in China, virtually our own work; and, fortunately, it will not be in our power to retreat, as hitherto, in a false spirit of forbearance, from the great duties which will then await us. In a few pages more we shall sketch the Tae Ping career hitherto, and endeavor to estimate its prospects. The Tae Ping faction, however, though deadly and tiger-like in the spirit of its designs, offers but one element amongst many that are now fermenting in the bosom of Chinese society. These we shall attempt to value. We British, as Mr. Meadows informs us, (p. 187 of “The Chinese and their Rebellions,”) were regarded by the late emperor—by him who conducted the war against us—as the instruments employed “by Heaven” for executing judgment on his house. He was in the right to think so; and our hope is, that in a very few years we shall proclaim

ourselves through Southern Asia as even more absolutely and finally the destroyers of that wicked government which dared to promote and otherwise to reward the child of hell who actually *flayed alive* the unhappy Mr. Stead. That same government passed over without displeasure the similar atrocity of the man who decapitated nearly two hundred persons—white, brown, and black, but all subjects of Great Britain, and all confessedly and necessarily unoffending, as being simply shipwrecked passengers thrown on the shore of China from the “Nerbudda,” Indiaman. We shall endeavor so to combine the materials now accumulated, as to sketch: 1. The present condition of China; 2. Our own prospects and duties; 3. The painful neglect of those duties up to this time, under too exclusive an attention to the interests of commerce.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

DISCOVERIES IN CHALDEA.*

THE recent discoveries in Chaldea do not appear as yet to have met with the same popularity as the discoveries made, now some years ago, in Assyria. There are no colossal lions with men's heads, or winged bulls, or gigantic divinities, or bas-reliefs of any magnitude to astound the beholder. The cities of Babylonia and Chaldea stood upon alluvial soil; its population had not the easily-wrought alabaster of Nineveh, or stone of any kind, to work upon, and statues and sculptures are, in consequence, of great rarity. The history of the people is written on monu-

ments of another character: in terraced structures bearing temples, palaces, and various other buildings—some supposed to have been of an astronomical character—in vast necropolises, which fill the mind with wonder at their extent; and in cylinders, impressed bricks, designs on clay tablets, and other relics of the same trivial character, yet of high historical importance.

We are, indeed, more struck ourselves by the mass of historical discovery effected by the excavations of Chaldea than we have been by the uncouth art of the Assyrians. Here we have sixteen names of monarchs recovered, all belonging to a first Chaldean empire, which preceded that of Nebuchadnezzar—a dynasty con-

* Travels and Researches in Chaldea and Susiana. By William Kennett Loftus, F.G.S. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1857.

temporaneous with the epoch of that first great teacher of the unity of the Godhead, Abraham; with the Exodus; the death of Moses and the first servitude; whose first monarch, Urnkh, reigned about 2234 years before Christ; and yet not one of these names was known a very few years ago, and not one is familiar yet even to the learned of the land! Nor are we less struck with the enormous extent of the Chaldean ruins; the vast mounds of slipper-shaped glazed terra-cotta coffins, piled one above the other in hundreds of thousands; the grand façades of a rude and primitive columnar architecture; the arched vaults of the dead; the cone-work and pot-work; the terra-cotta Penates; the clay bank-notes; the pictorial tablets; the copper and other relics; the private and public records, and the various other indices of the habits and manners of a nation so long gone by, that it seemed doubtful if they were descendants of Ham or Shem—if they were of African or of Asiatic origin—if, in fact, they were actually black or white!

The two gentlemen to whom the world is most largely indebted for excavations in Chaldea are, Mr. Loftus and Mr. Taylor. The first gentleman's work is now before the public; the researches of the second are in the fifteenth volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society." Mr. Layard also did a little at Nif-far, and Sir Henry Rawlinson is the great decipherer of the inscriptions.

Passing over a mistake which Mr. Loftus makes at the outset in identifying the four canals of Xenophon with the existing four canals in Babylonia, that gentleman was enabled, on his way to Chaldea, through the instrumentality of a Tahir Pasha, to visit the little known site of Kufa, as also Nedjef and Korbella, the Mekka and Medinahs of the Shihas or Persians. Of Kufa, celebrated for its old Kufic cursive character, nothing, we are told, remains in the present day save a few low mounds and a fragment of wall; but Nedjif, which was founded on the site of the ancient Hira, the seat of the Al Mundar dynasty, is said to bear a striking resemblance to Jerusalem in its general appearance and position. It is situated on a cliff of red sandstone, overlooking the great inundation called the Bahr Nedjef, or the Sea of Nedjef.

"It is seldom," Mr. Loftus observes, "that a

Christian has an opportunity of entering a Mohammedan place of worship, much less such a sacred mosque as that of Meahed 'Ali. We were all naturally anxious to visit it, and experienced no very insuperable objection on the part of our Sunni companions to aid in the accomplishment of our wish. Tahir Bey, like most others of his sect and race, took a pleasure in causing the Sheah Persians to 'eat dirt' at the hands of the Ghyawr. As military governor of the district, he had accompanied us with a strong escort, for the double purpose of guarding and doing honor to our party. The troops were now drawn up under the latter pretext, but in reality to conduct us to the mosque, and be prepared for any *émoussé* which might arise in consequence of our temerity. The inhabitants, in accordance with their Oriental customs, rose and saluted, or returned the salutes of Dervish Pasha and Tahir Bey as we passed through the bazaars; but they bestowed a very doubtful and scrutinizing glance on the large party of Firengia. A crowd gathered as we marched onward, and, on approaching the gate of the outer court, the threatening looks and whispered remarks of the groups around made it evident that we were regarded with no especial favor. The troops drew up outside the gate, and, as any hesitation on our part might have produced serious consequences, we boldly entered the forbidden threshold."

The most curious circumstance associated with the tomb of 'Ali at Nedjef, and those of Hassan and Hussain at Korbella, is, that the practice which appears to have obtained in olden times among the Chaldeans and Babylonians, of transporting the dead to sites made sacred by the previous entombment there of some great or holy men, and which still obtains more or less throughout Islamism, is here to be seen in full operation:

"The profound veneration in which the memory of 'Ali is regarded by his followers, causes Nedjef to be the great place of pilgrimage for the Sheah Mohammedans, by whom the town is entirely supported. At a low average, 80,000 persons annually flocked to pay their vows at the sacred shrine, and from 5000 to 8000 corpses are brought every year from Persia and elsewhere to be buried in the ground consecrated by the blood of the martyred Khalif. The dead are conveyed in boxes covered with coarse felt, and placed two on each side upon a mule, or one upon each side, with a ragged conductor on the top, who smokes his kaliyun and sings cheerily as he jogs along, quite unmindful of his charge. Every caravan travelling from Persia to Baghdad carries numbers of coffins; and it is no uncommon sight at the end of a day's march to see fifty or sixty piled upon each other on the ground. As may be imagined, they are not the most agreeable companions on a long journey, especially when the unruly mule carry-

ing them gets between the traveler and the wind!

"The fee charged by the authorities of the mosque for burial varies from 10 to 200 tomans, (£5 to £100,) and sometimes much more. It is entirely at the discretion of the mullas, and they proportion it according to the wealth of the deceased. On the arrival of a corpse, it is left outside the walls, while the relatives or persons in charge of it (frequently the muleteer of the caravan) endeavor to make a bargain for its final resting-place. Several days are frequently spent in vain over these preliminaries. At length one party or other gives way—generally the relatives—as the corpse, after many days' and frequently months' carriage in a powerful sun, has disseminated disease and death among its followers, who are glad to rid themselves of its companionship. The place of sepulture for the lower classes, or for those whose friends are unwilling to pay for a vault within the sacred precincts of the mosque, is outside the walls on the north side of the city, where the graves are neatly constructed with bricks, and covered with gravel or cement to preserve them from injury. When the corpse is to be buried within the walls, it is conveyed into the town. The officers of interment then generally find some pretext for breaking the former compact, and the unfortunate relatives are under the necessity of striking a fresh and much harder bargain."

Woe to the traveler who gets on the lee side of one of these caravans of the dead, as once happened to the writer at Khazimin, near Bagdad. Most of the coffins are shattered during the transit of the Kurdistan mountains, and the scene is one of foulness and corruption impossible to describe. The dreadful plague that ravaged Bagdad in 1831, and which carried off from 1000 to 1200 persons daily during a whole spring, was attributed to one of these abominable caravans.

Our travelers were not so successful at Kerbella as they had been at Meshed Ali. All admission was debarred to them there by a crowd of ragamuffins of the most forbidding appearance, armed with clubs, sticks and daggers. Nedjef and Kerbella are, indeed, celebrated as the abode of reckless, brutal, quarrelsome fanatics, whose disorderly conduct has frequently necessitated the interference of the Ottoman government.

The way to Chaldea from Babylonia lies through a country of moving sands—one of those littoral bands which separated successive lagoons, then lakes and now marshes, which follow one after another in the delta of the Euphrates. A canal, once a main branch of the river, and called

after its great Egyptian namesake the Nil or Nile, (pronounced Neel,) traversed this country, starting from near the royal city of Babylon to water the great cities of Chaldea. On its banks are the remains also of a Mohammedan town, of some import before Hillah rose upon the ruins of Babel, and celebrated for its indigo factories, but now half buried in sand.

The first great ruin met with in Chaldea Proper is the mass of unbaked brickwork called the Zibliyya, which closely resembles the celebrated Babylonian ruins of Akka Kuf, near Bagdad. Beyond this is the great ruin of Niffar, still upon the northern boundaries of Chaldea, and upon the verge of the great swamps tenanted by the Afaij and Rechab Arabs. These swamps are of vast extent, and their inhabitants are, as may be imagined, a very rough and uncultivated set, who dwell in reed huts, and go about in ancient boats of reeds or teak, smeared with bitumen. The Beni Rechab are supposed to be descendants of the "total abstinence" Rechabites, to whose history the thirty-fifth chapter of Jeremiah is devoted.

The present aspect of Niffar is that of a lofty platform of earth and rubbish, divided into two nearly equal parts by a deep channel—that of the Chaldean Nile. This great ruin is supposed by Sir Henry Rawlinson to be at once the site of the primeval city of Calneh, and the true site of the Tower of Babel.

"He considers that "the names of the eight primeval cities, preserved in the tenth chapter of Genesis, are not intended to denote capitals then actually built and named, but rather to point out the localities where the first colonies were established by titles which became famous under the empire, and which were thus alone familiar to the Jews." He regards the site of Niffar as the primitive Calneh—the capital of the whole region. It was dedicated to Belus, and was called the city of Belus. Hence he concludes that this was the true site of the Tower of Babel; and that from it originated the Babylon of Nebuchadnezzar, on the banks of the Euphrates, at Ailah. The existing remains were built by the earliest king of whom we have any cuneiform monuments, about 2300 B.C., but whose name can not be read with certainty. It was then called Tel Anu, from the god Anu, or scriptural Noah, who was worshiped there under the form of the Fish God Oannes, of whom we have representations on the bas-reliefs of Nineveh; the name Niffar was subsequently given to it. The old titles were retained when the Talmud was composed, the writers of which say that Calneh was Niffar, and

they call the place Nineveh; but the Nineveh of Assyria was certainly at Mosul: 'Out of that land went forth Ashur and builded Nineveh.'

The epoch of Uruk, the earliest king of whom cuneiform record has been found, certainly approaches very closely upon the epoch of the general deluge, taking the calculations in Dr. Hales's tables, from the remotest, namely, the Septuagint, B.C. 3246, down to the most modern, the Vulgar Jewish, B.C. 2104.

But disregarding this novel theory, founded upon such slender data as the discovery of old Uruk's name, and which name may yet be found also in some Babylonian mound, and the equally ingenious identification of the temple of the Seven Spheres at Borsippur with the "Tongue Tower" by Dr. Oppert, we are still inclined to identify, till better evidence is produced, the traditional mound of Babel, where possibly the oldest temple of the Babylonian chief deity was raised, and was, as at Borsippur, renovated by Nebuchadnezzar with the first attempt at terraced structures. Nor are we the more prepared to admit the identity of Niffar with Calneh, from the discovery of the cuneiform name of that primeval site at that place. Sir Henry Rawlinson said he had before found the same name at Kadwalla, near Bagdad, and it may still be found elsewhere. But Nipar is mentioned with Sipur, Borsippur, and Babel, as cities embellished by Sargon in the inscriptions, and it is not likely that, if the name of the place had been Calneh or Chalneh, that it would have been called Nipar by the Assyrian king. We must, on the contrary, presume that with Babel, Sipur, (Sifairah,) Borsippur, (Birs Nimrud,) Erech or Uruk, (Warka,) and Accad, (Akka Kuf,) Nipar has also preserved its olden name, (Niffar).

It is, however, on the great tract of sandy soil, interspersed with marsh formerly watered by the Chaldean Nile, and now by the Yusufiyya Canal and its branches, which lie between the Affajj depression and that of the Shat-el-Hai, that the great mass of Chaldean mounds are congregated.

"I know of nothing more exciting or impressive than the first sight of one of those great Chaldean piles looming in solitary grandeur from the surrounding plains and marshes. A thousand thoughts and surmises concerning its past eventful history and origin—its gradual rise

and rapid fall—naturally present themselves to the mind of the spectator. The hazy atmosphere of early morning is peculiarly favorable to considerations and impressions of this character, and the gray mist intervening between the gazer and the object of his reflections, imparts to it a dreamy existence. This fairy-like effect is further heightened by mirage, which strangely and fantastically magnifies its form, elevating it from the ground, and causing it to dance and quiver in the rarified air. No wonder, therefore, that the beholder is lost in pleasing doubt as to the actual reality of the apparition before him."

Among these are Bismiyya, still unexplored, Phara, in the country of the Beni Rechab, abounding in small antiques, such as signet-cylinders, rude bronzes, and figures carved in stone, and whence Mr. Loftus obtained a very interesting Egyptian amulet. The ruins of Hammam—a series of low undulations around a grand central tower, whose base having fallen away, has given to it the appearance of a gigantic mushroom, and near which were found—a rare thing in Chaldea—the fragments of a statue, the head of which is supposed to be in the possession of Captain Lynch, C.B.I.N.; and as the fragments of this body now lie in the vaults of the British Museum, it is a pity they were not, with the head, all put together. We should then have, at all events, one specimen of a Chaldean divinity to set beside the many Assyrian.

Within sight of Hammam, about six miles distance, rises another lofty and imposing pile, called Tel Ede, or Yede. It is in the country of the Madan, or pastoral Arabs, under the Muntifj. This mound is a huge artificial mass of solid sand, 90 feet high and 2500 feet in circumference, but out of which nothing could be obtained.

Of all the ruins of Central Chaldea, by far the most extensive and important are those of Erech, or Uruk, now called Warka. Of the three great edifices which rise conspicuously from the surface of the ruins, that called Buwariyya is not only the most central, but the most lofty and ancient. At first sight it appears to be a cone, but further examination proves it to be a tower, 200 feet square, built entirely of sun-dried bricks. On excavating at its basement there was discovered, on the centre of each side, a massive buttress of peculiar construction, erected for the purpose of supporting the main edifice, which appears from the brick legends to have

been a temple dedicated to "Sin," or "the Moon," by Uruk, the oldest known Chaldean monarch.

But by far the most interesting structure at Warka is that called Wuswas. It is contained in a spacious walled quadrangle, which includes a space of more than seven and a half acres. The most important and conspicuous portion of this great inclosure is a structure on the south-west side, 246 feet long by 174 feet wide, and 80 feet above the plain. On three sides are terraces of different elevations, but the fourth, or south-west, presents a perpendicular façade at one place 23 feet in height.

This façade when laid partially bare by Mr. Loftus's labors, afforded a first glimpse of external Babylonian architecture, and exhibited peculiarities so remarkable and original as to attest at once its undoubted antiquity.

"Nothing can be more plain, more rude, or, in fact, more unsightly, than the decoration employed upon this front; but it is this very aspect—this very ugliness, which vouches for the originality of the style. It has long been a question whether the column was employed by the Babylonians as an architectural embellishment. The Wuswas façade settles this point beyond dispute. Upon the lower portion of the building are groups of seven half-columns repeated seven times—the rudest perhaps which were ever reared, but built of moulded semicircular bricks, and securely bonded to the wall. The entire absence of cornice, capital, base, or diminution of shaft, so characteristic of other columnar architecture, and the peculiar and original disposition of each group in rows like palm logs, suggest the type from which they sprang. It is only to be compared with the style adopted by aboriginal inhabitants of other countries, and was evidently derived from the construction of wooden edifices. The same arrangement of uniform reeds or shafts, placed side by side, as at Wuswas, occurs in many Egyptian structures, and in the generally of Mexican buildings before the Spanish invasion. It is that which is likely to originate among a rude people before the introduction of the arts."

The interior of the same building exhibited courts, with chambers on either side, the arrangement of which resembled, in a remarkable manner, that of the Assyrian palaces, as respected want of uniformity in size and shape, and the position of the doorways at the sides rather than the center of the rooms. The flank walls were thicker or slighter in proportion to the width of the chamber, which would be

precisely what would be necessary if, as Mr. Loftus believes, each chamber were covered with a brick arch. He conceives Mr. Fergusson's restoration, as seen at the Crystal Palace, founded upon the notion that the Assyrians had recourse to columns in preference to all other modes of building, to be completely erroneous.

Among other curious discoveries made at Warka was one of an edifice at once unique in its construction and remarkable for new styles of decorative art. Mr. Loftus had frequently noticed a number of small yellow terra-cotta cones, three inches and a half long, arranged in half circles on the surface of the mound, and he was much perplexed to imagine what they were. They proved to be part of a wall, thirty feet long, entirely composed of these cones imbedded in a cement of mud, mixed with chopped straw. They were fixed horizontally, with their circular bases facing outwards. Some had been dipped in red and black color, and were arranged in various ornamental patterns, such as diamonds, triangles, zigzags, and stripes, "which had a very pleasing effect."

It is well known that in ancient Egyptian tombs similar, but much larger cones are found, with hieroglyphs recording the names of the deceased (for they are of a sepulchral character) stamped upon their bases. Mr. Taylor also found them plentifully at the ruins which were upon what was once the "Western Euphrates;" much larger than those at Warka, with cuneiform inscriptions, and sometimes a rim round the edge filled with copper; but this is the only instance where they have been found *in situ*. There were also large cones of baked clay found at Warka, but they were disposed separately, and were inscribed with the name of Bel, or Belus, and belonged to some divinity or superior being.

Warka turned out, indeed, to be a mine for extraordinary and unheard-of modes of decoration in architecture. Another mound was crowned with a curious building, which had some points of resemblance to the cone-brick structure. Connected with it was a wall, composed entirely of unbaked bricks, and a peculiar species of conical vase, the fragments of which lay strewn on the surface. These vases were arranged horizontally, mouths outward. They varied in size from ten to fifteen inches in length, with a general diameter

at the mouth of four inches. The cup, or interior, was only six inches deep, and the conical end solid. "With their conical mouths outward," says Mr. Loftus, "they produced a very strange effect—more striking even than that of the painted cone edifice already described." "It is difficult," the same explorer goes on to say, "to conceive the purpose for which these vases were designed;" but, if Mr. Taylor's views of the nature of the cones is correct, it is not too much to suppose that they were the counterpart of the said cones, and that one edifice was the mausoleum of kings and princes, the other that of queens and princesses; or they may have been temples dedicated to divinities propitiated by the different sexes.

It is a remarkable fact, that while the long succession of years during which excavations have been carried on in the mounds of Assyria, not a single instance has been recorded of undoubted Assyrian sepulture, Chaldea is full of them; and every mound is an ancient burial-place from Niffar to Abu Shahrein! Every school-boy knows, that when Alexander was at Babylon, the Macedonian sailed into the marshes to visit the tombs of the kings of Assyria, and that all kinds of misadventures and evil omens befel him on the occasion of that excursion. It is not too much to believe that Chaldea was in olden times the necropolis of Assyria, whither, probably, the dead were conveyed, chiefly by means of boats upon the Tigris and the Euphrates.

The whole region of Lower Chaldea abounds, in fact, in sepulchral cities of immense extent; and by far the most important of these is Warka, where the enormous accumulation of human remains proves that it was a peculiarly sacred spot; and, unlike most of the other Chaldean sepulchral cities, it was so esteemed for many centuries.

"It is difficult," Mr. Loftus remarks, "to convey any thing like a correct notion of the piles upon piles of human relics which there utterly astound the beholder. Excepting only the triangular space between the three principal ruins, the whole remainder of the platform, the whole space between the walls, and an unknown extent of desert beyond them, are everywhere filled with the bones and sepulchers of the dead. There is probably no other site in the world which can compare with Warka in this respect; even the tombs of ancient Thebes do not contain such an aggregate amount of mortality.

From its foundation by Uruk until finally abandoned by the Parthians—a period of probably 2400 years—Warka appears to have been a sacred burial-place! In the same manner as the Persians at the present day convey their dead from the most remote corners of the Shah's dominions, and even from India itself, to the holy shrines of Kerbella and Meshed'Ali, so, doubtless, it was the custom of the ancient people of Babylonia to transport the bones of their deceased relatives and friends to the necropolis of Warka and other sites in the dread solitude of the Chaldean marshes. The two great rivers, the Tigris and Euphrates, would, like the Nile in Egypt, afford an admirable means of conveying them from a distance, even from the upper plains of Assyria."

Nor is the mode of interment much less curious than the extent of the sepulchra. The invention of the potter seems to have been racked in designing new forms of coffins and sarcophagi. There were the large top-shaped vase, known as the Babylonian urn; there was the oval dish-cover, beneath which the body lay trussed, like a fowl, with cylinders, inscribed tablets, personal ornaments, jars, and other vessels around; and there were various other forms, but they all sink into insignificance when compared with the glazed earthen slipper-shaped coffins, which appear finally to have superseded all other descriptions. The piles on piles of these coffins are proofs of the successive generations by whom this mode of burial was practiced; and, thanks to Mr. Loftus's ingenuity and perseverance, we have now a specimen of this characteristic mode of Chaldean burial in the British Museum.

An infinite variety of relics are associated with these coffins either in the inside, or around them in the earth or vault. Among these are ornaments in gold. The Arabs break hundreds every year for the purpose of rifling them. Among these interesting objects were small terra-cotta figures, which were probably household divinities; tablets of unbaked clay, which had been used as a circulating medium, some issued by the king and government, others by private parties; in fact, bank-notes and notes of hand in clay, and tablets with bas-reliefs, illustrative of the public and domestic life and manners of the Chaldeans.

Tablets of the latter description were more particularly abundant at another great ruin, called Sin Kara, where were the remains of a temple of the Sun, rebuilt, according to the inscriptions, by

Nebuchadnezzar, after that monarch had dug in vain amid the ruins of the older temple to recover the ancient idol. Another ruin, called Tel Sifr, where the names of two Chaldean kings, Chammurabi and Shamsu-Iluna, were first met with, was remarkable for the numerous copper articles (whence its name) found there by the Arabs, as also by Mr. Loftus. These included large chaldrons, vases, small dishes, dice-boxes, (?) hammers, chisels, adzes, and hatchets; a large assortment of knives and daggers of various sizes and shapes, rings, fetters, links of a chain, and other objects, all well and skillfully wrought. The conclusion arrived at was, that they were the stock-in-trade of a coppersmith; but the explanation of their connection with a temple or public edifice near which they were discovered, is by no means clear; and it appears more probable that some deity was worshiped at that spot who was supposed to be propitiated by offerings of copper and copper utensils and instruments, as other divinities may have been propitiated by offerings of emblematic cones and vases.

It is to be remarked, that while Warka has been long ago identified with Erech and the great mound of Mukaiyir, or Mugeyer, "the place of bitumen," excavated by Mr. Taylor, with the Urchoe, or Orchoe, of the Greeks and Romans, Sir Henry Rawlinson identified Warka with the Ur of the Chaldea till he detected the word Hur on an inscription from Mukaiyir. Mr. Loftus, however, with Mr. Fraser, considers Orchoe to have been more probably a modification of Erech than of Ur. If so, we have no grounds but the newly-discovered inscription of "Hur" for belief in an Ur in Lower Chaldea at all. For such belief was mainly founded upon the reading of Urchoe and Orchoe.

But granting even that there was an Ur in Lower Chaldea, all the links of existing traditions are in favor of the Ur of Abraham being in the north. We have, at the

Urhoi of the Syrians, Urfah in the present day, the mosque sacred to the patriarch, and the supposed descendants of the fish beloved by Ibrahim-al-Khalil, or a remnant of the worship recorded by Xenophon to have been paid to fish and to the fish god in Spria. We have Abraham's house at Harran, where he tarried on his first migration. We have Serug—a tradition of another patriarch of the same family in the neighborhood; we have the spot where he crossed the river on his way to Canaan, and a tradition of his sojourn at Aram Zohab, or Aleppo, as he travelled onward to the south. But had the patriarch started, in obedience to his call, from Mukaiyir, there would have been no river to cross, nor would his journey to Canaan have laid to the south, as it is so expressly stated in the Holy Writ.

This is only one out of a hundred difficulties—as more especially the supplanting of an aboriginal Semitic race by one of Hamitic descent; the supposition, because there is a Sythic character in certain cuneiform inscriptions, that these were of African origin; that the Western Ethiopians of Africa had anything at all to do, except in name, with the Eastern Ethiopians of Asia; that the Akkudim were negroes; Erech, Accad, and Calneh, regions, not cities, and Nimrod a people or an expression, and not an individual—which force themselves upon the mind on perusing these suggestive records. They involve many of the most interesting questions that are connected with the history of the human race. It is not, indeed, too much to say, that nothing like the facts that are to be gleaned from the united researches of Mr. Loftus and Mr. Taylor, illustrated by the readings of Sir Henry Rawlinson, has appeared since the first exhumation of Assyrian relics by Botta and Layard; and if not equal in interest, in an artistic point of view, to the Assyrian sculptures, they certainly exceed them in their early historical importance.

From Titan.

LADIES OF THE REFORMATION—WIFE OF CALVIN.*

IDELLETTES DE BURES was a lady of good family. Her native place was a small town of Guelderland, in the Netherlands. She was first married to John Störder, who was originally from Liege, but who had taken up his residence at Strasburg, a city, at that time, in point of morality, piety, and intelligence, among the foremost of those in which the Reformed religion had established itself. Both she and her husband were persons of enlightened and ardent piety and they had connected themselves with that section of the Reformed Church called Anabaptists, whose adherents were then numerous on the continent of Europe.

A change was, however, afterward produced upon their religious sentiments. Calvin, after his banishment from Geneva, having become professor of theology in Strasburg by appointment of the council, and at the same time pastor of a congregation of French refugees in that city, they had been drawn by his great fame to attend upon his ministry. Charmed by his eloquence, and convinced by his arguments, they abandoned the peculiar tenets of the party to which they formerly adhered, and embraced his sentiments on the contested points. Störder died of the plague soon after he had become a disciple of the Geneva reformer, leaving Idelette a widow with several children.

In this family Calvin had become intimate, and from what he knew both of Idelette and her husband, of their knowledge and love of the truth, of the simplicity and sanctity of their lives, he entertained for them a very high respect. After Idelette had become a widow, he continued frequently to visit her. But it was not with

her that he first thought of forming a matrimonial connection, when early in the year 1539, being then about thirty years of age, he purposed looking out for a wife, who might help in bearing his burden. However high a place she had gained in his esteem, and though she was still in the prime of life, yet her being a widow, and the mother of several children, probably prevented him, in the first instance, from thinking of her. His friends were very desirous of having him married, and he solicited their advice and assistance in the choice of a wife, telling them the sort of person he wanted. In a letter to Farel, dated May 19, 1539, he says: "Remember what I expect from one who is to be my companion for life. I do not belong to the class of loving fools, who, when once smitten with a fine figure, are ready to expend their affection even on the faults of her whom they have fallen in love with. The only kind of beauty which can win my soul, is a woman who is chaste, not fastidious, economical, patient, and who is likely to interest herself about my health. A young German lady, of noble lineage, and wealthy far above his condition, had been proposed to him by some of his friends. The brother of the lady and his wife, both persons of piety, were, from their high respect for him, very favorable to the alliance. Calvin entered into communication with her, but not without doubts as to whether she was precisely the person suitable for him. He was afraid that she might think too much of her birth and education. He hesitated, too, because she was ignorant of the French language. If they were to be united, he insisted that she should learn French. The lady requested time for deliberation. Upon this, Calvin immediately gave up all intercourse with her, and entered into correspondence with another lady, "who, if she answers her repute," says he, "will bring in personal good qualities, a dowry large enough without any money at all,"

* *Ladies of the Reformation.* Memoirs of distinguished Female Characters, belonging to the period of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century. By the Rev. James Anderson, author of "Ladies of the Covenant," etc. Illustrated by James Godwin, George Thomas, etc. Germany, Switzerland, France, Italy, and Spain. 8vo, 684 pp. Blackie & Son.

while he congratulated himself on the happy escape he had made from the former. Matters had proceeded so far with this new object of his choice, that he invited his friend Farel to come to perform the nuptial rite, which was not to be delayed beyond the 10th of March, 1540. But this match was also broken off. A few days after, his brother Anthony and another friend, upon having made all arrangements for the marriage, had returned to Strasburg, he heard some particulars regarding the lady which induced him to send his brother back to cancel the contract. Calvin was not very susceptible of a romantic attachment. There is no reason to think that his affection for any particular lady was ever so strong as to cause him to feel, upon losing or renouncing her, any very serious mental uneasiness. Had his friends made up for him a list embracing the fair names of a dozen or so, possessed of the qualities he desiderated, he would probably have been in a great measure indifferent which of them he married. After these two failures, he expressed a doubt whether he should not now abandon his matrimonial projects, and devote himself to a life of single blessedness. But this was only a momentary hesitation. Ere long he was on terms of courtship with the widow Idelette, whom he now seriously resolved to marry—a step to which he seems to have been advised by his friend Martin Bucer; and, in this instance, no obstacle interposed to prevent the union.

The marriage was celebrated at Strasburg, in the month of September, 1540, with becoming hilarity, and yet solemnity, according to the fashion of the times. The consistories of Neufchatel and Valengin were invited to the nuptial feast, and they sent their representatives to be present on the joyful occasion.

We have less circumstantial information of the domestic life of Idelette and Calvin than of that of Katharine von Bora and Luther. Different reasons may be assigned for this. Idelette seems to have been a woman of higher cultivation, more refinement of mind, and greater personal attractions than Katharine: but Katharine, like the child of nature, was more free and unrestrained in social intercourse. Luther, again, whose impassioned soul contemplated the marriage relation with enraptured enthusiasm, was constantly pouring forth eulogiums on its divine and

mysterious sanctity, in that glowing poetical diction in which, when under the influence of profound emotion, he was unrivalled; and on such occasions something, either serious or jocular, was always sure to be uttered about his Katy—about her qualities, her sentiments, or her habits. In his correspondence, and more especially in his table-talk, she was his frequent theme, and by his observations he was often eliciting from her something characteristic. Calvin less impassioned, was more restrained in the utterance of his feelings, which, though deep and tender, notwithstanding the sternness of his character, yet rarely burst forth in a gushing overflow; and he would perhaps have thought it unbecoming the dignity of his character to have indulged in Luther's free and jocular sallies in reference to his wife. He and Idelette lived together not less affectionately than Luther and Katharine: but in their domestic circle what occurred was less characteristic, and therefore less noted. Then we have none of Calvin's letters to his wife, while we have a considerable number of Luther's to Katharine. These circumstances may account for the fact that less is known of Calvin's wife than of Luther's; yet from the correspondence of the Geneva Reformer various interesting particulars may be gleaned respecting his pious and amiable consort.

About a year after their marriage, Calvin and Idelette removed from Strasburg to Geneva, where both of them were to spend the remainder of their days. On the 1st of May, 1541, the sentence of banishment, which had been passed against him by the Council of Geneva, was revoked, and he was invited to return thither. This he did in the beginning of September that year, leaving Idelette, in the meantime, behind him. A mounted herald was sent to escort him from Strasburg. Shortly after, she rejoined him at Geneva. Three horses and a carriage were sent by the council to bring her and the household furniture to the city. At the same time, to do her all honor, a herald was dispatched to attend her on her journey.

A house, with a garden attached to it, was allotted to Calvin and his wife by the magistrates of the city. This house, which was in the Rue des Chanoines, was agreeably situated, commanding an extensive and picturesque view of the delightful scenery on the gently-sloping banks of the Lake Lemman, and an exquisite pro-

spect of Mount Blanc, with the range of the Alps of Savoy. This was the scene of Idelette's domestic cares, trials, and enjoyments.

In the high opinion Calvin had formed of Idelette's Christian virtues he was not disappointed. In her affectionate care of his health and comfort she was all that he could desire. His intense devotion to study, and his almost incredible labors as a minister of Geneva, and as the acknowledged *facile princeps* of Protestantism in its more radical form, which caused him an amount of correspondence sufficient to have filled the hands of any ordinary man, greatly impaired his health, and made him frequently subject to deep mental depression. It was then that Idelette, by her tender ministry, nursed his disordered and debilitated frame, and by her cheerful, soothing words, revived his dejected spirits. In her he found a heart beating in sympathy with him under all the difficulties he encountered in the discharge of his duties as a minister of the Word. Her counsel to him always was to be true to God at whatever cost; and that he might not be tempted, from a regard to her ease and comfort, to shrink from the conscientious performance of his duty, she assured him of her readiness to share with him whatever perils might befall him in faithfully serving God. Many of his expressions in his correspondence evince that the union between him and her was of a high and noble character. It was no trifling thing for him who praised so few, who never spoke unprofitably, and who weighed so well the words which he used, to say of his wife, that she was a remarkable woman—*singularis exempli foemina*. After her earthly career had closed, in lamenting her loss, he said of her: "I am separated from the best of companions, who, if anything harder could have happened to me, would willingly have been my companion, not only exile and in want, but also in death. While she lived, she was a true help to me in the duties of my office. I have never experienced from her any hindrance, even the smallest."

Like Calvin, unambitious of worldly dignities, wealth, or grandeur, she was more solicitous unostentatiously to do good to others than to acquire these much coveted objects of attraction. She relieved the wants of the poor, visited the chamber of the sick and of the bereaved, and ministered consolation to the dying.

Numerous strangers, especially from France, but also from the Netherlands, Italy, and Spain, came to Geneva, either in quest of a shelter from persecution, or to enjoy the pleasure of visiting Calvin, or of sitting under his ministry. This afforded him and Idelette an opportunity of exercising toward these Christian brethren the virtues of compassion and hospitality, which they did with such active zeal, that, by some, they were even blamed for being more careful of these strangers than of the native population of Geneva. The allusions to Idelette by those of Calvin's correspondents who knew her best, attest the high place she had gained in their esteem, by her Christian spirit, and by her unpretending attention to the humble duties of her calling. The friends the most intimate in the family were Peter Viret and William Farel. Theodore Beza, who afterward became, in a manner, Calvin's second self, did not come to Geneva until about a month after Idelette was laid in the grave.

One chief source of Idelette's domestic trials in her union with Calvin was the loss of children. Scarcely had their hearts been gladdened by the blessing of offspring when that offspring was snatched from their embraces by the hand of death. They had three children, all of whom died in infancy. To the birth of the eldest, who was a son, and to the danger of the mother at the time, Calvin refers in a letter (July, 1542) to Viret, who was then minister of Lausanne: "This brother, the bearer, will tell you in what anguish I now write to you. My wife has been delivered prematurely, not without extreme danger. May the Lord look down upon us in mercy!" And in a letter to the Seigneur of Falaise he thus writes: "I thank you humbly for the very gracious offer which you make me, respecting the baptism of our child." In this child the fondest hopes of the parent were naturally centered; they regarded him with grateful hearts as the gift of that bountiful Benefactor, whose "heritage" children are; and as often as they kneeled at the throne of grace, he was the object of their fervent prayers. But to their great grief he was early removed by death. Calvin, in a letter written to Viret soon after the infant's removal, says: "Greet all the brethren, your maternal aunt also, and your wife, to whom mine returns her thanks for so much friendly and pious consolation. She

could reply only by means of an amanuensis, and it would be very difficult for her even to dictate a letter. The Lord has certainly inflicted a severe and bitter wound by the death of our infant son. But he is himself a Father, and knows what is necessary for his children." To his second child, who was a daughter, he refers in a letter to Farel, dated Geneva, May 30, 1544: "My little daughter labors under a continual fever." In her, too, Idelette and Calvin were doomed to experience the bitterness of the grief of a parent's heart, for she does not appear to have long survived. A third child was given them, and, in like manner, taken away. Thus were their hearts smitten, and their hopes disappointed by the loss of children. Calvin's name was not to be perpetuated by his own offspring, and of this the enemies of the Reformation made their own use.

The union of Idelette and Calvin had caused less commotion, outcry, and slander among the Papists than that of Luther and Katherine von Bora, whose marriage, as both of them had taken the monastic vows, was regarded with peculiar abhorrence. It could not be said of Idelette, as of Katherine, that she was governed by no better motive in becoming a disciple of the Reformation than a desire to get married; for having never been a nun, she would have incurred no dishonor in the Popish Church by entering into the conjugal state. And as Calvin had never been a Popish priest, the same charge could not be brought against him which the Papists calumniously brought against Luther and other reformers who had been monks or priests, that they were actuated, in their opposition to the Papacy, by a desire of matrimony—that each of them had some lovely young beauty in eye, for which he was ready to sacrifice the Church and the salvation of his soul. "Our adversaries," says Calvin, "accuse us of having undertaken a sort of Trojan war against the Papacy for the sake of women. To pass over other considerations, they must at least exonerate me from such a charge. I am perfectly at liberty to cast back their foolish tittle-tattle. There was never any thing to hinder me, even under the tyranny of the Papacy, from taking a wife, but I remained many years without doing so." Yet Popish writers, from their hatred of Calvin—an adversary not less formidable to Romanism than even

Luther—have shown their spite against this marriage, by representing it as altogether barren, which, as we have seen, is false, and have pointed to its sterility as a judicial infliction of Providence. Brietius, a Jesuit, thus writes: "He married Idelette, by whom he had no children, that the life of this infamous man might not be propagated." And Florimond de Remond, after having spoken of the marriage, adds, "it was condemned to a perpetual sterility, though Idelette was still in the prime of life."

Such attacks, which were made even in Calvin's lifetime, produced little impression on his mind. In his answer to the jurisconsult Baudouin, he says, "Wishing to clear himself from the charge of a want of natural affection brought against him, Baudouin twits me with my want of offspring. The Lord gave me a son, but soon took him away. Baudouin reckons this among my disgraces, that I have no children. I have myriads of sons throughout the Christian world."

Idelette's union with Calvin lasted only nine years. Her health had never been robust, and for a considerable time before her death she was afflicted with severe indisposition, of the fatal termination of which Calvin was greatly apprehensive. To her illness he frequently refers in his correspondence with Viret. "I desire," says he, "to be remembered to your wife. Mine is her companion in a lingering sickness." In another letter he says, "Greet your wife. As soon as she is confined, let her send for mine." Afterward, when Idelette, it would appear, had gone to Lausanne, to wait upon Viret's wife during her confinement, he writes, "It grieves me that my wife has been such a trouble to you; for she has not, I suspect, been able to render much help to yours, her own health requiring the constant assistance of others. This only is my comfort, that I am convinced she is not disagreeable to you." In his correspondence with the same friend, the following expressions also occur: "My wife commends herself to your prayers. She nourishes a lingering disorder, the issue of which I greatly fear." "My wife's sickness continues as usual." "My wife, who is struggling with a lingering disease, greets you." "My wife commends herself to your prayers. She is so overpowered by her sickness, that she can scarcely support herself. Frequently she seems somewhat bet-

ter, but she soon relapses." These constant illusions to Idelette's illness, and the manner in which they are made, so far from betraying, what Calvin has been charged with, a heart void of sensibility and a stranger to the domestic affections, bear testimony—if we admit the sincerity of his words, and this there is surely no reason to doubt—to the warmth and tenderness of his conjugal attachment and sympathy.

During the whole of her illness, Idelette was attended by the distinguished physician, Benedict Textor. In grateful remembrance of the services rendered to her by this esteemed friend, Calvin, in 1550, dedicated to him his "Commentary on the Second Epistle of Paul to the Thessalonians."

Some days before her death, a female friend requested her to speak with Calvin respecting her children; but, having entire confidence that he would do his duty to them, she answered her briefly in these words: "The chief thing is that they should live a godly and holy life. It is not necessary to make my husband promise to bring them up in holiness and the fear of God. If they be pious, I am confident that he will be to them an unsought father; if they be not, they do not deserve that I should ask any thing for them." About herself she had never shown any anxiety, and whatever she felt for her children she betrayed it not to Calvin, to whom, during her sickness, she never said any thing in regard to them till he himself, of his own accord, opened the subject to her. Supposing that she was restrained from doing this by modesty, and afraid lest a secretly-nourished solicitude about them might distress her more than her disease, he spoke to her about them, in the presence of some of his brethren, three days before her death, and promised to take care of them as if they were his own. She immediately answered, "I have already commended them to the Lord;" and upon his replying, "That will not prevent me from caring for them," she answered, "I am sure you will not neglect the children who you know are commended to the Lord." "This greatness of soul," says Calvin, in relating this conversation, "will influence me more powerfully than a hundred commendations would have done."

Her death was peaceful and happy. A few days before the closing scene, when

all the brethren of Geneva were assembled with Calvin, they engaged together in prayer with her. After this, one of their number, Abel, exhorted her, in the name of the rest, to faith and patience. During his address she indicated, by a few words—for she was unable, from her great weakness, to speak much—what were the thoughts filling her mind. Calvin added a brief exhortation, recalling to her remembrance such topics as were suitable to her condition. On the last day of her life, another of the ministers, Borgonius, addressed her, about six o'clock in the morning, with Christian feeling. While he was speaking, she exclaimed, from time to time, "O glorious resurrection! O God of Abraham and of all our fathers! Thy people have trusted in thee from the beginning and in all ages; and none who have trusted in thee have been put to shame. I also will look for thy salvation." These short sentences, from which all could easily see that her heart was lifted far above this world, were rather murmured than uttered. She did not repeat the words spoken to her by others, as some Christians have done on their death-bed, but she expressed, in some few words of her own, such thoughts as were occupying her soul. At six o'clock Calvin was called from home. After seven o'clock, when she was removed to another place, she immediately began to grow weaker. Feeling that her voice was fast failing, she said: "Let us pray; let us pray. Pray all of you for me." At this time Calvin returned. She could no longer speak, but still she gave signs of the devout feelings of her heart. He affectionately spoke to her a few words concerning the grace of Christ, the hope of eternal life, the happiness which he and she had enjoyed in each other during the period of their union, and her exchanging an abode on earth for her Father's house above. He then engaged in prayer. She listened with perfect consciousness and attention to his words, and appeared to be edified by them. Shortly before eight o'clock she departed, so placidly, that those who stood around her bed could scarcely tell the last moment of her life. She died on the 5th of April, 1549.

The severity of the grief felt by Calvin on account of her death was an impressive tribute to her worth. Had she not been a woman of more than ordinary virtues, it may be doubted whether she

would have drawn toward her, as she did, his tenderest affections, or whether he would have lamented her loss with such sincerity and pungency of sorrow. In a letter to Viret, dated April 7, 1549, he thus expresses the state of his feelings: "My wife's death I have very bitterly felt, but I endeavor as much as possible to restrain my sorrow, and my friends contend with each other to afford me consolation. Neither my own efforts nor theirs, I confess, can accomplish what we wish; but still, what I gain thereby gives me greater relief than I can describe. You know the tenderness or, I ought rather to say, the softness, of my heart. Unless, therefore, I had exercised great control over my spirits, I could not have borne this trial as I have done. And indeed the cause of my grief is not a trifling one." He then proceeds to describe her qualities, and to narrate some circumstances connected with her death-bed, the substance of which we have already given. To the same effect he writes to Farel, in a letter dated 11th April: "You have no doubt heard already of the death of my wife. I do what I can that I may not be altogether consumed by grief. My friends leave nothing undone to lighten, in some degree, the sorrow of my soul." And after having stated a few particulars as to her last moments, he adds, "Now I so keep under my grief, that I have discharged, without intermission, the duties of my office; and the Lord has, in the meantime, exercised me with other conflicts. Farewell, my most sincere brother and friend. May the Lord Jesus confirm you by his Spirit! and me also under this great affliction, which certainly would have crushed me, had not He whose office it is to raise up the prostrate, to strengthen the weak, and to revive the faint, extended help to me from heaven!"

Viret, in acknowledging Calvin's letter conveying the intelligence of Idelette's death, says: "What I hear from many credible witnesses respecting your constancy and fortitude under your domestic affliction, makes me think that I should address you with congratulations rather than condolence. . . . It makes me the more ashamed of myself that, when in the same situation, I could not show the like fortitude, nor even a shadow of it: for my calamity so overwhelmed and prostrated me that the whole world seemed a solitude; nothing delighted me,

nor tended to assuage my grief. . . . I have been incredibly relieved by hearing, not merely from report, but from eye-witnesses, that you discharge all the duties of your office with such an unbroken spirit, and so efficiently, nay, with even more success than before; and that you have retained such a mastery over yourself in the consistory, in the pulpit—in a word, in all your affairs, both public and private—as to excite the astonishment of every body; and this, too, at the very time when the recentness of your grief must have torn and prostrated you." This letter, which was written only four days after the death of Calvin's wife, has by some been regarded, from the manner in which it refers to his unremitting discharge of his ministerial duties under this bereavement, as affording proof of the little effect it produced on his mind, and consequently of the callousity and coldness of his heart. But this conclusion is unwarranted as it is harsh. Sorrow under the loss of a beloved relative, when equally deep and agonizing, is different in its external manifestations in different persons. Some, like Viret, may be so overwhelmed and prostrated by it, as to be wholly unfitted for anything, save to brood over their affliction. Others, who suffer in spirit not less, perhaps more, may continue, without intermission, in the discharge of their active duties. The cause of this difference it is not difficult to explain. In the former case, the persons yield themselves up to the dominion of their sorrow; in the latter, they put forth all the energies of their minds to sustain themselves under its pressure. This last was what Calvin did. He himself testifies to the great mental efforts he required to put forth in order so far to subdue the poignancy of his grief under the loss of his wife as to be able to perform the duties of his office. What he writes respecting her death evinces, by its very tone, the sincerity and depth of his sorrow, and is not simply the decent expressions of regret.

Time alleviated the bitterness of his sorrow; but in thinking of Idelette he was often afterward filled with heaviness and in the longings of his weary heart the rest of heaven, the thought or associated for ever with her made heaven more desirable. From suffering in his heart on this subject he was touched with a tender

than he had previously felt for his brethren when visited with the same kind of trial. In 1556, seven years after his bereavement, in a consolatory letter to Richard de Valleville, minister of the French Protestant congregation at Frankfort, who had then lost his wife Joanna, he refers to his own distress of mind under a similar loss, and directs his friend to those sources whence he himself had derived support and comfort. "How severe a wound the death of your most excellent wife has inflicted upon you I know from my own experience. I remember how difficult it was for me, when visited with a like affliction seven years ago, to master my grief. But, as you know well the proper means for overcoming immoderate sorrow, it only remains for me to beseech you to use them. Among others, this is

no small consolation, which yet the flesh lays hold upon for the aggravation of grief, that you passed a portion of your life with a woman whose society you may expect to enjoy again, whenever you leave this world; and next, that an example of dying piously has been shown you by the companion of your life. . . . But since our chief ground for consolation lies in this, that those things which we think against us are, by the wonderful providence of God, made to conduce to our salvation, and that we are separated from those whom we love, only in order that we may at length be reunited in his celestial kingdom, your piety will teach you to rest and take comfort in this. May the Lord of your widowhood allay your sadness by the grace of his Spirit, and bless your labors!"

From Bentley's Miscellany.

T H E C O R O N E R ' S I N Q U E S T .

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED-COURT FARM."

THE inhabitants of a somewhat primitive fishing-village on the coast of England were aroused from their slumber one morning by the news that a shocking murder had been committed in the night. Hasting down to its alleged scene, they found it was too true. The murdered man lay on a strip of beach land, and was a shocking sight to look upon. He had been shot in the face, right between the eyes, and, in falling from the heights above, the jagged edges of the rocks had also mangled that poor face, till not a trace of its humanity remained.

"Here comes Justice Thornycroft," cried one of the crowd, as a tall, portly,

handsome man of sixty, was seen advancing toward them.

"What's all this hullabaloo about a murder?" cried out the Justice. "How d'ye do, Kyne—How d'ye do? How d'ye do, all? When Martha brought up my shaving-water just now, she burst into my room, her hair and mouth all awry, with a story of a man having been murdered in the night, at the Half-moon. Some poor drowned fellow, I suppose, cast on the banks by the tide. What brings him so high up?"

"I wish it was drowning, and nothing worse, for that's not such an uncivilized death, if it's your fate to meet it," re-

turned Captain Copp, a retired officer in the merchant navy, whose right leg had been lost in an encounter with pirates. "It's a horrible land murder, and nothing less; upon a friend of yours, Justice."

"A friend of mine!" was the somewhat incredulous remark of Mr. Thornycroft. "Why, good Heaven!" he added, in an accent of horror, as the crowd parted and he caught sight of the body, "it is my late guest, Robert Hunter!"

It was, indeed. The face, as we have said, was destroyed beyond possibility of recognition, but the appearance and dress were not to be mistaken. He was buttoned up in his fur coat—as it was somewhat wrongly called, for the coat was of white cloth, and the trimmings only of fur. The hat was nowhere to be found; it never was found: but the natural supposition was, that in the fall it had rolled down to the sea, and been carried away by the tide.

Mr. Thornycroft stooped, and touched one of the cold hands, stooped to hide the tears which filled his eyes, unusual visitors to those of the Justice. "Poor, poor fellow! how could it have happened? How could he have come here?"

"He must have been shot on the heights, and the shot hurled him over, there's no doubt of that," said Captain Copp. "Must have been standing at the edge of the plateau."

"But what should bring him on the plateau at night?" urged a spectator.

"What indeed!" returned the captain, "I don't know. A bare, bleak place even in day-light, with as good as no expanse of sea-view."

"I can not understand this," said Justice Thornycroft. "Young Hunter took leave of us last night, and left for London. He missed the omnibus to Jutpoint and set off to walk. One of my boys saw him safe on his way. What brought him back on the plateau?"

"Yes," interrupted Supervisor Kyne, who, however, what with the wine and the brandy he had consumed, had a very confused and imperfect recollection of the events of the previous evening, but did not choose to let people know that. "Mr. Hunter shook hands with me in the dining-room at the Red Court, and I wished him a pleasant journey. That must have been—what time, Mr. Justice?"

"Getting on for nine."

"It's odd what could have spirited him

back again," exclaimed Captain Copp. "Which of your sons steered him off?"

"I forget which," returned the Justice; "I heard Isaac say that one of them did. To tell you the truth, captain, I got jolly last night, and my head's none of the clearest this morning. How do you find yours, Kyne?"

"Oh! mine's all right, sir," answered the supervisor, hastily. "A man in office is obliged to be cautious."

"Ah! there's no coming over you, Kyne," cried the Justice, with a side-wink to Captain Copp.

"There's Mr. Isaac himself, a coming round the point," exclaimed a fisherman.

The crowd turned and saw him. He was approaching with rapid step.

"They say Hunter is murdered?" he called out. "It can not be."

"He is lying here, stiff and cold, Isaac, with a bullet in his head," was the sad reply of the Justice. "Shot down from the heights above."

Isaac Thornycroft stooped over him in silence. His fair complexion and rosy color, heightened by the morning air, were something bright to look upon. But as he gazed at that shockingly-disfigured mass, a paleness as of the grave overspread his face, and a shudder, which shook him from head to foot, passed through his frame. "What brought him here—or on the plateau?" he asked. Almost the same words his father had used.

"What, indeed!" repeated Mr. Thornycroft. "Did you tell me you saw him off? Or was it Richard?"

"It was Cyril. I did not see him at all after I left the dining-room. But Richard, when he joined me, later in the evening, said he had been—had been," repeated Isaac, having rather hesitated at these words, "saying good-by to Hunter, and that Cyril was walking part of the road with him."

"I wonder where Cyril left him," cried the Justice. "We will go up and ask him."

"What is to be done with this here, your honor?" inquired one of the fishermen, pointing to what lay there.

"It must be taken to the Mermaid," replied Mr. Thornycroft, as he walked away, followed by his son Isaac and three or four friends. "Go and tell them to prepare for it, and bring a shutter to carry it on. Don't be all the morning about it, or you will have the tide over the path."

Any thing for excitement in a moment like the present. Away raced the whole lot of hearers to the Mermaid, leaving Captain Copp, who could not race, and the customs' officer, who seemed in a brown study, standing guard over the body.

"There's more in this than meets the eye, captain," began the latter, rousing himself. "If this has not been the work of smugglers my name's not John Kyne."

"Smugglers be shivered!" cried the seaman, who, it was pretty well suspected in the village, obtained his spirits and tobacco without any trouble to her Majesty's revenue, "there's no smugglers here, Mr. Officer. And if there were, what should they want with murdering Robert Hunter?"

"I have been on the work and watch for weeks, captain, and I know that there is smuggling carried on, and to a deuced pretty extent."

"We are rich enough to buy our brandy and pay duty on it, Mr. Supervisor," wrathfully retorted the offended captain.

"Oh! psha! I am not looking after the paltry dabs of brandy they bring ashore. One may as well try to wash a blackamoor white as to stop that. I look after booty of more consequence. There are cargoes of dry goods run here; foreign lace at a guinea a yard."

"My eye!" ejaculated Captain Copp, in amazement, who was willing enough to hear the suspicions, now he found they did not point to any thing likely to affect his comfort, "Where do they run them to?"

"They run them here, on the Half-moon; and they have got a hiding-place somewhere in these rocks. I could swear to it. I was telling my suspicions to this poor fellow"—looking down at his feet—"and he offered to help me ferret out the matter. He came down with me here, examined the rocks, sounded them, (he was an engineer, you know,) and appointed a further hunt for the next day. I never saw a man more interested, or more eager to pounce on the offenders. But, when the next day arrived, he came to me, and said he must apologize for not keeping his promise, but he preferred not to interfere further. When I pressed him for his reason, he only hemmed and ha-ad, and said, that, being a stranger, the neighborhood might deem his doing so an impertinence. Now, captain, it is my firm belief that this sudden change, and his constrained

manner, were caused by his having received some private hint from the smugglers themselves not to aid me in my search, and that it is nobody but they who have put it out of his power to do so."

"Whew!" whistled the staggered captain, "I could make more of a sinking ship than of what you say. Who are the smugglers? How did they find out he was going to interfere—unless he or you sent 'em word?"

"I don't know how they found it out. The affair is a mystery from beginning to end. Nobody was present at the conversation except Miss Mary Anne Thornycroft—and she can not be suspected of holding communication with smugglers.

"This young fellow was a sweetheart of Miss Mary Anne's, eh?"

"I don't know. They seemed very intimate. I could almost swear Old Nick has to do with this smuggling business," added the supervisor, earnestly. "This day fortnight there was a dinner at the Red Court—you were there, by the way."

"A jolly spread the old Justice gave us, prime drink and cigars!" chimed in the salt tar.

"Well—I was there, and one can't be in two places at once. That very evening they managed to run their cargo; ran it on to this identical spot, sir," cried the disconcerted officer, warming with his grievance. "Vexed enough I was, and never once have I been off the watch since. Every night have I took up my station on that cursed, damp plateau overhead, my stomach stretched on the ground, to keep myself dark, and just half an eye cocked out over the cliff—and all to no purpose. Last night, Sunday, I went in again to dine with the hospitable Justice, and I'll be—I'll be shivered, sir, as you sometimes say, if they did not take advantage of it, and run another cargo!"

"Bless and save my wooden leg!" uttered the captain—an aspiration he was wont to utter in moments of amazement, "it's unbelievable! How do you know they ran it?"

"I know it, and that's enough," replied Mr. Kyne, too much annoyed to stand upon politeness. "But here's the devil of the thing—how did *they* know I was off the watch those two particular nights? If it got wind the first night, that I should be engaged at the Red Court—though I don't believe it did, for I can keep my

own counsel, and did then—it could not have got wind the second. Five minutes before I went in there last night, I had no notion of it myself. Mr. Isaac looked into my rooms just before six, to borrow a newspaper, and *would* walk me off with him. I had had my chop at one o'clock, and was going to think about tea. Now, how could the wretches have known last night that I was there?"

"It's of no good appealing to me, now. I never was 'cute at breaking up marvels. Once, in the Pacific, there was a great big thing hunted the ship, bigger than the biggest sea-serpent and—"

"Depend upon it we have traitors in the camp," unceremoniously interrupted the supervisor, for he knew by experience that when once Captain Copp was fairly launched upon that old marvel in the Pacific Ocean, there was no stopping him. "Traitors round about us at our very elbows and hearths, if we only knew in which direction to look for them."

"Well, I ain't one," said the Captain, "so you need not look after me. A pretty figure my wooden standard would cut, running smuggled goods. Why didn't you tell all this to Justice Thornycroft?"

"Because if I introduce a word about smugglers, he throws ridicule and cold water on it directly. And I did not choose to speak of it before all the fishermen who were gaping round, or I might defeat my chance of discovery. I can not suspect any of the superior people in the neighborhood. I do not know much of those Connaughts—but they don't seem like smugglers either."

"The Connaughts!" roared out the captain. "As well think that my niece smuggles as they! The old Connaught is bed-ridden half his time, and the son has got his eyes strained on books all day, learning to be a parson."

"That's true," grumbled the officer. "All I know is, I can't fathom it, worry over it as I will."

"Here comes the plank," interrupted the Captain. "I shan't stop to see *that* moved: so good morning to ye."

Meanwhile Mr. Thornycroft, and those who accompanied him, ascended through the village to the heights, and reached his residence, the Red Court Farm. At the substantial breakfast-table sat Richard Thornycroft, the eldest son. But he had not yet begun to eat—he was meditating,

and letting the things grow cold before him.

"Is Cyril up yet," inquired Mr. Thornycroft.

Richard took out his watch. "Sure not to be. It is only half past eight. Cyril never leaves his roost before nine."

"Have you heard the news, Richard?"

"Yes," was Richard's laconic answer.

"What do you think of it?" How do you suppose it could have happened?"

"I don't think about it," returned Richard. "I conclude that if he did not shoot himself, he must have got into some quarreling fray. He drank enough wine last evening to heat his brain, and we had proof that he was fond of meddling in what did not concern him. The extraordinary part of the business is, what brought him back on the plateau, after he had once started on his journey."

"I'll go up and arouse Cyril, and know where he left him. Gentlemen, if you will sit down and take some breakfast we shall be glad of your company. That's a capital round of beef. Hallo! you wenches!" called out the Justice, in the direction of the kitchen, "some of you come in here and attend. Sinnett, let some more ham and eggs be sent in."

Nothing loth, they sat down, while Mr. Thornycroft ascended to Cyril's bed-chamber. Presently his voice was heard on the landing.

"Hay! hi! Cyril! Are you anywhere about the house? Cyril!"

His voice died away in the echoes of the large house, but there was no answer. Mr. Thornycroft walked forward, and knocked at his daughter's bedroom.

"What do you want, papa?" responded a faint voice from within.

"I want you, Mary Anne. Open the door."

He was not immediately obeyed.

"Open the door, I say," cried the impatient old gentleman, shaking its handle with his strong hand. "What, girl! are you afraid of me?"

Miss Thornycroft slowly opened the door and presented herself. A fine girl, tall and fair, with the well-formed features of her brother Isaac. She was in a handsome silk dress, but its flounces looked tumbled, as if she had lain down in it, and her hair was rough and disarranged. It was the gown she had worn the previous evening, and it would almost seem as if she had done nothing to herself since

going up stairs to bed. The signs caught her father's eye, and he spoke in astonishment.

"Why—what in the world, girl? You have never undressed yourself! Surely, you did not pay too much respect to the wine, as we did!"

"You know better than that, sir. I was very tired, and threw myself on the bed when I came up: I suppose sleep overtook me. Do not allude to it, papa, down stairs. I will soon change my dress."

"Sleeping in your clothes does not seem to agree with you, Mary Ann: you look as if you had swallowed a doctor's shop. Do you know anything of Cyril? that's what I wanted to ask you."

"No," she replied, "I have neither seen nor heard him."

Mr. Thornycroft returned to the breakfast-room. "I can not find Cyril," he announced. "He is early out this morning."

"Mr. Cyril did not sleep at home last night, sir," interposed the housekeeper, Sinnett—at least she used to be housekeeper before Miss Thornycroft returned home from school.

"Not sleep at home!" responded the Justice, in amazement. "You must be mistaken, Sinnett. Cyril is not a night-bird," he added, turning with a wink to the company, "like his rollicking brothers."

"Mr. Cyril did not sleep at home, sir," persisted Sinnett. When Martha took up his hot water just now, and knocked, there was no answer, so she went in, and saw that the room had not been slept in."

"Very strange," repeated Mr. Thornycroft. "Richard, did you ever know Cyril stop out before?"

"Never," answered Richard.

"When did you see him last?"

"When he was going off last night with Hunter. I have not seen him since."

"He will turn up by-and-by," said Isaac. "If a fellow never has stopped out to make a night of it, that's no reason why he never may. Perhaps he came to an anchor at the Mermaid."

Sinnett seeing that nothing more was wanted at present in the breakfast-room went up to Miss Thornycroft. The young lady then had her hair down and her dress off, apparently in the legitimate process of dressing.

"My goodness me! Miss Mary Anne, how white you look!" was the involuntary exclamation of the servant. "It is a dreadful thing, miss; but you must not take it too much to heart. It is worse for the poor young man himself than it is for you. What a precious old gaby master must have been to tell her in such haste!" added the woman to herself.

"Don't talk of it," wailed Mary Anne, "I can not bear it. Is he found?"

"Poor wretch, yes! with no look of a human face about him. It's a mass of horror, they say."

"Shot down on to the Half-moon!" shuddered Miss Thornycroft.

"In the far corner of it. I'll go and bring you up a cup of tea, miss. You are shaking all over."

Before Miss Thornycroft could stop her, she had darted off, and, going into the breakfast-room, asked for a cup of tea.

"What a pity it is, sir, that you told Miss Thornycroft so soon, before she was well out of her bed!" she said in an undertone to her master, as she stood waiting for the tea. "Time enough for her to have heard such a horrid thing, sir, when she came down stairs. There she is, a shaking like a child, not able to dress herself."

"I didn't tell her," returned Mr. Thornycroft aloud. "What are you talking of?"

"You must have told her, sir," persisted Sinnett. "The first thing she asked me was, whether the body was found on the Half-moon, and said it was shot down on to it. Nobody else has been in the room but yourself."

"Take up the tea to your mistress, and don't stand caviling here," interposed Mr. Richard, in a tone of command.

Justice Thornycroft brooked not contradiction from a servant. He rose from table and strode up stairs after Sinnett, following her into his daughter's room.

"Mary Anne"—in a sharp tone—"did you tell that woman I disclosed to you what had happened to Hunter?"

"No," was the reply.

"Did I tell you that any thing had happened to him?"

"No, papa, you did not."

"Do you hear what Miss Thornycroft says?" continued the magistrate, turning to the servant. "I advise you not to presume to contradict me again. If the

house were in less excitement, you should come in before them all, and beg my pardon."

A ghastly look of fear started to the features of Miss Thornycroft. "I—I heard them talking of it outside," she murmured, looking at Sinnett.

The woman arranged the waiter by the side of Miss Thornycroft, and went down stairs ruminating. "She *could not* have heard any thing outside: her windows look on to the side garden, and nobody has had the key of it this morning. What is it all?"

That some dreadful mystery existed—something that would not bear the light of day, and in which Miss Thornycroft was in some way mixed up, she felt certain. And, woman-like, she spoke out her thoughts too freely.

When the party down stairs had concluded their breakfast, which they did not spare, in spite of the sight presented to their eyes that morning, they departed in a body, leaving the Justice writing to the coroner. The day wore on, and no Cyril appeared. He was not at the Mermaid; he seemed not to be anywhere else; nobody had seen him since the previous night, when he started to walk a little way with Robert Hunter.

"Richard," observed the Justice to his eldest son, "I don't like this absence of your brother's. It is making me uneasy."

"No occasion for that," returned Richard. "I dare say he will make his appearance by night, all right. Sir," he added abruptly, "this affair of Hunter's must be kept dark."

"Kept dark! When a man's found murdered, one can't keep it dark. What do you mean, Dick?"

"I mean, kept as dark as the legal proceedings will allow. Don't make more stir in it, sir, than is absolutely necessary. Hush it up as much as you can. You'll be at the coroner's right hand. It is essential advice, father."

"What the deuce!" burst forth the magistrate, staring at his son. "You do not fear Cyril was the murderer of Hunter?"

"No, thank God!" fervently answered Richard. "But, don't you see, sir—too minute inquiries may set them on the track of some thing else that was done on the Half-moon last night, and it would not do. That confounded Kyne has got his eyes and ears open enough, as it is."

"By George! there's something in that," deliberated the old gentleman. "My sympathy for Hunter put that out of my mind. All right, Dicky, now I have the cue."

The coroner's inquest on the body of Robert Hunter was held on the Wednesday. It took place in the club-room of the Mermaid, the coroner taking his seat at the head of its long table covered with green baize, while the jury ranged themselves round it. Justice Thornycroft was seated at the right hand of the coroner. The witnesses principally consisted of Mr. Thornycroft's family, Supervisor Kyne, who had found the body, and the surgeon who had examined it. Strange to say, summonses had been delivered to Miss Thornycroft, and to the niece and maid-servant of Captain Copp; a fact which had got spread abroad, and was exciting the most intense curiosity in the village.

The supervisor and doctor were first examined, then Justice Thornycroft. The latter spoke to the fact of the young man's having been his guest for the previous fortnight, at the Red Court: that he had intended to leave on the Sunday night, by the half-past-eight omnibus for Jutpoint, to catch the train; but had missed it. He then said he would walk it, wished them good-by, and left with that intention. He knew no more. Isaac Thornycroft deposed to the same; as did Richard, with this addition: that he had said farewell to Hunter outside the Red Court, when the latter was starting for Jutpoint, and that he saw him depart with his brother Cyril, who said he would see him a few yards on his way.

"Call Cyril Thornycroft," said the coroner.

The calling Cyril Thornycroft was a mere form, and the coroner had been made aware that it would be so. More singular still to relate, he had not been at home since that hour, to the perplexity of his family and astonishment of the village. His mysterious absence had given rise to an unpleasant suspicion, more implied than expressed, for none liked to give voice to it, that Cyril Thornycroft had been the guilty man, and had flown from the consequences.

"Call Sarah Ford," said the coroner.

Sarah Ford appeared, and Captain Copp struck his wooden leg irascibly on the

floor of the room: for the captain was indignant that any womenfolk belonging to him should be compelled to give public evidence on a murder. The evidence proceeded, in spite of the captain.

"You are servant in the family of Captain Copp?"

"Servant of all work," responded Sarah Ford.

"How long have you lived there?"

"Going on of two years. Afore that, I lived in London."

"We do not want to know where you lived before. Do you recollect last Sunday night?"

"What should ail me?" retorted Sarah, who was a clever woman in her vocation, but possessing a sharp and ready tongue, "it ain't so far back."

"Where did you go to that night, late in the evening?"

"I went nowhere but to Justice Thornycroft's."

"For what purpose did you go there?"

"To fetch Miss Annie. She was to have come home at eight o'clock, and when it went on almost to the stroke of nine and she did not come, missis and master told me to go for her."

"Which you did?"

"Which I did, and without stopping to put any thing on. Just as I turned off the waste land, on to the Red-Court path, I met young Mr. Hunter and young Cyril Thornycroft."

"Walking together, toward the village?" interposed the coroner.

"Walking on, that way."

"Did they seem angry with each other?"

"No, sir, they were talking pleasantly. Mr. Cyril was saying to the other that if he stepped out, he would be at Jutpoint by half past ten. That was before they came close, but the air was clear, and brought out the sound of their voices."

"Did they speak to you?"

"I spoke to them. I asked Mr. Hunter if he had lost the omnibus, for, you must understand, Miss Annie had told me in the morning that he was going by it—and he said, yes, he had, and had got to tramp it. So I wished him a good journey."

"Was that all?"

"All that he said. Mr. Cyril asked me was I going to the Court, and I said, yes, I was, to fetch Miss Annie, and that master was in a tantrum with her for stopping so late, and with Miss Thornycroft for

keeping her. With that, they went their way, and I went mine."

"After that, you reached Red Court?"

"Of course I reached it, and went into the kitchen, where they gave me some mulled wine, while Miss Annie was getting ready. When she came into the hall, Miss Thornycroft, in a sort of freak (I didn't think she meant it) said she would come out with her. Miss Annie asked her how she would get back again, and she answered, laughing, that she'd run back to be sure, nobody was about to see her. Well, she clapped on her garden-bonnet, which hung there, and a shawl, and we came away, all three of us. As we got close to the plateau, by the waste land, they was somewhat afore me, and I saw 'em both stop and stare on to it, as if they saw something; and I wished they'd just stare at our home instead, for I weren't over warm, a lagging there. Presently one on 'em says, 'Sarah, just look, is not that Robert Hunter up there, a walking about?' 'My eyes is too chilled to see so far, young ladies,' says I; 'what should bring Robert Hunter there, when I met him as I came along, a speeding on his journey to Jutpoint?' 'I can see that it is Robert Hunter,' returns Miss Thornycroft; 'I can see him quite distinct on that high ground against the sky.' And with that they told me to wait there, and they'd just run up and frighten him. Precious cross I was, and I took off my apron, and throwed it over my head, shawl fashion, thinking what a fool I was to come out on a cold night without —"

"Confine yourself to the evidence," sternly interrupted the coroner.

"Well," proceeded Sarah, who was as cool and equable before the coroner and jury as she would have been in her own kitchen, "I doubled my apron over my head, and down I sat on that red stone, which rises out of the ground there, like a low milestone. In a minute or two, somebody comes running on to the plateau, as if a following the young ladies—"

"From what direction, witness?"

"He came from that of the Red Court."

"Did you recognize him?"

"No, I didn't try to. I saw it was a man, through the slit I had left in my apron. He was going fast, but stealthily, hardly letting his shoes touch the ground, as if he was up to no good. And I warn't sorry to see him go there, for, thinks I, he'll hurry back my young ladies."

"Witness—pay attention—were there no signs by which you could recognize that man? How was he dressed? As a gentleman?—as a sailor?—as a——"

"As a gentleman, for all I saw to the contrary," replied the witness, uncere-
moniously interrupting the coroner's ques-
tion. "If had known he was a going on
to the plateau to murder young Mr. Hun-
ter, you may be sure I'd have looked at
him sharp enough."

"What sized man was he? Tall or
short?"

"Very tall."

"Taller than—Mr. Cyril Thornycroft,
for instance?"

"A great deal taller."

"You are sure of this?"

"I am sure and certain. Why else
should I say so?"

"Go on with your evidence."

"A minute or two afterward, I heard a
gun go off behind me, as I was sitting
with my back to the plateau —"

"Did that startle you?"

"No; I ain't nervous. If I had thought
it was let off on the plateau, it might
have bothered me, because of the two
young ladies being there, but I believed
it was only from some passing vessel."

"It is singular you should have thought
so lightly of it. It is not common to hear
a gun fired on a Sunday night."

"You'd find it common enough if you
lived here, sir. What with rabbit and
other game shooters, and signals from
boats, it is nothing, in this neighborhood,
to hear a gun go off, and it's what nobody
pays any attention to."

"Therefore you did not?"

"Therefore I did not. And the apron
I had got muffled over my ears made the
sound appear further off than it really
was. But, close upon the noise came an
awful yell, and then a shrill scream, as if
from a woman. That startled me if you
like, and I jumped up, and threw off my
apron, and looked on to the plateau. I
could not see any thing; neither the man,
nor the young ladies; so I thought it
time to go and search after them. I had
got nearly up to the Round Tower, that
ruined wall, breast high, which is on the
plateau——"

"You need not explain," said the coro-
ner, "we know the place."

"When a man darted out from the
shade of it," continued the witness, "cut
across to the side of the plateau next the

village, and disappeared down that dan-
gerous steep path, which nobody afore, I
guess, ever ventured down but in broad
daylight."

"Was it the same man you saw just
before, running on to the plateau?"

"Of course it was."

"By what marks did you know him
again?"

"By no marks at all. I should not
know the man from Adam. My own
senses told me it was the same, because
there was no other man on the plateau."

"Your own senses will not do to speak
from. Remember, witness, you are on
your oath."

"Whether I am on my oath or whether
I ain't, I should speak the truth," was the
response of the imperturbable witness.

"What next?"

"I stood a looking at the man; that is,
at where he had disappeared; expecting
he was a pitching down head foremost
and getting half killed, at the pace he was
a going, when Miss Thornycroft appears
from the Round Tower, shaking, and cry-
ing, and laying hold of me, a'most beside
herself with terror. Then I went inside
the wall, and found Miss Annie had fainted
dead away, and was a lying on the grass."

"What account did they give of this?"

"They didn't give none to me. Miss
Annie, when she came to herself, was too
much shook to do it, and Miss Thornycroft
was no better. I thought they had been
startled by the man; I never thought no
worse; and I did not hear about the
murder till the next morning. They told
me not to say any thing about it at home,
or that they had been on to the plateau. So
Miss Thornycroft ran back to the Red
Court, and I took home Miss Annie."

"What else do you know about the
matter?"

"I don't know any more myself. I have
heard plenty."

The witness's "hearing" was dispensed
with, and Captain Copp was called.

"What account did your niece give
you of this transaction?" demanded the
coroner.

"What account did she give me!"
spluttered Captain Copp, "she gave me
none. This is the first time my ears have
heard it. I only wish I had been behind
them with a cat-o'-nine tails"—shaking
his stick in a menacing manner—"I'd
have thought them to go gampusing on
to the plateau at night, after sweethearts!"

I'll send my niece home to her father, and let him punish her: he's a clergyman, Mr. Coroner, a vicar of a parish, and will know how to do it. And that vile bumboat woman, Sarah, with her apron over her head, shall file out of my quarters this day; a she-pirate, a——"

The coroner interposed. But what with Captain Copp's irascibility and his real ignorance of the whole transaction, nothing satisfactory could be obtained from him, and the next witness called was his niece. She was a lady-like, interesting girl, but gave her evidence in a sad state of excitement, trembling as if with terror.

Her account of her going to the plateau was the same as Sarah's. It was "done in the impulse of the moment," to "frighten," or "speak to" Robert Hunter. (A groan from Captain Copp.) That they halted for a moment at the Round Tower, and then found that a man was following them on to the plateau, so they ran inside to hide themselves.

"Who was that man?" asked the coroner.

"I don't know," was the faint reply. "I am near-sighted."

"Did you look at him?"

"We peeped out, round the wall."

"Proceed, witness, if you please."

"He came close, and—then——"

"Then what?" said the coroner, looking searchingly at the witness, who seemed unable to continue. "You must speak up, young lady."

"Then I saw him with a pistol—and he fired it off—and I was so terrified that I fainted, and remembered no more."

"A good thing if he shot off both your figure-heads!" burst forth Captain Copp, who was immediately silenced.

"Was he tall or short, this man?"

"Tall." The young lady's agitation was increasing.

"Did you know him?" proceeded the coroner.

"Oh! no, no!" was the witness' shrieking answer, as she fell back in a violent hysterical fit.

When the hubbub, caused by her being taken from the room, had subsided, the coroner resumed his business.

"Call Mary Anne Thornycroft."

Miss Thornycroft appeared, led into the room by her brother Richard. Her face was of a deadly white, and her lips were compressed; but she delivered her evi-

dence with composure, in a low, determined tone. In the course of her examination the coroner inquired if she had recognized Robert Hunter.

"Yes," was the reply. "I saw the outline of his face and figure distinctly, and knew him. I recognized him first by the coat he had on; it was quite conspicuous in the starlight."

"You saw the man who then came running on to the plateau?"

"Yes."

"Who was it?"

Mary Anne Thornycroft laid her hand upon her heart, as if pressing down its emotion, before she answered.

"I can not tell."

"Did you not know him?"

"No."

"Upon your oath?"

"Miss Thornycroft again pressed her hands, both hands, upon her bosom, and a convulsive twitching was perceptible in her throat: but she replied in a low tone, "Upon my oath."

"Then, he was a stranger?"

She bowed her rigid face in reply, for the white, strained lips refused to answer. Motions are no answers for coroners, and this one spoke again.

"I ask you whether he was a stranger?"

"Yes."

"You saw him draw the pistol and fire?"

"Yes."

"Now, young lady, I am going to ask you a painful question, but the ends of justice demand that you should answer it. Was that man your brother, Cyril Thornycroft?"

"No," she answered in a sharp tone of earnest truth; "I swear it was not. I swear it before Heaven. The man was at least a head taller."

"Did he aim at Robert Hunter?"

"I can not say. Robert Hunter was standing with his face toward us then, and I saw him fall back, over the precipice."

"With a yell, did he not?"

"Yes, with a yell."

"What then?"

"I can not tell what. I believed I shrieked—I can not remember. I next saw the man running away across the plateau."

"The witness, Sarah Ford's evidence would seem to say that he lingered a few moments after firing the pistol—before escaping," interposed the coroner.

"It is possible. I was too terrified to retain a clear recollection. I remember seeing him run away, and then Sarah Ford came up."

"Should you recognize that man again?"

Miss Thornycroft hesitated. The room waited in breathless silence for her answer. "I believe not," she said: "it was only starlight. I am sure not."

At this moment, a jurymen spoke up. He wished to know how it was that Miss Thornycroft, and the other young lady, had never mentioned these facts till to-day, when they had been drawn from them, as it were, by their oath.

Because, Miss Thornycroft replied, with, if possible, a deeper shade of paleness arising to her face—because they did not care that their foolish freak of their going on the plateau should come to the knowledge of their friends.

"Glad they have some sense of shame in 'em!" muttered Captain Copp.

The jurymen wished the maid-servant recalled, and put the same question to her.

Why didn't she tell! was the independent reply. Did the gentleman think she was a going to blurt it out that the young ladies saw the murder committed, when they didn't choose to tell of it themselves, and so bring 'em here to be browbeat and questioned, as they had all been this day? Not she. She was only sorry other folks had ferreted it out, and told.

Very little more evidence was given; none of consequence to the general reader, Supervisor Kyne volunteered a statement about smuggling, which nobody understood, and Justice Thornycroft ridiculed. The coroner cut it short, and proceeded to charge the jury: If they thought a wicked, deliberate act of murder had been committed, they were to bring in a verdict to that effect, and if they thought it had not, they were not to bring it in so: and, grateful for this luminous advice, the jury proceeded to deliberate.

"Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown." Such was the verdict.

But though the mystery was not cleared up to the public, we will clear it up to the reader.

When Mary Anne Thornycroft and her friend gained the Round Tower that night, and found a man was running on to the plateau after them, they shrank within its

wall for shelter, occasionally peeping out. Who was it? Annie was near-sighted, but Mary Anne soon saw it was her brother Richard. What did he want on the plateau at that time of night? She looked round the opening and watched him come nearer: she could see him distinctly, even the direction of his eyes. They were strained on Robert Hunter. When close to the Round Tower, he stopped, apparently in dismay.

"What!" he uttered, and the words came distinct to Mary Anne's ear, "*Hunter there!* The double-dyed felon! Such a false villain does not deserve to live. And I warned him!"

At that moment Robert Hunter, who had been stooping over the precipice, apparently looking down, drew himself upright, and turned his face toward Richard: the ugly fur on his coat was then very conspicuous. Richard Thornycroft, with a hissing oath, drew a pistol from his breast-pocket, pointed it, and fired, and with a fearful yell the ill-fated man disappeared over the cliff. Another shriek more shrill, arose at Richard's elbow from the shade of the Round Tower.

"Some cursed sea-bird," he muttered. "*He* has got his deserts. I would be served so myself, if I could thus have turned traitor!"

But what was it seized Richard's arm? Not a sea-bird. It was his sister Mary Anne. "*You* here!" he cried, with a fearful oath. What the fury—have you all turned mad to-night?"

"You have murdered him!" she cried, in a dread whisper—for how could she know that Annie had fallen senseless and could not hear her?—"you have murdered Robert Hunter!"

"I have," he hissed. "He is dead, and more than dead. If the shot did not take effect, the fall would."

"Oh! say it was an accident!" she moaned. "What came over you?"

"He earned it of his own accord; earned it deliberately. I had my pistol to his head before, this night, within an inch of it, and I spared him. I had him on his knees to me, and he took an oath to be away from this place instantly and to be silent. I told him if he broke it, if he lingered here but for a moment, I would put the bullet into him. I saw him off; I sent Cyril with him to speed him on his road; and—see!—the fool came back again, and I have done it."

"I will denounce you," she fiercely uttered, "aye, though you are my brother, Richard Thornycroft; I will raise the hue and cry upon you."

"You had better think twice of that," he answered, shaking her in his passion. "If you do, you must raise it against your father and all your brothers."

"What do you mean?" she asked quailingly, for there was a savage earnestness in his words which told of startling truth.

"Girl! see you no mystery? You would have aided Hunter in discovering the smugglers: see you not that *we* are the smugglers? We are running a cargo now—now"—and his voice rose to a hoarse shriek as he pointed towards the Half-moon, "and he would have turned Judas to us! He was on the watch there, on the plateau's edge, doing traitor's work for Kyne."

"He did not know it was you he would have denounced," she faintly uttered.

"He did know it: the knowledge came to him to-night. He was abject enough before me, the coward, and swore he

would be dark, and be gone from hence there and then. But his traitor's nature prevailed, and he has got his deserts. Now go and raise the hue and cry upon us! Bring your father to a felon's bar."

Mary Ann Thornycroft, with a despairing cry sank down on the grass at her brother's feet. He was about to raise her, rudely enough, when his eye caught the form of some one advancing. It proved to be Sarah Ford, and Richard darted off, across the plateau.

Mary Anne Thornycroft went home. Sounds of revelry proceeded from the dining-room as she passed it, and she dragged her shaking limbs up-stairs to her chamber, and shut herself in with her dreadful secret.

So Robert Hunter was buried in the little churchyard of Coast-down, within sight of the spot where he was shot down from, Justice Thornycroft bearing the expenses. No friend arrived to inquire after him, and, for all that could be seen, he seemed likely to lie buried there for ever, and the name of his murderer with him.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ÆSTHETICS AMONG THE ALPS—ELEMENT OF POWER.

POWER in Nature, the correlative power of Genius, and the combination of these two powers into the joint result of power in Art, are the topics of which we here propose to treat. The Alps we shall take as the emblem of power in Nature. Some lands, as the south of Italy, seem specially given up to beauty; Nature, gay and sportive, joins hands with the Graces and the Muses in dance and festivity. Other regions are merely strange and anomalous—as the sterility of desert Africa, where Nature, instead of celebrating a feast, has imposed a fast; where no exuberance of gladness, under the shade of trees near

refreshing fountains, breaks forth into song and dance, but, in keeping with the silence, solitude, and famine around, the Arab pitches a tent, and the hermit builds a cell. Other territories, again, such as the Alps, are not merely beautiful—not exclusively strange and anomalous: Nature here does not wholly surrender herself to the pleasing, peaceful lassitude of beauty, nor lie in prostrate sterility, as if she had nothing to accomplish; on the contrary, here, among the Alps, she nerves herself for action—is not the gentle lover of the south, but the hero armed for battle. She builds up defiant fortifica-

tions—intrenches herself in deep fosses—and earthquake and storm serve as artillery. Creative nature seems, in special districts of the earth, to have set herself the task of completing and carrying out in exclusive supremacy some one idea. In the Alps, as it appears to us, that idea is power. The handwriting on the mountain-side, the natural language, the hieroglyphics, all speak of power.

Now, it is this power which makes mountains akin to genius—themselves, as it were, works of genius—aspiring, proud, ambitious, conscious of, and self-sustained in strength. Power of genius, we have said, is correlative to power in nature—genius being, by its supremacy in the realms of mind, a kind of antitype of mountains in the world of matter. Now, we place these two great powers in juxtaposition, not for contrast or conflict, but for cooperation. We ask whether, from their conjoint action, a like power may not arise in Art? We want something more than a bare, literal, cold transcript of nature. Nature herself in life, actuality, and all but infinitude of scale, we already have in reality before us. A literal, servile art-echo is scarcely needed, especially when art patrons have now ready access to the great originals, and when stereoscopic transcripts have become in soirées and mere evening parties a common peep-show. To the Alpine powers of nature, we require the application of the Alpine power of mind; and then may perchance arise a third and equal power—the power of Art,—an art which shall mold mountains into a satisfying expression of man's aspirations and yearning toward the boundless; not a bare record, or spelt-out manuscript, but a renewed revelation—an intermediate creation lying between the actual world in which we tread and the dream-land of the imagination wherein we love to revel—an art which shall transmute an agricultural utility, primarily subserving man's bodily sustenance, into poetic food for his inner and higher nature. Then might Art constitute herself a power—the power of interpreting and transmuting Nature, and of teaching man—ennobling the humble circle of domestic life by the visions of genius. Thus, when the closing shutters separate from the noise of city life, and the inmates, in the quiet of evening, seek repose from the world's warfare, that picture on the walls, with those mountain-summits sha-

dowy yet sublime, belonging rather to heaven than earth—those fields of snow so pure and cool—those gentle reflections like dreams in sleeping waters, steal on the mind with a power and spell which is perhaps felt the most when most needed.

Forces active or quiescent constitute power. Vast masses of matter piled into mountains, as they meet the mere bodily eye of the uneducated and unreflecting, can have little or no significance. It is only as the mental eye of causation penetrates into the active and operative forces which have built up the fabric—only in proportion as it discovers creative or destructive agencies akin to life, and thought, and passion, that the eye can so gaze on the Alps as to feel their power, and with that power a purpose and intent. Then the world's theater becomes Nature's studio, wherein the plastic clay is moulded into mountains, the snowy sculpture of their summits standing out in the azure pediment of heaven. It is through a kind of imaginative reasoning that the artist mind must contemplate Nature; Reason pushing her researches among what is seen, known, understood—walking the earth in contemplation, or mounting by successive and prescribed steps to commanding summits. When reason can go no further, the mind takes to wings of imagination, soars at once into mid-air, rushes in wild flight, and steals fire from heaven. Imagination to the artist is what faith is to the divine. It is the figuring forth of things unseen; it anticipates and calls into being the mind's desires; it realizes truths and beauties, of which outward forms are but the type; it makes Nature the threshold to the Supernatural; it draws aside the veil which Providence has thrown over her workings, looks into hidden and mysterious analogies and meanings, and along the vista of the past and of the future beholds the beginning and the end.

Reason (or, perhaps, we should rather say the understanding,) measures the cubic contents of glacier or mountain, estimates the tonnage, analyzes the component materials, and determines cleavage, angles, and elevations. Did the artist know nothing more than these, however important even to him, it were better at once to throw aside portfolio and pencil, and take to the geologist's hammer, or to the theodolite of the engineer. A sketch is not a surveyor's map, a picture not a

geologist's chart, or the *hortus siccus* of the botanist. Unless the student's eye be colored by the poet's ardor, it were better to turn to those more positive callings in which the compass and the rule supply the want of enthusiastic genius. It is through the imagination—or, as Coleridge would perhaps have said, by the "pure reason"—that the poet must, out of the bricks and mortar of the understanding, build the spirit's shrine. Accordingly, in the remarks which follow on the element of power, we desire the guidance of imagination rather than of the senses; we shall speak of intuitions of the mind as it feels, rather than as it perceives—of Nature as she affects the emotions, rather than as she chronicles her facts in the registry of the intellect.

We have already said that the forces of Nature essentially constitute her power. Force is causation, causation is creation, and creation implies mind, will, purpose. Hence, by a few steps, we ascend from a mere material nature of the senses, to a landscape which bears the mark and fashion of a spirit origin, actuated by an inward moving energy. Thus material nature is traced back to spirit, and spirit again projects itself forward, and by the act of creation becomes clothed in the body of material form; and hence between matter and spirit, nature and soul, are sustained a reciprocity and interchange of existence—knowing but one beginning and ending, and that in God. Thus Coleridge in this sense bursts forth:

"Oh! the one life within us and abroad,
Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,
A light in sound, a sound like power in light,
Rhythm in all thought, and joyance every-
where;
Methinks it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so filled;
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still
air
Is music slumbering on her instrument."

Herein is the common brotherhood of creation, not a brotherhood of bodily materialism, but a consanguinity of forces. We are persuaded that it is this fraternity—this unity running through creation, unconsciously felt, if not actually acknowledged, which rouses the sympathetic ardor of all sensitive minds. There is, so to say, a going out of ourselves to meet nature half-way, and a rushing out on the part of nature herself to receive our love.

Thus, in the rapt contemplation of distant hills, the mind seems to quit for the moment its bodily confines, that it may meet the spirit of the mountain which comes forth to claim a sister's greeting. We imagine there are few minds, indeed, which having thus taken nature into intimate communion, have not been thus absorbed in reverie, receiving, as it were, an influx of thoughts, emotions, harmonies, being taught through sympathy, and led on to joy.

We take the Alps as emblems of power, because they specially are the centers round and within which nature's forces manifest themselves in utmost energy. They are themselves a force product—forced into space by the fire-demon. They are emphatically power, not only by virtue of their origin in force, but by their stern resistance to force. They rise, as it were, in proud ambitious strength, to assert an everlasting dominion, and to govern upon earth by a right divine. They arise from the empire of fire, and about and around them rage the ice-power, the torrent-power, and the storm-power; and yet they are not only monuments of strength, but emblems of tranquillity. The glacier, again, lying in the mountain-ravine—a life in death, a motion in stagnation, tearing down rocks and bearing away boulders, marking its course with havoc, and carrying destruction over fertility—is, as it were, a congealed power, energy arrested and restrained, sufficiently active to be known by the understanding, sufficiently latent to be wondered at by the imagination. Then, again, if these motionless cataracts are power in repose, the maddened torrent is power in action.

"O sov'reign Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly.
And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your
joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?"

Lastly, the storm-demon is power goaded into madness. Winds, tempests, warring, bewailing, uttering a forlorn hope or muttering despair.

"Far along,
From peak to peak the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder."

There is war in heaven: every moun-

tain is trumpet-tongued; the artillery of the elements threatens vengeance; the furies have broken loose from their mountain prisons, and are greedy to devour with the lightning of fire what the avalanche of ice had spared.

Thus mountains, glaciers, avalanches, torrents, tempests, are the confederated powers which, with the tyranny of a despot or the clamor of a mob, dispute the sovereignty of the Alps. Anarchy, however, is averted by that conservatism which is nature's central law. Law, order, and consequent stability, constitute the abiding basis of Alpine strength. The storm is not so much a riot as a drama, and Nature allows herself the license of unbridled liberty because she holds within her empire the power of control. The strength implied in self-restraint, the strength of calm tranquillity, the strength of nature's monarchy governing by an absolute will, constitute, perhaps, the paramount expression of Alpine scenery. The torrent and the storm may rage about the mountain base or summit, yet in the utmost fury the mind looks on with a prevailing sense of stability and security. Though the summits are high, yet the foundations are deep, the buttresses massive, and the materials strong. When the storm is past, and heaven once again clear of the smoke and dust of earth's battle, and stern grandeur melts at the caress of beauty—when the warrior mountains repose, after the conflict, in the gentle lassitude of sunshine—then, not less than in the storm, does the mind, though softened by beauty, exult in the power of the sublime. At all seasons, under all aspects, the imagination is here carried into infinitude; it feels more than the senses see: and, with impetuous bound, plunges into infinite space, infinite time, infinite power. The theater of operations is so vast, that the eye, in straining to reach its confines, seems to look into boundless. The years that have passed over the summit of that distant mountain, which seems coeval with the heavens in which it becomes lost, so absolutely transcend finite conception, that to the imagination they are no less than eternity itself. And this infinitude of time and space is but the preceding condition to something greater—a recipient sphere, in which a more mighty infinitude shall make itself manifest—the infinitude of creating power. The fire-power, the ice-power, the torrent

and storm powers of which we have spoken, are but the varying aspects of one central creating power, which imagination, reason, and revelation have alike invested with infinite duration, infinite extension, infinite might. Thus Alpine heights are but steps leading to the summit of a throne on which descends power from heaven to rule on earth—and that power is God.

It is this power which constitutes, in Alpine scenery, the chief essence in the sublime: and being the express manifestation of God's omnipotence, alternately subdues the mind to gentleness and lifts it to strength. It has always appeared to us that the sublime suffered degradation when Burke reduced it to the ultimate emotions of pain, fear, torment. Such passages as the following, for example, are little suited to become the ground-work of a noble philosophy:

"Whatever is fitted," says Burke, "in any sort to excite the ideas of pain and danger—that is to say, whatever is in any sort terrible, or is conversant about terrible objects, or operates in a manner analogous to terror, is a source of the sublime—that is, it is productive of the strongest emotion which the mind is capable of feeling; I say the strongest emotion, because I am satisfied the ideas of pain are much more powerful than those which enter on the part of pleasure."

We can not conceive of any thing more degrading to art and nature than this low doctrine of pain and pleasure sinking both into mere ministers of the appetites, alluring through gratification, or deterring by the scourage of punishment. We would appeal to any man who has left the spell of nature or of art, who owes to either or to both any debt of gratitude for hours of transport, and a life made more lofty; we would ask of any one who has used the grand and the beautiful as instruments of mental education and advancement, whether "pain and pleasure" do adequately express all that he has felt and known? Pleasure he must have tasted, undoubtedly; pain, in some form, he may have endured; but assuredly he would not epitomize his experience in terms which thus take their origin in bodily sensations rather than from soul-like emotions. That the arts are often turned to, merely as pleasing, elegant episodes to the indulgence of the appetites, can not be doubted. Pictures are hung on the walls somewhat as side-dishes are placed at a

feast; they serve as adjuncts to the wines and sweets, and thus harmoniously complete the circle of sensation. Conversational criticism on such occasions is naturally generated by the palate rather than originated in the intellect. A sunset by Claude is "mellow" and "sweet;" and a poem by Tennyson, or a melody by Mendelssohn, is pronounced "delicious." All this is excusable and easily understood; but that a philosopher writing deliberately on the "sublime," should thus reduce the noblest of emotions to mere pain, pleasure, and sensation, is not readily to be forgiven. Better were it to allow mankind, in the mystery of unexplained emotion, to watch the glow of sunset on distant mountains, or to listen to the dash of storm-waves as they break on the rocky shore, than, through a pretended philosophy, thus to disenchant the imagination and leave the intellect uninformed.

Burke erred by making "fear" the *cause* of the sublime, instead of one of its possible *effects*. In like manner he falls into fallacy when, as in the following passage, he speaks of power as a mere *accompaniment*, and not the operative *cause*. It is the power which *causes* the fear, if fear there be; power external to the mind, when perceived and felt by the mind, is the antecedent; fear, if it come at all, follows after as an ulterior result. We shall subsequently, however, attempt to show that fear is but an accident; that it may or may not be present; and that, instead *thereof*, inward mental strength, the counterpart of physical outward power, is, in the noblest minds, the truest accompaniment of the sublime.

"Besides these things," says Burke, "which directly suggest the idea of danger and those which produce a similar effect from a mechanical cause, I know of nothing sublime which is not some modification of power. And this branch rises, as naturally as the other two branches, from terror, the common stock of every thing that is sublime.

"That power derives all its sublimity from the terror with which it is generally accompanied, will appear evidently from its effect in the very few cases in which it may be possible to strip a considerable degree of strength of its ability to hurt. When you do this, you spoil it of every thing sublime, and it immediately becomes contemptible."

Now, we readily admit that high mountains, deep abysses—that whatever in na-

ture is greater and more mighty than man, does fill with a certain terror. Fear is one of the effects, but not the highest. Humility in the presence of magnitude, weakness before might, do imply a certain passive endurance of fear, terror, trembling. Yet we believe that no man possessing manly fortitude can long abide in this subjection. The induced sense of weakness and humility is but the prelude to greater strength. The mountain will communicate to the sympathetic mind a portion of its might—will lead through fellowship to a noble equality with itself. It is only the man of prostrated weakness, constituted for passive endurance, fitted to crawl when he ought to soar, who in the presence of the sublime will fear without hope, suffer without effort, be humble without pride. If mentally oppressed at the mountain base, a manly energy will seek the summit. With each upward step the poet-tourist will gain accession of power. Crossing the mad torrent, pressing onward over rugged rocks, among trees mutilated by storms, he finds with increasing difficulty renewed energy. The mind triumphs with the body; the thoughts dilate with the grandeur of the scene. The heroic in nature begets heroism in enterprise. Danger adds to courage; mind and body are nerved to conquer opposition. Then is understood how patriotism and manly independence belong to mountain homes; how mental action takes on the intensity of natural phenomena; and that a stirring national history of bravery and exploit is indigenous to a land that has passed through vast natural convulsions. We would ask, then, what becomes of the doctrine that would make fear and trembling the essence of the sublime, when, on the contrary, as we have seen, danger rouses to enterprise and courage—the grand in nature begetting the great in man?

The traveler who for a moment trembled at the mountain's base becomes triumphant at its summit. He looks down upon the plains beneath with a sense of victory; his eye stretches far among mountain-summits, and he feels their equal. His feet have borne his mind to a commanding elevation; the horizon of thought is extended with the sweep of vision; the dull level of existence is left beneath, and, placed on the summit of existence, he takes a wide clear survey of the fields and tracts of knowledge. He feels humbled, no

doubt, in the presence of immensity, yet it is a humility which leads to strength. Conscious that his past life has been wanting in nobility, that his thoughts have been wanting in scale, and have traversed in a low level, he enters on high and strong resolve. Purposes taking their scale from the mountain-masses, their elevation from surrounding heights—emotions profound as the depths, pure as the heavens to which the feet have led—energies for actions intense as nature's forces: these are the mental phenomena generated by the sublime. How totally insufficient and unworthy, then, is the philosophy which would teach that its ultimate elements are pain and pleasure, fear and trembling. Power in outward nature, and corresponding communicated power in man's inner nature, are, as we have shown, if not its only, at least among its highest attributes. The power which raised the mountains, which tore them asunder to make ravines—the power which wars in the elements of earth, air, and water, speaking through the language of jagged bold outline, obtaining expression through vast masses, thrown into vast space—the power which spake and it was done, is in all it goes forth sublime.

And the sublime in thought is like to the sublime in nature. Its chief essence, as we have said, is power—a power which may move mountains, fill up valleys, control the elements—giant in its dimensions, vast in its sphere of action. Mind and thought may indeed be said to become sublime just as they approach in character of Alpine scenery, as they typify in the world of spirit the forms and aspects which nature assumes in the empire of matter. If, indeed, as before stated, nature be regarded as mind and thought manifested through outward form, and essential unity and corresponding aspects of the sublime, in creation and in man, are once evident. Referring the works of man and the forms and operations of nature to their common origin in the spirit world, the element of the sublime, whether in man or in nature, is thus necessarily one.

We have said that sublimity originates chiefly in power; we will now venture to assert still more—that it takes its rise in God's omnipotence. Just in proportion as power is superhuman and approaches the supernatural, does it become sublime. The power which overturns a mountain,

or in an avalanche overwhelms a village—the power of the highest genius in moments of highest manifestation, especially as exalted under actual inspiration—are all sublime, just in proportion as they transcend the ordinary forces which work in man and nature, and approach to the infinite power of God's omnipotence. The sublime lies on the threshold of infinity—is lost in the mystery of obscurity—excites our wonder, and demands our worship, as an attribute of God himself. It belongs less to the territory of science, less to the clear cold region of intellectual philosophy, than to the province of religion. Hence sublimity is especially the language of inspiration, and in the Bible becomes the voice of God. Thus in the Book of Job we find such examples as the following: "Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind." "Lo, these are parts of his ways: but how little a portion is heard of Him? but the thunder of His power who can understand?" Again, in the eighteenth Psalm we find the following well-known example of the sublime:

"Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills moved and were shaken, because he was wroth. There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it. He bowed the heavens also, and came down; and darkness was under his feet. And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion around about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. At the brightness that was before him his thick clouds passed, hailstones and coals of fire. The Lord also thundered on the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; hailstones and coals of fire."

Assuredly it was in the mountains of the Lebanon that God thus revealed himself. Deity is not so manifested in the plains. The passage might, indeed, be taken as the personification of an Alpine storm, when the earth shakes and trembles, and the hills are moved; when God seems to bow the heavens and come down, flying on the wings of the storm, making the swift clouds his chariots, and the thick darkness his pavilion. An Alpine storm is natural religion—this passage from the Psalms revealed; a comparison of the two would give the subsisting relations between these diverse aspects of the same divine attributes.

Thus the sublime in nature, in man, and

in God, is essentially one, an identity of power originating in God, and reflected from him in his works. Thus both man and nature become sublime, just in proportion as they are Godlike, according to the measure in which the finite becomes the abode or manifestation of the infinite. Hence, as we have said before, the sublime is rightly a source, of strength, not of weakness; or rather a strength begotten out of weakness, a communicated force and courage which prevent the access of fear. There is, indeed, an unholy fear, which shrinks at the touch of Ithuriel's spear, and dares not look sublimity in the face. The devils tremble; and so likewise men, physically, intellectually, or morally prostrated, tremble, and with fear approach the sublime in thought, form, or deed. It is too strong for their weakness; it is to them a strength antagonistic, not communicative; it comes from above, their weakness from beneath: and having nothing in common, the one cannot assimilate with the other. It is thus manifest that Burke drew his philosophy from a debased aspect of humanity. He says, for example, "that the sublime is an idea belonging to self-preservation; that it is therefore one of the most affecting we have; that its strongest emotion is an emotion of distress." If this be true, the sublime is not the grand, the great—not the noble and heroic in thought and human action.

It might, perhaps, lead to the solution of the difficulties with which Burke's theory becomes involved were a distinction drawn between "the sublime" and "the terrible." The terrible does truly inspire with terror and fear; and, when excessive, occasions "pain" and "distress:" man drawn within its vortex does, in the impending danger, think of "self-preservation." In such moments he can not stop to contemplate, admire, or exclaim "How grand!" for he is constrained to fly for safety. Hence, when terror implies danger, it does involve fear. But when the danger is past, and becomes distant, that which was terrible when too near becomes merely sublime when far off. Thus, man must be sufficiently removed in space, or in time, from the actual of the sublime, otherwise, becoming too intense, the mind is appalled by the terrible, not raised to power by the sublime. Hence the destruction of Jerusalem was to the Jews themselves too terrible to be simply

grand; but to us, removed to this secure distance in space and time, the subject becomes, in the hands of Roberts or Kaulbach, softened into a pictorial epic, not too intense for enjoyment. Thus, likewise, in the great day of wrath, when the sixth seal shall be opened—when an earthquake shall move the mountains, when the sun shall become black as sackcloth, and the moon as blood, and the stars fall from heaven, and men shall say to the rocks, Fall upon us—in that great day of terror, what fear will seize on man! And yet, from our unknown distance of time, Danby has shown that the subject so far loses its terrors as to become pictorially sublime. By the contemplation of such works, power is communicated, the sphere of thought and being exalted, and man, highly wrought, feels himself capable of noble and heroic action. "Self-preservation," and selfish, servile motives, sink before a rising enthusiasm, which prompts to emulate that greatness which in the sublime man admires. If the grand in history, the vast in nature, be referred to the government of God—if all power be recognized as of divine origin, then will fear be supplanted by trust and communicated strength. In hours of weakness, fear may steal in unawares; but in proportion as man is self-reliant, and yet relying, will he stand before the sublime in history and in nature, and receive from each an accession to his power.

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall
take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and
soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

In these well-known lines by Mr. Bryant, the sublime of Burke is "the quarry-slave," in fear and terror "scourged to his dungeon." The true sublime of philosophy and religion is no crouching slave, but a free strong man, "sustained" "by an unfaltering trust."

We will now say somewhat on the relation in which power of genius stands to power in nature. Man has been called "the microcosm, or a little world—a kind of epitome of the great;" and hence

power of genius becomes the microcosm of nature-power, an inward epitome of the power which in nature creates and governs; that power which, as we have seen, specially breaks forth into action among the Alps. We have already said that the Alps are, as it were, works of genius. The earth, for the most part, consists of a utilitarian common-place, with a poem thrown in by way of exceptional episode. The general surface of the earth is suited to the general wants of ordinary humanity: it is corn and wine-growing—is content to work humbly and usefully with and for man; and, steadfastly accomplishing the daily ends of existence, it is neither actuated by ambition nor agitated by passion. The tourist through Europe, even when in search of nature's beauties, is compelled to traverse districts, flat and uneventful as the lives of the peasantry by which they are peopled. In Germany he grows weary of whole duchies of common-place—the complete counterparts of smoking, beer-drinking boors, and purely domestic *fraus*—diversified with only here and there witnesses to the beautiful, as he approaches the Rhine or enters the Saxon Switzerland. In Spain, for days and nights, in the slothful diligence, from Seville or Madrid to Gibraltar, but one Ronda testifies to the sublime. In France, the completion of railways happily enables the traveler at once to rush from north to south on his way to the Pyrenees, or to enter forthwith on the the beauties to Italy by the Corniche road. Ordinary nature is like actual life—utilitarian, not transcendental. It condescends, in fertile plains and valleys, to be humble, domestic, and useful, where, blessing and blest, it vegetates in a placid, uneventful enjoyment. But, on the other hand, there are exceptional spots on the earth's surface, which, like the unrest of genius, leave the dead level of existence—scorn to minister, at least directly, to the bodily agricultural wants of man—and, as genius and works of genius, stand apart and aloft, nature becoming the architect, the artist, and the poet, inscribing dramas, painting pictures, or building temples for our worship. Thus, as we have said, the Alps rise as works of genius, the creating hand giving free fling to executive power, nature constituting herself a kind of art-language for the expression of a grand idea. Hence we have ventured to place, as correlative to Alpine power in nature,

the power of genius. Genius may be said to represent the divinely-instituted laws and powers of the universe. It is the interpreter of those laws, connecting, for example, by the link of its own kindred thought, the apple in its fall with the planet in its sphere. It enters nature's theater of action or laboratory of operations, interrogates her doings, is received into her secret confidence; and thus, bringing into confederation the power of nature and the power of genius, man makes himself a second time lord of the creation.

It is the reason or understanding which thus asserts its genius in the discoveries and conquests of science. The creative power of imagination is however, the mental phenomenon of which we now desire to speak. The Alps, we have said, are works of genius; we would now add, they are specially the offspring of imaginative genius, flights of the imagination. They represent, through that language of symbolism by which God in nature speaks to man, those originating, creative principles and powers in the human mind, which, out of the simplest elementary forms of thought, construct a visionary airy fabric. Genius, we have said, within the microcosm of its own existence, represents and contains the laws and powers of outward nature; and yet, though specially law-ordained, it oftentimes irresistibly breaks loose, seems to defy and violate all law, to do things unheard of and unattempted, and thus excites astonishment, and at times fills with dismay. And herein is it the counterpart of the tumultuous power of Alpine scenery. But though genius, in its occasional workings and manifestations, is ungovernable, and in some sense lawless, yet can it scarcely wholly lose the impress of its origin, or forget the conditions and duties of its existence. When rightly ordered, while still it owes allegiance to the originating source in which it springs, emphatically may it be taken as the finite representative of an infinite personal power. We have seen that Alpine forces are specially typical of God's omnipotence; and in like manner, the power of well-ordered genius, rising like Alps out of the lower level of humanity, does by its magnitude, the grandeur of its thoughts and workings, the greatness of its discoveries, and by the latent powers which it calls forth to fulfill its purposes, seem to be

more than human, and to become, if we may be allowed the boldness, a delegated agency of God's omnipotence.

This power to create, this capacity to wield thought with energy, is specially manifest in Dante. *L'Inferno* is a territory of Alpine thought-scenery, in the depths and round about the heights of which beat and lash the passions of extinguishable fires. As examples, perhaps not the best which might be cited, turn to the third canto; in Cary's translation, it reads as follows:—

"Here sighs with lamentations and loud moans,
Resounded through the air, pierced by no star,
That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote that swell'd the sounds,
Made up a tumult, that forever whirls
Round through the air with solid darkness stain'd,
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies."—
(Lines 21–30.)

"——Woe to you wicked spirits! hope not
Ever to see the sky again. I come
To take you to the other shore across,
Into eternal darkness, there to dwell
In fierce heat and in ice."—(Lines 78–83.)

Lastly, as a further example of this tempestuous strain, take the following:

"Another way
My sage guide leads me, from that air serene,
Into a climate ever vex'd with storms:
And to a part I come where no light shines."—
(Canto iv., lines 145–149.)

Throughout Dante's poem the thoughts are all of the giant grandeur of mountain-masses, the torments of the intensity of the fierce fiend-like forces which have convulsed earth's tumultuous surface. The violence of passion, the darkness of despair, the storm-like tumult of rebel demons, are by Dante thrown together with a grandeur, an anarchy, yet an anarchy reduced to obedience, which give to his words and thoughts the intensity, the scale, the sublimity of Alpine scenery. In reading such poems, in walking through such mountain-lands, there is a sense of an omnipotent power, which sports at will with rocks, hills, thoughts, and fiery words. And yet the mountains in such territories, like the words in these

writings, are but the language of a greater power lying behind the visible scene of action—a power which still holds back—which, though boundless, contents itself within the limits of a finite moderation. In such written works, in such scenery, the grand does not distend itself to the grandiloquent—nature does not strut in self-conscious importance across the stage; neither do the written thoughts swell into bombast, or sound the trumpet of sonorous words to herald their approach. There resides beneath the surface of action so much of reserved, unmanifested power, that the upraising of a mountain, or the writing of a poem is not a thing claiming special wonder. There is something that would seem to say, we can do greater things than these. Power in nature, and genius in man take by surprise—in some measure defy calculation: seldom is it possible to say what may be done next. A mountain was thrown up to-day—a lake may be hollowed out to-morrow; a poem was written last night—a battle was fought this morning; and what may happen next, who shall predict? Genius always contains within itself the promise of still greater things to come; seldom expends itself at an effort; like nature herself it seems to have the burden of more than can well be uttered;—throws out random hints roughly and broadly;—sketches in a subject;—makes a picture by casting about mountains, hewing out valleys, blowing over the sky a casual storm, and throwing across the foreground some bold erratic masses;—and thus, by a few dashes of the pencil, or efficient strokes of the chisel, it knows how to give an off-hand expression to some master-thought. Such works of nature or of man, however great, generally leave the sense of mightier thoughts yet to be worked out—intentions which the pressure of the times frustrated. Thus Dante found:—

"Of all to speak at full were vain attempt;
For my wide theme so urges, that oft-times
My words fall short of what bechanced."

Dante knew the power which lies in concentration; and herein likewise the character of his genius, and indeed, of all genius whose element is strength, becomes typical of Alpine nature. No space is thrown away to small thoughts or trivial deeds; mankind lost, or a world redeemed; souls to be rescued by angels,

or by demons secured for torture—torments too terrible for words; the mighty of the earth, the renowned in history, doomed to waste in penal fires; these are the weighty topics crowded together with all possible power of concentration. So it is with Alpine nature; no space is lost upon the canvas of the sky; the greatest thoughts are concentrated into the smallest possible compass. Mountain piled above and beyond mountain, leads into elemental space; a tragedy is enacting in the sky; the lake beneath, crowded by reflection, or agitated by a storm, becomes itself the sphere of action; while across the immediate foreground are scattered in vast boulders the wrecks of a land or an ice storm. Within the circuit of vision is concentrated an epitome of earth, and into the present hour is summed up the history of the world's revolutions. Nature in other portions of her domain is often diffuse and over-wordy; seems to repeat herself in a few small thoughts spread over a broad, monotonous surface. And in like manner, the gentle stream of poetry, often in diffuse, feeble lassitude, meanders and murmurs over many a long uneventful mile, whispering to the pebbles in its shallow bed, chatting elegant nothings with the swallow which glides over its surface, or dallying with the daisies and buttercups which gem its margin. Such poetry and such nature may innocently minister to man's enjoyment, but they have little in common with the power of Dante, or with the genius of the Alps. Concentration, as in the following passage, and not elegant diffusion, is in each their prevailing element; and it is this concentration which chiefly constitutes their force:—

“Where light was silent all. Bellowing there
groan'd
A noise, as of a sea in tempest torn
By warring winds. The stormy blast of hell
With restless fury drives the spirits on,
Whirl'd round and dash'd amain with sore
annoy.”—(Canto v., line 29.)

Having thus asserted for genius its power, and shown in some measure its relation to nature-power, we shall now attempt to throw these two forces together, making a third power—the power of art. We have spoken of the conquests of science through the understanding; we shall now treat of the possible victory of art through creative imagination. “Poet-

ry,” says Wordsworth—and we shall venture to include within the term the arts in general—“poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science.” “Every great poet,” he likewise maintains, and therefore we would say, every great poet-artist, “in the highest exercise of his genius,” “has to call forth and to communicate power.” Now, art in our day, we can not but think, is content to be passive rather than powerful; it wants the glow of imagination, the energy of passion; it deals with the dry facts of the perceptions; it maps out observations, instead of striking at and giving earnest expression to the strongest and highest faculties of our nature. It is this we mean when we say that art to be great must constitute herself a power. She must not be mere nature-power, otherwise she would be nature, and not art. She is something more than power of genius, which in its own self is not an object of the senses. She must be nature-power molded by art power; nature sublimated from all utilitarian bodily uses; nature infused with the emotions, passions, soul of human greatness; and thus will arise a joint product, in which *the inanimate world* shall become the tabernacle for the artist thought; while on the other hand, the immaterial invisible idea and impulse of genius shall have sought out and fashioned for itself a body which may become the eloquent language of art-expression. Thus art shall combine the best, the greatest, and most powerful in nature, added to the best, the greatest, and most powerful in man; and hence, as we have said, shall arise a third greatness, the power of art. Works thus wrought, whether poems in words, or pictures in forms, “are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them.” Books have always been deemed a power; the press is termed a fourth estate; and yet art, pictorial or plastic, comparatively powerless, is now little more than a passive pleasurable pastime. Milton in the well-known passage above quoted, and in that which follows, terms a good book “a progeny of life,” “God's image,” “the precious life-blood of a master-spirit;” and we know of no reason why art in our day

should not be alike vital and potent, did it but speak with the same purpose, thought, and intensity. In the following extract, for example, from Milton's *Areopagitica*, why should we not substitute "picture" for the word "book?"

"And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: [picture] who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book [picture] kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book [picture] is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

"We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books [pictures]; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to a whole impression [gallery] a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality rather than a life."

The forces which at this moment are agitating the world are more than ever mighty, while the force of modern art is lessened. The steam-engine, the telegraph, and the power-loom are giants, while the picture is but the giant's plaything. The power of the age is in the conquest of thought, the creative thought of genius calling out the latent powers of nature. When, then, art-genius shall in like manner call forth the latent art-powers of nature, a picture may become, within its special sphere, as operative as the power-loom. But, to exert a potent influence, it must be the manifestation of a potent thought. When art was, indeed, a felt agency, it made itself a sharer in man's hopes, fears, and destinies; it taught of man fallen, of a world redeemed, of a Saviour crucified and risen, of heaven itself, and the hierarchy of saints and angels. These days and subjects have now, perhaps, for ever passed by, and art has yet to find in some measure a compensating sphere. That it can ever again become a direct agency in, not to say object of, worship, may be doubted. Having thus by the current of events, at least for a time, been diverted in some measure from the religious destinies of man, it may perchance find some compensation among the aspects and

agencies of nature—that nature in which the drama of mankind has been enacted. Leaving the religion of revelation to the language and poetry of words, it may magnify and extol that theology of nature which in lakes, mountains, sky, proclaims a present Deity. But in order that art may regain that power in the territory of nature which she has lost in the province of man, she must search out and seize upon great thoughts, aspects, powers. She must not be the Carlo Dolce, mawkish and sentimental, but the Michael Angelo of landscape-art, with "sublimity of conception, grandeur of form, and breath of manner." She must not be content with the "cottage near a wood" range of subject, but rise to the representation of, as it were, the "last judgment" of nature enacted amid the tumult of mountains and the war of elements, illumined by light which might herald a revelation, or shadowed in darkness as the sign of God's displeasure.

The present prevailing study, knowledge, and consequent love of nature, and even in some measure the science of nature, have led to a landscape-art which, at least for fidelity, has never in the world's history been surpassed—nay, not approached. This is saying much; so much, indeed, that we wish we could say more: we wish we could assert that landscape-art has been as studious to embrace great truths as undoubtedly it has been sedulous and successful in handling little ones. The present tendency of art is to the minute; and however excellent in the fidelity of detail, it is wanting in a general result proportionally great; it fails of being the building up of atomic matter or thought into the vast, the grand, or the Alpine. It is microscopic rather than telescopic; it gives you a foreground stone over which your feet may stumble—a flower which you may pick and botanize, rather than a vision of the imagination rising in the distance. It is, at present at least, in the first and lowest stage of the Baconic method, humbly collecting materials, carefully copying details of earth and rocks, without caring to inquire to what great truth or system all this labored industry may conspire. Now, we would not wish to speak harshly of what has been most certainly well done in its way; but it is needful that the public should not forget that this detail is good only as a transition to something greater; that, in fact, when

we have spoken of art-power, we have referred to that opposite system in which detail becomes merged in the grandeur of the general conception. We have seen pictures of Rome in which you might count every chimney and roof-tile in the city; certainly remarkable as evidence of industry, or as records of topography, and even of art-merit not destitute; but assuredly, a few lines from *Childe Harold*, or even from Rogers's *Italy*, contain more essential thought and poetry than acres of such labored canvas. The palace of the Cæsars, and the pile of the Coliseum become, under such treatment, subordinate to the courtyard of a foreground hovel. Such art, even in its very success, is a mistake, and originates in a condition of mind which, failing comprehensively to expand with the greatness of the scene, narrows and sinks—we will not say into humility, but into absolute puerility. It takes its rise in that state of mental littleness which, failing to kindle into fire by contact with the soul-stirring, degenerates into the small, just in proportion as the occasion is great—would gather a daisy on the Splügen, and pick up and pocket a pebble in the pass of Thermopylæ. Of the poetry and art of the little, and, in some sense, of the mean, we have had enough. Coleridge led the way when he wrote a poem to "An Ass;" and poets and artists have since willingly incurred the danger of being themselves identified with their subject, rather than fall into the possible imputation of grandiloquence by the selection of topics in themselves poetical and vast.

The problem we would now put to artists for solution is, how they may best convert an art, which at present does little more than passively please, into a power positive and active, which shall take an equal position with those other agencies that mold and civilize our age. We are persuaded they will find that it is not by painting "little sweet-bits," with laborious docile painstaking, but by giving free fling to the force of their own genius, and thus using and transmuting to the service of art that grandeur which we have ventured to term nature's genius. Their works will be great in proportion to the thoughts they express—in proportion as they are the outspoken expression of a state of poetic rapture and mental exaltation. Landscape art, like much of the music of the day, has become too manual,

not sufficiently mental. Landscape art is a cold portraiture of nature, in which the articulation of bones, the hard lineaments of features, are marked with Denner-like detail; while in his labored, passionless transcript are almost necessarily lost the thought, purpose, and vital powers which give to the landscape its mental expression. An impulsive enthusiasm, an impetuosity of hand, are needed fully to feel and rightly to render the eloquent outburst of nature's forces. Somewhat of the Michael Angelorough, vigorous hewing of the marble—sketching in a giant thought with a few giant strokes—is fitted for the rude massive rocks which nature piles together, to express her master-powers of thought and action. Something of the bold daring of Salvator, savage and bandit, is suited to express that rugged wildness and hardihood of independence, in which rocks and mountains seem to rise to heaven, less in worship and thanksgiving than in open and loud revolt. Somewhat of the off-hand scene-painting of Tintoretto is needed to sketch in with rapid effect the free fling and power of nature's creation, as thrown into existence by an almighty impulse, and thus to put on canvas the tempest as it passes, an avalanche as it falls. It was in some measure after this mode that *The Sketcher* worked—rapid, bold, effective—seizing on the essential and master-thought by mental generalization; and then, with ready, certain hand, expressing that thought with power and poetry. At the commencement of the sixth chapter he says, "when ever divine poetry walks abroad," "you may attend her steps in sunshine or in shade; then

"Boldly dip your pencil in the great color-jars wherefrom Nature makes storms and tempests, but be sure to have another ready to dip into the sunshine, that you may have a charm to quell the fury of the storm-demon that would otherwise hurricanize over the world like a true revolutionist, uptearing all things. Nay, perchance, she may take you a higher flight still—far above, and purify your faculties to behold a new heaven and a new earth; that your enlarged ideas in visible things of this world, as in a magic mirror, may see the now invisible wonders of the Creator's hand, shining in a glory and magnificence of which all the excellence and beauty of this earth shall appear but a faint reflection. The air you then breathe will be life, and you may be gifted with immortal fame, and spurn 'the blind fury' that comes 'with abhorred shears,'

'And slits the thin-spun life.'"^{*}

We have endeavored to show that power is the chief essence of the sublime in nature; that power of genius is the correlative element in man; and it would seem to follow, by necessary inference, that power, mental and manual, is equally essential to the grand and great in art. Nature, we have said, attains to power by concentration. We have seen that in Alpine scenery no space is lost; trifles and irrelevant accidents and incidents are merged into a grand united result, in which a central form or dominant thought is the concentrated focus of converging forces. We have shown in like manner that the power of genius is manifested in concentration. Men of power are seldom wordy or diffuse; they indulge not in the decorative trappings of rhetoric, but, by a few bold master-strokes, give determined expression to the essential and central idea to which all minor thoughts are subordinate. We have seen in Dante that grandeur is secured through concentrated energy; and so likewise in the following passage, from the *Paradise Lost*, we find that the genius of Milton intuitively attained a like force by crowding much into little compass:

"Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamant chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms."

The thoughts, nay, even the words, are here thrown together with mountain tumult. Music put to such lines might be played as the accompaniment to the sunrise in the valley of Chamouni—to the echo of the avalanche, or to a storm on the Jura. There are words and sentences which lie close upon actions which come the moment before, or follow forthwith after, some great event. Such were the

concise, energetic speeches of Napoleon: "Remember that from the summits of those pyramids forty centuries contemplate your actions," are words to incite to heroism. In like manner the speeches of Cromwell came close upon action. Thus we read in Hume, "stamping with his foot, which was a signal for the soldiers to enter, 'For shame!' said he to the Parliament, 'get you gone; give place to honest men—to those who will faithfully discharge their trust. You are no longer a Parliament. I tell you, you are no longer a Parliament.'" Having commanded the soldiers to clear the hall, he himself went out last, and ordering the doors to be locked, departed to his lodgings in Whitehall." Thus, likewise, the language of the Alps is as the words which precede and follow after vast deeds; there is in it a thundering power of thought, an energy of will, a concentration of action into form, the intense expression of strong resolve. Now art, to be equal to such occasions and topics, must, like a Napoleon's speech preceding battle—like a command of Cromwell—like a passage from Milton or Dante—be concise, concentrated, and energetic. The sparkling decorative execution of the Jutsum landscape school, brilliant though it be, will not do here; the pretty playful conceits which small thoughts sportively put on, become but elegant trifling when transferred to the treatment of the grand in thought and the vast in nature. Concentration and centralization of idea, of vision, and of execution, is a paramount law of the human mind, and consequently of art. It is not given to man at once to mark the sparrow's fall, and to follow a planet's flight. In proportion as a thought or object is vast, does it become the center to the mind—the focus of the eye; all that is minor is thrown into subordination, and serves but to enhance the Alpine dimensions of the idea or form which for the moment asserts supreme dominion. No tapestry of flowers, no highly-wrought carpeting, laid down in the vestibule of nature's palaces, should be permitted to distract the eye, or arrest its passage across the foreground to those summits where the little and minute are lost in immensity, where the actualities of the foreground present merge in grand ideality of distant mountains stretching like futurity into space. If the picture be one of flowers, and nothing more, let every leaf,

^{*} *The Sketcher*. By the Rev. JOHN EAGLES. P. 64. Perhaps we may be permitted to state, that the sketches and paintings of Mr. Eagles, though necessarily known little beyond the circle of family and friends, were striking exemplifications of that power of which we are now speaking. In grandeur of subject they were true to the power of nature; in treatment they manifested the power of genius, and thus in themselves they were that joint product of nature and mind which constitutes, as we have said, the power and poetry of art.

by all means, be exalted, magnified, beautified; make them the fair genius of an enchanted spot to allure by the spell of beauty; but if your subject be an Alpine range, then let the foreground flower be but the emblem of frailty, timidity, weakness, transitoriness, nothingness, as the grass which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven, when contrasted with the eternity, the immensity, where Deity, speaking out, has given the scale of His being, the sphere of His duration. Let the artist seize upon the great thought, and, like Napoleon or Cromwell, express it—nay, like them, enact it. There is a childlike trifling in the corners of pictures—a crowding in, a scattering—not a concentrating of detail—detail which is not thought, which in no degree enhances the power of the central thought, which merely covers space as some speeches are made to occupy time. Such trivialities are nothing better than that gossip of biography which would prattle of the great man's slippers, and measure the dimensions of his walking-stick. Such literary peddlers of small wares, such artistic mosaic workers of weeds and flowers, have their appointed functions; but assuredly, in art at least, we have had of this curious laborious workmanship quite enough. It is an old trick, and met with the success and reward it so well deserved, when the birds flew down to eat of the grapes in the picture of Zeuxis.

In the present day it seems to be forgotten that imagination is essentially the art-faculty; a faculty insatiable in its thirst, in flight untiring, which, even amid Alps, still soars, still demands something more vast and grand. Imagination creates that for which the mind hopes, and peoples the future of its longings with visions, of which the earth gives only the symbols. The Alps themselves are but the portals by which she enters on the mansions of infinity, and the snow-white pinnacles the minarets which rise from out the celestial city. Even when at times, intently gazing on mountain summits, the eye becomes clouded by a dazzling dimness, blinded by excess of light, fainting through the stress of effort, the mind oft then turns inward, and on the retina of the imagination paints pictures which stand in future years as realizations of the soul's hopes, fears, faith. To minds of noble tending, it is not, even amid Swiss mountains, so much what the eye sees as what the imagination creates,

which fills with satisfying rapture. It is in the vision of the imagination, rather than in the transcript of the memory, that the mind most delights. Snowy heights, vast distances, bold massive rocks, will henceforth constitute the back-ground, the fore-ground, and the vast theater in which the imagination shall enact her tragedies, and create a fresh earth and a new heaven. The credibility of miracles could never, we would charitably suppose, have been called in question in the presence of what is in itself so miraculous. Revelation may demand what it will—mysteries in faith, miracles in fact, and the mind willingly receives them all; because nature herself does not here leave off where revelation begins, but carries herself onward into the supernatural, leading the imagination to truths lying beyond the ken of the understanding.

We have said that present art seems to forget the province of the imagination, and strives for no higher victory than the manual transcript of the perceptions. Now, were Alpine summits the prevailing objects of art-vision, we would rest, if not wholly satisfied, at least better contented; but when it becomes more than probable that the imagination will be called upon to halt and stumble among fore-ground brambles and disordered rubbish—and when, in scenes of domestic industry and happiness, the eye may be specially directed to such symbols as a kitchen mop or a scullery bucket, then we do venture to ask of the artist, "Where was your soul while you thus labored?" and to demand of the spectator, "whether, on his part, he can rest satisfied with works, which, to amuse a prying curiosity, defraud the rights and wants of better faculties?" It is boasted that our English art is full of promise. It is certain that it has reached a crisis, but whether that crisis will terminate in fatal malady, or lead to renovated health and resuscitated powers, will depend on the turn which the prevailing symptoms shall take. If the artist should prove himself able to build up, as does nature herself, the accumulated details and atoms into grand general results, into resultant truths which shall be great in proportion as they are the accumulated product of study; if his present art-perceptions be but the avenues leading to the vision vistas of the imagination—then assuredly the existing crisis is but the transition to power. We protest, however,

against all that inordinate boasting, which would glory as if the great consummation were already attained. For ourselves, we do not believe that it is as yet even within reach; and that while the school of detail, of accident, character, and texture, may and does produce works which delight, and in some measure improve, yet that, in its whole tendings and purpose, this detailed mannerism is incompatible with that largeness of thought and boldness of handling which arises from, and in turn communicates, ideas of power and grandeur.

The old masters, whatever might be their other short-comings, at least attained, in great degree, to this largeness and grandeur of purpose. Salvator might not know granite from limestone, yet, nevertheless, he certainly has successfully communicated to others the sense of the weight and vastness of rocks, the untamed wildness of nature unreclaimed. In those days it is manifest that art had not fallen under the influence of Comte's *Philosophie Positive*, and just in proportion as science had not dared narrowly and accurately, by metes and bounds, to circumscribe the confines of art, was there still permitted within art's territories a lawless impulse, a blind yet bold intuition, which cared not to give an account of itself and its doings. Nature was, in those days, for the purposes of art, in some respects better comprehended and treated by the untutored impulses than now in our times, when much of her poetry may have fallen the victim to the clear, but cold, dry analysis of the scientific understanding. We do not cry down knowledge, especially when it becomes wisdom; neither do we depreciate science, especially when it rises from crude facts to laws; but we do object to that misapplication of cyclopediac knowledge, and of mere museum and cabinet-compiled science, to the distinct province of painting, whereby, as we have seen, a school of meaningless detail has risen, which robs art of its imagination, and thereby leaves her powerless.

Our English school once contained the promise of greater things. The visions of Danby and Martin were epics, outbursts of enthusiasm, a grand intermingling of things seen and things imagined, wherein nature and revelation were brought together and fused in the fervor of art creation. There may be in these works some extravagance. Martin, we believe, boasted

that he had put into a picture a building seven miles high; and his coloring, bad in itself, was certainly neither true to nature nor consonant with art-beauty or expression. The pictures of Danby may likewise, no doubt, be open to hostile criticism. But whatever exceptions may be taken, still the works of these men do serve, in some measure, to show what we mean by power in art. Take, for example, Martin's *Fall of Man*—a dream-like poem of the imagination, wherein the realities of earthly beauty are brought, by the creative power of artistic composition, to make an Eden where God might reveal his glories on the distant mountain-top, or talk, in the heat of the day, beneath the cool shadowy trees. The beauties of Italy, of the Bosphorus, of the Lebanon, and the land of God's revelations, are not unknown to us; yet nowhere can we recall a Godlike scene such as this. We look to this plate, now before us, as a concentration and consummation of what we have seen; and now, in the tranquillity of distance, when memory lends food and fuel to the imagination, this engraving, wretched though it be in execution, communicates that power, that sense and rapture of infinitude, which, after earth lies exhausted, are still left as a victory of art.

Then, again, turn to an engraving of Danby's *Opening of the Sixth Seal*: an earthquake rends the rocks and shakes the stars from heaven. Resistless power here breaks forth in judgment—the firmament melts with fervent heat—lightning takes the rocks for thunderbolts, accomplishing the prayer of the kings, of the great men, and of the bondsmen who cry unto “the mountains and rocks, fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne,” “for the great day of his wrath is come.” Such a work will sufficiently serve to show what we mean by the natural leading up to the supernatural. It brings together, in their full intensity, the elements of earthly power, infuses them with the force of genius, and thus, by the concentration of all power, mental, natural, and in some sense supernatural, a work is created, which becomes in great measure an art-realization of the miraculous.

Such works are great by the greatness of their conception—by the grandeur of their thoughts, forms, and treatment; and to secure this greatness, the minute details of nature are little needed. The vastness

of the scene, the terror of the theme and action, so completely fill the thoughts, that minor facts and incidents are not merely mentally subordinate—they are, indeed, wholly unheeded. Do the kings and bondsmen, who call in terror upon those falling rocks, mark or care whether they be of granite or of mountain limestone? Minor detail in such scenes of tragedy is worse than useless; it is indeed hostile to, if not wholly incompatible with, the power and intensity which, in works of this import, constitute the very essence of the sublime. Minor trivial accessories, unless they involve some deep meaning, and thus cease to be trivial, are only marked by the eye, remembered by the mind, when the thoughts are vacant of weightier matters. Do you think that the Virgin Mary noted the texture of the robes in which the angel Gabriel came to announce his message? In like manner it was not till later and declining days that art learned that angels brought not their wings from heaven, but stole them from the sides of hawks; thenceforth painters began to count feathers, and instead of pennons dipped in rainbow radiance, the mundane details of a vulture's plumage were given as a substitute for forms and colors which the imagination had fitly chosen, because not belonging to earth. An angel of this nineteenth century would, doubtless, come clothed in Manchester cottons, or Lyons silks, and his mission be unheeded, and his heaven-abode forgotten, in our admiration of the material, texture, and quality of his attire.

We have discoursed thus much of power in many of its aspects, because, in an age eminently powerful, art, as we have said, is comparatively weak. We know, however, no reason why she should not regain in new directions that influence which, since the Middle Ages, she has lost. Nature, we have seen, contains within her realms, manifestations of power which art

has yet to appropriate and make her own. Nature has thoughts of grandeur, waiting only for commensurate genius to mold. It is the power of thought in man that can alone enable art efficiently to work out and manifest the latent yet vital and soul-like powers in nature. We would venture, then, to say to the artist: wait and labor till you have found and framed a thought sufficiently great to be worthy of expression. A noble office devolves upon you; it is required that you shall teach, elevate, and advance your age; but before you can wield a power thus to move, you must be the like power be moved yourself. Men in sufficient numbers will always be found to perform the subordinate work their generation may require; but you, feeling within yourself the promise of greatness, arrest the too easy descent into those minor topics about which the multitude is ever busied; stifle in their first rise the trivialities of purposeless detail; and, instead thereof, foster and mature master and moving thoughts in nature—watch for their rising in your own mind—studiously gather together all the forms and phases of beauty and of grandeur which the life of man and the ways of nature present for your using; and thus having made your own life a poem, your own mind a temple whereunto all high and beauteous thoughts are flocking, then, in the fullness and overflow of your heart, take canvas, and, in the language of forms, light, shade, and color, express thoughts worthy of a great mind discoursing with a high intent. Your works will then move mankind by the power of thought they thus contain. To apply once more the words of Milton to our subject, there will be found “a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they will preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them.”

From the Westminster Review.

BOILING WATER—THE BOILING SPRINGS OF ICELAND.

WE live, and move, and have our being at the bottom of an atmospheric ocean whose lower strata are pressed upon by all above them. Unlike the waters of the common sea, the atmosphere yields considerably to this superincumbent pressure. It shrinks like a compressed spring, and, like it, exercises an elastic force proportioned to the weight which it has to bear. A pillar of air, with a base of one square inch resting upon the surface of the sea, and reaching to the top of the atmosphere, weighs, in round numbers, fifteen pounds; and this, therefore, is the pressure exerted by the atmosphere on each square inch of the sea's surface. It varies within narrow limits, according as the pressure is that of the warm, light air of the south, or of the cool, dense air of the north: in the former case the barometer falls, in the latter it rises. We have heard an intelligent youth ask the following question: "Suppose a room containing people to be shut up, and every chink and cranny closed, so that all communication shall be cut away between the air within and that without. Here, although the ceiling and walls interpose to shield the people in the room from the pressure of the atmosphere, still each of them bears the same pressure as a person outside the room; and a barometric column will stand as high within the room as without it. What is the reason?" The reason is, that the air within the room possesses the full elastic force which the pressure of the atmosphere can give to it; the spring was compressed before the room was closed, and its power of lifting the barometric column is therefore the same as that of the free atmosphere.

A vessel of water with its surface exposed yields up vapor at all temperatures, and the water will finally disappear; but the elastic force of this vapor will depend on the temperature at which it is generated, being greater the higher the temperature. If the heat be sufficient to boil the water, bubbles rise, and sometimes

float for a considerable time upon the surface. Let us consider the case of such a bubble, whose area is one square inch. The fragile thing bears the atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds. Why, then, does not the film burst? Simply because the elastic force of the steam within the bubble is exactly equal to the elastic force of the air without it; so that the film is in reality placed between two gaseous cushions, which press upon it equally, in opposite directions, and therefore neutralize each other. Until the water is hot enough to produce steam of this tension, it cannot boil; the tendency to ebullition is subdued by the atmospheric pressure. Under the full atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds per square inch, water boils at a temperature of 212° Fahr.; and hence steam generated at this temperature is said to have an elastic force equal to one atmosphere. But if a portion of the atmospheric pressure be removed, water will boil before it reaches 212°. Take the case of a bubble floating on the surface of water at the top of a mountain. We have seen that the existence of the thin film which constitutes the bubble, depends on the pressure against it from within being the same as the pressure upon it from without. But the pressure without the bubble on the summit of the mountain is less than at the surface of the sea, and hence the elastic force of the steam must be less in the former position than in the latter. This is the case; and to produce this feebly elastic steam less heat is required; or, in other words, the boiling point of water on the mountain is lower than at the sea level. At 18,000 feet, on Donkia mountain, in the Himalaya, Dr. Hooker found that water boiled at 180°; so that tea, soup, and chocolate, which require to be made with water of nearly a temperature of 212°F., would be of very inferior quality in this mountain region. It is not, however, necessary to ascend a mountain to satisfy ourselves that the

boiling point sinks as the atmospheric pressure is diminished. If water at 180° be placed under the receiver of an air-pump, and the air be removed until the pressure becomes as low as it is on Donkia, the water will boil. It is not even necessary to heat the more volatile liquids to produce this effect. A beaker of alcohol placed under the receiver of an air-pump, at the ordinary temperature of our climate, will boil violently when the receiver is sufficiently exhausted. Reversing the conditions, we can, by increasing the pressure upon its surface, enable water to attain a far higher temperature than 212° without boiling. Thus, as is natural to expect, an external force which resists the tendency of heat to tear asunder the particles of a liquid, and convert it into vapor, elevates the boiling point of the liquid.

The boiling point depends also on the nature of the vessel in which the liquid is placed. Any thing that resists the separation of the particles produces the same effect as an increase of external pressure. Water adheres to certain surfaces much more strongly than to others; thus, it clings to glass more tenaciously than to metal; so that, to make water boil in a glass vessel, requires more heat than is necessary if it be contained in a metallic vessel.

In boiling their solutions in glass vessels, chemists have to be very careful, for the adhesion between glass and liquid is overcome by jerks; instead of the amicable ebullition exhibited in a metallic vessel, the solution boils by starts; and this in sometimes so energetic a manner as to project the solution quite out of the glass vessel. But the most remarkable influence upon the boiling point of water is exercised by the air which it holds in solution. When water is exposed to air, a certain amount of the latter is absorbed by the liquid, the magnitude of the absorption being proportional to the pressure exerted by the air on the surface of the liquid. It is extremely difficult to expel this air, but it may be done by continual boiling. Imagine a glass tube, which has been exhausted by the air-pump, to be half filled with water which has been purged of its air by boiling, and hermetically closed at both ends. This water adheres so closely to the sides of the tube, that when the latter is turned upside down, the liquid will not fall downward,

but will cling to the upper portion of the tube. This experiment shows that the adhesion between the liquid and the glass is enormously increased by the expulsion of the air, for no such effect could be produced with ordinary water; but it also teaches that the cohesion among the particles of the liquid itself is very great; for there is nothing to prevent the central portion of the liquid column from detaching itself from the portion in contact with the tube, except the cohesion between the liquid particles themselves. Now here we have a force which tends to resist the separation of the particles; how will it affect the boiling point of the liquid? Most remarkably. Water thus purged of its air may be heated to a temperature of 275° Fahr. without boiling; and when it does boil, it is not with the gentle ebullition of ordinary water. The particles snap suddenly asunder like a broken spring, and ebullition is converted into explosion.

It is possible that this property of water may sometimes act disastrously in the case of steam-boilers. For if the water in a boiler be deprived of its air by long boiling, it may assume the condition described, and become heated to a degree far beyond that which corresponds to the pressure upon its surface, as indicated by the gauge. Explosions very often occur at the precise moment when the engineer turns on the steam; an act which would be calculated to rupture the cohesion of a mass of water in the state referred to, and to cause it instantly to apply its excess of heat to the generation of steam of enormous tension. No man practically acquainted with experimental investigation, and the numberless chances that arise to modify and defeat the most probable conjectures, will be inclined to express himself dogmatically upon the point in question. But one thing is certain, that we ought to know whether this cause, or the other causes, with which conjecture alone now deals, can practically affect the question of boiler-explosions. We know nothing; but we ought to know a great deal, for the whole subject is clearly within the range of experimental investigation. Instead of being reduced to vague surmises, certain experimental results ought to be before us as the basis on which to found a rational opinion. But such results are wanting, not on account of the insuperable difficulty of the subject, but simply

because there is no person with sufficient cash, leisure, ability, and inclination to undertake the investigation.

We now turn to the examination of another interesting point connected with the boiling of water. To a person unacquainted with the facts of the case, nothing can appear more manifestly true than the statement that the hotter a vessel is into which water is poured, the sooner the liquid will boil. But this statement is diametrically opposed to fact. Let a silver basin be heated to redness, and let a small quantity of water be poured into it. The water, instead of flashing into steam, as might be expected, will gather itself into a globule, and roll upon the hot surface as a drop of mercury upon a table, or as a rain-drop upon a cabbage-leaf. The liquid is in a state of incessant motion: sometimes it elongates itself into an oval in one direction; then, drawing itself up, it becomes elongated in a direction perpendicular to the former; and these changes take place so rapidly that a star-shaped figure is often the result. Sometimes rosettes of surpassing beauty are thus formed. While the drop is in this spheroidal condition, as it called, let the lamp which heats it be withdrawn; the basin gradually cools, and after a short time the drop loses its spheroidal shape, spreads out on the surface of the basin, and is instantaneously thrown into violent ebullition. Throughout the Continent, this is known as the experiment of Leidenfrost, who described the phenomenon in a work published toward the close of the last century.

Water is not the only liquid which is capable of exhibiting this effect: it is obtained more easily with alcohol, and still more easily with ether. In fact, the more volatile the liquid, the more readily it assumes the spheroidal condition. In the place of a metallic basin, water near its boiling-point may be made use of to support a drop of ether. Instead of mixing with the hot water, the ether gathers itself up into a globule, and rolls about upon the surface of the other liquid.

With regard to the cause of this singular phenomenon, differences of opinion still exist among men of science; but we imagine, that those who have studied it aright will be found to be tolerably unanimous. M. Boutigny propounded a theory which had no scientific basis, and therefore never made a convert. M. Buff considers the action to be precisely the

same as that exhibited by a drop of mercury; that the heating of the metal establishes the same relation between it and a drop of water as that which ordinarily exists between mercury and a surface of glass or porcelain. The very appearance of the drop on the heated surface suggests the idea that the liquid and metal are not in contact with each other.

At an early period of railway history it was proposed by that original genius, George Stephenson, to substitute for ordinary steel springs, in the case of locomotives, springs of elastic steam. It was proposed to convey the steam into cylinders, in which pistons should move steam-tight; these pistons, supported by the steam beneath them, were to bear the weight of the locomotive. Now, what the great engineer proposed for the locomotive, the spheroidal drop effects for itself—it is borne upon a cushion of its own steam. The surface must be hot enough to generate steam of sufficient tension to lift the drop. The body which bears the drop must be of such a nature as to yield up readily a supply of heat; for the drop evaporates and becomes gradually smaller, and to make good the heat absorbed by the vapor, the substance on which the drop rests must yield heat freely—in other words, it must be a good conductor of heat. This is why a silver basin was recommended for the experiment, for silver stands at the head of conductors. Again, a cushion of vapor being required, the liquid must be of such a nature as to furnish this. Hence it is that the most volatile liquids—those which are most readily converted into vapor—show the phenomenon most readily. It is to the escape of steam in regular pulses from beneath the drop that the beautiful figures which it sometimes exhibits are to be referred. By using a very flat basin, over which the spheroidal drop spreads itself widely, we render it difficult for the vapor to escape from the center to the edges of the drop; and this resistance may be increased till the vapor finds it easier to break in bubbles through the middle of the drop than to escape laterally.

All the facts are in perfect harmony with the explanation, that it is the development and incessant renewal of a steam spring at the lower surface of the drop which keeps the liquid from contact with the metal, and shields it from the communication of heat by contact. Owing to

this, indeed, the liquid in the spheroidal condition never reaches its boiling temperature. If you plunge a thermometer into a spheroid of water in a red-hot vessel, its temperature will be found to be some degrees under 212° . When the lamp is withdrawn and the basin cools, the tension of the steam underneath the drop becomes gradually feebler. The spring loses its force, the drop sinks, and finally comes in contact with the metal. Heat is then suddenly imparted to the liquid, which immediately bursts into ebullition.

It is a common experiment, and one which may be made in any smithy, to rub the tongue against a bar of white-hot iron. The tenderest lady who chances to read this article may make the experiment with perfect impunity, provided the bar be sufficiently heated. In this case, the layer of vapor developed between the hot metal and the moist tongue, effectually shields the latter from harm. And this brings us to those remarkable experiments, the performance of which, by M. Boutigny, excited so much interest a few years ago. At the meeting of the British Association at Ipswich, in 1851, many of the visitors had an opportunity of seeing M. Boutigny pass his hand through a stream of molten iron. Previous to doing so, the experimenter dipped his hand in a bucket of water. He afterwards scooped, with his fingers, the liquid metal out of a crucible, and scattered its drops around like those of water. A similar experiment may be made with molten lead, care being taken to skim the oxide from the surface, and render it clean. The fingers, moistened by water, or by liquid ammonia, may be dipped into the lead with impunity. Here, also, the hotter the metal, the less will be the danger. Pondering upon these results, the miraculous disappears from the following experiment, made by a holy man of antiquity. In the year 241, Sapor gave orders to his wise men to do all in their power to convert certain of his subjects who had backslidden from the faith of their ancestors. To effect this, one of the priests of the dominant sect, Abdurabad Mabrasphaud by name, offered to submit to what he called the fiery ordeal. He proposed that a quantity of molten copper should be poured over his body, on condition that, if he remained uninjured, the dissidents should return to their ancient belief. This was agreed to; and eighteen pounds of the molten metal were poured

over his naked body. He escaped unharmed, and the heretics were all converted.

It has been stated that the water in the red-hot metallic capsule does not reach its boiling point: the existence of an intensely cold liquid in such a vessel is also possible. It is well known that carbonic acid gas can be rendered liquid by great pressure. It is needless to observe that this gas is one of the products of respiration; that its escape causes the effervescence of champagne and soda-water; and that if marble, or chalk, which is a carbonate of lime, be acted upon by sulphuric or any other acid, this gas is liberated in abundance. The liquid carbonic acid is preserved in strong iron bottles, which are closed by perfectly-fitting taps. When one of these is opened, the substance being relieved from the pressure which held it in the liquid condition, flashes into gas—but not all of it. It is well known that a body, in passing from the liquid to the gaseous condition, absorbs an enormous quantity of heat. So great is the amount of heat absorbed in the case now before us, and so intense is the cold produced by this absorption, that a great portion of the carbonic acid is actually frozen, and may be collected as a pure white snow.

Not only does a body in passing from the liquid to the gaseous condition absorb a large amount of heat; in passing from the solid to the liquid state, a similar absorption, and a corresponding production of cold, takes place. If the solid carbonic acid obtained in the manner above described, be mixed with ether, the solid melts, and the cold produced is the most intense known to man. Fahrenheit thought that the lowest temperature possible was at 32° below the freezing-point of water, and hence chose this point is the zero of his scale; but with a mixture of carbonic acid and ether, Thilorier obtained a temperature 152° below the freezing point of water, and Mitchell one 178° below the same point.

If a quantity of the mixture be placed in a red-hot metallic crucible, the elastic force of the ether-vapor shields the substance from contact with the vessel, the heat imparted by the latter is absorbed by the vapor, and the mixture remains intensely cold. If a spoon containing water be plunged into the mixture, the water is instantly converted into ice. If

a quantity of mercury be placed in a copper ladle, and immersed in the mixture, it also is frozen; and the mercury thus solidified, may be bent backward and forward, and cut with a knife like cheese. The carbonic acid itself furnishes us with an example of a solid in the spheroidal condition. As fast as it can supply itself with the necessary heat from surrounding bodies, it is converted into gas. If placed upon any smooth surface, it slides about upon it without apparent friction, the sliding being due to the fact that it is lubricated by its own vapor. It may be held in the hand, or even placed in the mouth, (care being taken not to inspire while it is there,) and no painful sensation of cold is felt. Were the hand and tongue, however, not shielded by the vapor, the carbonic acid would be almost as destructive as a red-hot metal. When squeezed into contact with the skin, it burns it severely. The freezing of water, and even of mercury, in red-hot vessels, may also be effected by liquid sulphurous acid; but the cold thus produced is not at all so intense as that obtained in the manner above described.

While engaged on the present article, an anecdote of a reputed miracle reached us, which in all probability is to be referred to the scientific principles just described. Some years ago, a missionary in the South-Sea islands was visited by some of the native chiefs, who came to inform him that a priest of a rival sect in the neighborhood, had, in their presence, converted water into ice in a red-hot vessel, and had referred to the fact as an evidence of his divine mission. The missionary was asked if he could do the like, and was obliged to confess his inability. He wrote home, however, and obtained the necessary instructions for the performance of the experiment; but whether he succeeded in neutralizing the power of his rival, we have not yet been informed.

Before quitting the subject of the spheroidal condition of water, a word is perhaps, necessary on the part it may play in a small flask of thin sheet copper, with a horizontal handle attached to its neck; let the bottom of the flask be heated over a spirit-lamp, and while in this state let a little water (hot water is best) be poured into it. The liquid will assume the spheroidal form. Let the flask be corked, and the lamp withdrawn: for a short time all remains quiescent;

finally, the water within the flask touches the hot metal, steam is suddenly generated, and the cork is propelled violently upward. It is usual to pass through the cork a fine glass tube, to permit the small portion of vapor generated while the liquid is in the spheroidal condition to escape. Now, it is strongly asserted by some, and indeed the opinion is entertained by men eminent in science, that the force which produces the expulsion of the cork, often comes into play on a grand scale in the explosion of boilers. But here, as in the case previously referred to, we are left entirely to conjecture. We could patiently submit to this, if it were inevitable; but this is not the case. There is every probability that, by a course of suitable experiments, this momentous problem might be thoroughly dissected; but such experiments have never yet been made. The Government Inspector hands in his annual statement of boiler explosions and the associated loss of life and limb; but as yet no effort has been made to determine practically the conditions under which such explosions occur; which, nevertheless, is the first essential step toward an intelligent application of the resources of science in averting such catastrophes.

Another subject which ranges itself under the title of this article is that of the boiling springs of Iceland. "The Great Geyser" is the largest of these springs. It consists of a tube seventy feet deep and ten in diameter, which expands at its summit into a basin measuring fifty-two feet across from north to south, and sixty feet from east to west. Both the tube and the basin are lined with a smooth coating of silica, so hard as to bear the blows of a hammer without breaking. Let us inquire how the tube was constructed, and this perfect plaster laid on. The water of the Geyser, when analysed, is found to contain in every 1000 parts the following substances, in the proportions stated:

Silica	0.5097
Carbonate of Soda	0.1989
Carbonate of Ammonia	0.0088
Sulphate of Soda	0.1070
Sulphate of Potash	0.0475
Sulphate of Magnesia	0.0042
Chloride of Sodium	0.2521
Sulphide of Sodium	0.0088
Carbonic Acid	0.0557

Now, here we find silica, the very sub-

stance which lines the tube, dissolved in the water in considerable quantity; and hence we might be led to infer that the lining of the tube was a sediment deposited by the water. But the water deposits no sediment. It may be bottled and preserved for years without showing the slightest precipitate. The lining, however, is unquestionably the product of the water; how then has it been deposited? If we take a quantity of the Geyser water and permit it to evaporate in a porcelain basin, the liquid creeps, by capillary attraction, a little way up the sides of the basin: it is here speedily evaporated, and deposits upon the basin a ring of silica. In the center of the basin the water retains its transparency; and not till the evaporation has been continued for a considerable time does the slightest turbidity appear. Let us now imagine the case of a simple thermal spring charged with silica, whose waters flow down a gentle incline. The water thus exposed evaporates quickly, deposits its silica, and gradually raises the side over which it flows. The outlet is shifted to another position; this becomes elevated in its turn, and thus the stream, by erecting obstacles in its own way, has to travel round and round, depositing its burden as it moves along. This process continues until, in the course of ages, a shaft is formed, and we have the wonderful apparatus whose dimensions are given above. A brief inspection of the vicinity is indeed sufficient to show that the spring is capable of building its own tube. The mouth of the Great Geyser is on the summit of a high mound, formed by deposits from the spring. But in raising this mound, the spring must also have formed the tube which perforates it, and thus we may satisfy ourselves that the spring is the architect of the shaft in which it lodges.

Having constructed our tube, let us now examine the observed facts. Imagine a traveler arriving at the Geyser, and find the tube and basin filled with hot water. He hears at intervals explosions which shake the earth beneath him. Immediately after each explosion he observes the water in the basin of the Geyser to be agitated: the liquid column is lifted to a height of five or six feet, thus producing an eminence in the center of the basin, and causing the liquid to overflow its rim. These elevations of the column are like so many unsuccessful attempts at an

eruption. The traveler waits: the explosions and consequent agitation of the water in the basin become more frequent; at length an apparently convulsive struggle takes place; jets are cast up in succession; the Geyser seems to gather strength, and finally the display is concluded by the projection into the air of a mixed column of steam and water, which sometimes reaches a height of one hundred and fifty feet.

Sir George Mackenzie, in his "Travels" in Iceland, gives the following account of his visit to the Geysers:

"However strongly the feelings excited by the productions of the springs, and by the appearance of the surrounding country, were impressed upon us, we often turned anxiously towards the Geysers, longing for a repetition of their wonderful operations. The descriptions we had read, and the ideas we had formed of their grandeur, were all lost in the amazement excited on their being actually before us; and though I may perhaps raise their attributes in the estimation of the reader, I am satisfied that I can not convey the slightest idea of the mingled raptures of wonder, admiration, and terror, with which our hearts were filled; nor do I fear that any conceptions which may arise of the astonishing effects of the Geysers, will leave the traveler disappointed, who trusts himself to tempestuous ocean, and braves fatigue, in order to visit what must be reckoned among the greatest wonders of the world.

"After yielding a little to impatience, we were gratified by symptoms of commotion in the Great Geyser. At three minutes before two o'clock, we again heard subterranean discharges, and the water flowed over the edge of the basin, but no jet took place. The same happened at twenty-five minutes past five o'clock, and at five minutes before seven. At thirty-five minutes past eight it boiled over again. . . . Having been busily engaged in packing our specimens, and being somewhat tired, we went to sleep a little earlier than usual. We lay with our clothes on, separated from the ground by sheepskins and a rug, in order that we might start at a moment's notice. Mr. Fell and Mr. Floed had left us to return to Reikiavik, and we had soon cause to regret that they had departed before the next eruption of the Great Geyser took place. On lying down, we could not sleep more than a minute or two at a time, our anxiety causing us often to raise our heads to listen. At last the joyful sound struck my ears, and I started up with a shout, at the same moment when our guides, who were sleeping in their Iceland tent at a short distance opposite to us, jumped up in their shirts, and hallooed to us. In an instant we were within sight of the Geyser; the discharges continuing, being more frequent and louder than before, and resembling the distant firing of artillery from a ship at sea. This

happened at half-past eleven o'clock; at which time, though the sky was cloudy, the light was more than sufficient for showing the Geyser; but it was of that degree of faintness which rendered a gloomy country still more dismal. Such a midnight scene as was now before us can seldom be witnessed. The description fails altogether. The Geyser did not disappoint us, and seemed as if it were exerting itself to exhibit all its glory on the eve of our departure. It raged furiously, and threw up a succession of magnificent jets, the highest of which was at least ninety feet. At this time I took a sketch . . . but no drawing, no engraving, can possibly convey any idea of the noise and velocity of the jets, nor of the swift rolling of the clouds of vapor, which were hurled one over another with amazing rapidity. After this great exertion, the water, as before, sunk into the pipe, leaving the basin empty."

With regard to the height attained by the jets, it may be here stated, that many of them were accurately measured, in 1846, by M. Sartorius von Waltershausen. At eleven o'clock, A.M., on the 5th of July, an eruption occurred which threw up jets to the height of a hundred and fifty-five feet; and on the 14th of July, at a quarter past three o'clock A.M., jets were projected to a height of one hundred and sixty-one feet. These heights were properly determined by a theodolite, and may therefore be trusted.

Sir George Mackenzie submits the following theory of the Great Geyser, "formed on the spot while the phenomena were before him:"

"A column of water is suspended in a pipe by the expansive force of steam confined in cavities under the surface. An additional quantity of steam can only be produced by more heat being evolved. When heat is suddenly evolved, and elastic vapor suddenly produced, we can at once account for explosions accompanied by noises. The accumulation of steam will cause agitation in the column of water, and a further production of vapor. The pressure of the column will be overcome, and the steam escaping, will force the water upward along with it."

Soon after his return to France, M. Descloizeau published his "Physical and Geological Observations on the principal Geysers of Iceland."

"In the Great Geyser," writes this observer, "the eruptions are preceded by subterranean detonations, which have always been justly compared to a distant sound of artillery, and which powerfully shake the base and lateral parts of the cone. After each detonation, the column of water which occupies the central

channel is upraised, in the form of a hemisphere, some meters above the surface of the basin; then all becomes calm again. These detonations and uplifting of the column occur pretty regularly every two hours, as we ascertained by a series of observations carried on for several days, and, consequently, they are far from announcing a great eruption; but when this is approaching, detonations stronger and more frequent than the first are heard; the uprisings of the central column become more and more considerable, and suddenly an immense column of water, ten feet in diameter at its base, is projected into the air to a height varying from a hundred to a hundred and sixty feet; it spreads like a fountain at its summit, and falls again in part into the large reservoir, which forms the basin of the spring. The rest of the water flows over the sides of the cone, and spreads out into little rills which furrow the plateau on which this cone rests. The column of water does not generally attain its greatest height until several consecutive jets, at very short intervals, have prepared the observer for the magnificent spectacle which the Geyser reserves for the close of the eruption—like a skillful pyrotechnist, who terminates his exhibition by a splendid bouquet. These eruptions last from five to seven minutes."

The explanation which M. Descloizeau gives of these eruptions is substantially the same as that of Sir George Mackenzie. The learned Frenchman has, it is evident, paid more attention to the accumulation and description of facts than to the explanation of them.

Let us now inquire whether a deviation from the theory of Sir George Mackenzie involves the assumption of "a complicated system of pipes, cavities, and valves," which he considers necessary. Not only is this not the case, but it will be seen that the hypothetical cavern imagined by Sir George may be wholly dispensed with, the Geyser tube itself being the sole and sufficient cause of the phenomena. Bunsen has proved this; and the history of modern science can furnish no more successful application of the laws of physics than that exhibited by his theory of the eruptions of the Icelandic springs; a theory by which are explained phenomena whose obscurity puzzled philosophers as much as their grandeur excited their astonishment. By the immersion of suitable thermometers at various depths, Bunsen, in association with M. Descloizeau, made himself accurately acquainted with the conditions of temperature of the Geyser column. A series of such observations was made at twenty-three hours thirteen minutes, at

five hours thirty-one minutes, and at ten minutes before a great eruption; and it was found that the temperature of the water gradually increased as the time of the eruption drew near. It was also found that the temperature of the column gradually increased from top to bottom. But at no portion of the Geyser tube had the water reached its boiling point at ten minutes before the eruption. We do not here mean a temperature of 212° ; for this is the temperature at which water boils when subjected to the pressure of a single atmosphere. What we mean is, that at no point of the tube did the water attain the boiling temperature corresponding to the pressure exerted at that point. Thus, the water at the bottom of the tube was found to be far above 212° Fahr.; but here it had not only to bear the pressure of the atmosphere, but also that of a superincumbent column of water seventy feet in height. The temperature of the liquid at the bottom of the tube was actually 16° Fahr. less than that at which it could boil under the pressure there exerted.

Another fact of the greatest significance resulted from these observations. It was found that at a height of thirty feet above the bottom the water approached more nearly to its boiling temperature than at any other point of the column. The observed temperature here was 252° Fahr. the boiling temperature 255° . Consequently, immediately before an eruption, the water at thirty feet above the bottom of the tube was heated to within three degrees of the temperature at which it would boil under the pressure exerted upon it.

But if the water of the column attains at no place its boiling temperature, how can we account for the detonations, and the periodical upliftings of the column noticed by all travelers? The Geyser tube is fed by ducts which ramify through the hot volcanic rocks. In these ducts steam is generated at intervals with almost explosive force: the vapor rushes into the Geyser tube, raises the column in the manner described, and is condensed by the cooler water. To make good the amount of heat carried away by this steam time is required, and thus intervals occur between the detonations. This is a phenomena common in the thermal springs of Iceland—the steam bubbles varying in size and the detonations in intensity with the nature of the spring.

The idea involved in the hypothesis of subterranean caldrons, supposed to be alternately filled with vapor and with water, is totally irreconcilable with the simple fact, that the quantity of water cast, during an eruption, beyond the margin of the basin, corresponds exactly with the depression of level that immediately follows, and, consequently, the supposed retreat of the water into an imaginary subterranean cavern, has no foundation.

To ascertain the nature of the motion within the Geyser tube, Bunsen sunk marked stones by slight strings to various depths in the tube. Those which, during an eruption, were projected to a height of one hundred feet or upwards, were such only as had been suspended near the surface of the water in the basin, while those who sunk to greater depths, never appeared. Stones placed in the basin were drawn into the pipe when the water receded, and again thrown up when the water was ejected. In fact, the column of mixed vapor and water moves with an accelerated velocity upward through the tube. At the mouth of the tube this force is at its maximum, and hence the power of the ascending mass to carry with it heavy bodies placed at this point. It is also probable that there are lateral canals, which, when relieved of pressure during an eruption, send into the Geyser tube immense quantities of steam. This lateral influx of vapor would tend to impart a rotatory motion to the Geyser column, a thing difficult to be observed, on account of the dense clouds of vapor which envelop the water. An accident, however, revealed the existence of this rotation to Bunsen. He had a manometer suspended by a string which ran along the center of the Geyser column; around the side he had, at the same time, a number of stones suspended by fine threads. An eruption occurred, the stones broke away from their threads, but were not cast up, and the threads themselves were found twisted into an inextricable coil round the central line from which the manometer was suspended. A rotatory motion was thus demonstrated; and this, indeed, accounts for the tangential spreading of the ejected column, which gives it the appearance of what in fireworks is termed a *bouquet de feu*.

The theory of these phenomena given by Bunsen is so simple and sufficing, that we need only place it side by side with that of Mackenzie to insure its acceptance.

In fact, the water at the bottom of the tube is, in all probability, comparatively calm. Bunsen succeeded in keeping a thermometer at the bottom during an eruption, which reached a height of upward of one hundred and forty feet; and the instrument showed that just as the eruption commenced, the temperature of the water at the bottom was actually sixteen degrees below its boiling point. But experiment is the best test of theory. Let us combine the conditions of nature, and see whether we can not produce her results. For this purpose, let a tube of galvanized iron, six feet long, six inches diameter at its lower end, and two inches wide above, be prepared. The tapering lessens the quantity of water, and increases the effect. Let this tube enter watertight through the center of a basin of the same material, or of sheet zinc, and let the basin be suitably supported by three legs. Underneath the tube let a charcoal fire be placed, and let a little wire basket clasp the tube at a height of two feet above the bottom. This basket is to contain some burning charcoal, to imitate the lateral heating of the Geyser. The tube being filled with water, will, when sufficiently heated, accurately imitate the action of its great natural prototype. At certain intervals the water will be thrown upward—will fall into the basin, and run down its inclined sides into the tube at its center; it will there remain quiescent until the proper temperature is again attained, when it will be discharged as before. We have no doubt that an apparatus of this kind might be constructed which would equal in the magnitude and beauty of its eruptions the phenomena actually exhibited by the Great Geyser itself.

The most famous eruptive spring in Iceland, after the Great Geyser, is the Strokkur. The tube of the former is cylindrical—that of the latter is funnel-shaped, wide at the mouth, and narrowing gradually downward. Its depth is forty-four feet; it is eight feet diameter at the top, but near the center this is narrowed to a diameter of ten inches. The eruptions of this spring sometimes attain an elevation of one hundred and sixty feet.

“When the eruptions of the Strokkur (writes M. Descloizeau,) take place naturally, the water is quite as limpid as that of the Geyser; and, if the weather is calm, and the sun bright, nothing can exceed the magnificence of those liquid

columns, which are perfectly vertical, and exhibit all the colors of the rainbow.”

The term “naturally,” used by M. Descloizeau, has reference to the fact that an eruption of the Strokkur may be artificially excited. By casting stones and clods into the funnel, the natives choke it up; the boiling, which in this spring is incessant when not interfered with, now ceases, and heat accumulates in the tube. This finally develops vapor of sufficient tension to lift the superincumbent mass, and project it with astonishing velocity into the air. With the model before referred to, it is possible to imitate the action of this spring also. Let the end of the galvanized iron tube which opens into the basin be stopped with a cork, to imitate the choking up of the natural spring. Heat being applied, all remains quiet for a time; at length the cork is shot upwards with extreme suddenness, and the water, with an apparatus of the size stated, is projected to a height of thirty feet. Here also we have experimental proof that the tube which the spring has provided for itself is the sufficient cause of the eruptions.

There are, on the contrary, other springs of minor note in Iceland, whose action quite harmonizes with the hypothesis of Mackenzie. The most remarkable of these is that called the Little Geyser. It is thus described by Bunsen:

“This spring rises in a palagonite rock, and is the highest but one toward the north-eastern mountain wall, at the foot of which rest the extensive siliceous tuff deposits of Reykir. A conical tuff elevation is here observed, whose small thermal crater is inclosed by stones. The boiling jet shoots forth periodically from among these stones. . . . The eruptions were repeated very regularly at intervals of three hours and three quarters on the 24th and 25th of June, 1846, when I had an opportunity of observing the spring: the main eruptions which occurred between nine and ten each morning, far surpassed the others in magnitude and beauty. The approach of an eruption is made known by a gradual increase in the development of vapor, and by a subterranean splashing sound. Boiling foam bursts forth with the steam, and continues to rise and fall at intervals, until at length, after about ten minutes, when the eruption has attained its maximum intensity, it rises in vertically and laterally spouting jets to a height of thirty or forty feet. The water-spouts then diminish in height and circumference with the same gradations that marked their development, until the spring, at the end of about ten minutes,

returns to its former repose. The phenomenon is certainly inferior in magnitude to that of the Great Geyser, in which a jet of boiling water, upward of twenty-eight feet in circumference and 100 feet in height, sends its far-projecting point of foam against the clear sky; but in beauty the New Geyser is scarcely inferior to its colossal rival. The deafening hissing, and roaring which accompany the ejection of the jets from the crater, the rush and splash of the liquid masses which fall in torrents and are lashed into foam by the vapor, the splendid rainbows formed with ever-varying brilliancy, through the refraction of the solar rays, by the showering water-pearls, and extinguished as rapidly by the whirling vapor—the dense and globular steam-clouds, which, rising from the jets, are made the sport of the winds, and stand forth in bold relief from the dark wall of rock behind them—the faint halo, around the head of the traveler's shadow, projected against the clouds, and visible to him alone—all these combine to excite in the mind an indescribable impression of sublimity and grandeur."

The tube of the Great Geyser is slowly but surely augmenting in height; the pressure of the liquid column it contains is therefore becoming greater and greater, and this points to the conclusion that at some future, though distant day, the pressure will become so great as to prevent

the subterranean waters from ever bursting into vapor. When this period arrives the eruptions must necessarily cease. The aspect of things at present in Iceland suggests that this has been the fate of many springs. Mounds are seen, perforated with shafts in which thermal waters once resided, but which are now filled with rubbish, the waters having broken away through subterranean channels. Sometimes after the spring has ceased its eruptions it continues to deposit its silica, and thus to form a *laug* or cistern. Some of these are from thirty to forty feet deep, and of indescribable beauty. Over the surface a light vapor curls, in the depths the water is of the purest azure, and tinges with its own hue the fantastic incrustation on the cistern walls; whilst at the bottom is observed the mouth of the once mighty Geyser. Thus, in Iceland we have the Geyser in its youth, manhood, old age, and death presented to us: in its youth, as a simple thermal spring; in its manhood, as the eruptive fountain; in its old age, as the tranquil *laag*; while its death is recorded by the mound and ruined shaft, which testify the fact of its once active existence.

From Titan.

THE LORIMER'S DAUGHTER.

AN INCIDENT IN THE BRIDAL HISTORY OF THE PRINCESS MARGARET AND KING JAMES IV.

CHAPTER I.

THE beginning of the month of August, 1503, was a period of wonderful bustle and excitement in the ancient metropolis of Scotland. The treaty of marriage between the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., and the Scottish sovereign, the brave and chivalrous James IV., had been for several years concluded, and the time of the royal nuptials was now at

hand. The intermediate period had been employed by the king in making suitable preparations for the reception of his illustrious bride. The wealthy abbey of the Holy Cross, or Holy Rood, in the immediate vicinity of the capital, had frequently been the residence of some of his royal predecessors; but his majesty had been for some time past busily occupied in erecting a palace in connection with the already existing ecclesiastical buildings.

For several years in succession—as appears from the accounts still extant of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland—workmen had been employed in this important undertaking. It can not now be ascertained, indeed, whether the Palace of the Holy Rood owes its origin to the gallant monarch to whom we refer, although it seems probable that it does; certain it is, however, that under the charge of the eminent architects who had been recently occupied at Falkland Castle, the northern towers of the palace were completed, and various apartments built and embellished with all the skill and splendor befitting an event which, by the auspicious alliance of the two kingdoms, seemed likely to bring to a happy termination the long train of disastrous quarrels which had so frequently interrupted their prosperity.

In the month of July, in the year we have mentioned, (1503,) the royal *fiancée* set forth from London on her journey toward the capital of her future kingdom. She was accompanied by a magnificent retinue, habited in brilliant armor, with trumpets and banners displayed as if in some triumphal procession. Numerous minstrels were in her train, and players, whose duty it was to amuse the royal damsel upon her bridal pilgrimage; and mingling with the goodly company were numerous prelates and noble lords, among whom was the gallant Earl of Surrey, destined, alas! a few years subsequently, to meet the royal bridegroom on the fatal plains of Flodden. The Princess Margaret traveled by easy stages through England. She rode chiefly on horseback, although, in addition to a second palfrey led beside her, there was a beautiful litter borne between two richly-harnessed horses, as well as a carriage, to suit her convenience when fatigued with riding. Throughout her whole progress, the royal bride was entertained and escorted by the nobility in a manner worthy of her virtues, her beauty, her extreme youth, and her exalted rank, as well as the happy alliance between the kingdoms about to be ratified by her marriage.

As the period of the royal nuptials drew near, the utmost excitement prevailed in Edinburgh. Within the walls, the city was densely crowded. All sorts of labor were suspended; the citizens seemed resolved upon a general jubilee. The narrow streets and wynds exhibited a most unwonted appearance. From the

windows of the houses—with their antique wooden gables fronting the streets—waved the banners of St. Andrew and St. George. Armed men, “clad in complete steel,” moved busily to and fro, their long swords clanking on the rude pavement; the retainers of the Highland nobility, in their picturesque tartan habiliments, and armed to the teeth, strutted about in vast dignity, laying aside, by common consent, their traditional animosity, and forgetting, in the general gayety, the feuds which had made them sworn foes to each other; while the sober citizens, gaily dressed with bright-colored doublets and scarlet hose—prelates and churchmen—“noble lords and ladies gay”—all met in in amity on the streets, resolved with one accord to do honor to the approaching occasion. Such was the state of matters at the commencement of our narrative.

It was a lovely evening, on the 4th of August, 1503. The bells of the Church of St. Giles had all day long been ringing a merry peal, and as they had now ceased, the vesper-bell of the convent of the Gray Friars was borne toward the city by the breath of the west wind. In a house, which even then was ancient, and which stood on the northern side of the High Street, at no great distance from the Netherbow Port, two persons were met, evidently on some matter which each deemed of importance. The apartment they occupied exhibited a remarkable aspect. It was a large room; the windows, of which there were several, were filled with small lozenge-shaped panes of glass. All around the walls were hung various pieces of armor, in great variety, including several complete suits of fine steel, richly adorned with gold. On a long table, in the center of the apartment, were several head-pieces of different forms, some of them plain, others surmounted with plumes of feathers. A number of swords, of various lengths, lay upon a sort of stand in one corner; and on the table itself were several weapons, besides a number of short daggers or dirks, whose shining blades indicated at once their fine temper, and the care with which they had been polished. One of the individuals we refer to occupied a seat in the window. He was dressed like a respectable master workman of the time. The other stood at the table, with a small casket before him, and was busily engaged in polishing

the already shining blade of a skean-dhu. Both were of middle age. The latter was the owner of the room and its contents. He was the chief lorimer, or armorer, in the city, and no man in broad Scotland knew better how to judge of a claymore or a suit of armor, or how to fashion them. The former was the well-known architect, or mason, who had gained the royal favor by his skill in completing the recent buildings of the Palace of Holyrood.

"Leonard Logy, my auld freend," said the armorer, stopping for an instant in his work, and pronouncing his words with the *burr* peculiar to certain parts of the Borders, "there's nae man frae here to the Debatable Land that's mair glad than me at your honors, ay, and at your profits, Ye ken that weel."

"I'm weel assured o' that, Wattie Turnbull," replied the architect: "deed am I. And I'm right grateful to the king's highness and to yoursel', auld freend, for your kindly words."

"Ye may be well grateful till our brave king," added the lorimer. "It's nae sma' honor to ha'e the bigging o' the palace beside the abbey; and then a precept made, as I'm tauld will be made, and that soon, to yoursel' for gude and thankful service done and to be done to the king's highness, and the soume o' forty pund's o' the usual money o' the realme, to be paid out o' the king's coffers yearly, all the days o' your life. Man, it's grand! I wish ye muckle joy!"*

"I'm thinking you're doing no that ill yoursel', Wattie," said the architect, with a smile, pointing to the casket, which was half full of gold pieces. "I ken weel you're nae without baith the profit and the honor."

"Ay, Leonard," resumed the other, "I've done a gude day's wark the day, lad! I've sold nae less than sax suits o' steel armour. What think ye? Ane o' them was for his gracious majesty himsel'. Ay, and a bonny suit it was; and nane other would I gi'e to my brave prince—bless [his bonny face! Real Milan, I can tell ye! There's nae a spear or sword amang the fause Southrons that would make a dint in't. Ay, man, and there's twa shirts o' chain mail sold beside: one

for my Lord o' Hamilton, the king's cousin, ye ken; and the other for the valiant Sir Alexander Seton. Then I ha'e sold a wheen swords, and dirks, and the like, forbye."

As the armourer concluded, the door of an inner apartment opened, and a young girl entered, attired in walking costume. She was about sixteen years of age, and extremely beautiful, while her picturesque costume set off in no ordinary degree her personal attractions. She wore a small hat and feather, a russet-colored cloak and hood, and a frock of green silk, and a pair of large silver buckles almost covered the front of her small shoes. Dark brown ringlets, lips about which the sunshine of a perpetual smile seemed to linger, and large hazel eyes, in whose depths it required no imagination to discover a world of love and faith, completed the picture of Mistress Alice, the fair and only child of the worthy armorer. Master Leonard Logy arose from his seat at her entrance, and made a courteous salutation; which the damsel returned with a smile, as she passed through the apartment and disappeared by the door leading into the street. The armorer did not speak, but an expression of deep affection beamed in his honest face as his eyes followed the retreating figure of his daughter.

"Sweet Alice!" said the architect, after a silence of some minutes; "how she hath grown. It seemeth to me but a yester-eve when but a bairn she sat upon my knee! She's quite a woman now, and as gude, I warrant me, as she is fair."

"Every thing to me, Leonard, since her mother's death," said the armorer, in a subdued tone, turning as if to the light, to see the blade he was working upon, but in reality to hide a tear which had sprung to his eyelids: "every thing to me; God bless her!"

"She'll mak some braw lad happy a'e day, Wattie," said the architect, with a smile, "as she herself deserveth to be; and the day is no far awa'. There's Gilbert Lynton, as fine a lad as e'er wore a sword, as straight as a pillar, ay, and as true as a plumbline——"

"What, man!" exclaimed Walter Turnbull, in a tone of anger, "speak ye o' Gilbert Lynton in the same breath wi' my Alice? A bonny thing, indeed! The jackanapes! He does na ken a spear head frae a sword point. Na, na! my Alice 'ill no disgrace her upbringing."

* Our antiquarian readers will find the royal precept or ordinance, here referred to, in the Register of the Privy Seal, under date September 10, 1504. This was, however, a year after the conversation we are now recording.

"Dina vex yoursel', Wattie, my man," said his companion; "dinna vex yoursel'. The sweet lassie, I warrant, 'ill no bring discredit on her kith and kin; but you maun look kindly on the lad Gilbert, for a' that."

"I'm no a whit angry," rejoined the armorer, while his sparkling eye and heightened color contradicted the assertion—"I'm no angry, Leonard; but hark ye, my lassie shall wed ane o' the stalwart lads o' the Borders; ane wha's able to keep what he gets, and get what he can, wi' his ain gude sword. Nane o' your baby-faced loons for me. Gin the bairn were no awa' to the vespers, I'd hae her back to tell ye sae her ainsel'."

The architect ventured no reply, contenting himself with an incredulous shake of his head; and soon after, bidding his friend good-night, took his leave, and quitted the city by the gate called the Netherbow Port, and made his way toward Holyrood.

CHAPTER II.

About an hour after the conversation we have been recording, a youthful couple were wending their way along the foot of the crags, near the Chapel of St Anthony, at no great distance from the Abbey of Holyrood. One of the personages was a tall, handsome youth. He was attired with a hat and plume of black feathers, a short gray cloak and scarlet hose, and armed, as was usual, with a sword, which he held under his left arm. On his right leaned a fair damsel, whom we have no difficulty in recognizing as Mistress Alice, who, a short time before, had quitted her father's house to proceed—as we must in charity presume, and as her father believed—to vespers.

The lovers (for such we must admit them to be) passed up from the lower grounds to the west of the cliff on which the ruins of the chapel now stand, and entered the fine valley known as the Hunter's Bog, in the center of which, reaching to each end of the valley, was a lake, long since completely drained. They wandered along its western margin, admiring, perhaps, the shadows of the great rocks above reflected in the tranquil waters beneath them. They spoke little to each other for some time, for the pure affection by which they were animated is often content with the mere presence of

its object, and is more expressed in enraptured silence than in audible sounds. At length the youth spoke to his companion in a low and gentle voice:

"Sweet Alice" he said, "thou sayest Master Leonard was with thy father as thou camest forth. Ah! he will fare but ill. He will confer with him about me and thee, dearest; but alas! I fear me there is small hope, save in thy own loving heart."

"I know not, Gilbert," replied the damsel. "Alas! my kind father hath his prejudices—and to thee, my Gilbert, to thee, though sooth to say, I know not wherefore."

"My friend Leonard Logy hath, I fear, little chance of prevailing, sweet Alice," resumed the youth. "But shall we not hope? Trust me, other means may be found to break down the barrier—be it what it may—which ill tongue or fickle fortune, hath raised between us. Hast thou thought, dearest, of the proposal?"

"It is a strange proposal to me verily," said the fair girl, laughing. "Shall I thinkest thou, make a passable representation of a distressed damosel?"

Her hearty laugh and cheerful expression of face did not much comport with the idea; and her companion, as he looked into the dark eyes, could not help joining in the mirth which the idea had provoked.

"Excellently well," he said; "excellently well, wilt thou. For art thou not indeed a distressed damosel, sweet Alice? Verily, thy representation shall have far more truth in it than is common in such matters; and moreover, see an thou hast not a true knight—ay, as true as the best blade thy father ever tempered!"

"And who hath put thee on this mad prank, Gilbert?" inquired the maiden. "And what will my father say, ay, and what will every body say, of Alice?"

"No evil breath will touch thee, purest and best?" said the lover. "Fear not; thy own innocence will guard thy fame. And were I to tell thee whose plan it is, wouldst thou at once consent?"

"Nay, that I can not tell," was the reply. "Thou shalt first give me to know, dear Gilbert, and I will answer thee as a maiden may."

"It is the king!" he whispered.

Alice started, in great amazement, and withdrew her arm from his. "What, Gilbert!" she exclaimed. "The king! Surely thou art dreaming!"

"Nay, dearest," replied the youth, smiling; "would that each dream of thee which haunts me were but as true!"

"Well then, Gilbert," returned Alice, placing her hand in her lover's, "I will be the distressed damosel, if my father but consent."

"Thanks! a thousand thanks! my brave-hearted Alice!" exclaimed Gilbert Lynton. "Never fear; good Walter Turnbull will not refuse his patron, James IV."

"Yet to what may all this lead, dear Gilbert?" resumed Alice, with a serious expression.

"Nay, I myself scarcely know—can scarcely guess," said her lover; "yet it is his highness' desire, and so dearest, let it be. And prithee, Alice, be silent on this plan to—to—thy father; thou knowest that——"

"I can but confide in thee, Gilbert," replied Alice, interrupting him. "Thou canst not ask aught that maidenly modesty may forbid. Be it so!"

The sun had already set, and the shadows of evening were gathering over the valley. Quietly communing together, the lovers traced their way along the shore of the little lake, and after passing round the eastern side, descended once more into the plain, and Alice found her way to the city gate, while Gilbert Lynton entered the palace. We must now mention some circumstances requisite to a distinct conception of the course of this narrative.

Gilbert Lynton was a youth who had joined the king's troops during the recent troubles regarding Perkin Warbeck. He had attracted the attention of the king not only by his extraordinary personal qualifications, but by his singular dexterity in horsemanship, an art in which James IV. himself excelled the majority of his subjects. The king took him into his immediate service, and made him one of his principal attendants. He was already, indeed, on the highway to distinction, and daily rose in the favor of his royal patron.

The king, who, as is well known, had an eye for female beauty, had caught a glimpse of the fair Alice, the daughter of his favorite armorer, and from certain symptoms, which did not escape his keen vision, he made a shrewd guess as to the state of matters between the youthful damsel and his protégé, Gilbert Lynton. This guess a few inquiries enabled his

majesty to convert into certainty; and he discovered, at the same time, that the armorer entertained a violent prejudice against Gilbert, from some doubt regarding his valor or hardihood as a man-at-arms—a doubt fatal to the good opinion of Walter Turnbull, who was one of the first swordsmen of his day, as well as one of the best constructors of the warlike weapon which he knew so well how to wield. With the benevolent desire, therefore, of rendering two young people happy, and in order to do what he thought an especial kindness to his favorite follower, his majesty devised a scheme, the nature and result of which we shall speedily discover.

CHAPTER III.

The Princess Margaret had already entered Scotland at Berwick-upon-Tweed, and had journeyed toward Edinburgh, taking as the stages in her progress the famous fortress of Fast Castle, the Church of Lamberton, one of the dependencies of the wealthy and influential Priory of Coldinghame, the Church of Haddington, distinguished, both by its situation and architecture, by the title of the Lamp of Lothian; at which two stages, as there was not sufficient accommodation, the princess and her train were entertained in pavilions erected for the purpose; and, finally, the Castle of Dalkeith, then in the possession of the Earl of Morton. Here it was resolved that her royal highness should enjoy some repose, as well as recreation, before proceeding to the capital, which was only a few miles distant, and which she resolved to enter on the 7th day of August, and after visiting the city, take up her abode at Holyrood, prior to her marriage on the day following. On her arrival at the Castle of Dalkeith, the king hastened thither to pay his respects to his future queen. He was accompanied by a train of noblemen, all gallantly attired, and mounted on fine chargers. The king was himself habited in crimson velvet, richly embroidered with cloth-of-gold; and across his back was hung his lyre, an instrument in playing which he evinced no inconsiderable taste and skill. He visited the princess every day during her sojourn at Dalkeith, where she arrived on the 2d of August; and while his dexterity in feats of horsemanship excited the admiration of his English guests, his skill

in playing on the claricorde and the lute no less delighted his bride, who, as an old chronicler states, "had grett plaisur for to here him."

Meantime, neither cost nor labor was spared in the preparations for the progress to Holyrood. The king, who loved magnificence and display, was not likely to permit any deficiency in the pomp and circumstance requisite on an occasion so remarkable. He was too much beloved by his subjects also to find it a matter of difficulty to exhibit a degree of grandeur worthy of the alliance about to be completed.

Early in the morning of the 6th of August the Marchmont herald and his pursuivant, habited in their singular official costume, dashed through the city gate, and pulled up their spirited horses at the shop of our burly friend, Walter Turnbull, the lorimer. The herald, who was in evident haste, threw himself from his horse, and entering the house, remained for about ten minutes with the armorer, and then took his departure toward the castle, urging his steed up the street as rapidly as its already extremely crowded condition rendered possible.

He had no sooner disappeared than Walter Turnbull, who had dutifully attended so important a personage to the door, hastily entered his shop or armory, and passing into the inner apartment, stood before his daughter, who was busily occupied in some arrangements for the morning repast.

"Alice, my bairn," said the armorer, with a troubled expression of face, "the king's highness has sent me a message by the Marchmont herald whilk is passing strange."

"Father!" exclaimed Alice, with an expression of surprise, which, if not real, was not unsuccessfully imitated; and then she added, in a satisfied tone, "More armor doubtless, father; I am glad——"

"It is no anent armor, Alice," interrupted her father, "but thee, that the herald came. Gude forefend that evil come not o' it!"

"Me!" exclaimed Alice, with great apparent astonishment.

"Ay, Alice! thee, even thee," returned her father. "But, in sooth, time presses, and I maun tell thee, my bairn. Weel, ye ken, that on the morn the princess 'll mak' her progress intil the city, and his highness the king is minded till amuse the

royal lady on the way frae the Castle o' Dalkeith."

"I have heard of the purpose of our gracious king, father," said Alice.

"What? about yoursel', Alice?" asked the armorer, in great astonishment.

"About the purpose to amuse the princess by the way," replied the maiden, quietly; "but ——"

"But—but—hear me, Alice!" said the armorer, with some irritation of manner. "Beside the hunting o' ane stag, his highness maun ha'e ane romance o' chivalry. There's to be a young damosel, wha's to be run awa' wi', and then rescuet by ane knight, and carried awa' agin till a place o' safety, ye ken; a' this is to be enactit as ane play, and meikle to the delectation o' the princess, doubtless; but, Alice, the strangest pairt o' the story is, that the king will ha'e it that yoursel's to be the distressed damosel!"

"The distressed damosel!" cried Alice, in well-feigned surprise; "me the distressed damosel! I'll be nothing of the kind; me, indeed!"

"But ye ken," argued the lorimer, "it's no like as if ony ordinar body was axing; it's the king himsel', ye see, lassie; ay, an' the king 'll ha'e to be obeyit, come what may o' it."

Alice now appeared more attentive; and her father proceeded to explain to her the details of the arrangement, of which the herald had hastily informed him. He informed her that the king having resolved to amuse the English princess as much as possible, would have Alice, as one of the prettiest girls in the city—for he had seen her often—personate one of the principal characters in the little romance to be performed. She was required, he told her, to personate a lady passing through the country on a journey, accompanied by one or two other damsels; that at a certain part of the road she and her companions should be set upon by some pretended robbers, who should appear to run off with them into the forest, and that, as they were so carrying them away, a knight-errant, whose duty it was to rescue distressed ladies, should pursue the ravishers, and snatch the captives out of their hands, and carry them away in safety to the presence of the princess. He further informed her, that the whole pageant would doubtless be of much grandeur, and that he himself would take care to be at hand, although, as for any aid, it would be all unnecessary,

inasmuch as the whole affair was a mere dramatic representation, for the amusement and solace of the royal lady so soon to be Queen of Scotland.

Alice had innumerable scruples to be overcome, although, not an hour before, she had, in her own little dormitory, been busily engaged in selecting some apparel befitting the part she had resolved to take in the simple drama to be performed. This, however, for some wise reasons of her own, she did not think it requisite to mention to the armorer whose prejudices and suspicions, if once awakened, might, she justly supposed, prove fatal to her lover's project, whatever it might be; and of the nature of that project she could not help having a certain vague suspicion, which originated a smile on her dimpled cheek, and set her heart beating, she knew not wherefore. So unwilling did she seem to engage in the affair, that her father, afraid of giving offense to his royal patron, at length condescended to entreat her to agree at once to the proposal. At last, lest she should carry her opposition too far, and so defeat her own secret wishes, she, with apparent reluctance, consented to the urgent request preferred to her, and set about making her arrangements for the following day's exhibition.

CHAPTER IV.

The 7th day of August dawned propitiously for the great pageant which the Scottish capital was to witness; and the most ardent admirer of pomp and display could have desired no finer weather. As the sun arose in the heavens, the sky became covered here and there with fleecy clouds, floating high in the atmosphere, and, by causing alternate sunshine and shadow as they swept slowly on before a soft westerly breeze, adding greatly to the beauty of the scene. At that period of our national history, a great portion of the fine country lying between Edinburgh and the Castle of Dalkeith was almost entirely covered with woods, in the fastnesses of which lurked the wild bear and the wolf, and through whose glades roamed the fierce breed of white cattle peculiar to the ancient forests of Caledonia, as well as numerous herds of deer, now found in a wild state only in the thinly-peopled districts of the Highlands. These primitive forests, planted by nature's own hand,

still reached within a short distance of the capital itself, and the quaint description of Bellenden, in reference to the state of the country in general, and the immediate vicinity of the Castle of Edinburgh in particular, was still in a great measure applicable to it at the era of our story. "At this tyme"—we quote the exact words of the old writer, and his strange old-world spelling—"at this tyme all the boundis of Scotland wer ful of woddis, lesouris, and medois. For the contrie wes mor geuin to store of bestiall than ony production of cornys. And about this castell was ane gret forest ful of hartis, hyndis, toddis, and sickle maner of beistes." What a contrast with the present age, in which these gloomy forests have been changed into richly cultivated fields, extending many miles in every direction!

On the eventful day we are now referring to, these ancient forests exhibited much of that variety of tint which in autumn adds so vastly to the charms of woodland scenery, while the soft west wind, blowing on the hills of Pentland, the sunny aspect of the day, the bright stream of the Esk—unsullied by dye-works—which flowed on beneath the "Lion's Den," as Morton's stronghold was called, were all circumstances which augured well for the day's pageant.

Early in the morning a gallant company had assembled around the walls of the old fortress which then occupied the site of the modern mansion of the Dukes of Buccleuch. There were numerous persons of rank present—the Earl of Surrey, and many of the English nobility; the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Durham, the Abbot of Holyrood, the Prior of Coldinghame, and other persons of distinction in the Church of Scotland as well as that of England. They were all richly habited, and some, as if anticipating the tournament which was to be held, were clad in magnificent suits of armor, among whom were the Earl of Surrey and the Prior of Coldinghame. Each of these, and the other distinguished persons present, had his own immediate retainers and servants around him; in addition to whom was a fine company of English soldiers, on magnificent chargers, and clad in complete suits of steel. The banners of England and Scotland waved from the turrets of the fortress and from the ranks of the soldiers below, and the whole

scene was animated and cheerful in the highest degree. No sooner had all the company assembled, than the Princess Margaret, accompanied by the Countess of Surrey, and a large number of noble ladies, issued from the gate. The royal bride was richly arrayed. Her gown was of cloth-of-gold, with a purple of black velvet, and she wore a collar or necklace of pearls and precious stones. Having entered her litter, the procession formed, and proceeded toward the city, moving from the gate of the castle, past the Collegiate Church, and thence over the ancient bridge across the Esk, from which the narrow road led, through the wooded country, toward the capital. As the gay company passed on, the woods reëchoed the sounds of the trumpets, which ever and anon announced the joyous character of the procession by bursts of martial melody.

Not long after the bridal procession quitted the Castle of Dalkeith, the king issued from Holyrood, and, accompanied by a large retinue of noblemen, took his way to meet his royal bride. His majesty rode a magnificent bay charger, covered with trappings of gold. He was himself habited in a manner befitting the joyous occasion. His jacket, according to the account still extant, was of cloth-of-gold, his doublet of violet-colored satin, his hose of scarlet, and his shirt was embroidered with pearls. The king, accompanied by his gay retinue, rode rapidly forward, "renning," as the quaint annalist says "as he wolde renne after the hayre." On meeting the princess, which he did about half way, he alighted from his horse, and having gallantly saluted his fair bride, invited her to sit behind him on his steed. This was an arrangement, however, to which the steed, unaccustomed to carry double, could not be brought to submit, and the king at length found it necessary to mount the princess's own palfrey, when the princess, with much good-humor, took her seat behind him, and the cavalcade resumed their march. After journeying about a mile further, they arrived at the higher grounds about two miles to the south of the capital, from which a fine view of the castle and city could be obtained. Here a pavilion had been erected in a meadow sloping gently toward a brook, and surrounded with trees, where some refreshment had been prepared. Here a stag, which had

been taken for the purpose, was let loose, and as it fled down an opening in the wood, several well-mounted huntsmen, sounding their bugles, started in pursuit, with their hounds, the course they took being such that, in the position in which the royal pair stood, the hunt could be witnessed distinctly for a considerable time.

The king and the princess stood for some time in front of the pavilion, enjoying the loveliness of the scenery, when the attention of the latter was attracted by an unexpected incident.

About a hundred yards from the front of the royal pavilion was an opening into the forest, and as the princess gazed after the distant hunt, three figures emerged from among the trees as if to pursue their way toward that point. They were young girls, tastefully habited as shepherdesses. They stopped for an instant as if startled by the sight of the gay company in whose vicinity they had suddenly found themselves, and then hastened, as if in terror, across the little plain, toward the path leading into the woods. The princess had already noticed them, and was in the act of pointing them out to the king, when several horsemen, clad in armor, dashed from among the trees, with the evident purpose of seizing upon the terrified fugitives. Two of them escaped among the trees, pursued by the horsemen, the third was made prisoner, and, after much resistance, the captor raised her before him on the saddle, and putting spurs to his horse, dashed across the plain.

"By my halidome!" exclaimed the king, "the knave will run away with the damsel before our eyes! Herbert Seton, brave knights and gentlemen, to the rescue—to the rescue!"

The summons had been scarcely uttered when half-a-dozen horsemen leaped into their saddles to pursue the ravisher. A cavalier, however, had already started on the gallant enterprise. He was mounted on a superb black horse, and clad in armor, with his spear in rest; he dashed after the fugitive, and closed with him, almost before another horseman had joined in the pursuit. A loud acclamation from the bystanders expressed their satisfaction, and the strange horseman, still bearing the apparently fainting figure of the shepherdess, finding he could not escape, turned his horse, and having recrossed the plain, and arrived opposite the royal

pavilion, wheeled round and confronted his pursuers.

At this moment, a herald galloped in front of the king's tent, and, having sounded his bugle, declared it to be his highness's pleasure that a combat should take place, and that the victor should be entitled to carry off the shepherdess, of whom his majesty would in the meantime take charge. This announcement appeared to give great satisfaction to all parties. The damsel who was the object of the contest was permitted to descend from her captor's charger, and she was led with all deference to the royal pavilion. The king had already explained to the princess, who had at first been somewhat alarmed as well as surprised, that what she witnessed was but a simple dramatic representation of a romance of chivalry. She therefore entered with great spirit into the amusement, and was prepared to receive the maiden with great kindness and courtesy.

"A right fair and gentle damsel!" she said to the king, as the maiden, whom the reader will recognize as Alice Turnbull, was conducted to her presence; an encomium in which his majesty might readily have joined, as the armorer's daughter drew near, in her picturesque costume, her face radiant with blushes, and her hair, in rich profusion, clustering over her shoulders. "Maiden," said the princess, addressing Alice, who stood before her, "thou hast acted passing well! Thou art of the band of players, it seemeth; although I remember not to have seen thee heretofore."

"May it please your grace," said Alice, with a low curtesy, "I am not of the band of players. I only came hither at my father's desire."

"Verily, then, fair maid," added the princess, with a kind smile, "thou hast all the more merit."

While the princess continued to address herself with great affability to Alice, with whose modest demeanor and good sense she was much pleased, the heralds were busily occupied, under the king's directions, in making preparations for the encounter which was about to take place. The center part of the little plain in front of the royal pavilion was cleared in a few minutes, and the spectators, some on horseback, others on foot, including a considerable number of persons from the city, were all arranged in a circle of about

two hundred yards in diameter. The combatants were placed one at each side. They were completely armed, but their weapons were such as were used only on the occasion of a tournament, it being a mere trial of skill, without any purpose of inflicting injury. While the preliminaries were being arranged, the king mounted his charger, and amused himself by galloping round the lists, accompanied by Lord Surrey and the Prior of Coldinghame. As he did so, his eye fell on the burly figure of Walter Turnbull, who stood in the crowd by the side of his friend Leonard Logy, a greatly interested spectator, as may be presumed, both from his own calling and habits, as well as from the singular part he had been unwillingly compelled to permit his daughter to act on the occasion. The king immediately beckoned to the armorer, who entered the lists, cap in hand, and his majesty, riding apart from the crowd, addressed him:

"Good Walter," he said, with a smile, "thou art an obedient and loyal subject, as well as a right skilful lorimer. And what thinkest thou of these two knights?"

"May it please your highness," answered Walter Turnbull, "their visors being closed, I ken not wha they be; but they be baith stalwart chieles, I wot, and ought to do battle weel."

"He of the black charger wears thy own armor, Walter," added the king; and as he is the champion of thy fair child, methinks he will prove not unworthy of his cause."

"'Tis but a play," added the lorimer, "an it please your highness; and to me it is of sma' concernment which o' the twa win the fight."

"Nay," said the king, laughing, "nay, good Wattie, what is begun in jest often endeth in earnest. What if one of the knights should claim the fair damsel as his own?" Walter Turnbull was silent. "Ah!" continued the king, archly, "I forget! Didst thou not resolve never to wed thy daughter, save to some wild Borderer like thyself, eh?"

The armorer was struck dumb with astonishment; he could not conceive how the king had heard of his expressions, and, in the utmost confusion, he vainly endeavored to say something in explanation.

"Kings have long ears, as well as long hands, good Wattie," said the kind

monarch, with a laugh! "but haste thee! See, yonder is Mistress Alice hard by the pavilion. Hie thee to thy daughter; we will have speech of thee anon."

Every thing had now been arranged to the satisfaction of the heralds, who, with sound of trumpet, proclaimed that the combat was about to commence, reciting at the same time the cause of the quarrel thus about to be brought to the test of battle. His majesty retired to the front of his pavilion, where the princess was seated, as the Queen of the Tournament, surrounded by a brilliant company of "noble lords and ladies gay." The two horsemen were objects of high interest to all the spectators, not only because their names and rank were unknown, save to a few, but on account of their personal qualifications, and the martial skill they were understood to possess. The cavalier who had carried off the fair Alice was clad in a shining suit of steel, and wore on his morion a plume of black feathers; the champion of the damsel likewise wore a suit of steel armor, but it was much richer than that of his adversary, being inlaid with gold; his plume was white, and his fine figure, as well as the extraordinary ease with which he managed his magnificent black charger, raised the expectations of the crowd to the highest pitch, and, notwithstanding the noble bearing of his opponent, and the beauty of the bay steed he bestrode, made him the favorite.

The ceremonials practiced on the occasion either of a tournament or of an equestrian combat of a serious character, are sufficiently known to render a minute description unnecessary. Let it suffice to say, that the combatants, having paid their homage to the princess, who had been enthroned, as already stated, as the "Queen of Love and Beauty," took their stations at opposite extremities of the area prepared for them, and awaited the signal of attack. The instant it was given, they dashed forward at full speed, with their lances in rest, and met in the center of the lists. Both knights had their weapons shivered by the force of the encounter, and the black horse was thrown upon his haunches. The riders nevertheless maintained their seats, exhibiting equally admirable skill in horsemanship. They again careered round the lists, and, taking their positions as before, were supplied with new spears, when the trumpet

once more sounded, and they rushed forward to the encounter. The result was very different on this occasion from what it had previously been: the knight on the black horse, with wonderful adroitness, evaded the spear of his adversary, which had been aimed at his breast, while the own lance took effect on his opponent's throat and hurled him in an instant from the saddle. The knight of the white plume instantly threw himself from his charger, and, drawing his sword, stood over the prostrate body of his foe, who lay insensible on the greensward. Placing his foot upon the breast of the antagonist, he called on him to yield, and, no reply being returned, the battle was declared at an end, and the champion saluted with loud acclamations as the victor. The fallen knight was found to be merely stunned by the shock he had sustained, and the conqueror, amidst the plaudits of the spectators, drew near the throne of the Princess Margaret, as if to claim the prize.

"Fairly fought, by St Andrew!" exclaimed King James, "and fairly won! May it please your majesty," he added, addressing the princess in her character of the Queen of Love and Beauty, "this valiant champion hath fairly sustained the cause of the distressed damsel. It remains to be considered whether he be not fully entitled to carry off his prize."

"Damsel," said the princess, addressing Alice, with a smile, "thou hearest what his highness hath spoken; what sayest thou to this victorious champion of thine?"

Alice, however, could not for worlds have uttered a sentence, overpowered as she was by a conflict of emotions. The king perceived her agitation, and gallantly came to the rescue.

"Walter Turnbull," said he, addressing the armorer, who stood uncovered beside his daughter, "our fair young friend can not reply to the critical inquiry that hath been put, canst thou not find a tongue, man? What sayest thou? Shall this gallant youth carry off the fair prize his sword hath so well won?"

"An it please your highnesses," replied the lorimer, "the youth is brave; he is a good lance; I warrant me there is no better horseman among the borderers. Please your highness, though we have peace, I would my child had a gallant arm and a brave heart to shield her in the hour of peril! Yet I know not the youth;

and to my Alice he is alike unknown. We are pleased, my liege, to have obeyed the command given us; we will now wend our way homewards."

"Nay, nay, good Wattie," responded the good-humored monarch, "thou mayest not leave our presence quite so fast, unless, indeed, thy fair daughter refuse to be her gallant champion's prize. But he must raise his visor that she may discover whether she hath ever before seen her deliverer. Come hither gallant cavalier," said the king; "down on thy knees, and receive the reward of valor."

The champion approached the king, and knelt on the grass. His majesty drew his rapier, and struck him on the shoulder, with the exclamation, "Arise, Sir Gilbert Lynton!"

Language can not describe the amazement of the armorer as he heard these words, and beheld the countenance of Gilbert Lynton, who raised his visor as he sprung from the ground to make his obeisance to the king and the princess. Neither is it possible to depict the varied expressions of poor Alice's countenance as the pallor by which it had been over-spread gave way to the roseate blush of love and modesty.

"Now fair Mistress Alice," said the king, "it but remains for thee to speak. Is this gallant knight to despair, or is he to possess what his spear hath so fairly earned?" Alice made no reply, and the king continued. "Walter Turnbull, Sir Gilbert loves thy fair daughter, and, if I err not, he does not love in vain. With thy leave, we will make them happy. Thy wish is fulfilled. We have presented him with a fair domain on thy favorite Borders, where his sword will not dis-

credit his prince's favor, and now we will give him a bride, for on this happy day we would that some of our subjects were as happy as their prince."

As he concluded, the kind-hearted king took Alice's hand and placed it in that of Sir Gilbert Lynton's; and the honest armorer, with tears in his eyes, expressed his hearty concurrence, by shaking his future son-in-law by the hand. "Man," he said, "Sir Gilbert, ye ha'e done weel. Forgie my doubts—ye'll do credit to our Borders yet, ay, an' ye shall ha'e the best suit o' Milan armor I can get ye!"

Our tale is told. The following day the king's marriage took place with great pomp in the chapel of Holyrood Abbey. The august ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Glasgow, and on the same evening Sir Gilbert Lynton and the lovely Alice Turnbull were united at the king's request by the Prior of Coldinghame.

From such scenes of national joy and domestic happiness, it is painful to turn to the events which quickly succeeded. A few years more, and James IV., who, although rash and impetuous, was brave, noble, and magnanimous, led his army into England, where on the field of battle he met the gallant Earl of Surrey, so recently his friend and guest in Scotland. Among the many brave and devoted men who followed their chivalrous prince to Flodden, were Sir Gilbert Lynton and Walter Turnbull, the lorimer: they never returned from that fatal plain; they fell near their sovereign, fighting side by side with the Prior of Coldinghame, and they are among the brave

"Whom plaintive lay
In Scotland mourns as 'wede away.'"

From the Leisure Hour.

A N A S C E N T O F M O U N T E T N A .

TH**E**R**E** are on the dry land of our globe more than two hundred volcanoes, while many others pour forth their lava streams under the waves of the sea. No one has hitherto satisfactorily explained how their hidden flames are ignited; but the man-

ner in which lava, red-hot rocks, and clouds of vapor, are ejected from below, may be understood by a simple illustration.

If a common tea-kettle is nearly filled with water and put upon a brisk fire, after the lid has been firmly fastened down, the

steam formed by the boiling water can not escape, and its force increases until it presses the water through the spout of the kettle. If this spout were to be lengthened upward to a height of seven or eight feet, the water would still be forced up, until the lower part of the tube, being free from water, would allow the steam to rush through it in fitful jets, spurting up the water with irregular bursts of vapor. When most of the confined steam has thus escaped, the column of water will rush back again to the kettle from the spout, and a period of quietness will ensue until the steam inside again accumulates, and the process is repeated.

Now, in the place of a kettle and a long upright tube, we may suppose a huge cavern, many miles deep in the earth, and the intense heat melting the rocks will cause a vast caldron of liquid lava to generate gas, steam, and vapor, which will seek for a vent, until at last they either force a new way through the rocks above, or rush along some cavern or opening to the surface. So long as the lower end of this vent is above the melted lava, the gas and smoke will rush out alone; and this is the state in which volcanoes are general when at rest. But when masses of rock have fallen down into the great caldron, so as to fill it beyond the level of the lower end of the vent, the smoke will cease to escape. Water rushing in upon the heated stone, from wells, springs, or the sea, will be soon converted into steam; and the whole being confined, there will be explosions and earthquakes, soon to be followed by an eruption on the surface. These phenomena are, in fact, always observed before a great volcano becomes active. The smoke almost ceases, the wells in the adjoining country suddenly sink, and at length, after loud noises and startling shocks, the liquid contents of the interior are forced by the presence of the steam to ascend the vent. Immediately dense black smoke pours out above, for the heated column of lava burns the rocks as it slowly mounts to the air. When it reaches the top of the vent, the liquid mass fills the crater or bowl at the surface, and, bearing down the sides with its weight, the torrent of red-hot lava rushes in a glittering stream down upon the plain below.

Etna seems to have raged thus at intervals ever since the days of the flood. Whole provinces around it are covered with lava,

evidently some thousands of years old; and one can trace the eruptions of later times, which have spread over many miles of the country; the gray, black, and red lava that has entombed nearly 100 towns and villages, and at the same time, hurried not fewer than 90,000 human beings into the presence of their Maker and Judge.

In traveling across Sicily to reach Mount Etna, we passed a wet mud volcano. Strange to say, the appearance of this was more suggestive of dreadful desolation than even the crater of one that hurls forth ignited rocks. There is something novel in an ocean of black slimy mud, so impossible to resist, and yet so ignoble-looking, as it lazily flowed along! In the diligence, we were forced to travel for two nights and three days without any stoppage, our companions being two clever young Dutchmen, who kept up a continuous rattle of conversations, and were exceedingly interested in an account of the London ragged schools.

At the end of our journey was Catania, where robbers abound and rebels flourish, and the police are either bribed into quietness or quickly overpowered "if they become troublesome." But no wonder that the people hate the government of Naples, and keep no faith with rulers who have so repeatedly broken faith with them. A few years ago a robber chief with his band scoured the neighboring country, pillaged the towns, and always found a safe retreat in the dark caverns of the volcano. A squadron of troops was sent against him but they all went over to the banditti, who now numbered 300 men. Against these a whole regiment was sent from Naples, but they were routed at the first onslaught. The governor then proclaimed peace with the robbers, and a free pardon if they would lay down their arms. So they accepted the conditions, marched into a square inclosure, gave up their weapons, and then were fired upon by the soldiery until every man was killed. We saw the walls of the square pierced in a hundred places by the bullets used in this horrible massacre.

After three days of weary confinement in the diligence, we were scarcely in a fit condition to go up Mount Etna; but time pressed, (Englishmen seem always pressed for time,) and we had no alternative but to proceed, or lose the opportunity we had long coveted. Being refreshed by an hour's rest, we strapped on a light

knapsack, and set off with a little boy to guide us to Nicolosi, a village at the foot of the mountain. The road was an easy ascent, through vineyards and fig-groves; but as the boy could not walk fast enough for us, we sent him back, and went on alone. Very soon there came on a heavy storm of hail and rain, with tremendous peals of thunder and flashes of forked lightning. This detained us for several hours in a cave, until night approached, and it was a matter of some difficulty to find the way in the pitchy darkness.

At Nicolosi we put up at a small house, and, having supped on macaroni, lay down to sleep until the guide should call us at three o'clock next morning, when we were to begin the ascent. The sky was still studded with brilliant stars when the hour for starting arrived. We left the little village accompanied by two strong men, with mules to carry provisions, and a supply of warm clothes for the higher altitudes we should have to climb.

The base of Etna is sixty miles in circumference, while long "spurs" from the mountain stretch in hills and knolls far into the country on every side, and down to the sea-shore on the south. Winding over and amongst these, the path took us through an endless pile of lava blocks, which in the faint starlight looked like a rocky ocean of overthrown walls. Belts of vegetation marked the height as we ascended; the palm tree, the fig, the vine, the orange, the olive, the quince, the oak, the pine, the thorn shrub, and then short grass, were passed in succession, until at length all verdure ceased, and the only thing visible was round gravel, rock, and lava. Monte Rosso, or the "Red Mountain," loomed over us for a long time, and was often mistaken for the crater of Etna, from the deceptive shadow in so dark a night. Monte Rosso was itself a volcano; but long ago it yielded all its functions in that line to its grander neighbor, whose sharp-pointed peak was hidden aloft in the dullwhite cloud emitted from its own bosom.

In the daylight we came to a deep chasm, where a few men were collecting snow by cutting it out with pickaxes, thence to be carried on donkeys' panniers to the port of Catania. This is the snow, thus singularly brought from the sides of a burning mountain, which supplies nearly every town in the Mediterranean with the pleasant beverages of iced water and the luxury of ice-cream.

At the last shrub growing in the lava we cooked our breakfast, and the guides entered freely into conversation—far too freely for those who do not know their strange jumbled sounds, the *patois* tongue, called "Sicilian Italian." However, the men protested vehemently that a republic was the only single thing wanted to make Sicily perfectly happy. Not that they knew what a "republic" meant, any more than the Irish crowd knew what they meant by "repeal," when a friend of ours saw them rushing down to a steamer as it neared the quay at Dublin, the poor creatures expecting to see "repeal coming in a box from England."

Soon we came to a small stone house, the Casa Inglesi, built some fifty years ago by British officers, for the survey of Sicily during the last war but one. The doors and windows of this house are securely barred, and it seems to have been totally disused for a long time; but, of course, it is far beyond the height where any one could think of becoming a tenant. However, the guides were charmed to find that we actually were acquainted with one of the officers who had built this cottage, and one of them said, "Hasn't there been a great war in England?"

"No," we replied, "but near Turkey."

"Ah!" said he; "and did the English beat the Turks?"

"No, no, quite another story."

"Then did the Turks beat the English?"

Poor fellow, his knowledge was behind his inquisitiveness; but Naples is a bad schoolmaster, and a worse historian.

Every effort seems to be used to keep Englishmen from Sicily, where they are so much liked, and where they could do so much good to the people. In our case, the police detained us five hours in a waiting-room, higgling about our passports, and they let us have them at last only because they were sure we should be too late for the steamer sailing for Sicily. But the steamer was six hours behind time in sailing, so they had miscalculated the egregious unpunctuality of their boat. Then, in Syracuse, an English yacht suddenly arrived from Malta, but nobody was allowed to come ashore from her lest the delicate, sensitive minds of the population might be unduly excited. Every letter arriving in this town is opened at the post-office; and if there be found in it a scrap of news, the letter is kept for a week or two before it is delivered. The

gates are closed at eight o'clock, and people who arrive after that time are forced to sleep under the walls outside. Nobody may speak to a shopkeeper on any subject but his wares, unless a policeman is present; but on Sunday all the inhabitants have fêtes and galas; archbishops march with crosses through the streets, and cardinals have processions in boats, until the dusky hours of evening, when the sacred Sabbath is desecrated by the beating of drums, the noise of the theater, and the din of weekly revelries.

Leaving our mules and one man at the Casa Inglese, the other guide quickly led us to the foot of the great cone of Etna. Rough broken billows of lava are heaped around this mighty peak in wildest confusion, and the jagged points render it a very unstable sort of causeway. The guide anxiously desired we should go no farther than the base of the cone, and he summoned up all kinds of impossible difficulties to deter further progress; but, of course this was in vain.* After a short halt, therefore, for refreshment, we braced ourselves up to the arduous work of climbing the cone; and truly it was very tiresome, though the keen air, fresh from the hills of Calabria and the blue waters of the Adriatic, very much lessened the lassitude which the hot sun above would have caused if the atmosphere had been calm. The sides of the cone were very steep indeed. At every step the feet sunk into the fine black dust, and often beyond this into holes full of beautiful sulphur, spangled with crystals, red, blue, green, and white, emitting hot vapors. Our shoes, as may be supposed, were speedily so scorched that the leather cracked, and the nails, being heated, burned our feet even through our thick woolen stockings. The stick we used was blackened with the heat, and it was impossible to rest for a moment for fear of having our feet actually burned as we stood.

The guide now became nervously eloquent as to the danger of any further ascent, insisting that it never had been so

hot before, and that the mountain was probably about to awaken in earnest. In this last conjecture the man was correct, for the very next day Etna, although it was covered with snow, began to send forth the warning clouds of black dense vapor that always indicate active operations inside.

The wind blew with exceeding violence for an hour during our ascent. Gusts of white sulphurous vapor now and then wheeled about, and made us cough, and sneeze, and close our eyes. If any one of these gusts had been prolonged for a few minutes, it would have been impossible to escape suffocation; for to breathe this air was to inhale the pungent fumes of hot brimstone. Onward and upward we went, zigzagging, zigzagging, backward and forward, gaining at each turn a very little, so that we seemed never likely to attain the summit.

The guide now fairly gave in, and we went before him as he laid himself down on a heap of blue ashes, covering his head with an ample Venetian "grecot." At length we reached the margin of the crater. The edge was about an inch in width, and so very friable that one could only plant a knee against it, and gaze over into the wondrous abyss below. This edge of the cone is probably never two days the same, and it is also of a different character in different volcanoes; for we had found the margin of the crater in Vesuvius hard and broad, wide enough, indeed, for a cart to drive round it. The difficulty of seeing anything whatever on the top of Etna was perplexing at first. A brilliant sun gleamed above, and heated the head most unpleasantly. The excitement of the occasion, and the rarefied air at this height of ten thousand feet above the sea, made our pulse leap with a painful throb. The intensely-cold blast roared as it whirled about in eddies full of hot scorise and white fumes of sulphur. Stones, smoking on one side, were dropping with icicles on the other; and the tears welling from our eyes were congealed on our cheeks and hung in drops of ice from our eyelashes!

But we were repaid for these inconveniences by the glorious scene outstretched at our feet. Sicily, the ancient three-cornered Trinacria, was spread like a map on the azure sea, that fringed it with a beautiful girdle of foam. Away in the distance was Stromboli, the brother

* If to some timid readers such an excursion should seem to savor of rashness, and to border upon exposure to danger without a due cause, it ought in fairness to be remembered, on the other hand, that to men with steady nerves the danger does not in reality exist, and that a discretion in these matters must be allowed to those who, by their enterprise, enlarge the circle of knowledge for fireside travelers like ourselves.—ED.

volcano of Etna, whose unrest never yet has been quieted. Eastward the rocks of Scylla and Charybdis called up the memorials of a thousand shipwrecks. Behind them rose the Calabrian hills, and on the other side was little Malta, a speck, as it were, a hundred miles away, but telling us, even there, of the world-wide sway of dear old England. All this in the distance; but how can we picture the scene below in the crater of Etna?

The edge of this basin is two miles round, like a lake of pure white smoke, ever and anon boiling over its shores, and tumbling cascades of vapor down the dismal steeps. Sometimes the wind urged the vapor for some seconds directly against our side of the crater, and then we could only cover our faces and hold our breath. Again the blast would veer about and open the cloud athwart, rifting it to the lowest bottom of this awful pit, and then the view was clear right down into that deep, deep darkness: oh! how deep and dark! The sight was awfully suggestive of the power and the majesty of the Creator, and gave a painful illustration of that passage in the Word of God which speaks of the blackness of darkness for ever as the lot of the impenitent.

You can not see into Vesuvius as into Etna, for there the hole in the crater leading into the recesses of the earth is in the middle of its cone, so that, of course, you can not look straight down as you stand upon the margin. The only way to look into the central aperture of Vesuvius would be to gaze from a balloon over the middle of the crater. But in Etna the central opening is inclined at an angle with the horizon; and as we happened to reach a point on the margin exactly opposite this hole, we could see directly into the black abysses, whenever the cloud of vapor waved toward either side.

Perhaps there is no sight in the world more grand and awful than this view of the crater of Mount Etna. It was far superior in sublimity and suggestive impression to the view from the summit of Mount Blanc, which we had seen a few weeks before. The conjunction of a sunny sky above, a blue island-studded sea around, with this foreground veil of vapor, and the yawning black pit beneath us, thrilled all the senses with powerful impressions, each vividly stamped for a moment, and then instantly changed; while the imagination reveled again in its

own pictures, when all about us was wrapped in sable shade.

In descending the mountain, we searched with great diligence for a curious hole, which is said to reach an unknown depth into the earth. The guides insisted that no such thing was in their programme, and resolutely declined to allow any digression to look for it. Wandering about, then, for some miles alone, we at length hit upon the very place. The opening was not more than a foot in width: but the mysterious black, well-like rent in the lava could not possibly be mistaken, and was worth the trouble of the search.

We arrived at Nicolosi in the dark, and, after another priming of *maccaroni*, we felt so much invigorated, that to resolve upon finishing the proceeding by a two hours' walk at night to Catania was the work of a moment. All the neighbors pronounced this to be impossible, certain robbery, and every thing difficult and bad. But then we had nothing to lose, having wisely left watch and purse, etc., at Catania; so off again we started, carrying a knapsack full of blocks of lava as memorials of our visit. After a smart run down the hill, and a careful picking of our way through a wood, we reached the road, and in an hour or so came to a toll. The keeper, who was in bed, challenged our approach; but he delayed so long to come out, that we could not wait, and pushed on again at the best speed. We paid a penalty, however, for having thus taken matters into our own hands. The man was not accustomed to let travelers pass in the summary way we had done, and no long time had elapsed before he got three armed men on horseback, who galloped in pursuit, shouting loudly for us to stop. Possessing slender means of explaining ourselves in an intellegible tongue to them, we quietly, as the horses neared us, withdrew under the cover of a rock until they had passed, and we finally reached Catania wrapped in its midnight slumbers. A long time was spent, in a pouring rain, in fruitless endeavors to find the inn, of which we had forgotten both the name and position; but a good night's rest made up for four nights' want of sleep and our fifteen hours of walking. Next day, too, we listened with a placid smile to a wonderful tale of the horsemen who had so gallantly chased a bandit on the road from Mount Etna.

H A N D E L .

IN presenting the very beautiful portrait, in our present number, of the world's greatest musician, our readers will be gratified, we doubt not, with a brief biographical sketch of this eminent man.

George Frederick Handel, the most illustrious of musical composers, was born at Halle, in Upper Saxony, Feb. 24, 1684. His father was an eminent physician of that city. From his very childhood, Handel discovered a passion for music which could not be subdued by the commands of his father, who intended him for the profession of the law. Notwithstanding that he was forbidden to touch a musical instrument, the boy found means to get a little clavichord conveyed secretly into one of the attics of the house. To this room he constantly repaired when the family had retired to rest, and by his assiduous labors at the midnight hour, made considerable progress in his favorite pursuit.

It happened, when Handel was about seven years old, that his father had occasion to pay a visit to a son by a former wife, who was then serving as an attendant to the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels. Handel implored that he might be permitted to accompany him, and on being refused, he followed the carriage some way on the road till he overtook it. His father at first chid him for his disobedience; but yielding to his solicitations, at last took him into the carriage. During his stay at the ducal residence, he continued to show the same irresistible inclination for music. He could not be kept away from harpsichords, and he contrived to gain admission into the organ gallery at church, and to play when service was over. Upon one of these occasions the Duke, who happened to leave the chapel later than usual, was attracted by the uncommon style in which the instrument was touched. Inquiring who played, he heard to his astonishment that it was a boy of seven years of age. The Duke immediately desired to see young Handel, and was so much pleased with his precocious genius, that he prevailed on his father to allow him to

follow the bent of his inclinations. He made the boy a present, and told him if he was attentive to his studies he should not want encouragement.

On his return to Halle, Handel was placed by his father under Zachau, organist of the cathedral church of that city; a man of considerable abilities, and proud of his pupil. By the time he was nine years old, our young musician was not only able to supply his master's place at the organ, but began to study composition. At this early period of his life, he wrote a service or *spiritual cantata* every week, for voices and instruments, and continued this labor for three years successively.

Handel appears to have studied in his native city till he was about the age of fourteen. He then, as Zachau himself acknowledged, far excelled his master, and it was recommended to his father to send him to Berlin, whither he accordingly went in 1698. The opera at Berlin was then in a very flourishing state, under the direction of Buononcini and Attilio. Handel distinguished himself in this city as an astonishing musician for his years, and gave earnest of such great talents that the Elector of Brandenburg offered to take him into his service, and send him to Italy to complete his studies. But his father declining this honor, from a spirit of independence, Handel returned to Halle. Not long after this his father died, and Handel not being able to go to Italy, on account of the expense, removed to Hamburg, in order by his musical talents to procure a subsistence.

Here, says Mattheson, an able musician and voluminous writer on music, "almost his first acquaintance was myself, in the summer of 1703, when I conducted him to my father's house, where he was treated with all possible kindness and hospitality, and I afterwards attended him not only to organs, choirs, and operas, but recommended him to several scholars. His superior abilities were soon discovered, and he showed himself to be a great master, to the astonishment of every one." Mattheson and Handel became intimate friends,

and the former allows that the style of Handel became greatly improved by his constant attendance at the opera; and he was esteemed a more powerful player on the organ than the famous Kuhnau of Leipzig, who was at that time regarded as a prodigy.

Handel, having now acquired by his operas at Hamburg a sum sufficient to enable him to visit Italy, he set out for that seat of the muses. He stayed some time at Florence, where he composed his opera *Rodrigo*. From that city he went to Venice, where, in 1709, he produced his *Agrippina*, which was received with acclamation, and had a run of thirty nights. He next visited Rome, where he had an opportunity of hearing compositions and performances of the first class. At Cardinal Ottoboni's, by whom Handel was greatly caressed, he had frequently the advantage of hearing the celebrated Corelli perform his own works. Handel returned to Germany about the beginning of the year 1710, and was made *Kapellmeister* to the Elector of Hanover, afterward George I. He did not long remain in the service of the Elector, but bent his course to London, where a passion for dramatic music had already manifested itself, and to which place he had received invitations from several of the nobility he had seen in Italy and Hanover. His reception in England was flattering to himself and honorable to the nation. To the wit, poetry, literature, and science which marked that period of English history Handel added all the blandishments of a nervous and learned music, which he first brought hither, planted, and lived to see grow to a flourishing state. The first opera he wrote in England was *Rinaldo*, taken from Tasso's *Jerusalem*, which at once established his reputation. When the Peace of Utrecht was brought to conclusion, Handel was employed to compose the hymn of gratitude and triumph on the occasion. The grand *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* he produced was composed with such force, regularity, and instrumental effect, as to excite universal delight.

On the arrival of George I., Handel was honored with the most flattering marks of royal favor from the King and Queen, who added largely to the pensions previously conferred on him by Queen Anne.

We now come to the busiest and most glorious period of Handel's life. His great natural powers had been highly im-

proved by cultivation. His genius for composition was unbounded. He stood at the head of his profession, esteemed alike by the sovereign, the nobility, and the public of a great and powerful nation. Such were Handel's circumstances when the royal academy for the establishment of an Italian opera in England was formed. Handel was appointed director and composer, engaged singers, and although he had to contend with several rivals, at length, by the superior grandeur and invention of his operatic music, distanced them all. During the existence of the Academy, Handel composed about thirty operas, the most of which met with great success.

Subsequently, this great musician composed his sacred dramas. The oratorio of *Esther* was the first. In 1733, the oratorio of *Deborah* was given to the public. In 1740, the oratorio of *Saul* was performed at the theater in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and from this period Handel almost entirely devoted his labors to the service of the Church. Handel visited Ireland, where he remained nine months. In allusion to this Pope is supposed to have composed the following lines:

"Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briereus, with his hundred hands;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums,
Arrest him, empress, or you sleep no more:
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore."

After Handel returned to London, he produced the oratorios of *Samson* and the *Messiah*, which latter was received with universal applause. This truly sublime oratorio was performed annually, at the benevolent instigation of Handel, and under his direction, for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital, and produced, in a succession of years, £10,300.

Toward the close of his life, Handel was afflicted with blindness, which did not affect his faculties, as he continued to play to the last with his wonted vigor. It was affecting to see him, at the age of seventy, led to the organ. The last oratorio he attended and superintended was upon the 6th of April, and he expired on Good Friday the 13th, the very day he had wished that event would happen, in hopes, as he said, of meeting his good God, his sweet Lord and Saviour, on the day of

his resurrection, meaning the Easter Sunday following.

Arbuthnot, speaking of the musical power of Handel to Pope, who asked his opinion, said: "Conceive the highest you can of his abilities, and they are much be-

yond any thing you can conceive." He excelled in almost every style of composition. The best of his Italian operas are superior in variety and ingenuity to those of all preceding and cotemporary composers throughout Europe.

CHINESE CUSTOMS THE ANTIPODES OF ENGLISH.—The very striking *contraries* in comparison with our own, are amusingly given in the following extract from a work published at Macao: "On inquiring of the boatman in which direction Macao lay, I was answered in the *west-north*, the wind, as I was informed, being *east-south*. We do not say so in Europe, thought I; but imagine my surprise when, in explaining the utility of the compass, the boatmen added that it pointed to the *south*! Wishing to change the subject, I remarked that I concluded he was about to proceed to some high festival or merry-making, as his dress was completely *white*.

He told me, with a look of much dejection, that his only brother had died the week before, and that he was in the *deepest mourning* for him. On landing, the first object that attracted my notice was a military mandarin, who wore an *embroidered petticoat*, with a string of *beads* round his neck, and who, besides, carried a *fan*; it was with some dismay I observed him mount on the *right side* of his horse. On my way to the house my attention was drawn to several old Chinese *standing on stilts*, some of whom had gray beards, and nearly all of them huge goggling spectacles; they were delightedly employed in *flying paper kites*, while a group of boys were gravely looking on, and regarding the innocent occupation of their seniors with the most serious and gratified attention. Desirous to see the literature of so curious a people, I looked in at a bookstore. The proprietor told me that the language had no alphabet, and I was somewhat astonished, on his opening a Chinese

volume, to find him begin at what I had all my life previously considered the *end of the book*. He read the date of the publication: 'The fifth year, tenth month, twenty-third day.' 'We arrange our dates differently,' I observed; and begged that he would speak of their ceremonials. He commenced by saying, 'When you receive a distinguished guest, do not fail to place him on your *left hand*, for that is the seat of honor; and be cautious *not to uncover* the head, as it would be an unbecoming act of familiarity.' Hardly prepared for this blow to my established notions, I requested he would discourse of their philosophy. He reopened the volume, and read with becoming gravity, 'The most learned men are decidedly of opinion that the seat of human understanding is the stomach!' On arriving at my quarters, I thought that a cup of '*Young Hyson*' would prove refreshing, feeling certain that in this, at least, I should meet with nothing to surprise me; imagine my astonishment when I observed that the '*favorite leaf*' the Chinaman was about to infuse looked quite different to any I had ever seen, it being in color a dull olive, having none of the usual bloom on the surface. I remarked on its appearance, when my attendant quittedly said that they never use painted tea in China; but, as the foreigners pay a better price for it when the leaves are made of one uniform color, they of course have no objection to cover them with powders. On drinking this infusion made from the *pure leaf*, I at once resolved to become a convert to *this* fashion, leaving the other Chinese customs for future consideration."—*London Critic*.

A NEW CALCULATING MACHINE. — We read in the *Moniteur*: "M. Thomas, of Colmar, has lately made the finishing improvements in the calculating machine, called the arithmometer, at which he has been working for upwards of 30 years. Pascal and Leibnitz, in the 17th century, and Diderot at a later period, endeavored to construct a machine which might serve as a substitute for human intelligence in the combination of figures, but failed. M. Thomas's arithmometer may be used without the least trouble or possibility of error, not only for addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, but also for much more complex operations, such as the extraction of the square root, involution, the resolution of triangles, &c. A multiplication of eight figures by eight others is made in eighteen seconds; a division of sixteen figures by eight figures in 24 seconds; and in one minute and a quarter one can extract the square root of 16 figures, and also prove the accuracy of the calculation. The arithmometer adapts itself to every sort of combination. As an instance of the wonderful extent of its powers, we may state that it can furnish in a few seconds products amounting to 999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999! A marvelous number, comparable to the infinite multitude of stars which stud the firmament, or the particles of dust which float in the atmosphere. The working of this instrument is, however, most simple. To raise or lower a nut screw, to turn a winch a few times, and, by means of a button, to slide off a metal plate from left to right, or from right to left, is the whole secret. Instead of simply reproducing the operations of man's intelligence, the arithmometer relieves that intelligence from the necessity of making the operations. Instead of repeating responses dictated to it, this instrument instantaneously dictates the proper answer to the man who asks it a question.

"It is not a matter producing material effects, but matter which thinks, reflects, reasons, calculates and executes all the most difficult and complicated arithmetical operations, with a rapidity and infallibility which defies all the calculators in the world. The arithmometer is moreover a simple instrument, of very little volume and easily portable. It is already used in many great financial establishments, where considerable economy is

realized by its employment. It will soon be considered as indispensable, and be as generally used as a clock, which was formerly only to be seen in palaces, and is now in every cottage. Generally speaking, the practical application of any great mechanical improvement involves an injury to certain interests, but that is not the case here. The arithmometer will not cause to the persons employed in banks, counting-houses, and public offices any such prejudices as the knitters suffered from the invention of the stocking frame, the spinners from the spinning jennies, or copyists from the invention of printing. The person who makes use of this machine even daily does not therefore lose his aptitude for calculation in the ordinary way. On the contrary, although a child may be easily taught to perform the most complicated calculations by the use of the instrument, the more expert in figures the operator is the more advantage he will derive from the aid of this machine. The arithmometer is not only a palpable evidence of a great difficulty overcome; it is an element of wealth, a new means of multiplying time, like the locomotive engine and the electric telegraph. The discovery is an event the full importance of which it is impossible as yet to measure."

GEOGRAPHICAL ETHNOLOGY.—When we look over the past, and consider that for the space of nearly 6000 years man has had dominion over the face of the globe, how little has been known of the earth, his destined habitation; and even of many of the known parts there existed but very imperfect acquaintance. Within what late periods have the continents of America and Australia been added to the sphere of man's knowledge. And even now that the whole surface of the world is laid bare before him, how many portions yet remained unrevealed; and others that once were centres of existence have, as it were, to be brought to light once more. The labors of a Layard have exhumed the buried cities of the valley of the Euphrates; and the learning and patient perseverance of a Rawlinson have opened the pages of past languages of the human race, and a Babylon and a Nineveh live again, as when teeming with a population, and ruled over by the dynasties of Babylonia and Assyria; and thus, while the

past life of races has been retraced, a light has been thrown upon those early languages, cognate and kin, and emanating from some original type, but which have since been ramified into the many varied languages and dialects that now sever man from man, as when the fiat first went forth that there should be no longer one language on earth.

But, coming down at once to our own immediate times, scarcely had the great question of the existence of a North-western Passage been solved under the auspices of Captain Maclure, than the explorations of Dr. Kane and his gallant party revealed the fact that there was a limit to the icebound region, and an open sea and flowing water met the astonished gaze, and revealed a new feature in geographical science. Passing from hence to the torrid zone of the equator, the world has been startled with the discoveries of Dr. Livingston in Central Africa. This continent, which has so long excited the curiosity of travellers and tempted some daring spirits into its interior, has at length been traversed from sea to sea, and lands, hitherto known only as desert and inhospitable, have been found with traces of civilization as singular as unexpected; and a vast region, abounding in mineral and vegetable wealth, and inhabited by a varied population, has been suddenly brought into the human family, and must ere long exert probably an influence for good, as knowledge becomes disseminated throughout its vast interior, even over the more civilized parts of the habitable globe.

Two expeditions have been also sent to explore the country from whence the Nile is supposed to draw its source—one through Egypt, and another from the east coast of Africa. These can scarcely return without accomplishing some valuable geographical discoveries. The northern part of Australia has also been made the object of research, and we wait for the result.

COMETS, VISIBLE NOTHINGS. — Some weeks since, M. Babinet of Paris published a statement relative to comets, in order to allay certain apprehensions which many persons seemed to feel in regard to the expected visitor of 1858. The statement

in question was to the effect, that if a swallow, intent on suicide, should dash full butt at the front of a railway train in rapid motion, the shock experienced by the train would be many thousand times greater than that which our globe would suffer by coming in contact with the largest and most ponderous comet ever seen. This assertion caused so much surprise, that communications fell thick and fast upon the Paris journals, in the form of replies and discussions, while not a few letters were addressed to M. Babinet himself. That gentleman, so far from yielding his position, has repeated and strengthened his assertions by an article in the *Journal des Debats*. He had called comets mere "visible nothings," and as that phrase would not go down with the French people, he now repeats the testimony of Herschel, Olbers, and others, who have recorded the appearance of even small stars through the most dense part of the comet's substance. He further states, that the conception we ought to form of a comet is that of a quantity of dust, consisting of widely-scattered and exceedingly minute particles. "With a little less matter," he says, "the comet would cease to exist;" and then goes on to justify the earnestness with which he writes on the subject, by assuring us that even astronomers sometimes entertain grave apprehensions as to the effect of the shock of a comet upon the earth.

In concluding the article to which we have above referred, M. Babinet adds an interesting piece of intelligence. The observations on which modern calculations are founded respecting the great comet of 1556 (sometimes called the comet of Charles V., because the emperor abdicated his throne from terror at its appearance) were made by Fabricius, and relying on the accuracy of his observations, the return of that comet was fixed approximately for the year 1858. But a set of observations made by the astronomer Haller, which extended over a great number of days, M. Babinet informs us, *have just been found*. These "new" (old?) "observations" are now in the hands of Mr. Hind and other astronomers, and it is not improbable that the comet, whose appearance is expected at any time between 1856 and 1860, may have its return predicted with somewhat more accuracy.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE publication of Hugh Miller's new work, "The Testimony of the Rocks; or, Geology in its Bearing upon the Two Theologies, Natural and Revealed," is unavoidably delayed, in consequence of the unexpectedly great demand for copies; but means have been taken to insure its publication about the middle of March. The demand for Hugh Miller's works after his death was so great that the stock of all but one was very soon exhausted. They are now reprinting with all dispatch.

MESSRS. CHILD & PETERSON, of Philadelphia, the well-known publishers of Dr. Kane's "Arctic Explorations," are preparing, and will shortly issue, a Life of Dr. Kane, to be published in octavo form, profusely illustrated, to match the "Arctic Explorations." In addition to a copious and authentic Biography of the lamented Explorer, it will contain a new steel portrait, engravings of his Tomb, Medals, etc., and his correspondence with Lady Franklin and others. The same Firm will also shortly publish a new juvenile, "The Polar Crusoe," consisting of an abridged history of the late Arctic Expedition. Dr. Kane has had this work in preparation for some time, and on his death it was placed in the hands of one of the members of his family, by whom it will be edited. It will be a 12mo., containing one hundred illustrations.

DERBY & JACKSON have got out "The Sultan and his People," by C. Oscanyan, of Constantinople. Illustrated by a native of Turkey. "The author presents himself to the American public, a native of Constantinople, and of American parentage, with the hope that he may be able to unfold some new phases of Turkey and Orientalism, which may tend to remove any unfounded prejudices, and enlighten their minds with regard to the real and existing state of his country."

SIGISMUND KÖLLE, a German missionary on the west coast of Africa, has just presented to the library of the University of Tübingen, his native town, four works, which he has with great labor and considerable knowledge, compiled on the African languages. These books include a grammar, dictionary, and a collection of different African idioms. One of them is entitled "Polyglotta Africana," and contains one hundred and eighty-eight pages, with about three hundred words and phrases, in one hundred different dialects.

DR. BOCK of Cologne, an antiquary of considerable celebrity, is about to bring out a descriptive and historical catalogue of the coronation insignia and jewels of the German emperors, which are kept in the treasure-chamber of Vienna. Dr. Bock combines a profound knowledge of archæology and history with a fluent and popular style of writing, so

that it is likely his work will be equally interesting to the antiquary and the general reader.

ILLUSTRATIVE WORK ON MOUNT AUBURN.—James Monroe & Co., Publishers of Boston, have issued proposals to publish a work on Mount Auburn, its scenes, its beauties, and its lessons. This cemetery, adorned by the taste and hallowed by the love of Bostonians, inspires a universal interest, and the work will find subscribers in all parts of the country. It is to be under the editorial charge of Mr. Wilson Flagg.

THE veteran Alexander Von Humboldt has had a very severe attack of illness, the consequences of which it was at first feared would be fatal. Having returned home at a late hour from a court ball, and having retired to rest, he was obliged to get up in the night, and fell partially paralysed on one side. Entire rest, and the care of one of the first physicians of Berlin, have now, however, almost completely restored him to his usual health. He has been twice visited by the King. The last accounts of the venerable philosopher announced that he could sit up during three or four hours in the day, and had resumed his literary occupation.

HERR OPPSTRÖM, professor in the University of Upsala, has just announced to the scientific world the interesting fact that the ten missing leaves of the "Codex Argenteus," of Ulfilas, have been discovered, and are now placed with the original manuscript. This codex now contains 187 pages, (the loss of the missing sheets being first found out in 1834,) and is in the same condition in which it was when presented to the library of the University by Count Magnus Gabriel de la Gardie. The manuscript originally consisted of 330 pages, but 143 had already disappeared before the College became possessed of this unique treasure. In a previous number we mentioned that the existing sheets have been reproduced by the photographic process, at the instigation of Professor Lao, of Berlin. Since then, Professor Massmann, also of Berlin, has published an edition of the Codex, with excellent Greek and Latin translations, under the title of "Ulfilas, the Holy Scriptures of the New and Old Testament, in the Gothic Language, with an accompanying Greek and Latin text, besides Notes, a Glossary, and an Etymological and Historical Introduction."—*Literary Gazette*.

THOMAS N. STANFORD has just published "the Connections of the Universe," a religious work from the pen of an anonymous author. "This volume undertakes to generalize some floating thoughts of the writer on the Revelation which God has made to man, and to trace some of the connections of all the mind and matter of the Universe. It

aims to show, that God has made three remarkable Relations of Himself to the intelligent beings of the Universe." First, *Creation*, or the Works of God; Second, *The Bible*, or the Words of God; and Third, *The Incarnation*, or the Life of God. The volume contains about 300 pages.

WILEY & HALSTED publish in a neat, illustrated volume, "The Story of a Pocket Bible," about the history of which the author has skillfully constructed a narrative of individual experiences of decided interest.

THOMAS N. STANFORD has issued the initial number of his new Book Circular, entitled, "Stanford's Sacred Selections; or, Literary Indicator," intended "to aid the lover of good books in the selection of the choicest productions in the higher branches of literature."

MESSRS. STRINGER & TOWNSEND have nearly ready an elaborate and highly finished work on the Horses of America, by Henry W. Herbert, ("Frank Forester.") It will be very comprehensive, embracing the general and special history of the horse, with dissertation on all subjects with which that animal is connected, and will contain time tables, pedigrees, etc., for reference. The publishers are to get this work out in two handsome 8vo volumes, profusely illustrated by some of the most distinguished artists.

DR. SCORESBY.—This veteran of Arctic enterprise died on the 21st of March at Torquay, after a lingering illness. Few men of our time have been more respected, combining, as he did, scientific eminence with high moral worth, unaffected piety, and active benevolence. He was trained for naval adventure in a good school. His father was one of the most daring and successful seamen in the northern whale fishery, when that service was among the chief sources of the commercial wealth of the nation, and one of the best nurseries of the British navy, and the deceased from his youth was inured to the hardships and perils of the Arctic seas. After his retirement from active service at sea, he resolved to enter the Church, and after holding appointments in less congenial localities, he found in the maritime town of Hull a sphere which afforded full scope for his benevolent efforts for the social and spiritual welfare of sailors. His scientific career in the latter years of his life is well known to most of our readers. His reports to the British Association, and his numerous observations on the influence of the iron of vessels on the compass were connected with inquiries of the utmost practical importance to navigation. It was in prosecuting these researches and with a view to determine various questions of magnetic science that Dr. Scoresby undertook a voyage to Australia, from which he returned last year, with his constitution much enfeebled from the arduous labors to which he had subjected himself.—*Literary Gazette*.

DR. VOGEL, THE AFRICAN TRAVELER.—It is with regret we have to record the reported death of another victim in the cause of African exploration. Intelligence has been this week received at the Foreign Office, from our British consul at Tripoli, of the assassination of Dr. Vogel, whose arrival at Kuka, on the borders of Lake Tsad, in the best health and spirits, we announced in our impression of June 3, 1854. The letter received at Tripoli is from Corporal Maguire, one of the sappers sent out with

Dr. Vogel, and is written from Kuka. Dr. Vogel had departed from this place comparatively alone, on a most perilous journey eastward, with the view of reaching the Nile. He is said to have advanced through Birgirmi into Waddy, and to have been there murdered. The Sheik of Bornu has promised to forward particulars to our consul at Tripoli, as soon as they have been ascertained.—*Literary Gazette*. (This circumstantial story is contradicted by Berlin papers.)

A LEARNED Hungarian gentleman is on the eve of making a journey to Central Asia, to make researches into the root and origin of the Magyar people. His project has been taken up warmly by his countrymen, and considerable sums of money, and, indeed, help of all kinds, has been freely given to him by his friends and well-wishers.

THE Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg has resolved to publish a weekly account of its proceedings and deliberations, similar to the *Comptes Rendus* of the Academy of Sciences of Paris.

THE French Government some time back decreed that a new member should be added to the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of Paris, and the Academy has just selected M. Horace Say, the eminent economist, as the new member.

THE widow of the great French botanist, De Jussieu, has just died at Paris, at the advanced age of ninety. The Government for many years kindly allowed her to occupy apartments in the Jardin des Plantes.

DIX, EDWARDS & Co. issue "Britany and La Vendée; Tales and Sketches. With a notice of the Life and Literary Character of Emile Souvestre," containing eight of the much-admired stories of that popular author. Also, "Greece and the Greeks of the Present Day," by Edmond About, a book of extended European reputation. These two volumes are very neatly got up.

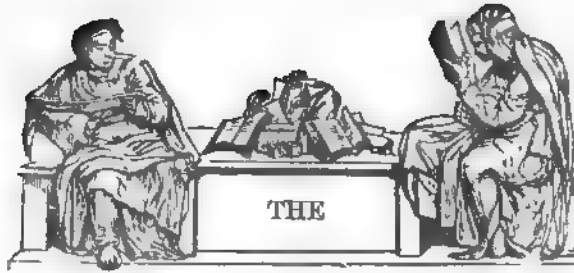
C. BLANCHARD has published the "Doctrine of Inspiration: being an Inquiry concerning the Infallibility, Inspiration, and Authority of Holy Writ," by the Rev. John Macnaught, M.A., Oxon., Incumbent of St. Chrysostom's Church, Everton, Liverpool.

"AUSTRIAN Dungeons of Italy," by Felice Orsini, containing a frightful account of Austrian tyranny, has been translated and published in London, where it commands a great sale, and has excited vast indignation.

THE London *Examiner*, in a review of "The Attaché in Madrid," published by D. Appleton & Co., suggests N. P. Willis as the author.

GERALD MASSEY, author of the "Ballad of Babe Christabel," and other poems, has a new work in press, with the title of "Craigcrook Castle." A new volume, by Alexander Smith, is almost ready.

WILSON'S Tales of the Borders, to which it appears the late Hugh Miller was amongst the regular contributors, is about being republished in eighteen-penny volumes, with the addition of new tales by eminent authors.



ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JUNE, 1857.

From the London Quarterly.

INSANITY, DISEASE, AND RELIGION.*

AN event recently occurred in the northern capital which not only startled that place like the shock of an earthquake, but also smote with doubt and trembling the hearts of many Christians throughout the land. And to the thoughtful mind this is not the least painful aspect of such a catastrophe as the death of the late Hugh Miller. The devout philosopher may be able, in the face of so tragic an event, to hold fast his deepest convictions of the promised shielding and sheltering power of Christ over his faithful servants; but the multitudes of simple-hearted, pious men need to have this dark mystery, not indeed fully opened up to their comprehension, but brought within the reach of their godly confidence and faith. The philosophy of insanity must be presented to them in Christian terms. For to them

the Christian of high profession and attainments stands forth as one to whom they are but too apt to look as a living exhibition of all the possible influences of the Gospel. They want to know how it was that the *plague did come nigh his dwelling*, since the promise made to every one that *dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High* is, that *he shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty*, who will, therefore, *satisfy him with long life, and show him His salvation*. The case was actually thus proposed to ourselves, as counter-evidence against the world's estimate of the goodness of one of the highest literary attainments and piety of the last generation, who was cut off by a supposed "pestilence." And, moreover, the fact alluded to has something like a terrible charm to certain minds which, we may suspect, have to struggle with temptations of their own, for which *they*, too, would be glad to find an excuse in the force of outward circumstances, or constitutional tendencies of sufficient potency for secret justification.

Having found it needful, for private reasons, to investigate the causes of what appeared to us to be not religious eccentricities, but forms of insanity, in cases

* 1. *The Power of the Soul over the Body, considered in relation to Health and Morals.* By GEORGE MOORE, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Physicians, etc. Third Edition. London. Longman Co. 1848.

2. *Essays on the Partial Derangement of Mind in supposed Connection with Religion.* By JOHN CUNEY, M.D. Dublin: Curry & Co. 1843.

3. *The Use of the Body in Relation to the Mind.* By GEORGE MOORE, M.D. Second Edition. London: Longman & Co. 1847.

brought under our own immediate observation, we think it may be important, at this time, to record them, not only in the hope of relieving some wounded sufferer under life's darker mysteries, but also of throwing a few rays of light upon the path of the professional spiritual guide, without which, we believe his best efforts in certain cases will be misdirected, vain, and possibly productive of further mischief. We make no pretensions to scientific knowledge but such as we have obtained from the careful study of professional authors, who have investigated these topics for the benefit of non-professional readers. But careful observation has long convinced us, that without some information of this kind, the spiritual guide goes forth incompletely equipped for his arduous and difficult duties. Psychology reveals to its few votaries the mysteries of the human mind; but it meddles not with the mysteries of its connection with the body; and yet it is quite certain that mental operations are so essentially dependent upon bodily conditions, that mental aberrations, greater or less, can not be satisfactorily explained but by means of this kind of knowledge. For not only is the body influenced by the mind, which most know, but also the spiritual mind is influenced, in its progress or deterioration, by the body, which fewer understand. Hence Dr. Moore has written upon *the morality of the stomach*.

We are hedged in by laws which are really what the Median and Persian only pretended to be—unalterable. Men may modify or direct, but they can not alter the laws by which the acorn becomes the oak. If the seed of the oak is cast on the sea, or set in the sands on its shore, or exposed to the atmosphere on a stone or on the hard soil, it will not grow; because it is subject to laws which all these circumstances violate. And similar remarks are applicable to every organized body with which the wants or the fancies of man induce him to deal. Steam and the electric fluid will obey him, if he will first of all obey them. Steam will do his bidding, if he will investigate the constitution of that most subtle machinery, in which alone the laws by which it is hedged in will permit it to work. And the electric fluid will pass under the ocean, and carry his messages to earth's poles, if he will expend millions for inventing for it that machinery

without which its marvellous powers will yield him no obedience.

And to follow up these cases a few steps further, for the sake of illustrating the maxim, that man and his world are hedged in by laws so stern and unyielding, that in other instances they either enforce obedience or result in death—let us look at the ship, richly freighted with human life and material wealth, which steam, obeying its own laws, is urging over the unwilling seas, winds and waves fighting together against its progress in vain. What a glorious vision for him whose thoughtful mind is stored with materials for filling up the vast chasm between the Indian's first rude attempt to make a road on the waters and that gallant ship! On she sails, man's pride, and glory, and faith! An explosion more terrible than thunder shivers the goodly vessel into fragments. That fearful crash that shook the stout heart of every sailor on board—that momentary climax of human misery, too awful and too profound for words to body forth—the floating spars, the sole remains of that noble vessel—what do they tell us? They simply tell us that some one of the laws by which steam is hedged in had been violated, and that it exacted death in some of its most terrible forms as the penalty.

But, further, a machine may not only be destroyed at once, but also damaged, and so become more or less unfit to fulfill perfectly its functions. Or, there may be latent evils at work, counteracting some one of its laws, but so slowly that the fatal issue comes on at last almost unperceived. Such has been the origin of the destruction of some steam machinery. There has been a weak or faulty part overlooked or undervalued, which was, however, contrary to the laws by which steam (to employ the phrase of another) "is hedged in;" and when, in its certain march, the evil reached the prescribed degree, the engine was destroyed by the laws of its own steam.

And this is strictly applicable to that organized machine which is hedged in with the unalterable laws of health and disease, of life and death—the human body. Not only will some sudden and palpable disaster—the knife thrust into the heart—produce instant death, but there are other evils, fostered either by ignorance or a willful violation of known laws, which will gradually, but as surely, prepare the body for premature destruction, or inefficiency,

as the overlooked or disregarded mischief in the steam-machine. For just as we have seen mechanical instruments laid aside as useless, because some law of their constitution had been gradually violated, so have we seen human bodies prematurely laid aside as useless, for like causes, either in the sick chamber or the lunatic asylum. And the two cases are philosophically, and not fancifully, parallel.

Perhaps, indeed, (if we may protract yet further these introductory remarks, pleading the importance of the theme as the excuse,) there is no subject upon which even thinking men are content to remain in such ignorance, as the laws which "hedge in" the human body. Nothing but this, we apprehend, can explain the large fortunes which have been so often made by the ignorant venders of quack medicines to such confiding crowds of patrons. We ourselves knew one of this successful but ignorant class, who, after realizing a handsome fortune by one patent pill, died prematurely, as his qualified medical attendant affirmed, through gross ignorance of the commonest laws of his own stomach; and yet myriads had trusted him with theirs! We suppose that Goethe must have had such cases in his mind when he penned the hideous scene in *Fraust*, in which father and son, both amateur doctors, administered their potions to multitudes, and destroyed them by *hölischen Latwergen*. The speaker tells Wagner that all this was done in pure ignorance, amidst the gratitude of the survivors.

*"Ich habe selbst den Gift an Tausende gegeben,
Sie welkten hin, ich muss erleben
Dass man die frechen Mörder lobt."*

And the experience of very many can trace prematurely-ailing bodies to similar ignorance of physical laws. We have often considered, therefore, whether some elementary knowledge of the structure of the human body should not enter into general education. We think it was Milton who suggested, in his book on education, that every student should at least be taught to manage his digestive organs; in addition to this, such elementary information might be given as to the structure of the brain, as would save many in after life from daily tampering with its functions and powers, with the certain penalty before them of the mournful end of the suicide, or of the inmate of the lunatic

asylum. This is thrown out for consideration, not because educated people in general are altogether without this kind of warning knowledge, but because there is always a great moral difference between that general knowledge of a danger which popular notions respecting it teach, and that which arises from the accurate teachings of science.

But the ethical bearings of our subject are, perhaps, the most important of all. The melancholy stories of insanity which have been connected with, and traced up to religion, demand such a clear statement of what insanity is, and does, or may occasion, as shall free man's noblest and best earthly heritage from so dreadful an accusation. And, fortunately, such statements have been made by those who were not only experimental Christians, but also experimental men of science; and on this subject we ourselves should not care to abide by the judgment of either the theoretic Christian or the theoretic man of science. We turn, in the first place, to the work which stands second at the head of this article. Dr. Cheyne, in his *Essays*, thus records his professional opinion:

"That mental derangement may originate in superstition or fanaticism—by either of which, behind a visor of religious zeal, all sobriety of mind is invaded, to the interruption of social and domestic duties—will be understood by those who know that insanity, in the predisposed, may arise from any cause that excites, at the same time that it agitates, the mind. But that true religion which removes doubts and distractions, explains our duties, and reconciles us to them, and teaches that all things work together for good to them that love God; and thus not only guides, but supports us, as we toil through the weary maze of life; which, in every pursuit, demands moderation and method,—that true religion should be productive of insanity, is not easily credible, and would require the clearest evidence."—Page 181.

Again, he elsewhere expresses himself thus:

"We firmly believe that the Gospel, received simply, never, since it was preached, produced a single case of insanity; the admission that it has such a tendency ought never to have been conceded to the enemies of the Cross. We have granted that fanaticism and superstition have caused insanity, as well they may; nay, derangement of the mind may often have been caused by the terrors of the law; but by the Gospel—by a knowledge of and trust in Jesus—never."—Page 144.

And the testimony of Dr. Moore is to the same effect. Thus we read :

“Some say religion is a frequent cause of insanity. No ; true religion is the spirit of love, and of power, and of a sound mind ; ever active in diversified duties and delights, and always busy in a becoming manner, and in a decent order. But the wild notions, unmeaning superstitions, spiritual bondage, unrequired and forbidden rites and ceremonies which wayward men have substituted for the liberty of God, begin in disobedience and end in darkness.”—*Power of the Soul over the Body*, p. 296.

Upon the strength of such testimony as this, the spiritual guide can confidently, without painful and shrinking misgivings, seek to reduce any case occurring within his own experience to its true causes, always at the outset casting aside the element of religion as encumbering it, however much ignorant or interested persons may wish to introduce it.

But before proceeding to illustrate supposed cases of religious insanity, we will show how the spiritual condition is influenced by disorders of the body. By investigating the influences of food and drink on the mind, we soon discover the strongest motives for self-denial, and learn many a lesson concerning the nature and extent of our responsibility. The comfort and efficiency of the intellect, nay, the moral perception, manliness, and virtue of the mind, depend greatly on our use of aliment ; and in the very means by which we sustain the strength of the body, or most directly disorder its functions, we at the same time either fortify or disable the brain. It is of course known, that the physical nature of man depends upon his food ; but it is less known how much the moral nature depends upon the physical nature ; or what changes in the temper and disposition are introduced by physical influences. An example, which truly illustrates this, may be fairly accepted as proving the principle, and with this view we avail ourselves of the following medical testimony. If the human body is dissected before putrefaction takes place, the dissector, if he cuts himself, or if he has a previous wound in his hand, is in danger of absorbing from the dead body a *something* that is frequently destructive of life. Many years ago, a medical gentleman, of liberal mind and amiable disposition, while engaged in the dissection of a body, imbibed the poison referred to through a

puncture in the skin, in consequence of which he well nigh lost his life. From the time of his illness, from which he slowly recovered, it was observed that he was morose and selfish. The conclusion of this short history is remarkable. Several years afterward, the same individual came under the influences of godliness, and one of the first effects of this—the only principle of true reform—was an act of great generosity ; and ever after his life was a course of gentleness and unostentatious benevolence.

It is the *principle* implied in this, that in other exhibitions bears out the opinion quoted with approbation by Dr. Moore, that “it has been said, and probably with truth, that food has a higher bearing on the mind than on the physical frame of man.” It has been shown experimentally, that the mind can only exert its powers through the instrumentality of the bodily organs. If the nerves which convey sensation be compressed, there will be no perception of bodily qualities ; if the brain be compressed, thought will be suspended ; if the nerves of motion be compressed, the will can no longer command them. And from the doctrine deducible from such facts as these, it follows, that every fresh inroad upon the mind, every example of amentia, delusion, or insanity, is connected with some corresponding change in the condition of the body. Dr. Cheyne remarks, that he never “saw a case of mental derangement, even when traceable to a moral career, in which there was not reason to believe that bodily disease could have been detected before the earliest aberration, had an opportunity offered for examination.” And the same highly religious and scientific authority adds, “Not only does every deranged state of the intellectual faculties and the natural affections depend upon bodily disease, but also derangements of the *religious* and *moral sentiments* originate in diseases of the body.” Hence it can be explained, that the sinking of despair is not more dreadful or extreme than the hopelessness which depends merely upon the disease of the *nervous system*. But what warnings are conveyed by such facts to him, who, instead of mastering his appetites, the indulgence of which is the fruitful parent of so many diseases, is mastered by them !

Perhaps it may startle some to be told that even the *conscience*, which is popu-

larly supposed to be the faculty most of all independent of physical causes, is yet affected by health and disease. Facts, however, seem to place this theory beyond dispute. Examples are found in such as indulge excessively in the use of ardent spirits, opium, tobacco, and other narcotics, which become insensibly attractive, partly from habit, and partly *from loss of mental energy*, caused by their acting injuriously on the nervous system. It is also known to be matter of daily observation by persons whose profession throws them in the way of such cases, that men who were originally honorable and honest become false and dishonest through habits of intemperance, and at last have their consciences deadened, as if seared with a hot iron.

Again, diseases of the brain or nervous system are said to produce similar moral changes. An instance is adduced by Dr. Cheyne, of a young woman who was affected with St. Vitus's dance, accompanied with slight palsy, who lost all respect for truth, of which, before her illness, she was by no means regardless. He also adduces the case of a young lady of fortune and family, who, under the influence of *hysteria*, would adopt the strangest means for awakening pity. One, in which she was more than once detected, was the laceration during the night of her gums with a needle, to procure blood, with which she would saturate a pocket-handkerchief, to be produced in the morning, as evidence of hæmorrhage. Dr. Cheyne knew this young lady for many years, during which neither the hysteric symptoms nor any attempt at deception took place, unless while there existed a very disordered state of the stomach.

That the conscience is more or less active, according to the condition of the body, is illustrated by the state of the latter when exhausted by pain or sickness, or even fatigue: the conscience is then less sensitive, and "in that half-dreamy state which precedes sleep, especially after great fatigue, trains of thought or lines of conduct are allowed to pass through the mind in review, which would be at once rejected were the body in vigor, and the conscience on the alert."—What a commentary on the words, *The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak!*

Since, therefore, disease affects this guide to all right conduct, it becomes im-

portant to ascertain the difference between a sound and an unsound conscience, in cases in which the condition of the bodily health must be taken into the account. Painful and humiliating as such a view may be, it only confirms the maxim so often otherwise proved, that God does not interfere with the laws of nature; and therefore adds its warning voice to urge the duty of mastering those passions and appetites whose indulgence leads to more bodily ailments than the legitimate wear and tear of a long life. All disobedience to Divine laws, says Dr. Moore, whether natural or moral, must be followed inevitably by suffering and disorder. In such cases, which the careful Christian minister is sure to meet with, the irregularity of the condition of the conscience may help to detect the true cause; for relief, without the adequate causes of confession to God, repentance, faith, and love, cannot be genuine experience, and may fairly, therefore, point to some bodily disturbance which affects the whole mind. Indeed, this theory has been confirmed beyond doubt at the dying-bed, where it has been so often needed to satisfy weaker minds, which longed to see the undisturbed departure to his heavenly mansion of one who has so often proclaimed the power of religion to triumph over death. The occasional dark cloud which enveloped the mind of Mr. Scott, the commentator, during his last illness, is justly accounted for by noting the time when it periodically returned: that is, says his biographer, "it always came on with the daily paroxysm of fever." Mr. Scott himself took this view of his case, as its true solution. And the testimony of another (medical) writer is pregnant with instruction to the careful and thoughtful spiritual visitant of dying-beds: "Good men may be unreasonably depressed, and bad men elevated, under the near prospect of death, from *the mere operation of natural causes.*" And to prove how little any merely mental condition of calmness in the dying sufferer, to which affectionate friends cling so anxiously, can be depended on, Dr. Moore says, that "the bodily condition, immediately preceding death, generally produces, or at least is accompanied by, such a quiescence of mind, that volition itself seems to slumber, or consent to death, and there is almost always, after long and great debility, a

peaceful anticipation of the coming event." To the deeply important lessons which such unquestionable facts as these offer to the spiritual guide, we can not resist the pleasure of adding a similar but more gratifying testimony of the late Sir Henry Hallford. "After forty years' experience," says Sir Henry, "of the great number to whom it has been my painful professional duty to have administered in the last hours of their lives, I have felt surprised that so few have appeared reluctant to go to the 'undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns.' Many, we may easily suppose, have manifested this willingness to die from an impatience of suffering, or from that passive indifference which is sometimes the result of debility and extreme bodily exhaustion. But I have seen those who have arrived at a fearless contemplation of the future from faith in the doctrine which our religion teaches. Such men were not only calm and supported, but even cheerful, in the hour of death: and I never quitted such a sick chamber without a wish that 'my last end might be like theirs.' " *

There is another mental state with which the spiritual guide should become acquainted, because the Holy Scriptures lay much stress upon it. *We are saved by hope*, says the Apostle. *Hope unto the end. Hope that maketh not ashamed. Hope thou in God*, says the desponding Psalmist. Hope is the expectation of happiness, by the aid of which man accomplishes the pilgrimage of life. Now, even this essential element in human happiness, whether in reference to time or eternity, depends very much for its healthy condition upon the state of the body. Disease soon changes a buoyant into a desponding nature; and this again reacts upon the body, and weakens it still more. The medical statement of the case is this:—indigestion will produce despondency, even when there is no *moral cause* to account for the destruction of hope. And the essence, it is said, of that species of monomania which is commonly called melancholy, and *which always depends upon bodily causes*, is the suppression of hope. Of course, this is not the whole statement of the case. The inconsistent follower of Christ can give another account of the loss of his hope; and it is the part of a skillful spiritual guide to ascertain the true

cause of the malady, that he may be able to prescribe the proper cause to be pursued. The forty-third Psalm exhibits very beautifully and truthfully the process of the soul from despondency to the recovery of hope.

Dr. Cheyne once heard a lady of high Christian principles, whilst laboring under hopelessness from bodily disease, declare that God had doomed her to destruction, and was promoting His decree by means of the ingratitude of her dependents. An anxious dread of some temporal evils, with which attacks of *hopelessness* may begin in pious persons, often retires before the more dreadful anticipation of everlasting destruction. Such persons imagine they have been deceiving themselves with false hopes, and that they never had within them the root of true religion. In extreme cases of this kind there is frequently the temptation to suicide. But that such a state of soul may spring from bodily causes is confirmed by a remark of Dr. Burrowes, "that the operation of certain medicines in such persons has removed a propensity to suicide." It was remarked of the late Hugh Miller, that if he had overcome his reluctance to resort to drugs, and taken the prescribed dose on that fatal night, the catastrophe might have been averted.

In proceeding to give a few sketches of insanity in supposed connection with religion, in the hope of aiding the inexperienced guide, it is obvious to remark, that the forms of its *approaches* chiefly require to be understood, as the confirmed disease itself lies wholly beyond his department. The following case will illustrate the value of this kind of information, which, we believe, would be wholly mistaken, and treated with erroneous measures by one who had not been initiated in the theory we are propounding: "Such a state as mine you are probable unacquainted with, notwithstanding all your experience. I am not conscious of the suspension or decay of any of the powers of my mind. I am as well able as ever I was to attend to my business; my family suppose me in health, yet the horrors of a madhouse are staring me in the face. I am a martyr to a species of persecution from within is becoming intolerable. I am urged to say the most shocking things, blasphemous and obscene words are ever on the tip of my tongue: hitherto, thank God, I have been enabled to resist, but I

* "Essays and Orations."

often think I must yield at the last, and then I shall be disgraced and ruined for ever. I solemnly assure you that I hear a voice which seems to be within me, prompting me to utter what I should turn with disgust from if uttered by another. If I were not afraid you would smile, I should say there is no accounting for these extraordinary articulate whisperings, but by supposing that an evil spirit has obtained possession of me for the time. My state is so wretched, that, compared with what I suffer, pain or sickness would appear but trifling evils."

A somewhat similar case occurred within our own experience, with which religion was so mixed up as to lead to a suspicion of demoniacal possession. We visited the person almost daily for many weeks, and had to listen to the same sorrowful account of her temptations to utter blasphemous words and oaths, and of her struggles to repel the most impure suggestions. The case proved to be strictly a medical one, as we told her from the first, though it gave ample opportunities afterward for instruction and warning. She was punitively made to *possess the sins of her youth*; such temptations having pointed to what in former years had been the habits of her life. The object of citing these and similar cases is to verify the medical opinion, that mental derangements are invariably connected with bodily disorder; and that the Christian teacher has but little encouragement to place Divine truth before a melancholic or hypochondriacal person, until the bodily disease with which the mental delusion is connected is removed.

Hence it is clear, that a case is often referred to religious despair, which, in truth, is to be accounted for by the absence of the controlling influences of religious principles. The Christian who is ignorant of the laws by which the human body and mind are hedged in, or careless of observing them, may easily bring on diseases which will tend to render the conscience obtuse, destroy hope, and cut short his days, or deprive him of his reason. For religion frees not its most ardent votary from the yoke of physical laws. If, for the sake of subduing the flesh, or of obedience to ecclesiastical discipline, extreme fasting is practiced, the penalty will be exacted at some time, as the premature death by consumption of many an enthusiastic female has proved. And just in the same manner, if the true ser-

vant of God, disregarding the laws of the body, tasks it beyond its powers, even for the noblest ends, premature decay or dissolution will be the penalty. And the literary man goes to his work under the same unalterable conditions. The brain of every man is constituted to perform a certain amount of labor only, without receiving injury; and therefore all beyond that must entail evils which, it is plain from analogy, may accumulate by repetition until its ruin follows. Abuses of the laws of the digestive organs will in the same way accumulate by repetitions, until this instrument, by which life is built up, becomes virtually destroyed, or unequal to its necessary functions.

Before passing on to consider cases of complete insanity, it may aid our purpose of supplying information to the Christian teacher, which is capable of being turned to practical issues, to exhibit the *possible* amount of injury of which the brain is susceptible. We do not, therefore, quote the following statements in illustration of the evils of the particular crime of drunkenness, but to point out the necessity of observing all the laws under which man is intrusted with an instrument capable of the noblest uses, and the most terrible abuses. "In delirium," says Dr. Cheyne, "produced by intoxication, we have often heard sufferers declare that they saw and heard fairies, elves, devils, spirits, watching them, grinning at them, whispering together, and conspiring against them." And Dr. Moore describes this condition in the following nervous language:

"Objects around him become veiled in a haze, and obscure, bubbling, whispering sounds, as from the boiling of the witches' caldron of infernal abominations, fall on his ear, not to disturb, but to enchant his soul with a horrible spell. The mistiness fuming out from that caldron grows higher and wider, and the serpent-sounds thicken and grow louder, until all at once he seems surrounded by a living cloud full of strange forms and faces, at first pleasing as the fancies of a child, and then suddenly twisting into obscene contortions and hideous grimaces, while words of blasphemy and filthy merriment mingle their babble so closely on his ear, that they seem to issue from his heart. He starts, he roves about wildly, he breathes laboriously, he struggles for life, as if grappled with a murderer."—*Use of the Body in Relation to the Mind*, p. 324.

It is enough for our present purpose to remark upon these cases the impossibility

of determining the amount of moral wreck which a completely disordered brain may undergo.

In pointing out other initiatory approaches to insanity, Dr. Cheyne tells us that he had several opportunities of seeing a young woman, of limited understanding, but strong devotional feelings, during the commencement of an illness which terminated in insanity. At first she was disturbed in prayer; and when about to repeat the Lord's Prayer, there arose within her an almost irresistible impulse to say, "Our Father which art in hell," with a vehemence which forced her to start up as the only means for resisting it. She related the incident with deep agony of mind.

Upon this case it may not be amiss to remark, that it would be solved by some as an instance of demoniacal possession. But, with Dr. Cheyne, we can not consent to refer a mental condition to that awful mystery, whilst it can be accounted for on other principles. It is a doctrine far too liable to abuse to be admitted but upon irrefragable evidence. We cannot enter further into this topic here; but having given considerable attention to it, though we fully admit the revealed doctrine of Satanic possessions, and that Satan goeth about as a roaring lion, yet we are persuaded that, under our present dispensation, a case of assumed demoniacal possession would require to be established by a particular kind of evidence which is not vouchsafed to us.

Another example of the effect of disordered functions is not uncommon to the visitant of the dying-chamber. We ourselves had to listen to it as a proof of the soul's safety in death, that, during the night, the sick sleeper saw beautiful sights of waters and gardens, and heard angelic melodies. The experienced physician at once confidently consigns such cases to the class of delusions to be accounted for by physical laws. Far stronger claims than the above to what, after all, if they be true, must amount to a Divine revelation, are confidently referred to delusions of the senses. It is certain, however, that lasting moral changes have occasionally followed such scenes; (as in the remarkable case which resulted in the conversion of Colonel Gardiner;) and a very high authority, Jonathan Edwards, aware of the difficulty they presented to some minds, but confident of their natural origin, states

his judgment thus: "It is possible that such suggestions may be the occasional or accidental cause of gracious affections; for so many a mistake and a delusion." This decision seems to place such cases on their true footing. We feel we are treading on dangerous ground; but the facility of the abuse of such airy nothings as dreams, which every night must produce in myriads, involving awful dangers to the immortal soul, is so great, from the natural credulity of the human mind, and from its preference for such cheap evidence to the more costly but only true evidence of real repentance, trust in Christ, and the indwelling influences of the Holy Spirit, witnessed by change of life and conversation, that we deem it needful to be able to speak with confidence and decision.

In cases, however, in which a spiritual guide may feel confident that an hypothesis of demoniacal possession is wrongly assumed, and that the beautiful sights and angelic sounds are of the earth earthy, the difficulty will yet remain, how to convince the poor deluded sufferer that both the anguish and the joy are alike without a spiritual basis. In particular cases, however, this has been effectually accomplished, by explaining the causes which harass the sight during disease; that sparks, flashes of fire, haloes, and the like, are produced by disorders of the optic nerve or the brain; and that discordant noises or articulate sounds depend solely upon accelerated circulation through the brain, or affections of the auditory nerve. By medical treatment and clear explanations of natural causes and effects, persons who supposed themselves demoniacally possessed—given over to Satan—have been relieved from excruciating perplexities. Or, as it has been more tersely expressed, "Cure the choler, and cholerick operations of the devil will cease."

There are also disordered states of the *affections*, which border so closely on insanity, that all who have to do with the souls of others should understand something of their causes and the remedies. For example, through the influence of disease, loving parents have lost all regard for their children, and, deeply conscious of their condition, have mourned over that as a crime which was due to a misfortune placed beyond their control. One unhappy mother has been specified, who, from a mere sense of duty, discharged, in an exemplary manner, all her duties to-

ward her children after every emotion of parental affection had been suspended or destroyed. By understanding that such cases are indicative of real disease, the enlightened minister may have it in his power to administer relief to distressed consciences in particular instances, which no general directions and counsels could reach and allay.*

As considerable stress is laid by some upon *tears* as a sign of softened feelings, it may be a relief to some sufferer to know that "tears have been interrupted by a severe injury done to one of the affections, as effectually as words by the destruction of one of the faculties of the mind." For "weeping," as Dr. Cheyne beautifully says: "is as much the language of grief as speech is thought." "How often," he continues, "have we, in passing through this vale of tears, heard the following lament! 'Oh! that I could only cry! I feel as if it would so much relieve me! There seems nothing natural in my grief. I who wept so bitterly for my father, have not a single tear to shed for my child.' " This tearless condition remains in some cases to the very end of life; and we may hear individuals who were originally possessed of the liveliest affections speak to the following effect: "Ever since my husband, or son, or daughter died, my affections have been frozen, and my eyes dried up." It is very generally observable, when the first bitterness of grief is overpast, when the more violent, selfish, or ecstatic stage of the passion has had time to subside, the tears will again begin to flow.

It is confidently asserted by Dr. Cheyne, that various immoral and vicious practices ought to be ascribed to insanity. To this may be added, for the sake of the moral deducible from it, the following medical statement of the same pious physician:

"From the soul becoming the minister of the body, in consequence of the ascendancy of the carnal principle, many evil practices have arisen

* Whilst we were writing this, a friend, not at all aware of the interest with which we listened, mentioned a similar case which occurred within his own experience. It was that of a mother who was so strongly tempted to murder her child that she begged to have it removed. She could point out where and when the temptation first assailed her. The child was removed, the mother was cured of her complaint, the maternal affection again returned, and the child was restored to her.

which have still further impaired the physical constitution of individuals and families, and thereby further degraded their minds. For example, to preserve domestic purity, intermarriages between relatives are forbidden. Even from the intermarriage of first cousins, inveterate forms of scrofula are sometimes generated, and a liability to insanity. A vicious habit of intemperance will excite in children, procreated after the habit is established, a propensity to the same habit, which has descended to the third generation."—Page 160.

We may, perhaps, find in the latter part of the above extract an illustration of the mysterious doctrine of penal suffering by the supposed innocent for the guilty, as formally enunciated, under the most solemn circumstances, in the Second Commandment. The solution of this awful doctrine certainly cannot be simply this, that, *because* the parent has sinned, *therefore* the remote descendant must *arbitrarily* pay the penalty, but not according to a fixed moral law, defining and limiting the extent and nature of the punishment. He who accepts this apparently easy explanation will not be able to reconcile the statements of Ezekiel and Moses. The former thus states this doctrine: *Doth not the son bear the iniquity of the father? When the son hath done that which is lawful and right, and hath kept all My statutes, and hath done them, he shall surely live. The soul that sinneth, it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father.* (Ezek. xviii. 19, 20.) On the other hand, the law-giver Moses says: *The sins of the father shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me.* Ezekiel, therefore, teaches that he who commits a crime shall suffer the direct and proper punishment for it. *The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father.* For each and every act of intemperance, the perpetrator shall give account at the judgment-seat of Christ: this is the doctrine of Ezekiel. But the same "vicious habit of intemperance will excite in children, procreated after the habit is established, a propensity to the same habit, which has descended to the third generation:" this we believe to be the doctrine of Moses.

This explanation would afford the judicious preacher materials for potent appeals to the strongest affections of our nature, which in few cases, perhaps, would be wholly disregarded and scorned. For

what considerations can be more replete with shame, pity, and remorse, than those suggested by the sight of children suffering in both body and soul through the depraved indulgences of a parent, by which their path to eternal life has been made so much more thorny and narrow? Many evil-living persons, indeed, manifest their truest love to their offspring, and at the same time openly pass condemnation on themselves, by doing all they can to prevent them from treading in their steps. To such self-condemned persons an appeal, founded on this view of the ordained course of nature, might be of use in aiding the execution of their better resolutions. Of the truth of this doctrine we entertain no doubt; for without it we should have been wholly unable to account for certain startling facts of human depravity which have come under our own immediate notice, in behalf of which this theory awakened within us thoughts of mercy and forbearance, as the question arose, "Who maketh thee to differ?"

There are, however, instances in which religion is supposed to be the direct agent of producing insanity, and of this part of the subject we now propose to sketch a few shadowy outlines. We recollect many years ago hearing an exceedingly ignorant keeper of a lunatic asylum (before persons of education obtained such appointments) say, in reply to a question put to him, that "religion was one of the principal causes of madness." This way of talking, at the period we allude to, was a fashionable mode of damaging religion, though it has long since given way to the scientific investigation of the true causes. In many instances, however, the effect or result of certain causes of insanity would naturally enough lead superficial observers to form such a theory.

For example, in the asylum just referred to, there was a respectable individual, whose uniform reply to inquiries after his health was given in the brief but sad formula, "Forsaken by God and man." This, of course, seemed to justify the supposition that it was a case of religious insanity, though the antecedents of the patient might easily have disproved it.

In reference to such cases an able writer observes: "We almost invariably remark, in long-continued cases of insanity, when the hallucinations are in any degree variable, that perverted ideas of religion will present themselves, though utterly uncon-

nected with the original cause of the excitement." Yet, in returns from establishments for the insane, such are, or were, usually given under the head of "Insanity from religion."

That mental derangement, amounting to insanity, may originate in examples of extreme superstition or fanaticism, may well be admitted by all who are aware that insanity, in the predisposed, may arise from any cause which excites and agitates the mind. Nor does the assertion of French philosophers, that before the great Revolution a large proportion of the insane of France were monks, help to substantiate this charge against religion; because the past history of the habits of such fraternities has amply supplied hypotheses for the solution of such cases, without having recourse to the influences of true religion. Confinement, where the desire for freedom might become a passion; daily struggles against the impulses of an unsubdued and unsubduable nature, under circumstances which excluded hope of change or escape, must but too frequently have fallen on minds unable to endure such pressure, and which therefore ultimately gave way, because outward religious practices had been undertaken too onerous to be borne where they had to find and create the corresponding nature—the religious state—instead of proceeding naturally from that state.

Hence, then, the suggestion is obvious, that when persons of religious habits have become insane, it is but right, as in other cases, to ascertain "what faculty, affection, or sentiment is primitively disordered." And if it is discovered that the presence and operation of the humbling rules of the Gospel are wanting, whilst through exaggerated pride, vanity, selfishness, or imaginativeness, the mind has become deranged, the true cause has been found. For example, we recollect hearing or reading, some time since, that a large proportion of the insane proceeded from one class, that of governesses; the explanation of which was, that so many of them have been compelled, by the vicissitudes of life, to descend in the moral scale, and find their unwelcome occupation and homes in scenes of vulgar wealth, amongst such as, wanting their own refinement and education, either could not, or would not, or did not know how to do, in such cases, as they would have wished others in like cases to do unto them.

The following facts, given on the authority of Dr. Cheyne, will illustrate the true value of popular charges of this kind against religion :

"A widow lady, who possessed considerable natural ability and a cultivated understanding, and was devoted to religion, but devoid of prudence, engaged in a speculation which required a considerable capital. She never doubted that she could find means of liquidating debts incurred by her in order to support an undertaking which had been a subject of prayer, as all her undertakings were. To doubt in this matter would be, as she thought, to dishonor God. During the week she was in a state of unceasing labor of body and mind; and when Sunday came round, and her secular duties were suspended, her mind, instead of finding rest, was in a state of rapture. Months and years rolled round, pecuniary embarrassment increased, and bankruptcy was impending; yet, the destitution of her children was little considered in comparison with the injury which she thought religion must sustain from her discredit. Her religious opinions gradually became even more enthusiastic, and then she lost sight of her pecuniary difficulties; and we witnessed her first overt act of insanity in a composition on which probably some of her friends looked with admiration; namely, a scheme of the Gospel, which she caused to be printed in the form of two inverted pyramids, which met at their pointed ends. She went shortly after to the house of a friend in the country, and proclaimed the millennium, which she said had begun that day. She has ever since been in confinement."—Page 187.

The commentary upon this case is very easy, and completely frees true religion from any share in it. To the inquiry which some would propose, "How could a merciful God permit one who consulted him in all her proceedings to go so wrong?" the reply is found in Mr. Scott's words: "When any undertaking is inexpedient or unadvisable in the opinion of competent judges, and yet the inclination leans that way, in this case that which men call the opening of Providence is generally no more than a temptation of Satan." To pray about what we have secretly resolved at all hazards to do, to which the deceitful heart so often disposes us, is by no means, we believe, an uncertain way of courting failure. At all events, man's solemn and blessed privilege of prayer must not be taxed to bear human vagaries. Moreover, it is to be noticed in this lady's case, that on Sunday, in which the merciful command is to abstain from all manner of work, she prepared herself for

those religious exercises that stimulated an already jaded imagination by neurotic medicines.

Dr. Burrowes, in his work on insanity, mentions some cases, which he regards as referable to religion. One is of a lady regular in her devotions, who, whilst listening to the doctrines of Swedenborg, went to the Lord's Supper, and, finding the cup which was presented to her without one drop of wine, hurried from the church in dismay, the fact seeming to prove to her superstitious mind that she was rejected by God: a paroxysm of mania ensued.

Another case, told by the same authority, is that of a young lady of genius, ardent in imagination, and in every thing an enthusiast, whose disturbed mind issued in insanity, and the cause was traced up to the preaching of a "minister, not more remarkable for zeal, than for his persuasive powers in enforcing dubious tenets."

Whether or not, however, further inquiries into these bases might have placed them in other aspects, it is readily admitted by competent judges, that insanity has been known amongst true Christians; though they as confidently affirm that it was not occasioned by their creed. Instances are named in which all sense of religion in devout persons has been permanently destroyed by insanity. But it must be ever borne in mind, that Christianity, in its purest influences, does not free its followers from those corporeal laws on which insanity always depends.

Enough has been adduced, we think, to prepare the way for some remarks confirmatory of the supposed cause of the untimely end of the lamented and eminent person alluded to in the opening of this article. Since we commenced this task, suggested to us by that event, we have read through, with keen interest and enjoyment, his auto-biographical sketch, *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, in expectation that something might be found there to throw light on the sad issue of such a remarkable and successful career. But that book exhibits only the history of the progress of a healthy understanding, under the wholesome influence of that fear of God, which is the beginning of true wisdom. We found no traces of early eccentricities, or mental aberrations, which might have sugared a dark conclusion. It may, however, raise suggestions which will aid in accounting for it. For the

great change from the daily habits of his earlier life, when he lived abroad in the open air, vigorously exercising all his bodily faculties, to the close confinement of an editor's and author's closet, could not, without much self-management and self-denial, fail to affect seriously his bodily condition. We have no means of knowing how far this was affected, but the local newspapers have said enough to lead to the supposition that his health must have been much impaired. We read of terrors of robbers and burglars haunting him, and of his precautions against them, which but little correspond with the apparently fearless nature of his earlier days. And these, in other similar cases, have always proved to be the symptoms of a dis-tempered brain. Moreover, the history of a ruined brain has been too often minutely recorded, to render the issues of such intense mental application as his at all uncertain. Dr. Moore remarks, that the strongest brain will fail under the continuance of intense thought. All persons who have been accustomed to very close mental application will recollect the utter and indescribable confusion that comes over the mind when the brain has been wearied. An illustration of this condition is furnished by the case of Dr. Spalding, who tells us, that his attention having been kept too long on the stretch, and also greatly distracted, he was called upon to write a receipt; but, having written two words, he found himself unable to proceed further. For half an hour he could neither think consecutively, nor speak, except in words not understood by himself. After the recovery of the use of his faculties, he found that, instead of writing a receipt for "so many dollars, being half a year's rent," etc., he had written, "fifty dollars through the salvation of Bra—" the last word being left unfinished, and without his having any recollection of what he had intended to write.

The same authorities (for of course we are only collecting and compressing the opinions of professional writers) tell us, that *illusive convictions* are all more or less connected with disorders of that part of the nervous system on which perception depends; and that it will be found that nervous exhaustion from over-attention is the common cause of such a condition. For it is the mind that uses up life. Men of genius (such as Mr. Miller certainly was) are usually as full of feeling as of

thought; and whatever direction their minds have received, their intellect is urged on by that love of distinction which none of that class can wholly escape. Such as these are considered to be most of all liable to insanity, their minds being employed to the full extent of nervous endurance; though they are often good men, devoted to the highest interests of humanity. Under the strain of such devotion to their pursuits, many a mighty mind has sunk into madness or imbecility, amidst the mysterious darkness of which some demon sits close at the ear to whisper its accents of despair and the only remedy. Long, however, before this dreadful state of mind is reached, the body gives unheeded warnings of the growing danger, by irregular appetite, *tormenting visions*, and uncomfortable sensations; for "*insanity is always a bodily malady.*" And it is probably the irritability of the body, which allows no respite to the mind from the constant stimulus of attention and will, that most frequently drives the maniac to commit suicide. Death seems in such cases the only refuge from the weary vigilance of morbid sensibility. The awful remedy is frequently sought under the impulse of a kind of instinct, when the mind becomes so possessed by its misery, as to be quite incapable of comparing the desire felt with the previous convictions; and so the patient is blindly urged on, by longing for relief, to take the first opportunity for self-destruction which may present itself; association only serving to connect the means of death with the idea of escaping from a tormenting body, or some taunting impression.

Delirium, in a weakened state of the brain, arises from mental stimulants; for to make mental exertions when the brain is wearied or unduly excited, is to exaggerate the disorder, and endanger its fine fabric. Thus, persons under the pressure of urgent business, instead of yielding to the demands of a jaded mind, work on until delirium succeeds to a state of health. Dr. Moore gives the following illustration of this condition:

"The secretary of an extensive and useful institution suffers from bad health; his mind and heart find no rest at home: at this juncture the directors call for accounts, and a multitude of correspondents are urgent for replies. He finds some one of their agents is guilty of defalcation; he grows miserable, his digestion fails,

he appears flushed and hurried, his head aches, he can scarcely connect his thoughts, his hand trembles, he uses wrong words both in speaking and writing; he retires, and immediately begins to connect the feeling of his own inability to attend to business with the idea of robbing his employers, and at length fancies that he is the defaulter, by whose case his mind has been excited. He confounds his own faults and temptations with what he knows of the guilty person, and, haunted by the worst consequent phantoms, he becomes intolerable to himself, and feels as if called on to expiate his crime by destroying his life with his own hand. His pious habit still prevails, and he executes the horrible deed, in calm and devout resignation to what he deems the will of heaven."—*Power of the Soul over the Body*, p. 297.

It is noticed, also, that genius and disease are connected together, as the history of remarkable men seems to prove; not as cause and effect, but that the powerful operation of intense motives, such as stimulate master-minds, leads to disorders of the brain, and this disorder reacts to produce a perverted habit of application.

A careful attention to such medical facts and opinions as these will help to account for any particular case of insanity to which they are applicable. And true insanity, we presume, frees every one, whether previously bad or good, from moral responsibility. Every one is of course responsible for the willful misconduct which preceded and conducted to it; but when the actual condition is produced, the earthly account has been already closed; and the deeds that follow, we are sure, will be mercifully judged of by Him who knows whereof His poor, frail creatures are made, and remembers that they are but dust.

It happened within our own experience, that we had to seek for an explanation of one of these dark events, when the materials for framing a confident judgment were wanting, and had to be subsequently obtained by reading. In striving to make out a case for evangelical religion, in the place where the catastrophe must

have much jeopardized it, our arguments were then not much beyond conjectures, which were uttered with secret misgivings of their real value.

No one, we believe, in that miniature rural world where Mrs. — had so long lived, doubted that she had been a faithful and loving follower of Jesus Christ. With the prospect of urgent duties before her, she was attacked by a severe illness; for the cure of which, in an evil hour, she put herself under the care of an unscrupulous, drunken, quack doctor, of much local celebrity, who professed his ability to cure a disease in a few days, which, it was obvious from its nature, could not be cured but with the aid of time. By violent remedies she appeared to regain her strength and spirits almost at once, and confidently resumed her duties. Again the disease broke out with envenomed vehemence, and she perished by her own hand. On mere Christian grounds, such an end of a life of prayer was most shocking and inexplicable; upon physiological grounds, however, (upon which, since the days of miracles, Christianity does not profess to trench,) it could be accounted for, reconciled with all the previous conditions of Christianity, and the momentarily lost hope of those who loved and respected her, restored back to them again, in the place of despair.

And now, with sadness and awe, but in sure and certain hope, we let down the veil over that true son of genius, whom so many admired in life and, mourned over in death. The results of his scientific career will yet come before us; and from these it will probably appear that, dark and lurid as was the providence which permitted his sun to set in blood, his work was accomplished; his testimony to the truth of revelation was fully given; and who that has any intimation of the lingering horrors of a ruined mind, will not readily believe that Infinite Mercy permitted the stroke, and caught up his ransomed spirit as he passed within the shadow of the cloud?

From the National Review.

THE MUTUAL RELATION OF HISTORY AND RELIGION.*

No one who mixes in general society and talks freely with all men, can be ignorant of the fact, that disquietude and uncertainty largely and powerfully affect the religious mind of the present day. But our age, though weak in faith, is not deficient—at least in those classes where its moral force resides—in deep and fervid earnestness. That on many points it is skeptical, is unhappily true; but we can hardly pronounce it an irreligious age. The destructive revolutions of the last seventy years have not swept over Europe without leaving a profound impression on the minds of serious and thoughtful men. Providence is teaching its highest lessons through the sorrowful experiences of History. Whatever may be men's doubts and difficulties with respect to the traditional faiths, they have learned that Religion is a reality which must not be lightly dealt with; that mere science, mere intellectual culture, and all the resources of material wealth, however indispensable as the conditions of social progress, do not satisfy the deepest wants, and can not insure the permanent tranquillity and blessedness, of the human spirit. France, emerging from a century of moral dissolution and unbelieving levity, is confessedly addressing its best intellect at this time to religious questions. If Germany, the cradle of religious freedom and the centre of theological light, present for the moment a less favorable aspect, it is because the political and spiritual despotism under which she is languishing perverts and vitiates the natural and genuine results of deep learning and fearless inquiry; because the wild and eccentric—sometimes, it must be admitted, the pernicious

and destructive—views that have been thrown off by an overworked intelligence, limited to a single sphere of thought, and forced into morbid activity by excessive competition in the field of pure speculation—have had no opportunity of testing their practical worth and validity under the free ventilation of an honest public opinion, or by coming into contact with the confessions and experiences of ordinary humanity in the daily business of life. Taking Europe as a whole, however, and our own country in particular, we can not deny that society has greatly improved in moral depth and earnestness of purpose within the last century. D'Holbach and Diderot find no counterpart in Comte, notwithstanding the atheism of his *Philosophie Positive*; and Thomas Carlyle, with all his scorn of existing faiths and worships, is at every point of his character the complete antithesis of Voltaire. All this is perfectly compatible with the fact, that many of the researches and studies which particularly distinguish our age are not favorable in their immediate influence to a settled and definite belief. Geology and physiology are gradually uprooting many long-established convictions. That brilliant *résumé* of the actual results of modern science, Dr. Whewell's *Plurality of Worlds*, though put forth with the ostensible design of upholding the popular faith, left no stronger impression on the mind of the reader than the vastness of our ignorance. Scripture itself, on whose assumed infallibility the faith of earlier generations of Protestants securely reposed, and which shone in their eyes as a pure unbroken thread of heavenly light through the dark thick mass of human ignorance and doubt, has not escaped the application of those new canons of historical criticism—inevitably modifying the conception of its whole character and the principle of its treatment—which the learning and genius of a series of distinguished men, from Herder and Heyne to Niebuhr and Otfried Müller, have succes-

* *Gott in der Geschichte, oder der Fortschritt des Glaubens an eine sittliche Weltordnung.* (God in History, or the growth of the Faith in a Moral Order of the World.) By C. C. J. Bunsen. First Part. First and Second Book. Leipsic: Brochhaus, 1857.

Comparative Mythology. By Max Müller, M.A., Taylorian Professor, Oxford. (Oxford Essays, contributed by Members of the University, 1856.)

sively elaborated, and placed beyond the reach of reasonable cavil and objection, and deposited among the permanent instruments of future research. Ethnology, Comparative Grammar, and, closely allied to them both, the various theories of Mythology, that earliest phase and necessary transition-process of human reflection on the invisible realities of this marvellous Cosmos—are continually throwing fresh light on the elementary workings of human nature, individually and socially, and developing principles of uniform application which must lead to a new and juster interpretation of the history of man. The old critical field of vision has been unavoidably enlarged; and it is not in the power of man to contract it again. The Bible can no longer be regarded as one book. It is emphatically a literature, and only as such can be rightly understood and thoroughly enjoyed; a record in myth and legend and song, in chronicle and law, in prophetic utterance and moral teaching, of the highest thought and action of a remarkable people, from the infancy of their national existence, in the dim twilight of antiquity, till its final consummation in the appearance of that wonderful life whose spirit for nearly two thousand years has been silently transforming the moral condition of the civilized world; a literature which, in spite of its diversified and multifarious contents, is still essentially one in the self-consistency of the profound religious consciousness which pervades every part of it. Regarded from this point of view, every book of which it consists must be treated as a whole by itself, in reference to its age and its author, the source from which its materials are derived, and the influences of contemporaneous thought under which it grew up into its actual form. Such inquiries, inseparable from the modern criticism, can not but materially influence the interpretation of a book, and the relation of its results to their apprehension and acceptance by the mind of a later day. The effects of this new direction of thought, in all investigations respecting the past, are perceptible in very different regions of society. Oxford exhibits them, not only in the admirable volume of *Essays* published last year by members of the University, but still more prominently, and with all the recommendation of high official position, in Mr. Jewett's learned and philosophical work on the *Epistles of St. Paul*. That the same

influence has reached the more popular quarter of the Independents, is evident from the proceedings recently instituted against Dr. Davidson.

All, however, is not pure gain in this freer movement of theological thought. The need of a Scripture is not superseded by the prevalence of uncertainty as to the nature and extent of its authority: for authority is, and must be, a large element in the government of this world, especially in matters relating to the invisible and spiritual. There are times when all men like to feel that there is something higher and stronger than themselves on which they can lean. Faith lies beyond the reach of mere intellect. In many respects, present appearances cause pain and uneasiness to the religious mind. It can not, we fear, be questioned, that the scientific spirit of the age is largely imbued with pantheistic tendencies. Numbers of thoughtful men are accustomed to look on this world as a simple fact which terminates in itself, of whose origin they know nothing, of whose issue they know nothing. Behind and beyond the narrow span of mortal life all is to them a blank. Churches and sects, whose proper function it is to uphold an opposite frame of mind, notwithstanding the semblance of an outward unity, are notoriously divided and weakened in their inner life; and Scripture, which was once believed to underlie them all as an immutable basis, appears itself, on a superficial glance at the present state of theological learning, to participate in the general dissolution. Let us look fearlessly at this anxious question our time, and see if we can approximate to its solution.

There are some trusts and convictions, the certainty of which is not demonstrable by the ordinary processes of reasoning, though they involve the deepest verities of our being, and are essential to human peace and guidance; such are those of a living God, an absolute moral law, involving the consciousness of the absolute evil of sin, a progressive world-plan, an eternal life, in which death intervenes only as the crisis of transition from a lower to a higher stage of existence. These are the fundamental truths of religion, embraced within the province of faith; ever dimly latent in the human soul; capable of being overborne almost to apparent annihilation by an undue predominance of the sensuous and ratiocinative faculties; but ever re-

appearing in new forms, and with undiminished freshness, as a witness from age to age, and from land to land, of the indestructible religiousness of mankind. In the majority of men, immersed in sense and engaged with material objects, these latent perceptions of spiritual truth require to be awakened, invigorated, and called out into distinct expression by some outward utterance, which, though it comes with the authority of a higher mind and a holier life, still finds its witness and authentication in the spontaneous response of the moral nature to which it appeals. To excite and cherish such trusts and convictions is the special office of what we call a Scripture. In Scriptures, or sacred books, the prophetic minds of a people deposit the strongest and deepest of their religious intuitions—those eternal truths which come to them in immediate revelations of the Divine Spirit; and on Scriptures, differing immensely from each other, it is true, in the worth and authority of their contents, and in the untroubled clearness of their communications, the faith of the most religious nations of the world—the Indians, the Persians, the Arabs, and the Hebrews—has ever rested. On the other hand, nations in whom the spiritual element was weak, and its place supplied by imagination or philosophic reflection or reverence for ancient tradition—the Greeks and the Romans—have had nothing corresponding to the Scriptures of the East, but satisfied such religious wants as they might experience from the fables of their poets, or from the hymns and legends associated with their local sanctuaries. From the date of the Reformation, Scripture took the place of the Church among Protestants as an infallible authority in all questions of religious faith and practice; and it is the weakening of the implicit trust once attached to Scripture, in consequence of the freer modes of criticism and interpretation now employed, and the corresponding uncertainty in many minds about the relation of its teachings to the dictates of the individual reason and conscience, which causes, at the present day, so much of the moral feebleness and indecision of the Christian world, and renders the ordinary sectarian controversy so singularly disappointing and unfruitful.

Has Protestantism, then, no alternative between the retention of the whole of Scripture as plenarily inspired, in the old

orthodox sense, and the resource of a cold, isolated, self-relying, rationalistic Deism? We say Protestantism, because Catholicism subjects the freedom of the individual conscience to the authority of the Church, and therefore does not come within the scope of our present inquiry; though the mental perplexities occasioned by the actual condition of Protestantism have induced some highly-gifted and accomplished minds to accept its demands and put on its yoke. The question is, what remains for those who can not with the Romanists renounce the future for the past; who can not go back, but must go forward; who, though they are too honest and intelligent to repudiate the undeniable results of modern learning, still can not afford to lose the comfort and guidance of a Scripture, if they can only understand its true character, and see where to rest its proper authority. This turns our attention to History; for a Scripture from its very nature, and especially the Scripture with which Christian nations are concerned, is a record and expression of the past. We may affirm in general, that the scientific intellect of man is mainly exercised on the coexisting phenomena of space; while his moral nature is formed and guided by the successive phenomena of time, inasmuch as these indicate to him the essential unity of his race, and suggest the law of its progress and development. In the operation of this law there is continual action and reaction. If the mind and character of the individual are fashioned to a large extent by the collective influence of the community to which he belongs—if the direction of the present is determined by the impulse of the past—great and commanding personalities, on the other hand, powerfully react on the condition of their contemporaries, and an influence is constantly issuing from present thought and action which corrects and modifies the tradition of a long antiquity. In this interchange and fluctuation of influences, where do we find the criterion of stability and permanence? what is the final test of moral and spiritual truth? In questions of the deepest moment to our inward peace, we feel perpetually that, as individuals, we are not equal to the solution of the difficulties which oppress our minds. How, then, are we to recognize what we may accept as a reliable guidance from others? This is the question of questions, involving the ultimate authority, not only

of a Scripture or written revelation, but of every medium of faith, whencesoever furnished, in invisible realities unsusceptible of rigid scientific proof. The old mode was by appeal to miracle, as conferring directly a divine authority on every doctrine and institution associated with it; and on this ground attempts have been continually made by divines to give to the evidences of religion a strictly demonstrative character. We are far from denying either the possibility, or the fact, or the advantage of such outward signs, as an excitement and attraction to the more earnest consideration of religious truths, as a visible seal and impress of the Divine hand on what commends itself at the same time by its self-evidencing light to the acceptance of the soul within. But as no accumulation of these signs could compel us to receive as divine what our inward nature rejected as immoral and absurd; as cases might arise, such as are alluded to in Scripture itself, where it would be difficult to distinguish a true from a false miracle—it is clear, that we do not through this process get at the real and ultimate criterion of spiritual truth. Without attempting on the present occasion a metaphysical investigation of that highest region of the soul which embraces necessary and universal truths, we may say that, practically, this criterion will be found in the essential unity and self-consistency of our moral and spiritual nature, opening more and more with the progressive education of the race to a consciousness of the fundamental laws on which it rests, and which we learn—partly through mutual intercourse and sympathy, partly through the awakening influence of superior minds on those that are less developed and advanced. What is the testimony of History? We observe extensive communities, whole nations of men, fall under the discipline of a certain tradition of moral and spiritual influences. Outwardly this discipline may be encumbered and burdened with all sorts of superstitions and absurdities; yet underneath them there must still exist some dim religious sense of dependence, obligation, and final destiny, which is in harmony with the primitive intuitions of the soul, and with the experiences of the daily life, or they could not carry with them, generation after generation, the submission, the reverence, and the trust which they continue to receive. It is the element of truth pre-

sent in this absurdity which binds it on the soul. At length some prophetic spirit arises among them endowed with deeper insight, who discerns more clearly the essential amidst the unessential; and who disentangles it, if not entirely, yet to some extent, from the outer integument of unmeaning forms which confine and deaden its action. At the touch of his brighter intuition, their dim consciousness kindles into intelligence. At the voice of his stronger conviction, their inner nature awakens, and acquires a new perception of truth. He speaks the interpreting word, and the dark mysteries which enveloped them become significant; they begin to understand where they are, and why they exist; they begin obscurely to discern their personal relations to that invisible life which they see and feel is working in every thing around them. He does not reason with them. He gives utterance to the belief which fills his own soul, and they embrace it with spontaneous sympathy. Consciousness, observation, experience, verify it, till it grows into harmony with their whole life, and remains with them as a permanent element of their being. From what can this sympathy, which is the ground of the deepest faith, arise, but the contact of two natures essentially identical; which differ only in their degree of development, and the greater or less openness of their perceptions to those eternal truths which emanate directly from the primal source of light? We have all of us experienced effects of a similar kind in the utterances of some great poet or original thinker. We are conscious we could not ourselves have said or thought the same thing; but once uttered, we appropriate it as our own. It is what we ought to have thought, and what we shall ever henceforth think. It belongs to us through its affinity with our own inmost nature, and becomes a part of our future mental property. No doubt, when an individual has acquired over us the influence of a superior mind and a nobler character, there will be a disposition to trust him and believe in him, even where we can not at present follow him with our personal convictions; for we feel that he is in advance of us—nearer the foundation of all truth and goodness than ourselves; and this command over human trust and sympathy forms no small part of the legitimate authority and elevating influence of a true prophet. But even in

this case, what remains with us as a permanent element of moral and religious power, is what is felt to be in harmony with our primary intuition and our collective experience; or if not yet directly attested by our personal consciousness, lies before us at least in the direction toward which our highest aspirations are continually tending. Thus there is constant action and reaction between the individual and the community. Great men rise up from time to time far above the level of their contemporaries, and infuse into society new life, new views, and a clearer intelligence. The *sensus communis* of society tests and discriminates the true and the false, the right and wrong, of the influence which is from time to time exerted on it by powerful and original minds; rejects finally whatever is the growth of an eccentric individuality, and permanently absorbs into its own life, only those elements which are in harmony with its inherent laws and develop its essential unity. Thus the growth of belief, opinion, sentiment, on all those matters which lie beyond the reach of sense, goes on from age to age, varying ever in outward form and expression; modified by the influences of contemporaneous knowledge and thought; but resting ultimately on certain deep trusts and enduring convictions, which the Creator Himself wrought into the groundwork of our moral being, and which naturally and freely spring out of it whenever the needful conditions of their manifestation are presented. The poets of all ages are justly cited as authorities by the ethical and religious philosopher, because they most truly reflect the deepest secrets of the human soul, and are consequently among the best exponents of that profound spiritual consciousness which pervades the entire history of our race, and by its essential unity and self-consistency affords the strongest assurance of the certainty of the truths which it includes.

In the remainder of this inquiry we must confine our remarks to such intuitions as are properly religious, omitting those which are simply moral and intellectual; and we must attempt to show how the preëminently clear and forcible expression of these religious intuitions confers a distinction and a value which is unique and almost *sui generis* on the sacred books now circulated and accepted in these Western lands. Great obscurity rests on the origin of the human race, and the ear-

liest forms of its belief and worship. Comparative philology, combined with a careful study of what yet subsists of aboriginal life in any part of the world, furnishes the only means of throwing light upon it. Such researches as those of Professor Max Müller are invaluable, as showing how mythology was an inevitable result of the transition of the sensuous language—the *onomatopœia* of the first ages to a more general use, and an application to the objects of moral and spiritual apprehension, and how, consequently, it was a necessary stage in the history of the human mind. His approximation, by a sort of exhaustive process, to the primitive language of the undivided Arian race, is one of the most beautiful specimens of acute philological disquisition ever offered to the world. It is more difficult to conceive how, by any mere natural process, any unaided action of the mind from within, mankind could rise from the gross pantheistic fetichism of the lowest form of human existence, and the polytheistic symbolism and anthropomorphism which succeeded it, to the earliest glimpse of the grand monotheistic truth of religion. We simply know the fact, that such a transition was made, and in a very early age, not by the generalizing intelligence of philosophers, but through the vivid intuitions of the chiefs of a race still living in the simplicity of a nomadic and patriarchal life. So that, if there be any thing which can properly claim the character of revelation in this dim twilight of human history, it must be here. Men seem to have lived at first as a part of the great material universe, hardly conscious of a personality distinct from the system of earth and seas and skies with which they were rolled round in unceasing revolution, day by day and year by year.* The religious counterpart to this state of things was a dim pantheism, and its expression in worship—fetichism. By degrees arose the sense of personality; and with it a deepening consciousness of law, obligation, religious dependence, moral destiny. The invisible powers mysteriously enfolding human life shape themselves now into more definite forms before the mental eye, corresponding to the altered condition of the mind itself. Deities acquire a more personal

* "Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees."

Wordsworth.

character, and begin to entertain a sort of personal converse with their worshipers. This phase of religious consciousness is reflected in the Vedantic hymns, and was probably, at the same time, in process of further development among the nations of Upper Asia. In the later productions of Hindoo poetry and philosophy there was a return to a more refined pantheism. Another great section of the Arian race, whose belief is expressed in the Zendavesta, rested in dualism. Their religion received its impress from the grand contrasts of nature and the great antagonism which pervades the world—light and darkness, good and evil. Above this antithesis they never rose into the solution of absolute monotheism. Of this we find the first clear and positive example among the Hebrews—in the form originally of a national God, simply one—supreme over all other gods—possessed of a distinct personal consciousness, at the furthest possible distance from every pantheistic conception—and maintaining the closest moral relations with His chosen people. This idea of God is set forth with the utmost clearness and solemnity in the law of Moses. It is developed through successive stages of higher thought and ever-widening views in the teachings of the prophets, with a constant recognition of the unity and unquestionable authority of the moral law, and of the unity of ultimate destination in the gathering of all nations in the latter days into a kingdom of God. It is consummated, expanded, spiritualized—embracing life here and life hereafter—as the last utterance of Hebrew prophecy, and the first expression of universal human religion—in the doctrine and life of Jesus of Nazareth.

These rich spiritual experiences—these remarkable spiritual developments in the literature and history of a particular race,—have been preserved for us in a Scripture. Why we accept them as a true expression of our permanent relations to the invisible and infinite, to God and eternity, results from two causes. First, the correspondence of the great trusts and convictions thus expressed to the permanent intuitions, the constant needs, and the unceasing aspirations of the human mind—the direct and irresistible appeal to the deepest sense of our inner being, of innumerable passages in the Psalms, the Prophets, and the book of Job—of the actions and discourses, the whole life and death, of Christ himself—and of the interpreta-

tion of that life and death from the highest point of view, by Paul—carry with them an evidence of truth and reality such as religious natures experience in equal strength from no other source. In regard to moral instruction and encouragement to the highest virtue, this sympathy with our sacred books is often independent of the speculative belief of the individual. Spinoza, as his own works testify, was a reverent and thoughtful student of Scripture; and no one can forget the terms of warm but discriminating eulogy with which the late James Mill, in a remarkable passage of his *History of British India*, extols the sober wisdom and practical utility of the religious teachings of the Bible, as compared with the mystic dreams of Hindoo theosophy, so often invidiously set up against them by the skeptical sciolists of Europe. Secondly, the remarkable career marked out for the Hebrew race in the order of events, their position in the field of history, their relation to the civilization which preceded the last expression of their prophetic spirit, and to the ensuing one, which their ideas have so deeply impregnated—clearly indicate their mission in the world to have been preëminently providential, and commend every record of their higher thought and life, as endued with more than ordinary significance, to the earnest contemplation of all religious men. The Hebraic and the Hellenic types of mind stand out in marked contrast, as well fitted to supplement and correct each other in the highest conceivable form of human society; nor is any thing more indicative of plan in the ordering of this world's affairs, than the intermingling in the fullness of time of the calm deep stream of intuitional and prophetic influence, from the hills and vales of Palestine, with the brilliant and vivacious tide of intellectual and æsthetic activity which flowed into it from the schools and theaters of Greece. The influence of Greek ideas is traceable in some of the books of the New Testament itself, and became mischievously predominant in the development of the later dogmatic system of the Church. But though it may have powerfully molded the scholastic mind of Christendom, the Hebrew element has ever been at the bottom the strongest; and under its working the popular heart has imbibed its firmest convictions and holiest truths. How else could the Christian civilization, with all its loss of primitive

simplicity and purity, have become so different in its essential tendencies and features from the heathen? It is the peculiarity of the Hebraic form of religion, on which as its basis the Christian rests, that it cherishes a profound *religious* consciousness, not a mere intellectual apprehension of invisible things—the consciousness of a Living God, and of the action of His Spirit or Word on the individual soul—the consciousness of law and obligation, and distinct personal relationship to God—the consciousness of a kingdom of God destined to endure, and grow, and triumph in the earth—a great deal of human perfection and human harmony with God, commenced *here* in darkness, ignorance, and sin, to be completed through ceaseless purification and continual development *there*. From these fresh fountains of intuition a full tide of religious inspiration flows ever into the simple, trustful heart and open soul. Abraham, Moses, David, Isaiah, Job, without losing their personal individuality, are the organs through which God's Spirit delivers eternal truths and precious promises to the world, and awakens into uniform and consistent operation the beliefs in which the highest unity of our moral being consists. These beliefs Christ takes up and universalizes; and transmits them, through the diversified manifestation of his disciples, as a permanent heritage to mankind, bound up with their noblest traditions, their vital interests, and their most glorious prospects.

Of this great revelation of spiritual truth through the words and deeds, the fortunes and institutions, the whole inward and outward life, of a people who are called, with distinctive propriety, the people of God—Scripture is the witness and the record. It is, as we have already said, not so properly a book as a literature. It is not a passive medium of God's Spirit flowing through it, but the expression of a living organism of mind behind it, through which God wrought and spoke; a history of spiritual experiences, of men's communings with God, and of God's suggestions to them, in those simple unlearned times ere artificial culture had overlaid the religious instincts of the soul, when the fountains of inspiration still flowed fresh and strong, and the spiritual eye looked out undimmed into the material universe, and saw God working at the heart of all things. It is this direct religious inspiration which characterizes

the prophetic teachings of Scripture, and makes the books where it is recorded a sacred literature; for the Spirit, when it enters a human soul, uses all modes of utterance, and takes all forms, and flows through all media. The Divine can only manifest itself through the human. But though a vehicle of the Spirit of God—in this sense and indirectly, that is, not in letters and words and phrases, but as the faithful representative of human thought and human action, under a divine influence—Scripture is still a literature; and, like every other literature, can only be understood, and have its real character brought to light, by subjection to a free and fearless criticism, which lays open the source of its ideas, and analyzes its materials, and expounds the principle which has presided over their combination—sets it more in a point of view to be compared with other monuments of men's deepest and holiest meditation, and, judging it by rules less technical and artificial, regards it as something living, genuine, and natural, more deeply human, and therefore, in the highest sense, more divine. No criticism—however it may affect questions of age, authorship, or derivation of materials, where we have simply to follow the evidence of facts—can possibly destroy the force of utterances which speak directly to our moral and spiritual sense, or weaken the authority of those great religious minds which carry with them the spontaneous confidence and sympathy of every healthy nature and uncorrupted heart. The voice which commands our deference and our trust is the voice of God speaking through history, attested by the concurring homage of the wisest and best through thousands of years. It strengthens by a force not our own, and a witness external to ourselves, the consciousness of what we feel to be divine, yet in us is often wavering and weak; and there are times when it is an unspeakable comfort to throw ourselves with implicit faith on these solemn oracles of the past, accepted as they are in their substance by the universal heart of believing and religious men, and to feel that in them we are leaning, not on our own individual reason, but on a strength and a support which come from God himself. There are some truths which, once fully uttered, are uttered once and forever; they can not perish; they can not be renewed; they are *κτῆμα ἐς αἰῶνα*, a permanent heritage of man—the broad, im-

mutable foundation on which his moral being rests. All that remains for future times is, to give them ever-new and ever-widening application, and draw out of them the spiritual elements which they are not at first perceived to involve. The doctrines of one God, the Universal Father, and of his all-embracing providence, once committed to the faith of the human soul, lie so close to its primary instincts and clearest intuition, that, however they may be overshadowed by passing doubts, they can never wholly vanish from it again. They may fade, and they may revive, with the prevalence of philosophical theories and the moral condition of society; but there they are, and there they will remain, rooted silently in the living heart of man. Who does not recall Goethe's memorable words on the death of Wieland—that no strong-minded man ever wholly abandoned his belief in immortality? It is the clear and emphatic utterance of these great spiritual truths, affecting all our relations with the invisible world, which, once uttered, can neither be reversed nor enlarged, and their permanent embodiment in the facts of human history, that constitutes the finality of the revelation in Scripture. The Hebrews fulfilled their mission in the world's history by laying the foundation and furnishing the conditions, in their prophetic utterance and agency, of the future spiritual development of mankind. "The great nations of antiquity," says a distinguished orientalist, who has devoted his special study to the history and literature of the Hebrew race, "each pursued a separate aim, which their circumstances recommended to them, and followed it to its highest point, in some respects never reached again by any of their posterity; and as each of these nations attained its acme, and its day began to decline, it sank into a one-sided effort, as though all its powers had just sufficed to reach this highest point. But those problems of the human mind which these ancient peoples, each taking its own, solved for itself with the most entire independence and most wonderful consequentiality, have borne for all future times, and for nations the most diverse and remote, effects of immeasurable extent, and fruits of the greatest value.* This remark applies in its whole

force to the very sublime and gigantic aims which engaged the energies of the ancient people of Israel."

The value of Scripture as a source of moral power and religious influence is in one respect increased by what may seem at first view the negative, and even destructive results of modern criticism. It is taken out of the domain of theological technicality and authoritative dogmatism, which enthrall and deaden the intellect, and left to make its appeal directly to the primitive sources of conviction and trust in every awakened soul; lifting us above this world by the evidence which it affords—in its holy men and prophets, and, above all, in Christ—of their intimate communion with God, and of the sensible witness vouchsafed to them of God's living presence, and of that invisible state where the spirits of the departed dwell with Him. The further we advance in what is called civilization, and in material science, the more we need the counteracting influence of those primary religious intuitions which are opened to us in a sacred history and literature like the Bible. A Scripture becomes not the less, but the more necessary, the longer society continues to exist; and Scripture, like every other genuine record of the human soul in its deepest thoughts and highest aspirations, will then first unlock to us all its treasures of spiritual wisdom, consolation, and strength, when we read it with an open eye and a trusting heart, freely yet reverently, looking for nothing but what we find, unprejudiced and sympathizing; when we ourselves are conscious in our feeble measure of the presence and action of the same Spirit which flashed forth in its words of far-revealing light, and animated its holy and self-sacrificing deeds—yea which unites us of this day in a bond of religious identity with the noble and devoted men who, taught themselves by God, showed the childhood of our race the way that it should go, and whose sublime teachings on the great themes of human duty and expectation have left modern reason little else to do than work out into applications of increasing extent and fertility, truths which it can not demonstrate, and yet, when once presented, must accept.

It is true, that doubt and uncertainty on points once unhesitatingly believed may, to some extent, have been produced by that fearless and impartial application

* Ewald, Geschichte des Volkes Israel bis Christus; Vorbereitung, p. 7.

to Scripture of the now-recognized laws of historical criticism, which is beginning to break down some of the old landmarks of faith, and is gradually opening to the inquirer new and vaster questions, which must carry him deeper into the interior of his own being, and its mysterious relations with God: but the final result of all this will unquestionably be to bring men back, with clearer insight, broader views, and stronger conviction, to the recognition of those eternal verities in which the soul of religion consists, and which it is the strongest witness of the divine in Scripture to reflect with such unparalleled brightness, and urge home to the soul with such resistless force. It is in this generous trust—the surest sign of faith in God—that the Chevalier Bunsen has gone to work in preparing the book of which he has just given the first part to the world. It is his object—and the effort is at once noble and courageous—to destroy all intellectual monopoly of God's universal truth; to break up the craft and mystery of professional erudition; to bring down the well-established results of theological research into the circle of the general reader; to introduce the learned and the unlearned classes to mutual understanding and spiritual communion; to show, in fine, that what is truly divine must come home to the common human heart. In how genial a spirit this work is written, the following extract will prove:

"He who preached these truths in their absolute fullness and strength—intelligible to children, yet unsearchable by the wise—He who by a holy life of love to God and man, and by a voluntary death, preached them once in the language of facts, and preaches them still in the voice of the Spirit—He was a man, yea, He was MAN, even because he was only a man. He was neither Jew nor Greek, neither prince nor priest, not a rich and mighty one, but in presence of them all, wholly a man. He lived and died for humanity. But for that very reason He is called, and was and is, God's Image and Son, as no one else before or after Him. His mortal finite being was essentially a representation of God, and had become a divine nature.

"That what he saith to thee—and, indeed, as the fulfillment of all desire, and all promise, and all history—contains divine and eternal truth, thy own reason and thy own conscience will prove the sufficient warrant, if thou dost what He sets before thee as God's commandment, standing before God in genuine thankful love, and exercising the same love toward all thy brethren. He reveals to thee—in other words, He makes plain, He discovers—to thee what lies

hidden in thy own reason and thy own conscience, oppressed by the weight of the creation and the necessity of nature.

"Thou canst close these eyes of thy spirit to the light; but thou canst not open them without seeing. Close them not. Why wouldst thou do so? Here is a book, not of signs and dreams, not for dreaming and interpretation; no, a child-like and a thoughtful book—a book to read with open eye, and to hear with open ear. And it runs over with comfort and light, since it speaks to thee the inmost language of thy being; but objectively, as reality, as what has been and is. The good and the true are in their commencement—seeking their completion in an ever-expanding kingdom of God, in a condition of mankind founded on right and justice; and through that unfolding in the finite and the temporal, the eternal thought of creation.

"This book, by its interior unity, by the truth of its single undivided consciousness of God, has guided and governed for hundreds of years our human sense, as expressed by the noblest of human races—of our relations to the universe. It has fulfilled the sublimest hopes, and verified the holiest longings, of men—those same hopes, and longings which thou experiencest in thyself in thy gravest and most thoughtful moments. Ought it not on this account to yield light and solace to thee and to thy time? Throw a free glance on its history, and thou wilt see that for more than four thousand years every step of mankind in advance toward light and truth and freedom and right goes hand in hand with belief in this book. Wonder not at these bold words: they are neither inconsiderate and fanatical, nor yet uttered in the spirit of hostility or a sect." (Pp. 100-102.)

It is not our intention to enter into a critical analysis of M. Bunsen's book, which would hardly be in accordance with the object of the present article; indeed the work is so loosely put together, that it would be difficult to analyze it; but we will select from it a few passages, both as containing in themselves some valuable suggestive matter, and as throwing light on the views and purposes of the author. He speaks thus on a point which has been referred to in the foregoing pages:

"The religious sentiment of men in Europe has perished, as far as it can perish, under the double weight of absolutism and of a theological system which has renounced reason and science. But the nations demand liberty of conscience, not from unbelief, but from longing after belief. They wish for right and freedom, not that they may lead a godless and sensual life, but to be able once more to believe honestly in the Gospel. For this liberty of conscience they will know how to act and suffer, to live and die; and the blood of their martyrs will kindle a flame by the power of God which shines through it. Misbelief and unbelief, the seeds of which have so long been

sown and cultured, will combine to perplex men's minds. When the reason of conscience, with the Bible in her hand, and Jesus set before her as a model, ascends the throne, we shall see still greater abominations of misbelief and unbelief. Our age is remarkable for great and general culture of the intellect. An honest and intelligible philosophy must take its place beside our Christian faith, to ward off sophistry and materialism; for the old scholastic system, decayed and powerless, has broken down, and every thing built on it threatens to share its ruin. The sole personality that remains as an object of faith, and the only monument of the religious consciousness which accords their equal rights to God, to the world, and to mankind—Jesus and the Bible—must be brought into harmony with the science of the positive in nature and history. The unhappy schism between faith and reason must cease. . . . How can men attain and preserve freedom within the limits of law, without reverence for man as the image of God, and for humanity as the final object of the Divine intelligence, as the expression of God's will in the history of the world? How can science understand the nature of Christ, without understanding as well the misery as the greatness of human nature? How can God's Spirit in the eternal be understood, without a recognition of the Church, whose function it is to represent it in the temporal? How can the Divine thought be understood, which penetrates the universe with its breath of creative love, without a humanity which strives in faith and thankfulness to express it? Behold our aim. We are in search of the great religious truths of the world's history; not merely, however, for the scientific intellect of the philosopher, but with reference to the deepest wounds of the present, and the intensest longings of humanity." (Pp. 17-19.)

On the renewed tendency of mankind towards religious belief, after periods of prevalent skepticism, we have the following remarks:

"Leibnitz attempted a justification of the moral order of the world, to tranquillize the reflecting portion of mankind. Bloody religious and political wars, which had terminated on the Continent (with the single exception of Holland) in a general rudeness of manners and the absolutism of princes, had exhausted and enfeebled the human mind, which required nourishment of this sort to fortify itself against the doubts of negative inquiry, and the spirit of despair which had seized the nations. Toward the close of the same century, Lessing and Kant endeavored to resist the increasing materialism, which had set in especially from England and France, by strengthening the faith of reason in itself as a moral power. Already in their time the philosophy of mind had made such an advance, that it no more occurred to any one to write a justification of the world's order than to write a justification of reason itself." (P. 30.)

A considerable part of the book is written in the form of a colloquy—sometimes beautifully expressed—with the reader. In this style he approaches another side of the subject, discussed in the last extract—the action and reaction of belief and unbelief, and shows how naturally superstition accompanies infidelity:

"And so thou standest again on the brink of the abyss, in contradiction with thyself, as with history, with the world, and with God. Consider well. To-morrow, perhaps, superstition will seize hold of thee, and thou wilt recommence in thyself the errors of centuries. Such a course numbers are now attempting, with a folly and a madness that to our fathers—nay, to ourselves thirty years ago—would have seemed impossible. They would fain recall the superstitious formulas of a by-gone age, without its natural childlike faith, and its joyous sense of life. They would bring back these formulas, without the earnest faith which once ennobled and animated them. Superstition is ever born anew with faith, folly with truth. Perhaps thou wilt again take note of bird's flight, or other natural signs, like the middle ages, or heathen antiquity. Nay, thou art in danger of falling into something much worse, self-devised signs of wood and tables. But how elevated a wisdom lies in that old faith—in the flight or cry of the living sharers of our earthly lot, which thou hast so often laughed at—as compared with the senseless and soul-destroying divination of our time! Mormonism, slavery, appeals to the deceased, star-consulting, table-turning, are signs of the lowest declension at once of the intellect and the heart." (Pp. 88-91.)

As the sole cure for such extravagances, the author suggests a rational faith in a well-attested religious system, bound up with the history of the human race—a Scripture. We will cite only one more passage:

"Whithersoever thou turnest, there remaineth for thee nothing but thy moral reason and the world's history. Yet of external histories thou dost not desire to hear. No, thou wouldst fain survey in the reflection of thousands of years the history of thy own spirit and of the eternal thought which dwells in its inner depths—yea, survey them in the mirror of a book which all can understand. It must be a book that would speak to thee of the actual, of the temporal; that would tell thee what divine consciousness it is that has actually governed the world's history. But thou art as little desirous of a mere outward history as of a philosophical system—as little of a pious legend as of a deep-thoughted myth. The book must contain a true historical kernel, and reflect back to thee a genuine, personal, human consciousness. It must possess a unity in itself—a luminous center-point for what is dark—an inner soul for its outward manifesta-

tion. It must exhibit to thee the eternal and the temporal—the eternal as the temporal, the temporal as the eternal. It must give thee answer to the questions: ‘Whence comes this race of men? Whither is it going?’ To this issue all thy questionings finally tend. It is after this that something within thee inquires, not from mere curiosity, or the thirst for scientific lore. It is the purely human within thee that impels thee with a divine power to ask: ‘Whence do I come? Whither do I go? What ought I to do?’ And simply because this longing is within thee, and thou hast the living faith that the realities of history, rightly viewed, must meet it with their verification—that there must be a divine answer to it, adjusted to the wants of our time—precisely for this reason, mankind do possess such a book. This book is called by thy own people, by the world on which thou livest—‘the Book’—‘the Scripture;’ it is the book in the highest sense.” (Pp. 92, 93.)

We may judge from this extract, in how popular—in some passages we might say, how rhetorical—a tone a large portion of M. Bunsen’s book is written. Some of its best criticisms are those on the prophets, into the spirit of whose teachings it enters with a full and genial recognition. Those on Joel, Jonah, and Daniel are remarkable for their happy union of unbiased freedom of judgment with strong religious feeling. Speaking of the forced interpretations so often put on the latter writer, in defiance of history and criticism, he says: “We are not to make the pious patriot and seer a liar, in order to make him a prophet after our own system.” (P. 530.) If more Scriptural criticism were expressed in this tone of mingled honesty and reverence, it would render great service to genuine religion, and help to raise the Bible, often so blindly read and so dimly felt, to its proper rank as the grandest literature in the world.

Not seldom M. Bunsen had reminded us in this book of Herder. He has all the fervor, and something of the vagueness and generality, of that graceful and suggestive writer. With many claims on our approval, the present work has some obvious defects. Its general views are often sounder than the particular applications of them. The author draws his inferences in many cases too confidently from slight resemblances and uncertain grounds. His reference of the prophetic faculty to a purified *clairvoyance* (pp. 142–151) will not, we suspect, meet with general acceptance; and his unhesitating ascription to Baruch, the amanuensis of Jeremiah, of works so different in style and in thought as Lamentations, the latter part of Isaiah,

and Job, does not appear to us to satisfy the conditions of a cautious and discriminating criticism. Altogether the work lacks compression, and a more systematic distribution of its materials. It wants also a more uniform and consistent character. It exhibits too great a mixture of the learned and the popular. It professes to be written for the instruction of the general reader; yet for this purpose the philosophical introduction is too abstruse and obscure, and is marked by too constant a recurrence of abstract formulas of thought borrowed from the schools. In some of the insulated disquisitions—the result apparently of the learned researches of former years—the author goes minutely into critical questions of which only scholars are competent to judge. Other parts of his subject, again, he has treated with a superficiality of which the learned will be apt to complain. Judging from a rapid survey of his work, we suspect that he has left himself open to attack in several points of detail. If it be so, we shall much regret it; because it will furnish those who grudge his useful labors, and are envious of his wide social influence, with a plausible pretext for depreciating them, and may blind others to the real merit and noble purpose of his undertaking. We are jealous of M. Bunsen’s reputation. Germany at this time can ill afford any lessening of the moral and intellectual weight of such a man on behalf of popular enlightenment and religious freedom. His high social position, his antecedents, and his being a simple unfettered layman, qualify him in no ordinary degree for mediating between the hard material unbelief and the rigid uncompromising orthodoxy, which threaten for the present to divide his country between them; while his genial spirit, his comprehensive views, his wide and ready sympathy with all that is good and generous, must commend much of what he writes—could he only abridge its volume and simplify its expression—to the cordial acceptance of the popular mind. It would be a public misfortune, if any hasty assertions and unguarded statements, inviting hostile and unscrupulous criticism, should weaken the impression and limit the circulation of a book which, though it may not in its present form fully satisfy the demands of the scientific, nor fully meet the wants of the less instructed, is still conceived in the true spirit of religious earnestness, and is sent out bravely and honestly in the right direction.

From the London Quarterly.

THE EMPERORS OF AUSTRIA.*

ON the 16th of August, 1477, the ancient city of Ghent presented an unusually gay appearance. Its streets were thronged with grave burghers and bold weavers in their holiday apparel; the quaint old houses were hung with variegated drapery, and festooned with the fairest flowers; while the windows were filled with the smiling faces of richly-attired dames and damsels, whose curiosity was this day strained to its highest pitch by the knowledge that all the stir was occasioned by the preparations for a wedding. And that was to be no common wedding, to which they were now expecting the advent of the bridegroom elect. The beautiful Mary of Burgundy, the wealthiest heiress in Christendom, had with a will of her own—which she doubtless derived from her willful father, Charles the Bold—chosen the handsome MAXIMILIAN of Austria as her future husband: and now this bridegroom of nineteen summers was about to enter Ghent, dressed bravely by means of 100,000 guilders which Mary's stepmother, Margaret of York, had sent him as provisional pocket-money.

At length he comes proudly along, a goodly target for those many curious eyes. Clad in silver-gilt armor, and riding on a noble brown horse, he wears no helmet, but a peerless garland of pearls and precious stones, which sets off to the best advantage his golden locks. His long retinue consists of electors, princes, bishops, and six hundred nobles. Thus is he escorted over many a bridge, and through many a narrow winding street, to his quarters, where he receives a message of welcome from the Princess, whom, *after*

supper, (so important an item to a vigorous young German,) he goes to visit at her palace. As he rides along the streets by torchlight, his fair bride comes to meet him, and, both falling on their knees in the road, they embrace each other; Mary exclaiming, with tears of delight, "Welcome to me, thou scion of the noble German stock, whom I have so long wished to see, and whom I now am so rejoiced to meet!" On the third day after this entry, the handsomest youth of the time was united to the beautiful Burgundian heiress; and thus was secured to the House of Hapsburg the splendid dower of the Netherlands, with their brisk trade and flourishing manufactures, which served first to make Austria really considerable as a European power.

Amidst all the rejoicings accompanying such an event, we may be permitted to imagine some substantial old citizen shaking his grey head, and uttering fearful forebodings as to what the Low Countries might suffer under a new sovereign, of another race, and other habits and sympathies, to whom the busy Flemings were now turned over like a peaceful flock of sheep. However, all went well while their own Mary lived: for her sake, doubtless, the sturdy Netherlanders suffered quietly many affronts and much oppression. But when she was cut off in the bloom of her youth and beauty—having been fatally injured by a fall from her horse while hawking—the flame of discontent broke forth fiercely. Maximilian, indeed, by dint of executions, managed to put down the rebellion in Ghent, and then removed to Bruges. But the fifty-two guilds of that city, under their several banners, marched upon his mercenaries in the market-place, disarmed them, and gave Maximilian himself an opportunity for reflection and repentance by confining him in the castle for four months. At length his father, the Emperor Frederick III., sent an army to his rescue; and Maximilian

* *Geschichte des Oestreichischen Hofes und Adels und der Oestreichischen Diplomatie.* Von DR. EDUARD VEHSE. Hamburg: Hoffmann und Campe. 1851-2.

Memoirs of the Court, Aristocracy, and Diplomacy of Austria. By DR. E. VEHSE. Translated from the German by FRANZ DEMMLER. In 2 Vols. London: Longmans. 1856.

dient not unknown in modern politics—honoring no bills of exchange but those that came from the Spanish party. Frederick the Wise, of Saxony, having declined the crown, it was at length apportioned to Charles, but not until his ambassadors had solemnly signed an “Electoral Capitulation,” which their imperial master afterwards swore to observe—an oath which, with the usual laxity of “Catholic” monarchs, Charles felt it by no means incumbent upon him to respect. In October, 1520, clad in armor, and decked with a coat of gold brocade, he rode into Aix-la-Chapelle to be crowned Emperor. Though then but twenty years of age, his pale face and melancholy aspect made him look already an old man. After holding that Diet at Worms which forms one of the great epochs in the world’s history, Charles returned, by way of Flanders and England, to Spain. In our own land he was received with due magnificence by Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey; and a contract of marriage was concluded between him and Mary Tudor—the little Princess who, long afterward, was wedded to his son Philip.

We cannot accompany Charles through the eventful history of his long reign. His wars with France, with the Turks, and with the Protestant princes, and lastly, his encounter with one who was his match in duplicity—the Elector Maurice of Saxony—can not here be detailed. The Pope having sided with the chivalrous Francis I., the Emperor, whose *public* devotion to the Church was as great as ever at home, took his revenge on the Pontiff by letting loose on Italy old Frundsberg with his lansquenets, who, having joined the Constable of Bourbon and his Spaniards, marched against the temporalities of the “Holy Father.” Frundsberg was prevented by an attack of paralysis from going farther than Ferrara; but Bourbon, taking the entire command, led on the troops to the walls of Rome itself, and was shot down while mounting a scaling ladder. His soldiers, however, rushed in, and sacked the city for ten days. Whilst Pope Clement and his satellites were kept close prisoners in the Castle of St. Angelo, the jovial lansquenets donned the hats and scarlet robes of the Cardinals, and paraded the city on donkeys. One of them often made his appearance before the Castle, dressed up like an orthodox Pope, wearing the very essential triple

crown, and, with his cardinalic comrades, drank healths and made speeches to the great horror and annoyance of the incarcerated ecclesiastics. However, peace was at length concluded with France, and afterward with the humbled Pontiff, who, in February, 1530, crowned Charles, at Bologna, King of Lombardy and Emperor of the Romans. It was a fine time for the rabble, who scrambled energetically for the gold and silver coins, and the costly banqueting vessels, which were thrown to them from the palace windows.

In tracing the course of Charles’s long reign, one can not but regret, again and again, the injurious manner in which the cause of Reformation was bought and sold by the little Princes of the empire, who mostly cared for it only as a means of increasing their own possession and power. To Luther we owe so much that is good, that it would be an unpleasing task to scrutinize with severity his political opinions which varied considerably at different stages of his life. Suffice it to say, that if he had had any fit coadjutor to take up the kindred cause of civil freedom with a wisdom and courage equal to his own in breaking the fetters from religion, Germany need never have cowered beneath the sway of the cold and crafty Charles, and Austria and her dependencies might now have been the most fruitful lands of Protestant Europe.

At the age of twenty-six, Charles was married at Seville to the graceful Isabel of Portugal; at whose death, thirteen years after, he displayed intense anguish. He had lived very happily with his fair bride; her genial influence in domestic life had modified his habits, and charmed away his moodiness; and his grief at losing her was incontrollable. For several days he sat beside her body in silent despair, neglectful of all public affairs; and if any had the temerity to break in upon his sorrowful solitude, he flew at them with a drawn dagger. At last he suffered the Jesuit Duke of Borhio to prevail with him, and allowed the beloved form to be entombed. He afterwards relapsed into his former habits of profligacy, which were indulged with characteristic coolness and secrecy.

Charles was not handsome in his person; his long, pale face being disfigured by the ugly lower lip peculiar to the House of Hapsburg. His complexion in the prime of life is said to have been as

cognizance of the Imperial Court of Chancery, much to the discomfiture of many an iron-handed warrior. To Maximilian is also owing the division of Germany into those circles which are apt to puzzle the modern examiner of old maps of the Empire.

Maximilian must by no means be omitted from the list of royal authors: for he contributed, for the instruction of mankind, no fewer than twenty-two treatises, which may still be found, if nowhere else, in the *Hof-Bibliothek* at Vienna; where also may be perused the odd queries which he put to Abbot Tritheim, and among which is found the following very sensible one: "Why should witches have power over the evil spirits, whilst an honest man can not get anything from an angel?" That he had a sufficiently-high estimate of his own prowess and sagacity, may be gathered from the fact, that one of his books, under the title of *The Wise King*, records the wisdom of himself and his father; and another, *Theuerdank*, is devoted to the narration of Max's own wondrous feats and hair-breadth escapes.

Maximilian lived to see the dawn of the Reformation, one of his last acts of government being the opening of the famous Diet of Augsburg, at which Luther appeared before Cajetan. The Emperor seems to have thought this episode a very good joke—a nice quarrel among the parsons, which would a little trouble the "Holy Father" at Rome—and to have had no perception of the work which this simple monk was to make for his successors down even to the present day. He left Augsburg with regret; for he had spent many festive days there, and he felt that he should never see it again. On arriving at Innsbruck, the towns-people would have none of his horses or carriages, as there was an old score due to them from the imperial attendants: so the animals had to pass a winter's night in the open street; and the poor old Emperor was thrown into a fever by intense anger at the ill-behavior of his lieges. Yet he must needs embark on the Inn, in the sharp January weather, on his way to Vienna: but he only reached Wels, where he died, January 12th, 1519, aged sixty years.

While Maximilian was bustling about his dominions, paying court to fair ladies, firing off cannon to no end but that of making a noise and smoke, and fancying

himself the greatest potentate and craftiest statesman in the world, there was growing up in the Netherlands a fair, slender, blue-eyed youth, who was eagerly fighting again the battles of the Maccabees, or poring patiently over the pages of Thucydides. Brought up in chilling splendor, the son of a melancholy-mad mother who poisoned her husband in a fit of jealousy,* CHARLES V., with no gentle domestic intercourse to foster the better qualities of the heart, was trained by circumstances to form as complete a contrast as possible to his jovial grandfather, whom he was to succeed on the imperial throne. Whatever liveliness he might inherit from his gay, good-looking father, Philip the Handsome, was counter-balanced by the intense Spanish moodiness imparted to him by his wretched mother, Joan the Insane. All youthful tendency to restlessness was broken by his stern governor, De Chièvres who would wake the boy up at any untimely hour to open dispatches, and scrawl his brief opinion on their margin.

When scarcely sixteen, Charles became King of Catholic Spain—an inheritance well suited to his temperament. Amongst his first acts on visiting the land of the Inquisition, was the dismissal of the Grand Inquisitor, Cardinal Ximenes, from its regency, with the consoling message that his merits were so great that Heaven alone could adequately reward them; and that he therefore permitted him to end his days in quiet on his archiepiscopal see. The aged Cardinal is said to have been killed by this cruelly kind communication; at all events, he died but a few hours after receiving it.

Immediately on hearing news of the death of his Germanic grandfather, Charles set about getting himself chosen as his successor in the headship of the Holy Roman Empire. Accordingly the Fuggers of Antwerp, a branch of the great Augsburg bankers, were retained as his agents—combining the duties of a Rothschild and a Coppock—in the necessary work of buying the noble electors, taking care, of course, to promise a higher premium than the rival candidate, the French King, Francis I. The firm are said to have aided Charles greatly by an expe-

* Robertson appears to have no suspicion of this fact; but Dr. Vehse asserts it on the authority of letters which Hormayr gives in his historic collections.

dient not unknown in modern politics—honoring no bills of exchange but those that came from the Spanish party. Frederick the Wise, of Saxony, having declined the crown, it was at length apportioned to Charles, but not until his ambassadors had solemnly signed an “Electoral Capitulation,” which their imperial master afterwards swore to observe—an oath which, with the usual laxity of “Catholic” monarchs, Charles felt it by no means incumbent upon him to respect. In October, 1520, clad in armor, and decked with a coat of gold brocade, he rode into Aix-la-Chapelle to be crowned Emperor. Though then but twenty years of age, his pale face and melancholy aspect made him look already an old man. After holding that Diet at Worms which forms one of the great epochs in the world’s history, Charles returned, by way of Flanders and England, to Spain. In our own land he was received with due magnificence by Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey; and a contract of marriage was concluded between him and Mary Tudor—the little Princess who, long afterward, was wedded to his son Philip.

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Charles was not handsome in his person; his long, pale face being disfigured by the ugly lower lip peculiar to the House of Hapsburg. His complexion in the prime of life is said to have been as

white as milk. We can, therefore, hardly wonder that the Protestants, at the fatal battle of Mülberg, looked upon him as a ghost, or rather a mummy, as he rode along the lines, his enfeebled limbs encased in glittering armor, his hair turned gray with the tortures of the gout, and his features pale as those of a corpse. His ordinary demeanor was proud and chilling, as might have been expected from his education; yet he knew how to bend down to those whom he liked, and to defend his low-born but faithful servants from the insults of the haughty copiers of himself. His brave captain, Antonio de Leyva, the shoemaker's son, received peculiar marks of favor, earned by his many services. Most of our readers will be familiar with the anecdote of the Emperor picking up Titian's brush, when the great painter had dropped it, and telling his astonished courtiers, "I have always people enough to bow before me, but I have not always a Titian." When a proud Castilian lady and a fair Neapolitan were quarreling for precedence at the door of the palace chapel in Brussels, Charles dexterously settled their dispute by the suggestion, "Let the most foolish go first." He used to say of the gout, "Patience and a little screaming is a good remedy against it."

In money matters Charles was very careful, letting his pages go about in somewhat tattered garments, and spending far less on his own habiliments than the plainest noble did. Unfortunately, too, for his attendants, he had such a good memory, that, if one of his shirts or handkerchiefs were missing, he was sure to make inquiry after it. Indeed, an old Saxon clerk, who saw him at a review at Naumburg, in 1547, records that he wore a new black velvet cap on the occasion, and a Spanish cloak; and that, when it began to rain, Charles doffed his new cap, and covered it up under his cloak, letting the drops fall on his gray hair. Old Schirmer, who had always been accustomed to take care of his own pate, was of course astonished, and moralizes on the incident with much pathos: "Poor Emperor! who had done such great deeds in the world, who had made war in Africa, and was the possessor of so many tons of gold, and yet let the rain fall on his uncovered head!" Yet, with all his thrift about his garments—in which he showed himself a true descendant of Rodolph of Haspburg, who mend-

ed his clothes with his own hands—Charles knew not how to handle large sums of money, and was almost always in financial straits.

In his later years, Charles slept but little, yet rose late in the morning. He then first attended a private mass for the soul of the Empress, gave audience to his ministers, heard a second mass for the benefit of his own soul, and went thence direct to dinner, according to the old proverbial rule, *Della messa alla mensa*, "From mass to meat." Sastrow, who had seen the Emperor at several Diets, tells us, in his "Pomeranian Chronicle," that, however many princely relatives and friends Charles might find waiting for him on his return from church, he coolly shook hands with them, left them in the entry, and walked in alone to a good dinner, with an enviable freedom from compunction. The old chronicler goes on to state, that his Majesty had no one to carve for him; but, having nodded for any little delicacy that pleased him—such trifles as "a sucking pig," or "a calf's head"—stuck in his knife just where he fancied a piece, and scooped it out, or tore it with his fingers, drawing his plate under his chin, and so eating, in "a very unaffected, but *neat and cleanly* manner," which was "very pleasant to look at." He finished his elegant repast—during which his ears were regaled with choice music, and with the free-and-easy talk of the jesters who stood behind his chair—by quaffing the *modicum* of a pint and a half of wine from a crystal tankard, which he drained to the last drop. Petitioners knew well that now were the *mollia tempora fandi*, when his lordship had picked his sacred teeth with a quill, washed himself, and taken up a position in the corner near the window, in his most accessible mood. After private audiences, which lasted two or three hours, he rested himself in an easy-chair for an hour, had another interview with his ministers, read or wrote his letters, and, after partaking (slightly, of course, for his dinner had tempted him with a variety of twenty-four dishes, some of them very substantial) of sweetmeats and preserved fruits, he and his Court retired to bed at the modest hour of nine.

In spite of his wonderful successes, of his ingenuity in political intrigue, and of some rare traits of character, Charles V. can not be pronounced a truly great man. His active and penetrating mind was de-

voted solely to the aggrandizement of his house; and the fertility and unscrupulous nature of his schemes to this end remind one of another ex-monarch, of more recent date—Louis Philippe—between whom, indeed, and Charles an amusing parallel might be run in many particulars. With a fearful disregard for the lives and liberties of his subjects, Charles was ready always to bear down the least opposition to his will by brute force. With large and rich possessions in Spain and Burgundy to afford him supplies, he was enabled, without much difficulty, to crush the first development of Protestantism in Southern Germany, and by his Spanish hauteur to cow the spirits of the knights and barons, *vassals* of the Empire hitherto in name, but now in stern reality. The question with Charles and most of his successors has been, not, "How can I benefit my subjects?" but "How can I extend my dominions, and render myself more absolute and irresponsible?" For this end were bloody battles fought, solemn oaths broken, fair territories laid waste; and though Charles was a particularly devout son of the Romish Church, yet, when its head thwarted him, he let loose his rough bandits on the "Eternal City" itself.

But the consummation of all this scheming and bullying, so far as Charles was concerned, was, at first, a disgraceful flight, and then an inglorious resignation of the imperial throne. When Maurice of Saxony had taken Ehrenburg Castle, and was about to show himself the Emperor's apt pupil, by giving him a taste of his own treacherous tactics, the master of many lands was obliged to make a precipitous flight amid torrents of cold spring rain, and agoized by the torturing gout. He had twice before attempted to escape from Innsbruck to Flanders, but had been frightened back. In the course of the second elopement, when he was disguised as an old woman, a village girl, who had only seen his portrait, exclaimed, "Oh! how like she is to the Emperor!" and his warlike Majesty posted back again with fearful forebodings. Maurice appears to have had some secret encouragement in his operations from the emperor's brother, Ferdinand, who was disgusted at Charles's arrangements for the alternation of the imperial dignity between Ferdinand's family and his own, which would have made the German Empire liable to an intermit-

ting Spanish domination. Besides, Ferdinand well knew that if Don Philip once got possession of the Empire, it would be lost for ever to his own descendants. The Pope, too, afflicted at the prospect of a universal monarchy, which might interfere with pontifical pretensions, secretly abetted the Saxon Elector. But Charles's crowning difficulty was, that the great banking-houses of Italy and the Low Countries, and even the friendly Fuggers of Augsburg—one of whom had once delighted him, when staying under their roof, by re-kindling a fire with the Emperor's old bonds—refused to advance any more money to one who had ever been ready to break commercial faith, and to convert loans into unfunded debts with perpetual interest. Thus he who had thought himself a complete master of statecraft, was caught in so many false moves, and so completely checkmated, that he thought the time had at length arrived for him to throw up the hazardous game, and to carry out the design he had long talked about by retiring to some quiet convent for the remainder of his days.

Accordingly, in October the 26th, 1555, Charles publicly resigned the Netherlands to his grasping, ungrateful son, Philip II., to whom he had already ceded the Two Sicilies, in order to smooth the way for his marriage to Mary of England. In the same hall at Brussels in which, forty years before, he had entered on his reign with high and haughty hopes, all his prospects bright and cloudless, and fortune ready to favor him in all his undertakings, the infirm and broken-spirited emperor now rose painfully from his chair of state—his right hand resting on his staff, his left on the shoulder of William Prince of Orange—and in accents of deep emotion, briefly reviewed his life, begging pardon of all who had been wronged by his neglect or mismanagement, and ending with the assurance that he would never forget his faithful Netherlanders to the day of his death, and would never cease to pray to God for their welfare. Well might the large assembly be moved to tears; for it was a time to forget the faults of the ruler in the misfortunes of the man, racked with pain of body, and plagued with fits of melancholy still more dreadful. In the following January he resigned to Philip the kingdoms of Spain, with all their acquisitions in both hemispheres; and in

August he transferred the government of Germany from his own shoulders to those of his brother Ferdinand.

In September, 1556, Charles sailed for Spain; and on landing at Laredo, on the coast of Biscay, he said to have kissed the ground, exclaiming, *Naked came I out of my mother's womb; and naked shall I return thither.* Throughout all his days he had lived, like Dives, just as he liked. Autocrat of many countries, he had spurned from his gate the wounded Lazarus of Lutheranism, when it begged for scanty relief or respite. And now, having enjoyed this world's goods as much as the gout would let him, he bethought himself of improving on the example of the rich Hebrew, and making himself sure, also, of the bliss of another sphere. And this appeared to be an easy matter: for Charles was a devout son of that Church which, by its nicely graduated scale of penal prices, makes everything comfortable for the conscience of the scrupulous sinner. What could be more pleasant than being an out-patient of the convent of Yuste?—always excepting the flagellations, which, however, had the great advantage of being self-inflicted, and so their rough tone could be easily modulated when the touch of the cords was too harsh for the sensitive fibres of the back. This Jeromite monastery was situated in a valley of a mountainous district celebrated for the beauty of its scenery and the purity of its atmosphere. Surrounded by gardens and orchards, watered by cool springs and mountain torrents, the flowery little vale might well cause Charles in earlier years to exclaim, "Here is a place of rest for a second Diocletian!" A small house was built for the ex-emperor near the church of the monastery, so that, when he lay ill, his melancholy might be soothed by catching the sounds of the masses, and the sweet chanting of the choir, for which the finest voices had been selected. His apartments were lighted by many large windows, which admitted the soft breeze, laden with the fragrant scent of the lemon and orange trees, and through which the old potentate could gaze on a fair and spacious landscape, hedged in by hilly ridges, crowned with purple vines. Here, in the intervals of his religious exercises, and when tired by gardening, Charles, aided by the ingenious Gianello Torreano, busied himself in endeavoring to make a regiment of clocks keep the same time;

and, not succeeding very well, would say, "Clocks are just like men." But, as some old oracle of 'Change, who, having realized his "plum," has timely retired to a neat country-house, and is there miserable for want of his wonted occupation, consoles himself by pestering all his friends with gratuitous advice; so Charles V., believing that the world could not keep right without him, favored his son and daughter with long dispatches, replete with wisdom, no doubt, but to which, we believe, they paid but scant attention. At last, having caught cold at a sort of amateur rehearsal of his own obsequies, the ex-monarch died, repeating the words, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum: redemisti nos, Domine, Deus veritatis.* Those of our readers who wish for further details of the most innocent part of his career, must turn to Mr. Stirling's very interesting work on his "Cloister Life," or Mr. Prescott's recent additions to Robertson.

We must now pass on to the red-bearded monarch who began to occupy the imperial chair when his brother Charles retired to cultivate cabbages in Spain. FERDINAND I. was Spanish by birth, and had been brought up at the court of his grandfather, Ferdinand the Catholic. In 1521, he followed out the auspicious motto of his house, "*Felix Austria nube*," by wedding Anne Jagellon—bride and bridegroom being alike nineteen years old—and through this marriage obtained, in 1526, the crowns of Hungary and Bohemia. In 1530, Charles endowed his brother with the Archduchy of Austria, and the other family possessions in Germany; so that, when Charles resigned, there was little advance for Ferdinand to make, except as becoming the actual head of the Empire, under the title of "Roman Emperor *Elect*." The Pope not acknowledging his brother's abdication as valid, because the leave of the "Holy See" had not been asked, Ferdinand consequently remained uncrowned, as all his imperial successors have done, so far as "His Holiness" is concerned.

Ferdinand was but a small man, compared with his brother, both mentally and physically. He was "an excellent man of business," in a pettifogging sense; rose early to attend mass; was almost always on his legs, except at meal-time; and was a sad chatterbox, breaking Priscian's head with royal unconcern. He was a great patron of the Jesuits, Bobadilla, one of the

founders of the Society, being his father—confessor; and under his auspices those meek soldiers of the Roman Church gained firm footing in Vienna, doctoring people in the time of the plague, and effecting many cures by means of Peruvian bark, which was then and long afterwards known as “Jesuits’ powder.”

After an unimportant reign of eight years, Ferdinand died of a slow fever, and his throne passed to his eldest son, MAXIMILIAN II., who was a merry, good-tempered Monarch, yet had more dignity of manner than his restless progenitor. In religious matters he was kind and tolerant, living in open friendship with the chief Protestant princes of the Empire. Letters of his are extant in which he tells Duke Christopher of Wurtemberg that he had read two volumes of the Latin, and five of the German works of Luther, and expresses a wish to possess all the writings of that great man, as well as those of Melancthon and Brentzius. His motto was, “God alone rules the consciences of men: man only rules man:” a saying for the true appreciation of which the time had not yet arrived. Acting on this principle, he granted free exercise of their religion to the Bohemians, and subsequently extended the boon to Austria Proper. He also, immediately on his accession, liberated John Augusta, the learned Bishop of the Moravian Brethren, from the imprisonment to which he had been consigned, for sixteen years, by the zealous Ferdinand. In 1562—with good intentions which are welcome from their rarity in an Austrian ruler—Maximilian tried to gain the Pope’s sanction for administering the eucharist in both kinds, and for abolishing the forced celibacy of the clergy. We can not refrain from quoting part of the letter which he wrote to his beloved adviser, General Lazarus von Schwendi, on hearing the news of the massacre on St. Bartholomew’s Day, by order of the Emperor’s son-in-law, Charles IX. of France.

“As to the foul deed which the French have tyrannically perpetrated against the Admiral and his people, I can not commend it at all; and I have heard with heart-felt grief that my son-in-law has allowed himself to be persuaded to give his sanction to such an infamous slaughter: but I know this much—that other people rule much more than he does. May God forgive those who are the cause of it! I wish to God he had consulted me: I would have advised him as a true father. It is true, as you very

sensibly write, that *religious matters ought not to be settled by the sword*. No honest man, who fears God and loves peace, will say differently; nor did Christ and His Apostles teach otherwise: for their sword was their tongue, their teaching God’s Word, and their life. And, moreover, those mad people might have seen in so many years that this tyrannical burning and beheading will never do. In short, I do not like it, nor will I ever praise it, unless God should make me foolish and mad, which I ever pray He will not do..... Let Spain and France do as they like; they will have to answer for it to God the Just Judge. As for myself, I shall, if God wills, act honestly and sincerely, like a true Christian; and if I do so, I do not care for all this wicked and graceless world. With this I commend you to the mercy of God, who, in His heavenly wisdom, may turn all things for the best, to ourselves and to all Christendom.”

Noble words these, and the more to be prized as coming from an Austrian Kaiser! Would that his successors had acted on them, and so saved themselves from the guilt, and their subjects from the manifold sufferings arising out of their fierce and bloody bigotry!

Maximilian died suddenly in the fiftieth year of his age, and the thirteenth of his reign. He had long suffered severely from that imperial torture, the gout; and his death was by some attributed to a nostrum which he had got from a quack doctor of Ulm, and which, like certain pills and elixirs of our own day, was warranted to possess miraculous virtue. Others have laid the *onus* of his sudden demise at the door of the ingenious members of the Company of Jesus, who certainly were not too fond of the liberal-minded emperor: but these zealots have so many well-authenticated murders to answer for, that we may spare them the responsibility of one more doubtful. When Maximilian was growing weaker and weaker, and death was making visible approaches, his son, the Archduke Matthias, begged him to think of his salvation, and not to neglect himself: to which advice the dying Emperor made answer: “My son, all this is needless. I hope through the mercy of God, and His merits, to be saved as surely as you can be. I have confessed all my sins to Christ, and thrown them on His passion and death; and I am sure that they are forgiven, and that I do not need any thing else.”

His eldest son and successor, ROBERT II., though born at Vienna, was, like his father, brought up at the Court of Philip

II., and seems to have imbibed something of the spirit of that unhappy monarch. Gloomy, and passionate, and wayward, the madness of his ancestry broke out in him with renewed vigor, though under a different phase. He was excessively indolent, and spurned every approach to activity in state affairs; yet if any one else began to take in hand the necessary business of the empire, Rodolph was seized with sharp pangs of jealous rage. Whatever genius he was endued with, developed itself in collecting nicknacks, in studying magic and alchemy, and in taming wild birds and beasts. His beautiful palace, the Hradschin in Prague, was strewn with antiquarian odds and ends, the gathering and safe stowage of which fully occupied the Emperor's time, while envoys on important business had to wait year after year for an interview in vain. How would his spirit have been chafed, could he have foreseen what treatment his treasures were to meet with from his matter-of-fact successor, Joseph II., who—honest man—sold his busts and statues cheap, disposed of his antique coins by weight, and scattered his costly gems and cameos amongst old-curiosity-shopmen!

Rodolph possessed a noble gallery of pictures, including some fine Correggios. He kept up a correspondence with many learned men; and his Court was thronged with famous mechanics—for he possessed Charles's *penchant* for clock-making—astronomers and astrologers, and all the professors of the black art that chose to come. Amongst the motley crowd, the English alchemist and conjuror, Dr. John Dee, was very conspicuous. It is amusing to note how the doctor and the Emperor stood in admiring awe of one another, each holding the other for a great magician, and each entertaining a wholesome fear of being found out by his fellow adept to be what in modern parlance is designated "a humbug." Yet amid these constructors of magic mirrors—these needy adventurers who came with a promise of discovering for Rodolph the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone, and who spoke of the production of living men in the crucible, and the resuscitation of mummies, as perfectly possible performances—mixed up with this motley crowd of quacks and gamesters, were one or two men of remarkable genius. It was from Prague that the illustrious Kepler announced his discovery of the planets moving

in elliptic orbits round the sun; he having succeeded the great Dane, Tycho Brahe, as "His Imperial Majesty's Mathematician"—a post of more honor than profit.

Rodolph's moodiness at length reached its highest pitch. Tycho Brahe had drawn a horoscope for him, the purport of which was, that he ought not to marry, since danger threatened him from his nearest relation, his own son. This prognostication caused him to put off his marriage with one princess or another from time to time: but he was mortally vexed when these ladies, tired of such a procrastinating wooer, were married to suitors of more punctual habits. His dread of violence from his family was excited still more by the appearance of Halley's comet in 1607, which seemed a confirmation of all his gloomy forebodings. No persons could then approach him without being searched, lest they should have weapons concealed about them. His bedroom was like a fortified place, and he would often jump up in the dead of the night, and make the governor of his palace search every nook and cranny of the building. For months together the inhabitants of Prague knew not whether he was alive or dead, it being only at long intervals that he allowed them to catch a glimpse of his "sacred" person at the palace windows.

But while Rodolph was tossing madly on his imperial bed of thorns, the world did not stand still. Protestantism had taken deep root in Austria, and was pushing its way energetically in the capital itself; and it taxed all the powers of the bigoted Ferdinand of Grätz to counteract it in Styria, Carniola, and Carinthia. But at length his rough soldiery, with fire and sword, dragooned the people into submission to the old idolatry; while many of the nobles fled to Bohemia, where they afterward fought strenuously against the dominion of Austria. Ferdinand's example was copied by Rodolph's councillors at Vienna, the ecclesiastics Dietrichstein and Clesel; and the stir caused by their reactionary measures was at its height, when, by the Family Treaty of Vienna, (concocted by Clesel,) Rodolph was forced to resign the crowns of Austria Proper and Hungary in favor of his brother, Matthias. He was soon afterward compelled by his Bohemian subjects to sign the famous *Majestäts-Brief*, which secured to them full religious liberty. In 1611 he was obliged by his brother to

renounce the crown of Bohemia also, which he had fondly hoped to retain; and so was left in possession only of his barren dignity as head of the German Empire. A few months afterward, he died very suddenly, his heart having been broken by the demise of his favorite old lion, and of two eagles, which he had fed every day with his own hands.

MATTHIAS was a little, weakly man, whose mission seemed to be to dance as long and as often as the gout would let him. His reign is principally remarkable for the *defenestratio Pragensis*, and the commencement of the Thirty Years' War. The Bohemians, in 1617, were so foolish as to elect for their King the bitterly Papist Ferdinand of Grätz. They thought themselves safe in their liberties because he was condescending enough to swear devoutly to observe the *Majestäts-Brief*; as if, forsooth, a Popish Monarch could be bound by any the most solemn oath. The provisions of this Royal Letter were soon broken through by the Papist party, the Archbishop of Prague giving orders for the destruction of two Protestant churches which were being built under its guarantee. But the Protestants determined to oust the Papal members of the Regency; and just as Ferdinand was being proclaimed King of Hungary at Presburg, his representatives in Bohemia were expelled from the council-chamber; the two most obnoxious, Martinitz and Slawata, with the Secretary, being flung out of the window, according to an ancient custom of the country. Though these ejected councillors were thrown from a great height, their ample cloaks filling with air, broke their fall, and they alighted without much injury on a heap of waste paper and rubbish. Philip Fabricius, the polite secretary, who was forwarded last, is even said to have had presence of mind and breath enough to beg His Excellency's pardon, as he fell on the top of Baron Martinitz. This was the signal for the Thirty Years' War, the Protestant Bohemians at once taking up arms in defence of their solemn rights, and, as the first step, expelling those pestilential Marplots, the members of the Society of Jesus.

When news of this outbreak reached Vienna, the gouty old Emperor was disposed to make concessions to the Bohemian people; and was encouraged in his good intentions by the advice of his premier and confessor, Cardinal Clesel. But

the bigoted Ferdinand strongly opposed this tendency to moderation, proceeded with the levies for his army, and caused Clesel to be suddenly arrested and imprisoned. The death of Matthias followed not long after the *coup d'état* which deprived him of his favorite minister. He died in 1619, in almost the same neglect as he had brought upon his brother Rodolph. The dying monarch was in fact deserted by all, while Ferdinand's apartments were crowded with courtiers ready to prostrate themselves before the rising luminary.

Now came the stormy days of FERDINAND II., the motto of whose life was: "*Better a desert than a country full of heretics.*" Of his piety there can, of course, be no question; for did he not attend mass twice every day, with extra performances on Sunday? And what though his rough troops, year after year, ravaged whole districts, passing over the country, from end to end, like swarms of locusts, leaving behind them leveled cornfields, burned hamlets, and pale famished wretches, whose little all they had destroyed? Yet Ferdinand must be accounted one of the world's worthies: for was he not the first Austrian Emperor that joined in the Corpus-Christi procession, taper in hand? and did he not yield himself up, body and soul, to the whims of his Jesuit advisers, who had free access to him even at midnight? What more could a right-minded ruler do for the good of his people?

We have no space for the details of the Thirty Years' War; of some of the most conspicuous actors in which bloody drama a notice has recently appeared in these pages. Suffice it to say, that while Ferdinand was elected Emperor of the Romans at Frankfort, he was deposed at Prague, the Bohemians denouncing him as "the arch-enemy of liberty of conscience, and a slave of Spain and the Jesuits." They unfortunately chose in his stead the Elector Palatine Frederick, who, being a Calvinist, was almost as obnoxious to the Lutherans of Germany as a Papist would have been. Under the advice of his uncle, the Prince of Orange, and of his own court-preacher, Scultetus, the jovial, easy-tempered Frederick accepted a post of danger which demanded a man of infinite resource and dauntless courage. No Englishman can study the history of the reign of James I. without a pang of deep

regret that that cruelest of pedants, lured by the phantom of a Spanish match, afforded such scant aid to his son-in-law the Palatine, and to the Protestant cause generally. Yet if we fairly review the character of the Bohemian "Winter King," frivolous and utterly helpless as it was, we can hardly suppose that a much different result would have been secured, had James assisted him with ever such ample supplies. The battle of the White Mountain speedily put an end to his reign, and sent him, a helpless fugitive, to wander piteously up and down Europe, while his unfortunate subjects were left to the tender mercies of the Jesuitic puppet of an Emperor, who did not think it at all incumbent on him to observe the promise of amnesty given by his generals on entering Prague after their victory. So, on the 21st of June, 1621, in the *Altstadt Ring*, the chief nobility of Bohemia were beheaded, meeting their fate with the joy of martyrs strong in the faith, while, to add to their cheer, a beautiful rainbow spanned the horizon. The *Majestäts-Brief* and other charters of the kingdom were brought to Vienna, where his plain-spoken Majesty received them with the words: "These, then, are the rags of waste-paper which have given so much trouble to our predecessors." So ended the laws, liberties, literature, and language of Bohemia.

In the long contest which followed, there figured many brave soldiers on both sides. When the reigning Protestant princes abandoned the cause of their suffering brethren, a struggle was still kept up in its behalf by such bold partisans as Count Mansfield and Christian of Brunswick, who served to maintain a sort of skirmish, till the lion of the north, Gustavus Adolphus, was ready to bound upon the scene. The imperial side was not without its great warriors also—the eccentric Tilly, the dashing Pappenheim, (the Murat of his day,) and the mysterious Wallenstein. The true character and purposes of the last will always afford as much scope for dispute as do the virtues of Mary Queen of Scots in our own history. His chief merit in the eyes of many readers will be his having furnished in his life and fate a subject for Schiller's noblest drama. That he was a man remarkable in mind and body, in enterprise, success, and fate, there can be no doubt; nor yet that he saved the Austrian Empire more than once. After his discomfiture at Stralsund,

the influence of Wallenstein with his master had declined; and he had not had the opportunity of carrying out his design of rendering the Emperor still more absolute by a massacre of the troublesome nobles when he was ousted from his post as generalissimo, to please the Pope and the Jesuits, who were troubled with the notion that he was about to erect Austria into the position of a universal monarchy.

Just as the Emperor had thus cut off his own right hand, and rendered himself almost helpless, the Swedish hero landed first on German soil, and carried all before him. Yet, through the culpable opposition of the Electors of Brandenburg and Saxony, he was not at hand to prevent the taking of Magdeburg by the Imperialists, who, under Pappenheim and Tilly, sacked and burnt that fine old town, and ruthlessly slew 30,000 out of 35,000 inhabitants. For this bloody victory, a *Te Deum* was chanted with due devotion in the cathedral.

The disastrous battle of Leipsic led the Emperor to negotiate afresh with Wallenstein, and to reappoint him as commander-in-chief, with absolute power. And so the Swedish king and the great Friedlander met at last on the field of Lützen, when the former gained the battle, but lost his life. There are few characters in the annals of warfare upon whom we can dwell with such pleasure as upon Gustavus Adolphus. Especially in that wavering age of German politics, he stands out as a giant amongst a tribe of dwarfs, with his noble presence and heroic mind. His faults, conspicuous though they be, seem but as the foil to add luster to the rare jewel of his virtue. His is a story which will ever excite interest and admiration, as long as any love for war and its literature animates the mind and pulse of Englishmen. The news of his death fell like a thunder-clap on the ears of the Protestants throughout Europe; and great was the counter-joy of the Austrian Emperor, who had a jubilant *Te Deum* sung in all the churches. The banished king of Bohemia was struck with paralysis at the sad tidings, and died at the early age of thirty-six, leaving behind him thirteen young children, and his beautiful widow, who had to wander, homeless for thirty-years, plagued by relentless hate and troublesome love. Frederick, craven-heart that he was, had in 1629 offered to give up his children to the

tender care of the Vienna Jesuits, to go humbly upon his knees for pardon, and to retire as a pensioned exile to Holland, provided only that his family might be restored to their former dignities and possessions. Little could he foresee the greater honors reserved for his descendants, who were to furnish occupants for three of the principal European thrones—England, in the House of Hanover; France, in that of Orleans; and Austria, in that of Lorraine.

The Swedish giant being disposed of, Wallenstein, always accounted an evil, was now considered to be an unnecessary one; and he was very systematically trapped in the midst of his wild schemes, and done to death like a spider smothered in his own web. The details of the imperial preparations for getting rid of this two-edged tool, and of the rewards which were heaped upon those who executed the murderous deed, are but as one stone more added to that pillar of infamous ingratitude which towers over against the House of Austria, and may yet some day crush it in the dust. He was sacrificed to the intrigues of the upstart Spanish and Italian nobles at Vienna, and of those meek and holy fathers, the Jesuits, who have always bestowed considerable attention and no small pains on the rectification of any little matter which seemed to be going wrong at that congenial Court.

In the last scenes of the Thirty Years' War the most noticeable figure is that of the brave and able Bernard of Weimar, the apt pupil of a noble master—Gustavus Adolphus. His career was but short; for, in 1639, after a few days' illness, he died in the prime of life, and "Germany," says Grotius, "lost her brightest ornament and her last hope—almost her only prince who was worthy of the name." After him followed three great captains, formed in the same school—Banier, Torstenson, and Wrangel. Two years before the Duke of Weimar's death, Ferdinand II. departed this life, holding in his hand a consecrated taper, to afford him light on his awful journey. He was succeeded by his son, FERDINAND III., another inheritor of the gout, just as intolerant as his father, but not personally so active in his bigotry. He possessed an honest Minister of State in Count Maximilian Trautmannsdorf, who was his agent in concluding the Peace of Westphalia, which terminated the horrors of the terrible Thirty Years' War.

It is exceedingly difficult for us, who live in such enviable peace and security, to realize the state of Germany in those warlike days. Our own civil wars in the seventeenth century, conducted as they were with truly English humanity, were but child's play compared with those which desolated the Continent about the same time. Let us give an example. Ferdinand II. has the infamy attached to him of being the first Emperor who took the barbarian Cossacks into pay, and employed them against his Protestant subjects. On one occasion some of these savages pounced upon a gay wedding party at Meseritz, stripped naked all the gentlemen and ladies there present, and afterward publicly sold the dresses and jewels at Vienna. But even this is a trifle compared with some of their excesses. What a pitiable sight did Germany present, when the trumpets of the heralds announced to the belligerents and to the famine-stricken people the conclusion of peace—a blessing which had been unknown to a whole generation! Austria and Bohemia had suffered most severely. The strong castles, frowning donjons, and the immense mansions of the old nobility, in the ample courtyards of which a village would have had verge enough, were leveled with the ground; and their ingenious fountains, waterworks, and cisterns, their grand galleries, noble halls, and spacious kitchens, were utterly demolished. Where formerly stood prosperous towns and thriving hamlets, was now nothing but heaps of ruin and hastily-made graves: where fields of golden grain had waved the promise of plenty, was now a tangled mass of brushwood, broken here and there by huge morasses, and serving as the lurking-place of large gangs of robbers and murderers. From that time dates the system of passports, adopted in defence against these banditti.

The weakly Ferdinand III. was frightened out of his life on Easter Day, 1657. A fire broke out, late at night, in the imperial palace, in the very room where the Emperor lay sick. A halberdier of the guard anxious to save the youngest prince, (then two months old,) was carrying it off in its little cot, when in his haste he fell and broke the cradle. The babe was not injured; but its imperial father was so terrified that he expired about three hours afterward. He was succeeded by his son, LEOPOLD I., a Prince whom the

Jesuits style "the Great," yet who was not remarkable for eminence in any good quality of head or heart, but only for his good fortune.

Being a younger son, Leopold had been brought up for the Church; and his childish play consisted in decorating images of saints and tiny altars. He was but eighteen when he was elected Emperor of Germany, there having been an *inter-regnum* of fifteen months from his father's death, during which it was very doubtful whether the house of Hapsburg would not lose the imperial crown altogether. The facetious Duc de Gramont gives in his Memoirs a lively description of the young candidate for the Roman scepter. Amongst other amusing traits, he tells us that Leopold, while playing at ninepins one day with Prince Portia, complained, when it began to rain, that the drops would keep falling into his mouth. Portia taxed his brain for a remedy, and, after much consideration, seriously advised his royal friend and master to shut his mouth, which he accordingly did, and—as we are assured by the mercurial Frenchman, and can easily believe—found himself protected from the evil. This Prince Portia was, next to the Jesuits, (of whose order Leopold was a lay member,) the chief director of all public affairs. His policy was of such a *far-niente* description, that he was but a tool in the hands of the clever Spanish ambassador. On his downfall, Prince Lobkowitz took the helm of the State.

A secret partisan of France, Lobkowitz was opposed by the whole Spanish and Jesuit party in the Court. Being of a merry humor, his conversation full of wit, and his demeanor lively and pleasant, the Emperor, though himself grave and grandiose, was never happy without him. Lobkowitz was, indeed, so reckless of speech, and so habitually turned every one into ridicule, that it is wonderful how he maintained his position so long. At length, however, a formidable enemy arose against him, in the person of Leopold's second wife, the Tyrolese Princess Claudia, a woman of great energy and spirit, whom the premier had mortally offended by some indiscreet remarks which he had hazarded respecting her.

Leopold was very generous to his old friends and preceptors the Jesuits; and while his troops were plundering his provinces in default of pay, he yet kept giv-

ing largely to these greedy sons of the horse-leech. Amongst other foolish donations, he conferred on the Society the rich county of Clatz in Silesia; but the daring Lobkowitz annulled the gift by tearing the title-deed in pieces; and when they came to fetch it, he pointed them to the legend at the top of a crucifix, J. N. R. J., (*Jesus Nazareus Rex Judæorum*), which he interpreted to them as meaning, *Jam Nihil Reportabunt Jesuitæ*, "Now shall the Jesuits carry off nothing." Even in his last will this inveterate joker and warm hater of the Society contrived a pleasing surprise for the holy fathers. After a preamble running in terms of the most devout and piteous contrition, it proceeded to bestow on these reverend men, "as a token of the love he always bore them, and for the gladdening of their hearts, 80,000'— Here the page ended, and, on turning the leaf, the eager readers would find—"board-nails for a new building."

On October 17th, 1674, Lobkowitz was suddenly arrested and deprived of all his dignities and honors, though but the preceding evening he had been received at Court with every mark of favor. He was banished to his estate of Raudnitz in Bohemia, and there as closely watched as if in a prison. Yet his high spirits never failed him. He had a hall prepared, we are told, one half with princely splendor, and the other as a wretched hovel; living in the former as befitted his previous high station, and in the latter in a style correspondent with his supposed deep fall, and covering the walls with anecdotes in ridicule of his enemies.

After Lobkowitz, succeeded as favorite the Italian Count Montecuculi, who had been the first to rout the Turks, and was a thoroughly scientific general. Though a cold, unscrupulous intriguer, he was withal a man of varied talent. He was President of the Society of Natural Philosophers; and could recite, word for word, the mystic writings of our Rosicrucian countryman, Robert Flood. After him the place of power was occupied by the apostate Sinzendorf—a scion of the younger branch of the house to which the famous Moravian Bishop Zinzendorf belonged. This personage availed himself extensively of the privilege which he possessed, according to old custom, of rendering no account of the public expenditure; and, besides accumulating wealth in

other nefarious ways, impudently and openly carried on the trade of manufacturing counterfeit money. At length, however, he was unmasked, tried before a commission, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment and the confiscation of all his estates. But his sentence proved to be merely nominal; for he died at liberty, and worth 700,000 florins. He was followed as premier by Prince Schwartzenberg, and Baron Hoher, a "red-tapist," who left behind him a fortune of a million florins—at that time an enormous amount for one of his extraction to amass.

Though Leopold, so far as his own little person was concerned, was more discreet than warlike, yet his reign of nearly half a century was enlivened with a good deal of fighting. The Hungarians rose in insurrection against the Austrian tyranny, and gave some trouble to the Viennese Camarilla. It seems certain, indeed, that a regular plan was formed, as early as 1626, for chafing the proud Hungarians into rebellion, and then trampling all their rights for ever in the dust. This scheme was now carried out. The devout directors of Leopold's right arm thought this a favorable time for letting its weight be felt in Protestant Hungary; and those who wish to refresh their ideas of Jesuit gentleness and Austrian amiability will do well to study the details of the revenge which was taken on the hapless inhabitants of that fine country. Amongst other measures of severity, two hundred and fifty Lutheran pastors were summoned together, charged with conspiracy, and consigned to the dungeons of Bohemia, where they mostly disappeared. Thirty-eight of them, however, were sold as galley-slaves to Naples, at fifty crowns per head; and the brave Dutch Admiral, De Ruyter, had the happiness of obtaining the liberation of most of them.*

But Leopold had to deal with another and more formidable foe. The Turks, who had behaved as tolerably good neighbors for some fifty years, at last began to encroach so much on Hungary, that the emperor thought it necessary to declare war against them in 1681. His arms were at first not very successful; but at length, on August, 1684, Montecuculi won his

great victory over the infidels at St. Gotthardt; and a peace was concluded, remarkably favorable to the Turks. In July, 1683, however, the invaders returned in greater force, and the imperial family had to fly from Vienna with all haste. On stopping for the night at Korn-Neuburg, such was the confusion, that it was with difficulty they could procure some eggs, to stay the gnawings of hunger; and on the following day they traveled up the Danube drearily, the enraged peasants shouting terrible threats into the imperial carriage. Vienna was speedily invested by the unbelievers; and though its defense was conducted with consummate ability, by Count Starhemberg, it must have yielded to a dreadful fate, if, at the last hour, the King of Poland, the brave and jovial John Sobiesky, had not come to its rescue. By him and Duke Charles of Lorraine, the invading host was utterly routed; and the immense stores and luxuries of the Turks became a precious prize for the wretched remains of the Viennese population. Many landlords who had possessed houses in the suburbs, and supposed themselves to be ruined by the demolition of their property, found, on searching out the old sites of their buildings, their cellars and vaults so crammed with goods of all sorts as to enable them to erect much more handsome edifices than those which they had previously owned. For this signal deliverance, Leopold, with the characteristic insolence of his house, had scarcely the grace to thank the Polish king at all, thinking it quite proper to treat him with the most chilling coldness.

Yet the most troublesome of the enemies of Austria was the "most Christian King," Louis XIV., whose grasping ambition caused great commotion in Europe for many years. In resistance to him, however, Austria obtained the aid of the two great maritime powers, England and Holland, who thought they perceived a danger of the establishment of a universal monarchy, or at least of France acquiring an undue preponderance in Europe. Marlborough, Prince Eugene, and the Grand Pensionary Heinsius, all three *personal* enemies of the *grand Monarque*, now stood boldly forth against him; and to the consummate generalship of the two former, Austria owed it that she was not blotted out from the map of Europe. Even the conceited little puppet of an emperor wrote, with his own hand, (oh!

* Richard Baxter mentions this circumstance in his Life, and adds that "some of them were largely relieved by collections in London."—*Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*, part iii., p. 183.

wondrous condescension !) a letter of congratulation to the accomplished English strategist, in which he said, "You have erected to the most illustrious and potent Queen of Great Britain a monument of victory in Upper Germany, whither the glorious arms of the English nation never, in the memory of man, have penetrated before." But Austria derived a yet greater benefit from close alliance with England. The very presence of a free man as a general or ambassador at the imperial court seems to have borne with it an odor of liberty ; and from this time may be dated the commencement of the perceptibly increasing influence which English modes of thought have had in mitigating a stern despotism, and rendering it in practice somewhat more like the paternal rule which in theory it professes to be.

Leopold the Little was very fond of music, and managed to play pretty well on the flute, spite of his thick hanging lip. He composed trifling airs so neatly that his bandmaster one day cried ecstatically, "What a pity that your Majesty was not a musician !" to which the emperor good-humoredly replied, "Never mind : we are rather better off as it is." He was also very fond of playing at cards, and left in his "Cracow Calendar" amusingly minute particulars of his losses and gains each evening, the former being the more frequent and considerable. Like Rodolph II. he had a passion for collecting odds and ends, and paintings of all sorts ; and he was the patron of all the famous alchemists then extant. His librarian, Lambeck, had also to contribute to his amusement by bringing him such "*curiosa opera*" as he could find, to while away the time which, with all his fiddling and watchmaking and performances of masses and operas, still lay heavy on his hands. Small in person as in mind, the "holy fathers" must surely have intended to satirize him when they dubbed him **LEOPOLDUS MAGNUS**. His frail and tiny figure surmounted by a huge wig, his legs (like his intellect) weak and wavering, his speech thick and mumbling, he presented altogether as perfect a burlesque on all that is kingly as could anywhere be seen. Yet his pride was so excessive, and his etiquette of such a Spanish temper, that when his body-surgeon had occasion to touch him in the course of a medical examination, he cried, "*Eheu !* this is our imperial sacro-Cæsarean limb !" But his

"sacred" person at last succumbed to mortal disease ; and, having caused his private band to be summoned to his chamber to play to him once more, he died amidst sweet strains of instrumental music.

Leopold was married three times. His last spouse, who outlived him, was the devout Eleanor of Neuburg, who flogged herself till the blood came, wore spiky bracelets to torment her wrists, followed processions barefoot, and during the performance of operas, at which her husband forced her to attend, studied the Psalter bound up as a *libretto*. She at times inflicted severe chastisement on her son, JOSEPH I., who, especially after being elected King of the Romans, strongly objected to suffer such unkingly indignities. Her undue severity, however, so far from making him a devout monk, revolted his spirit, and served only to foster his favorite vices.

At the age of twenty-one, Joseph was married to the Princess Amalia of Hanover, and at twenty-six ascended the imperial throne, on the death of his father (1705.) His short reign gave promise of brighter days for the German Protestants. His education had been superintended by Prince Otto of Salm, who kept the Jesuits away from him, and strove to imbue him with principles of toleration. He was warned by a ghostly visitant to dismiss his ecclesiastical tutor, Von Rummel, a secular priest, who had unmasked many Jesuitic plots and intrigues. But Joseph communicated the mystery to his stalwart friend, Frederick Augustus of Saxony, who was then on a visit at Vienna, and who, on the next appearance of the ghost, flung it bodily into the fosse of the Hofburg, and so effectually laid it. The Jesuit Father Wiedemann having taken occasion, in a funeral oration on Leopold, to set forth the doctrine that only those princes enjoyed good luck who had been fostered by the Order of Jesus, Joseph immediately expelled him from the Austrian dominions : and when his own confessor was summoned to Rome, and feared a cruel fate there, Joseph declared that if he were really compelled to go, all the Jesuits in Austria should accompany him on his journey, and should never be allowed to return.

His chief favorite was the first Prince Lamberg, who had been his playfellow in boyhood, and like Lobkowitz, was fitted to charm the monarch by his happy tem-

per and ready wit. Joseph loaded him with favors; and when Lamberg died, in 1711, in the prime of life, his fondly-attached master survived him but four weeks, falling a victim to that fell disease, the small-pox, then terribly fatal to both high and low, its proper treatment not having been discovered.

Joseph left two daughters, but no son, and was consequently succeeded by his brother, CHARLES VI., who was the last Emperor in the direct *male* line of the House of Hapsburg. His earlier years were spent in Spain, where Austria was struggling for the succession to the crown. When he received the news of his brother's death, he was shut up in Barcelona, and, in order to reach Vienna, he had to sail to Genoa under escort of the English and Dutch men-of-war, leaving behind him his beautiful wife, Elizabeth of Brunswick, as Queen Regent of Spain. With regard to his claims to the Spanish crown, we can not but coincide with the opinion of the eccentric Earl of Peterborough, who, having Charles's portrait in his ring, and meeting the Duke of Vendôme with that of the rival king, Philip, suspended from his neck, asked that cynical personage, "Are we not a couple of good-natured old pigs, to fight so hard for these two imbeciles? Whichever way matters turn out, Spain will have a bad King." In fact, these wars of succession, intended to regulate "the balance of power"—in which England bore a part in inverse proportion to her real interests in the affair, and squandered thousands of lives and millions of money for a perfectly ideal benefit—were generally arranged by the potent hand of Death in a way quite diverse from any issue of which the several belligerents had dreamt.

Charles VI. was of middle height, and of stern and melancholy appearance. Though of a benevolent disposition, he had become so starched with the pompous affectations of the Peninsula, that he was never seen to laugh, and he showed in all his movements the true Spanish phlegm and listlessness. Yet he disappointed the hopes of his Jesuit preceptors; his intercourse with the Dutch and English, and his varied adventures in Spain, having enlarged his ideas beyond the scope of such devotees as Leopold I. He followed his brother's example in checking the influence of the Jesuits, stayed the persecution of the Bohemian Brethren, and corrected

many of the notorious abuses and scandals of conventual life. He was as passionately fond of field-sports as if he had been of British birth. Undaunted by wet or cold, he would be out for days together, pursuing his favorite pastime of hawking, or tracking the wild fowl over marsh and moor. He also was an excellent musician, had the family taste for collecting coins, patronized painting, and adorned his capital with many noble buildings. His other diversions were the processions and gaudy shows got up by the priests—those tasteful decorators of the outer form of religion. Being well acquainted with law, and quite at home in the Latin tongue, his Majesty delighted in reading and deciding on the cases sent up from the Aulic Chancery. Charles, however, labored under the same unfortunate defect as his father. Both had excellent, well-tuned ears, but both had thick tongues and mumbling mouths; a circumstance which led rude little Count Vitus Trautson on one occasion to ask Charles repeatedly, "What does your Majesty say?" adding, "I don't understand a word of all that mumbling;" and when Charles, with exhausted patience, blurted out intelligibly a piece of unpleasant news, Trautson had the gracelessness to reply to his sacro-Cæsarean Majesty, "Well, well; now I know what I am to tell my brethren. But, mum, mum, mum—who in the world is to understand that?"

Those who wish to comprehend the perfection of imperial etiquette must peruse Baron Pöllnitz's account of the daily routine at the Court of Charles VI., who was a strenuous upholder of all the preciseness of punctilio. At dinner, every dish had to pass through four-and-twenty pairs of hands, before it attained the honor of standing *vis-à-vis* to the Emperor and Empress: and at the imperial hunts etiquette was as severely exacted as at the imperial table; so much so, that two unlucky pages got into dire disgrace for having presumed, when the Emperor was in peril from an enraged boar, to draw their swords for his protection.

Amongst the notabilities of Charles's Court was the tiny Abate, Pietro Metastasio, who held the post of court poet, and wrote an enormous quantity of melodious twaddle, to be set to music in the shape of operas, oratorios, etc. He lived to see the reign of Joseph II.; and in 1780 is irreverently described by Swinburne, as a

little, sheepish-looking old Abbé, with a sallow face, and a wig of fashion long defunct. But the star of the Court was another man of small person, but of large ability—Prince Eugene of Savoy.

Eugene was brought up at the Court of Louis XIV. ; but the "great Monarch" took a pique against the dark-eyed boy, because he looked him full in the face, and, as Louis probably thought, saw quite through His Christian Majesty. He therefore refused to give the little soldier a company, and so raised up for Austria her ablest defender, and for himself a mortal enemy. On betaking himself to the Court of Vienna, Eugene met with rapid promotion; and in a few years his name became famous throughout Europe by his victories over the Turks. In battling against the French King, he was an able and hearty co-worker with his friend Marlborough, and ever displayed the unaffected modesty and the freedom from jealousy which are characteristic of truly great minds. To him Austria owes more than to any of her home-born generals. Eugene was both beloved and respected by his troops, whom he liked to hear singing cheerily on a long march, and whom he would sometimes treat out of his own pocket, when the imperial treasury had no pay for them. Even in our own day and land, there is much to be learned from the tactics of the clever little man, and especially from those words of his on promotion: "Let the civilians keep up seniority as strictly as they like in their own offices: at last it will there also grow manifest that it leads to nothing but confusion. Advancement by seniority in the public service is the most fruitful source of jealousy, willfulness, and cabal. It is a slow poison, which by degrees ruins armies and whole states." Accordingly he abolished the old system of promotion in his own army, and so gained truly efficient officers.

The Prince was a sturdy resister of the Jesuits, who never forgave his keen sarcasms on their Order, and attempted to get rid of him in their own peculiar way. In 1712, he paid a visit to London; and the citizens crowded so to the landing-place to see him, that he was unable to get footing on shore, and had to go higher up the Thames and land at Whitehall Stairs. And, indeed, he deserved the best of receptions, as being not only a great general, but one of the very few honest men in a corrupt Court. He was

a great collector of paintings and engravings; and, when in London, might be seen running from shop to shop, and from stall to stall, picking up many curious books and manuscripts, of which he had a fine collection, among his MSS. being the celebrated Peutingerian Tables. In fact, he had such a library as might have tempted many a bibliophile to break the Tenth Commandment: for it numbered 15,000 volumes, which were beautifully bound in red morocco, with gilt edges. His kindness of heart led him to benefit a great number of poor people by employing them in the erection of large buildings on his various estates; and, in the time of the plague, when other employers were discharging all their laborers, Eugene took on more hands, finding work for 1500 persons. Yet, spite of the many reforms which he either carried out or projected in his adopted country, spite of his being its bulwark for forty years, the thankless Charles VI. decidedly disliked him, and consulted him but rarely. Yet when Eugene died in 1736, he was buried with the honors of an imperial Prince, the Emperor himself attending the funeral as a private mourner; and, but a few years after, when the imperial generals had suffered repeated defeats, and Charles had been compelled by the Sultan to cede Belgrade, Servia, and part of Wallachia, he showed that he then at length knew the worth of his ablest defender, by crying, "I shall die; Belgrade is my death; the disgrace kills me. What if *Eugene* had lived to see this?"

So spoke Charles on his birthday, October 1st, 1740; and within three weeks his presage of death was verified. His death-bed was watched tenderly by the Empress—*die weisse Liesel*, "white Lizzy," as her husband used to call her, though in later years her fair complexion had turned to a flaming red, from the use of strong wines and liquors for medicinal purposes. Charles was succeeded, according to the stipulations of the Pragmatic Sanction, by his daughter MARIA THERESA, who had married Francis Stephen, Duke of Lorraine, and who, immediately on her accession, found herself encompassed with great difficulties. In the imperial treasury was but little money; and her army, though amounting on the *roll* to 135,000 men, mustered in the *field* only 68,000. And now was the time chosen by Frederick of Prussia to prefer his claims to Silesia. The Elector of Bavaria also disputed the

Austrian succession. Beset on every side, and forced to flee from Vienna, Maria Theresa took refuge at Presburg, and appealed to the "fidelity of her noble-hearted Hungarians," whom she urged to draw the sword in her defense. Her majestic beauty, her animated address, and the delicacy and danger of the situation, affected the hearts of the Magyars, who in a moment forgot two hundred years of wrongs, and, with clashing swords, shouted, *We will die for our King, Maria Theresa!*" They accordingly sent about 100,000 men to her aid, and saved her and her thankless race from utter destruction.

We can not enter into the particulars of the wars with Prussia, Bavaria, and France. When the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle had been concluded, France and Austria, hitherto bitter enemies, at length combined, as the two great Catholic powers, to crush Protestantism in the person of its chief continental defender, Frederick of Prussia, who had concluded a treaty of alliance with England. And now broke out the Seven Years' War, in which England had to furnish as lavish supplies against Austria as she had formerly granted in aid of that ungrateful power, which, by-the-by, had been in the habit of raising only half the number of troops which our subsidy was calculated to provide. So has it been oft and again. England must, forsooth, squander millions of money for the defence of overgrown tyrannies, which, when the pressing peril is past, are the first to square all little accounts of gratitude by extemporizing new alliances for the purpose of bringing down the pride of the "Islanders," and subduing their refractory spirits to the unity of that faith which best suits the plans of despotism.

Maria Theresa had been brought up in severe simplicity. Her education had been limited; and to the end of life she wrote bad grammar and spelt horribly in all the languages of which she had a smattering. In person she was tall and well proportioned; and when, with St. Stephen's crown surmounting her golden locks, which fell profuse and wavy over her shoulders, she strode nimbly up the hill of coronation at Presburg, and brandished the ancient sword toward the four points of the compass, we can scarcely wonder that the Hungarians, charmed with the fairy flush of her features and the majestic grace of her form, should think her to the

full as fit to occupy a throne as any of the dwarfs and dolts who had preceded her. Impetuous in all she undertook, enthusiastic in love and friendship, she never forgot the least proof of attachment; and she doubtless intended, according to her light, to be the mother of her people. But the light was a misleading light; and her energies were principally devoted to the propagation of Romanism in her dominions. She felt no scruple about deporting Protestant heiresses from their homes, bringing them up in convents, and then bestowing them in marriage on Papistic courtiers. By her "religious commissions" she kept a strict watch over all "heretics," carrying off their books of devotion, and "transplanting" many Lutherans from Upper Austria, Styria, and Carinthia, to Transylvania or the Banat. In her character, self-sufficient pride and homely good-humor were curiously blended. When news was brought to her one evening that an heir was born to her second son, Leopold, she ran from her cabinet along the outer rooms and passages into the imperial theater, and, leaning over the front of her own box, shouted down into the pit, in the broadest Vienna dialect, "Poldy has a boy; and just on my wedding-day, too, as a token of remembrance. Isn't he gallant?" Well might the audience be electrified at the startling announcement, so utterly at variance with the stiff etiquette of the paternal Charles. Yet she addressed even her favorite minister, Prince Kaunitz, in the form of grammar usually reserved in Germany for conveying orders to the humblest menials.

The Empress rose at five in summer, and six in winter; took short and hasty meals; worked hard in her cabinet most of the day, generally with the doors and windows open, and often without fire, even in cold weather; attended masses daily; had a regular game at "faro;" took her broth, and went early to bed. She was very fond of scandal, and hated the English because of their being such stiff-necked heretics. This aversion however, did not prevent her pocketing as much of their gold as they could be induced to part with; but did hinder her sons from being permitted to visit our shores, when traveling in France for the enlargement of their ideas. Her husband, FRANCIS of Lorraine, though co-regent with Maria Theresa, and crowned Emperor at

Frankfort in 1745, always occupied much the same position as our own Prince Albert, though with a far inferior reputation for all conjugal and princely virtues. He was simply the husband of the lady-ruler of the people, who would never permit him to middle with state business. This *fai-néant* standing the poor Emperor scarcely liked; yet he managed to preserve his good-humor, and took to doing a little business on his own account. By the revenue which he drew from his duchy of Tuscany, (given him in exchange for Lorraine,) and the inheritance left him by his aunt the Countess Palatine, he amassed a considerable sum of money; part of which he employed in stockjobbing and carrying on business as a banker in every part of Germany and Italy, under the names of his various agents. He was also a shareholder in several commercial undertakings, both in Belgium and England; and furnished, as a public contractor, the clothing, arms, horses, and accouterments for the whole imperial army. Nay, so thoroughly *bourgeois* was this mercantile emperor in his notions, that he actually undertook, more than once in the Seven Years' War, the contract for supplying with provisions the army of the Empress' arch-enemy, Frederick of Prussia. This stretch of liberality doubtless startled his spouse, when first it reached her imperial ears. But, with all his faults, Maria Theresa loved her handsome husband well, and mourned his death sincerely.

Her favorite minister was the famous Prince Kaunitz, to whom Austria was indebted for two great alterations in her policy: the one was, the entering into alliance with her traditional enemy, France; and the other, the expulsion of the Jesuits. This sharp-witted beau soon pushed aside the bungling Bartenstein and the other corrupt officials of the old school, and established himself in that high reputation for the successful management of affairs which caused him long to be styled "the driver of the European coach." He had been ambassador at Paris, had plunged eagerly into all its gayeties and excesses, and was so thoroughly imbued with admiration for all that was French, that he never rested till he had effected that alliance which, cemented by the marriage of Louis XVI, with Marie Antoinette, lasted till the revolution which deprived them both of life. Little could the astute Austrian perceive of the deluge

which was coming to sweep away that rotten old state-fabric. Mixing but with dandified courtiers like himself, he knew and cared nothing about the new ideas which were already fermenting amongst the French philosophers and commonalty, and which at last burst forth in such a dire ebullition.

Kaunitz, in his riper years, was a man of peculiar manners of life. He resembled his imperial mistress somewhat in his general appearance, being tall and well-made, of very fair complexion, with light hair and blue eyes. But his theory of living was directly opposed to hers. While she wrote with doors and windows thrown open, her premier never went into the open air, even in the dog-days, without carefully covering his mouth with a handkerchief. He wrapped himself up tenderly in several silk cloaks, varying in number according to the state of the weather. Such nursing would soon enervate and kill most men: but this careful old beau was enabled by his position to carry out his system with a completeness which a poor commoner could never attain, and so managed to live—if such a hothouse vegetation can be called living—to the age of eighty-four. So attentive to self was this diplomatic dandy, that, whether at home or dining out, he thought nothing of pulling out of his pocket a complete apparatus for cleansing his teeth, which he would, with great nonchalance, use before company for a quarter of an hour, illustrating the dental performance with divers disagreeable noises. Once, however, when he was producing his instruments at the table of Baron Breteuil, the French ambassador, the sly host cried out to his disgusted guests, "*Levons-nous—le Prince veut être seul.*" a reproof which deterred Kaunitz from ever again accepting an invitation to dine from home. His religion was performed in as comfortable a manner as possible: for, with all his fondness for music, he heard mass only in his own house; and the service was made to occupy only ten minutes.

Notwithstanding his petty peculiarities, there can be no doubt of the superior abilities of Kaunitz; but his admiration of the French (as well as the large sums which he received from the Court of Versailles) bewitched him into preferring them to his own countrymen, and making use of their language exclusively, instead of his homely mother-tongue. His treatment of artists

and literary men was one of the brightest traits in his character: while the proud and ignorant Austrian nobility behaved to them with brutal scorn, he lavished on them every distinction. Gluck often dined with him, an honored guest; and Robertson, when writing his *History of Charles V.*, received from Kaunitz ready assistance.

The reign of Maria Theresa may be taken as a favorable sample of so-called paternal (or rather maternal) government. She was disposed to be kind to her subjects, if only they would let her have own way in ordering all their concerns, religious and secular, for them. Her hearty greetings, and freedom from the supercilious manner of her predecessors, might have endeared her to her people's hearts, under a differently constituted government. But unfortunately she accounted all their purses as her own, and took every means to drain them as rapidly as they were filled. It is true she was liberal enough in flinging her Kremnitz ducats out of her carriage to the mob scrambling around; but her profuse expenditure imposed heavy burdens on the industrial classes, who were mulcted by taxation both direct and indirect, and were subjected to the demoralizing influence of a lottery, from which the Empress derived a large revenue. She also inflicted a lasting injury upon her own Empire by sharing in the first partition of Poland, which should always have stood as a strong and independent outwork against Russia.

Fifteen years after the death of Francis, Maria Theresa followed the husband whom she had mourned unremittingly, and longed to rejoin. Her last words, as she fell back into the arms of her son Joseph, were, "To thee! I am coming!" She was succeeded in the government of the Austrian dominions by Joseph, who had been crowned Emperor many years before, and had been appointed co-regent by his mother on the death of Francis, when for a short time she entertained the notion of retiring from public life, and becoming the abbess of a new convent for noble ladies. But she soon engaged as heartily as ever in state business; and, listening favorably to the interested complaints of the persons who were disturbed in their time-honored scandals by Joseph's reforming spirit, she gladly resumed the authority which she had delegated to him, and left open to him nothing but the administration of the

army. For fifteen long years his active spirit had to repress its energies; but now, in the fortieth year of his age, and the year of grace 1780, JOSEPH II. began actually to rule supreme; and his short reign of nine years is certainly the most notable part of the imperial annals. His motto was, "*Virtute et exemplo*;" and nobly did he carry it out. Notwithstanding great blemishes in his private life, and many mistakes in his policy, he stands out from the long row of Kaisers as the one who was really desirous to improve the condition of his people—the only one, indeed, who was free from the disgraceful selfishness which is the bane of humanity in general, but especially infests those in high places. Soon after his accession, he issued two remarkable edicts, which, he trusted, would clear away the dark mists of priestcraft which obscured the intellectual vision of his subjects. By the one, he abolished the censorship of the press; and by the other, he granted toleration to dissentients from the Romish Church. These measures, it is true, did not produce such good fruit as his sanguine mind had anticipated; but the purpose was excellent, and the posterity of those who thwarted and abused his reforming decrees would now be thankful for any thing half as liberal in intent. The only exception to the edict of toleration was in the case of some Bohemian Deists, who styled themselves Abrahamites, and who were to receive the patriarchal punishment of twenty-five stripes—the usual Austrian *quantum* for naughty boys. About the same time Joseph decreed that no Papal Bull should have any force in his dominions without his *placet*; and he began to reduce the monasteries and nunneries, which had risen to the enormous number of 2000, and contained some 70,000 inmates. At one stroke he suppressed nearly half of those strongholds of laziness and lust; turned their revenues into the "Religious Chest;" and established therewith hospitals and benevolent institutions—an application which answers so nearly to one part of St. James's definition of *pure religion*, that we think the reproaches cast upon the Emperor for "secularizing" these moneys were manifestly absurd and unjust.

In his zeal against bigotry, Joseph caused the famous Bull, *In Cœna Domini*, to be cut out of the rituals, and sent a large quantity of monkish literature to the

stamping-mill to be reduced to pulp. He had the images of the saints stripped of their wigs, hoop petticoats, and other precious pieces of devout finery; altered the theatrical style of the Church music, and caused mass to be sung in German; abolishing at the same time most of the large processions which were then, and are now, such a hindrance to secular business, and such an incentive to immorality, in Austria and all other Romanist lands.

Pope Pius VI., alarmed at the reforming energies of this active son of the Church, and having a high conceit of his own powers of persuasion, sent Joseph word that he would come to see him at Vienna, and have some fatherly talk with him. He came accordingly, and was received in Germany with curiosity and welcome, no Pontiff having deigned to tread that soil for nearly four hundred years. The Emperor received "His Holiness" with respectful kindness, but managed politely to thwart all his attempts at giving him a lecture on religious subjects. The poor Pope betook himself in chagrin to old Prince Kaunitz; but this was going from bad to worse; for when Pius offered his hand to be kissed, Kaunitz, affecting to misunderstand the movement, seized it heartily, and gave it a good English shake, repeating loudly, "*De tout mon cœur !*" The Pontiff also honored him with a visit at his picture gallery; but Kaunitz pushed his sacred person about so unceremoniously, now planting him on the right, and then hurrying him to the left, to get the best point of view, that the owner of the triple head-piece afterwards confessed himself to have been "*tutto stupefatto*," not having been used to such irreverent treatment. He returned to Rome without having accomplished his benevolent object of rectifying the errors of the quasi-Lutheran Emperor and his "*ministro eretico*."

We can not pursue the narrative of Joseph's numerous reforms in Church and State. Many of these raised him up bitter enemies amongst his own people, who preferred the dog-trot of the old despotism to the brisk pace of the new. Much fanatical fury was excited against his person, principally on account of his religious liberality. The priests of course made a great outcry against him, and urged the Tyrolese into rebellion. Yet he would, probably, in time have received the thankful homage of all his people for

the giant strides which he had made in the path of progress; but unfortunately his health soon failed, and his constitution, undermined by early excesses, gave way amidst the hardships of a campaign against the Turks. His last days were shadowed by troubles in the Netherlands, excited in the first instance by the enraged hierarchy and the discontented aristocracy. In Hungary, for the sake of peace, he, when dying, revoked most of his reforms, which were not appreciated by the people, being disliked chiefly, perhaps, on account of the centralizing tendency of some of his measures.

Having taken leave of all his friends, and, as far as he could, made peace with his foes, Joseph still worked hard at his dispatches as late as the day preceding his death. When he had dismissed his secretaries, feeling, as he said, the agony of death within him, he desired his confessor to read to him St. Ambrose's hymn, (*Te Deum laudamus*), and then prayed in these words: "O Lord, who alone knowest my heart, I call Thee to witness that every thing which I undertook and ordered was meant only for the happiness and welfare of my subjects. Thy will be done!" He died early in the morning of February 20th, 1790; and his life was justly epitomized in his own words: "Here rests a Prince whose intentions were pure, but who had the misfortune of seeing all his plans miscarry."

Joseph's mode of life had been exceedingly simple. He dispensed with all the absurd pomp and ceremonial of his ancestors, and dressed and ate and worked like a private man. He was very fond of music, and of its great living master, Mozart; and was himself an excellent performer on the piano, and a good base singer—talents which he was not at all shy of exercising at either public or private concerts. He had a great liking for travel, and generally made a yearly tour under the *incognito* of "Count Falkenstein." This habit sometimes gave rise to amusing scenes; as when he arrived at Rheims before his attendants, and the inquisitive landlord asked him, while shaving himself, whether he had the honor of belonging to the Emperor's suite, and what post he filled: to which Joseph's good-humored reply was, "I sometimes shave him." In his own capital it pleased him to walk freely about, and mix unknown with his people; and in case

of a flood or a fire, he was usually the first on the scene of the catastrophe, and worked away lustily with his own imperial hands. His great failing, indeed, (if we may so say,) was that very excess of energy which made him impatient of all delay, and urged him to precipitate measures which required years for their gradual introduction and proper appreciation. He forgot that man is such a slave of habit, that he takes slowly and ungraciously to any change, however much for his benefit.

By Joseph's death, his brother, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, was raised to the throne under the title of LEOPOLD II. Kind-hearted, but weak-minded, he in a few short weeks undid the labors of his brother's life, replacing the administration on its old footing in most respects. His health having been ruined by profligate indulgence, his reign was very short, and was chiefly distinguished by the Convention of Pillnitz, in which Austria agreed to take up arms against the French, and so became involved in a series of disastrous wars. Leopold was accustomed to amuse himself with alchemy and chemistry; and his death appears to have been proximately caused by taking some rather strong quack-pills of his own manipulation. In his cabinet were found, amongst a number of articles which one would scarcely have supposed necessary to the art of good government, nearly one hundred pounds of *rouge*!

The last Emperor of Germany, and the first of Austria *per se*, FRANCIS, succeeded his father in 1792, and occupied the throne till 1835. The events of his long reign are so involved in the intricacies of European warfare and diplomacy, that it would be impossible here to afford a perfect outline of them. Under the mask of *bonhomie* Francis hid crafty meanness and thorough heartlessness, and he had the happiness to be served by as paltry a set of wretches as he could possibly have desired—men troubled with no sort of principle, no love of country, no tenderheartedness; who thought themselves the most cunning of men, because they contrived to make their immoralities forward their political intrigues, and could gloss over malice and chagrin with the French polish of a hypocritic smirk. The secret history of the wars and treaties with France is a most painful and disgraceful one. In previous reigns we may be disposed to make every

allowance for the harsh and mistaken measures of men brought up in a cramping routine, and to yield a certain amount of respect to the faithful firmness with which they promoted their master's selfish interests. But under Francis II., Austrian statesmen, properly speaking, there were none. The successors of Kaunitz were, for the most part, grinning gamesters, who cared little for any thing but their own places and vile enjoyments, and were ready to part with the Tyrol, Venice, any thing, if they only might have left to them the corruptions of the capital and the pleasures of peace.

After the battle of Wagram, Francis, who really hated Napoleon with all the hatred that a puny tyrant bears to a strong one, was sufficiently subdued in 1810 to give him his daughter Marie Louise in marriage. In the following year Austria was reduced to the humiliating position of declaring itself bankrupt. This measure of course fell with terrible effect on the working part of the community; but the butterflies of the Court fluttered about more gaily and gaudily than ever. In 1813, the Austrian emperor, after the crafty Metternich had woven a complicated web of intrigue, once more declared war against Napoleon, son-in-law though he was. Now followed the battle of Leipzig, and the Treaty of Paris; the great disturber of nations was consigned to Elba; and the Congress of Vienna met to map out Europe afresh, erecting some of the fallen landmarks, but forgetting the proper place of others. Great was the array of princes and diplomatists, beauties and adventurers, then assembled in the gay German capital. But ere long the lingering festivities were disturbed by the terrible news that the Corsican tiger had escaped from his cage. Prussia and England once more took the field, and, as we are not likely to forget, the French were beaten at Waterloo. Then came the visit of the allied monarchs to Paris, where Francis of Austria stayed several months.

During the middle and latter part of his reign, the Emperor left all the business of the state to Prince Metternich, his States Chancellor, with the exception of some paltry affairs which it pleased his narrow mind to pry into. Yet we must do him the justice of allowing that he did not neglect one important duty incumbent upon an absolute monarch—that of read-

ing the reports of his secret police, and receiving personally information from his spies. What was the feeling of this governor towards the governed may be inferred from his celebrated speech: "*The people!* what of that? I know nothing of *the people*; I know only of *subjects*." When his physician, Baron Stifft, once told him, in a congratulatory speech about his health, that there was nothing like a good constitution, Francis exclaimed, "What do you say? We have known each other very long, Stifft; but let me never hear that word again. Say, 'robust health,' or, if you like, 'a strong bodily system;'" but there is no such thing as a good constitution. *I have no constitution, and never will have one.*" What were his notions of justice and mercy, let the cells of the Spielberg testify, where Silvio Pellico, Ottoboni, and many other men of refined mind and gentle manners, were doomed to spend years of hopeless misery.

Francis was fond of his garden, and tended his plants with a much lighter and tenderer touch than that paternal one which he reserved for his subjects, especially the Lombards. He also amused himself with making boxes and bird-cages, varnish, sealing-wax, and such like: in fact, he was much better fitted to be a small cabinet-maker, and belabor a few apprentices, than to rule over millions of men. He died, at the age of sixty-seven, in 1835, having outlived three of his four wives, at whose demise he manifested about as much concern as Bluebeard himself. His prime minister, Prince Metternich, whose name is identified with the whole of the last half-century of Austrian history, was descended from an old Rhenish family, and possessed the liveliness and volatility characteristic of the race. Having also the advantage of a pleasant face and fine figure, his plan of action was so to combine the beau with the statesman as to make his pleasures the means of eliciting the deepest secrets of both hostile and friendly courts. Of a more generous disposition than his master, he yet managed to play the game of despotism well: in fact, more than once Francis owed the retention of his dominions to the *finesse* of his intriguing States Chancellor. Metternich was at once the type and the defence of the dissipated crowd of nobles who throng the purlieus of the Austrian Court. Held back by no notions of morality, thinking every trickery fair

in politics and in love, worshiping the deity of despotism because it still stood erect—though none knew better than himself the base quality of the clay which composed its statue—Metternich was the Austrian version of Talleyrand—a man whose meanness was at least equal to his mental activity and licentiousness of life.

The principal events in the reign of Francis's son and successor, FERDINAND I. of Austria, will be fresh in the memory of our readers. They will call to mind his imbecility and incapacity for governing such a heterogeneous mass of states as had fallen to him by inheritance; his allowing himself to be a mere tool in the hands of Metternich, and a slave to the caprices of the Arch-duchess Sophia; his flight from Schönbrunn, when bad government and oppression had reached their climax, and produced their natural result in the insurrection of May, 1848; and his resignation, or rather deposition, in the following December, to make room for the boyish FRANCIS JOSEPH, the son of the Bavarian sister-in-law who had been his ruler and the evil genius of his reign. Ferdinand still survives to enjoy his *otium* in the Hradschin at Prague, while the masculine Arch-duchess exists at Ischl in a retirement regretted by none who had the misfortune to be under her command in former days.

The present emperor has not as yet done any thing toward the fulfillment of the fair promises which he made when his beclouded uncle was dethroned in his favor. On the contrary, he took the first opportunity of annulling that Constitution to which he so solemnly swore on his accession; and having played false with Hungary, and annihilated what little civil liberty existed in his dominions, he seems to have done his best, by the *Concordat* with the Pope and other ill-advised measures, to place himself and his subjects at the mercy of the Romish tyranny. What ameliorations of policy may result from his recent tour through his Lombardo-Venetian territories, remains yet to be seen; but little dependence can be placed on imperial promises lavished in a popularity-hunting visit. The tardy liberation of a few political prisoners, and the invitation to his refugee ex-subjects to come and live secure with them under the surveillance of the Austrian police, do not strike us as very promising auguries for the future. Yet we will venture to hope for the best. The Italians under the Austrian rule have

shown so much constancy to their principles, and so much self-restraint amidst circumstances peculiarly trying to southern temperaments, that we can not but believe that brighter days are approaching for them, if they only remain true to themselves. Over the whole Austrian Empire now rests the deepest shade of secular

tyranny, aggravated by the new access of power accorded to the ultramontane priesthood: but the well-wisher to its people may draw comfort from the fact—familiar to every tracer of the history of nations—that the proudest triumph of the Jesuits is invariably the immediate precursor of their deepest fall.

From the British Quarterly Review.

T W O Y E A R S A G O . *

HOMEWARD HO! We welcome Mr. Kingsley as an old friend, on his return to England and the nineteenth century. It is some years since he left us, and left his opinions of us also, in *Alton Locke* and *Yeast*, which were no pleasant keepsakes. Our readers will recollect that he then gave no flattering testimony to our social condition. We suspect it was his ill-concealed disgust of the French novel sentimentalism, which brooded like a malaria over our drawing-room society, and the stubborn finality spirit, which fixed our practical counting-house men in a catalepsy, so that they would neither be coaxed nor spurred into his novel plans for the cure of our social *malaise*, which drove him upon his long and adventurous tour. What wonders he has seen, what experience he has gained, in his wild aerial travels, are they not contained in *Hypatia* and *Westward Ho*?

With an easy flight he passed to the shore of the Nile, and into the dim antiquity of the fifth century. Opening there the dazzling lights of his imagination, he dispersed the thick mists which shrouded that awful scene, and we see before us, as though we were bodily present, the tre-

mendous spectacle of the empire's decay, and the gigantic towering growth of the Christian Church, which bursts from the rotting folds of the huge imperial system, as the awakened Lazarus from his grave-clothes. The broad, fat, yellowish Nile swells and flashes down from fabulous deserts, haunted with frightful ogres and monsters of every goblin shape, through the plains of Egypt to the Delta and the city of Alexandria. Along its banks, and in that city, Mr. Kingsley pictures the death of the Old World, with its Paganism and Philosophy, and the birth of the New. And he could have chosen no site on which the relics of the fading past, and the germs of the dawning future, are brought into more startling contrast—in which the hubbub and seething turmoil of that transition epoch are more fearfully exhibited. We look up a quiet valley, and see there cells of monks scooped out in rows from the rock on either side, and the dull hermits are hoeing in the fields between; while on the hill above, against the purple haze of the setting sun, there stands the spectral wreck of a mighty Temple, old as the time of Noah's sons, on whose rents "the red lights rests, like dying fire on defiled altars." In Alexandria, Mr. Kingsley has heard Hypatia, the beautiful Pythoness, the last and most

* *Two Years Ago*. By C. KINGSLEY. Three Vols. Macmillan & Co.

glorious teacher of the proud stoicism and Elysian dreams, which were woven together like a rich flowery damask in Neo-Platonism. He has conversed with Orestes, the polished effete sensual governor of Alexandria; has watched his scheme of revolt against the Roman emperor; has seen him lure Hypatia from the tranquil heights of philosophy by the too tempting promise of making her Empress of Africa, and crushing for ever this frenzied faith in a crucified Jesus. He has stood in the presencé-chamber of Cyril, the stern prelate, who laughs at the writhing impotency of Orestes, and explodes, by a touch, his hollow schemes of revolt and empire. He has looked from a balcony upon the legions of Nitrian monks rushing at midnight through the streets of Alexandria, (like a lava torrent,) under the ruddy glare of torchlight, till Cyril's message hushed the storm, and recalled them to their grated dormitories. And all the other mirabilia of that eventful age, surely he has seen them ere he described them with such vivid accuracy and thrilling power in *Hypatia*. He fought with Heracitus on the scorched campagna of Rome, hunted jerboas and ostriches with Syrenius—argued about the Song of Solomon with Augustine, Bishop of Hippo; and then we lost him, nor heard more of his adventures, till suddenly we learned that he had come to the reign of our good Queen Bess, and was reveling in the wild romance of those days when the discovery of the New World awoke the old Viking temper lurking in our Norse blood; when the great battle of Protestantism and spiritual liberty was fought by England for the world; and when, amidst the splendor and exaltation of these events, as Emerson says, "the English mind flowered in every faculty," and Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Hooper, Raleigh, Bacon, were the familiars of their age. And now, after years of wandering, we welcome our somewhat errant genius as he lands on the Devon coast, to visit again the modern times, and the civilized England, which he forsook in scorn years ago.

Friends ask us how he looks after his dire and perilous voyage through so much time and space. And what does he think of us now? In answer to the first of these questions we have to say, he likes us now much better than he did; and therefore, we frankly own it, we like him much better. We fancy he has seen hard

times abroad; he has seen bloated wealth and piping poverty in other times and lands than ours. These sights have softened him; he has come back a wiser man, to settle contented, even amidst the horrid clank of machinery, and the screech of our steam-engines, which make the nineteenth century such an intolerable bore to chivalrous spirits like his. Moreover, the war has redeemed our character in his eyes. It has proved irrefutably that the men of England are not a set of manufactured Guy Fawkeses, sewed up with packthread, stuffed with cotton rags, and goggling with inky eyes, only fit, like all shams, for the terrible burning. Mr. Kingsley has found out that, even among such, there are men who have real souls in them, and can shed real blood too, if need be, in defense of truth and honor.

Let the foregoing be our proëmium to the short outline, and shorter criticism, of Mr. Kingsley's story we shall now lay before our readers, and which we hope may serve to introduce them to the three volumes themselves. The opening scene of the tale is laid in Aberalva, a fishing-village on the Devonshire coast. In fact, in this little place most of the mischief is brewed—if love-making, of which there is abundance in every variety, may be so termed; and if not, yet there is mischief of another kind, which ends at last in a woeful tragedy.

Mr. Kingsley is never weary of painting scenes from the home of his childhood. In *Westward Ho!* in *Glaucus*, and again in these volumes, the shores of Devonshire crusted with shells, its upland wolds golden with gorse blossoms, and the lush fragrant vegetation of its meadows and hedge-rows, are described again and again with enamored fondness, as if he felt these earliest impressions of nature to be the purest and most blessed—"for Heaven lies about in our fancy"—and would lovingly expend his best art to reproduce the scenes which first awed and thrilled his imagination with a sweet enthusiasm,

"More bright than madness or the dreams of wine."

Some of our readers may have strolled through Aberalva (though we cannot discern its real name under this pseudonym) two years ago, i. e., in the month of July, 1854. If so, there and then the story begins. The houses lie in a long line along

the cove, and then rise stragglingly up the hill toward Penalva Court. They are all basking beautifully in the hot sunshine, for yesterday they were whitewashed, and adorned, as is the pleasure of the inhabitants, by freshly-colored stripes or buttresses of pink and blue. In front of most of them there is a small garden, surrounded by bright green palings, and stocked with the gaudy flowers which bloom in that genial climate. There are large fuchsia trees, ten feet high, set against the dazzling white walls, and sparkling all over like magnificent candelabra with the million crimson lights that twinkle and blaze amid their foliage. "What a sweet spot for a summer lounge!" you exclaim, as you walk up the street, smell the rich fragrance of the mignonette, and then turn round to see the blue, blue sea lying before you, till it is lost in the hazy, olive-colored rim of the southern sky. There is but the faintest swell at times on its broad azure breast, as if it were rocked breathlessly asleep under the glistening heat of the sun. "Just the place," you add, "to read, write, or live a dreamy, luxurious romance." Not such, however, is Mr. Kingsley's. Down upon the shore there is the usual mid-day scene in such places—of trawlers and fishing-boats lying aslope on the sand, their dark rusty sides shining in the warm sunlight—of spars of timber, idle masts, etc., heaped together, upon which the sailors are squatting, pipe in mouth, with their elbows on their knees and their fists squeezed against their chins—of children swinging themselves in and out of the boats, or paddling in the little pools. The pier, with its gaunt skeleton frame of tarry beams, runs out into the sea, and you may hear the waters lapping and washing underneath it with an endless moan. Beside the pier, on the one side, sits the heroine of the tale, Grace Harvey, the village schoolmistress. Her character is peculiar and exceptional, but we aver that it is drawn from nature, and that, in the circumstances of her training, it is not an impossible or improbable character. It therefore satisfies the rigorous condition of truthfulness, which is the supreme law of art, though grossly violated in the caricatures of some of our most popular writers; and we accept the description of her character, together with the history of its development, as one of the *chef-d'œuvres* of Mr. Kingsley's genius. She is sitting among a group of

scholars, telling them one of her strange, saintly tales, when we are thus uncourtously introduced to her:

"Let us leave the conversation where it is, and look into the face of the speaker, who, young as she is, has already meditated so long upon the mystery of death that it has grown lovely in her eyes.

"Her figure is tall, graceful, and slight; the severity of its outlines suiting well with the severity of her dress—with the brown stuff gown and plain gray whittle. Her neck is long—almost too long; but all the defects are forgotten in the first look at her face. We can see it fully, for her bonnet lies beside her on the rock.

"The masque, though slim, is perfect. The brow, like that of a Greek statue, looks lower than it really is, for the hair springs from below the bend of the forehead. The brain is very long, and sweeps backward and upward in grand curves, till it attains above the ears a great expanse and height. She should be a character more able to feel than to argue; full of all a woman's veneration, devotion, love of children—perhaps, too, of a woman's anxiety.

"The nose is slightly aquiline; the sharp-cut nostrils indicate a reserve of compressed strength and passion; the mouth is delicate; the lips, which are full, and somewhat heavy, not from coarseness, but rather from languor, show somewhat of both the upper and the under teeth. Her eyes are bent on the pool at her feet; so that we can see nothing of them but the large, sleepy lids, fringed with lashes so long and dark, that the eye looks as if it had been painted, in the eastern fashion, with antimony; the dark lashes, dark eyebrows, dark hair, crisped (as west-country hair so often is) to its very roots, increase the almost ghost-like paleness of the face, not sallow, not snow-white, but of a clear, bloodless, waxen hue.

"And now she lifts her eyes—dark eyes, of preternatural largeness; brilliant, too, but not with the sparkle of the diamond; brilliant as deep clear wells are, in which the mellow moonlight sleeps fathom-deep, between black walls of rock; and round them, and round the wide opened lid and arching eyebrow, and slightly wrinkled forehead, hangs an air of melancholy thought, vague doubt, almost of startled fear: then that expression passes, and the whole face collapses into a languor of patient sadness, which seems to say, 'I can not solve the mystery. Let Him solve it as it seems good to Him.'"

•In this portraiture, though by no means in Mr. Kingsley's best manner—for it wants the chaste delicacy proper to the subject—the character of Grace is faintly shadowed. Her imagination is vast and subtle in its workings, and is accompanied, according to an invariable psychological law, with a susceptibility of emotion pro-

portioned to the acute refinement and weird strength of her fancy. But the "passion and the life" are fed from deep springs within, and so her pensive temperament dims with a gentle sadness the fervid pulsing thoughts of her soul. The "melancholy main" has nursed her solemn musings. A profound religiousness has early imbued her nature with tenderness, and divine, yet sorrowful blessedness. Her heart, which "the holy forms of young imagination have kept pure," is in very truth "the fountain of sweet tears." She has but little sympathy with the gay, sportive aspects of nature. The hushed and awful stillness of night soothes into unutterable peace her devout, impulsive spirit, and the rack of storms awakens the tremor of agonizing fear and pity for those who go down to the sea. Yet, amidst all changes of her fluctuating heart, there dwell in it a yearning love for the children of her care, and child-like faith in her Father—God. Can we wonder that Grace Harvey, in the beauty of her person, the melancholy and mystery of her thoughts, the shifting expressions of her face, now glowing with such calm brightness as the face of God was lifted upon her soul, and then darkened with such piteous ploom, should have ruled, as by enchantment, the hearts of all the simple folks in that village. They could not comprehend the troubled visions of her excitable and somewhat morbid imagination, so that they venerated her with a sort of superstitious awe, while the silent charity of her life charmed and won their perfect love.

Such was Grace, her character, her vocation, her life—who might, as Mr. Kingsley says, in America have been degraded into a profitable "medium," or in the Catholic Church been exalted into a St. Theresa. Before she entered her home that evening, she prayed the Lord, with an anguished spirit, to avert the storm which she saw coming with portentous signs. The haze around the horizon had become thicker and more livid in its coloring. The hot air was troubled, as if pressed from afar. A hollow rumble died upon the ear as though it echoed from the deepest caves of the sea. The faint swell on the blue waters rose higher, and broke that azure surface into wide, undulating, though scarcely visible furrows. At last the dark clouds loomed out of the sea, and swept in ragged masses towards

the zenith. The ships, many of them bound for the seat of war, flew in haste to the open waters, and all men knew there would be a hideous night of wrath and ruin on the coast. The storm stinted not its fury, the wind and rain came lashing down at nightfall; but, above the hoarse thunder of the waves and the howling of the wind, the firshermen heard the boom of a cannon out at sea. Again and again it rang through the shuddering tempest. There was one ship in distress. Mr. Kingsley has described the wreck with terrific faithfulness. The brave seamen, covered with their mackintoshes and sou'westers, were down on the beach, saw the ship, fired rockets to her; but all was in vain. Another heave and she was splintered into fragments, and sank in the white seething waste. Grace had accompanied them, and witnessed the dreadful scene from a flat slope of rock: the remainder of the chapter we prefer to extract.

"Old Willis went down to her, and touched her gently on the shoulder. 'Come home, my maid, then—you'll take cold, indeed;' but she did not move or lower her arm.

"The old man, accustomed to her fits of fixed melancholy, looked down under her bonnet to see whether she was 'past,' as he called it. By the moonlight he could see her great eyes steady and wide open. She motioned him away, half impatiently, and then sprang to her feet with a scream.

"'A man! A man! Save him!'

"As she spoke, a huge wave rolled in, and shot up the sloping end of the point in a broad sheet of foam. And out of it struggled, on hands and knees, a human figure. He looked wildly up and round, and then his head dropped again on his breast; and he lay clinging with outspread arms, like Homer's Polypus, in the *Odyssey*, as the wave drained back, in a thousand roaring cataracts, over the edge of the rock.

"'Save him!' shrieked she, again, as twenty men rushed forward and stopped short. The man was fully thirty yards from them; but close to him, between them and him, stretched a long ghastly crack, some ten feet wide, cutting the point across. All knew it—its slippery edge, its polished upright sides, the seething cauldrons within it; and knew, too, that the next wave would boil up from it in a hundred jets, and suck in the strongest to his doom, to fall, with brains dashed out, into a chasm from which was no return.

"Ere they could nerve themselves for action, the wave had come. Up the slope it swept, one half of it burying the wretched mariner, and fell over into the chasm. The other half rushed up the chasm itself, and spouted forth again to the

moonlight in columns of snow, in time to meet the wave from which it had just parted as it fell from above; and then the two rolled up, and round and over, and twirled along the smooth rock to their very feet.

"The schoolmistress took one long look; and as the wave retired, rushed after it to the very brink of the chasm, and flung herself on her knees.

" 'She's mazed!'

" 'No, she's not!' almost screamed Old Willis, in mingled pride and terror, as he rushed after her. 'The wave has carried him across the crack, and she's got him!' And he sprang upon her, and caught her round the waist.

" 'Now, if you be men!' shouted he, as the rest hurried down.

" 'Now, if you be men, before the next wave comes,' shouted big Jan; 'hands together, and make a line.' And he took a grip with one hand of the old man's waistband, and held out the other hand for who would to seize.

"Who took it? Frank Headly, the Curate, who had been watching all sadly apart; longing to do some thing which no one could mistake.

" 'Be you man enough?' asked big Jan, doubtfully.

" 'Try,' said Frank.

" 'Really you ben't, sir,' said Jan, civilly enough. 'Means no offense, sir; your heart's stout enough, I see; but you don't know what it'll be.' And he caught the hand of a huge fellow next him, while Frank shrank sadly back into the darkness.

"Strong hand after hand was clasped, and strong knee after knee dropped almost to the rock, to meet the coming rush of water; and all who knew their business took a long breath—they might have need of one.

"It came, and surged over the man and the girl, and up to old Willis's throat, and round the knees of Jan and his neighbor; and then followed the returning out-draught, and every limb quivered with the stream; but when the cataract disappeared, the chain was still unbroken.

" 'Saved!' and a cheer broke from all lips, save those of the girl herself. She was as senseless as he whom she had saved.

"They hurried her and him up the rock ere another wave could come; they had much ado to open her hands, so firmly clenched together were they around his waist.

"Gently they lifted each, and laid them on the rock; while old Willis, having recovered his breath, set to work, crying like a child, to restore breath to 'his maiden.'"

Tom Thurnall, the man who had been saved, was carried to the house of Dr. Heale, the only doctor and apothecary of the neighborhood. Nor did he soon leave the house where he had been unexpectedly billeted; for, next morning, after he awoke from the unconsciousness and

dreamless sleep in which his exhausted body revived its strength, we find him rubbing, and dusting, and sorting the cobwebbed bottles and musty drawers in the old doctor's surgery, singing all the while as gaily as a lark. He had been surgeon on board the *Hesperus*, the vessel which was wrecked; and one look at him can tell you what sort of a man he is. On a compact and brawny body, which yet is as supple as an eel's, his head stands as firmly, and as pliantly too, as the Cornwall rocking-stone upon its bed of rock. There are a broad forehead, a short nose, a deep-set chin, and finely chiseled lips, arched pleasantly but closely against each other. In his eye there is a kindly, shrewd, fearless expression, the look of a man who has seen danger, conquered it, and laughed at it. His wild, desperate, but not ignoble history, has been recounted in a former chapter.

Though he had been trained for the medical profession by his father, a gentle, learned physician in Whitbury, of Berkshire, and became afterwards distinguished at St. Mumpsimus Hospital, London, he plunged off as soon as his education was completed on some chimerical adventure to South America. Thence, under the gadfly impulse of a reckless, roving disposition, he wandered the world over. He had fought in Mexico, drunk ass's milk in Tartary, been fattened for a feast in one of the South Sea Islands, and, finally dug gold among the Black Hills of Ballarat. From his marvellous hair-breadth escapes he had acquired an invulnerable coolness of temper, and played—cheerfully—at chuck and toss with the snake-haired Erinnys. Together with the immense self-reliance which usually characterizes such travel-worn men, there was mingled a chivalrous generosity of feeling which tinged his else foolhardy life with the glory of a troubadour's romance, and makes him a most likeable fellow, though he masked his tenderness of feeling, as though it were a weakness, under a blunt-stoical, quasi-indifferent manner. Yet withal he was an utterly godless man.

There were two reasons why he determined to settle down, in this extempore fashion, and in defiance of old Dr. Heale and his wife, as the doctor's partner—First, because it was his way to turn himself at once to account in whatever circumstances he fell among, and Aberalva

was as suitable and promising an opening for him as any other in the world. Second, he was resolved to discover a belt which he had lashed around his waist ere he sprang from deck, and which contained a *rouleau* of £1500, his hard earnings in Australia, that he had hoarded for his aged father, now stricken with blindness, and stripped of all his children save his irreclaimable Tom. He was convinced this belt had been stolen from him, and was in the possession of some Aberalva person, whose secret booty he would ferret out and regain if he had any skill, as he boasted he had, in exploring human character.

His suspicions naturally fell upon Grace Harvey, whose frantic impulsiveness (so he thought it) had been the means of saving his life. He dared not avow his suspicions, for he quickly saw what a favorite she was among the people; so that even to whisper his thoughts would bring down a storm of indignation around his ears. He thus set himself secretly to watch her movements. Can the *reader* discern in this determination the origin of a thrilling drama, when such a man as Tom Thurnall examines skeptically, wonderingly, and lovingly, the character of a woman like Grace—so innocently pure, so strong and awfully beautiful in her simple trust in God? The *revelations* of Grace's character growing brighter every day, from the very intentness with which he watched them, first puzzled and confounded him, and at last awoke within him a longing for the high ideal he saw exhibited in her life, and an uncontrollable love for herself.

Grace, meanwhile, was ignorant of the suspicion with which he mentally charged her, yet she bore a heavy burden on her heart. That she had saved Tom Thurnall from death was enough to excite a profound interest in *his* concerns. She knew he had been robbed of his belt, and the conception of such appalling wickedness—wickedness unheard of in that primitive village, gnawed like an ulcer on her thoughts. Who of those villagers, for whom she prayed and labored continually, could be the guilty one?

The fame of Tom, whose medical accomplishments seemed miraculous after Heale's solidopathic methods of treatment, attracted her yet more to him; and his very character, in its quiet composure and nimbleness, and utter fearlessness,

fascinated her imagination, because it was a strange and perfect contrast to her own. At last she knows that Tom has suspected her; and more bitter knowledge, the conviction grows upon her, that her own mother is the thief. It is noble to see how this *weak-hearted* woman bears meekly the agony which crushes her; nor flinches from the sacred toil of her home and her school.

And so the elements, which the writer knows how to bring together, coagulate, and the fibrous tissues of the story are slowly formed into a compact and delicate organism. Penalva Court is the manor-house of the district, a country residence of Lord Scoutbush, who is suzerain of the free fishermen of Aberalva, and the largest landed proprietor in the neighborhood. At present it is occupied by Elsley Vavasour, poet, who eloped with Lucia St. Just, sister of Lord Scoutbush; but being afterward reconciled, received this mansion from his lordship as a home for herself and family. Tom Thurnall recognised at once in this gentleman with such a high-sounding name, plain John Briggs, of Whitbury, his quondam associate in the study of the pharmacopœia, and co-assistant to Bolus, apothecary of that ilk. It is evidently Mr. Kingsley's intention to present these two men as opposite types of our modern English civilization: the one practical, shrewd, hearty, fearless, having attained profound knowledge of his fellows and a command of himself; the other, vain, fastidious, and capriciously moody, having no control over himself, and a very simpleton in his acquaintance with actual life. It was Tom's contemptuous sneer for Briggs's flowery rant that drove the latter in desperation to London. He had, however, real genius, and acquired fame under the *nom de guerre* of Elsley Vavasour. Under that title he was introduced to society, and under it he courted and won his aristocratic wife; and now, when these two meet again unexpectedly in this remote village, the contrast so violently expressed in their youth appears more keenly defined, from the discipline they had respectively passed through. Tom's burly face, and gray laughing eyes—what a contrast to the pallid Romanesque face of Elsley, shaded by black waving hair, and faintly illumined by large dusky eyes! There is a mournful pathos, and yet stern moral justice, in the sad history of poor Elsley, as por-

trayed by Mr. Kingsley. His *natural goodness* fades away, as if mildewed, from the degeneracy of his turbulent and morbid fancy, which is sanctified by no spiritual faith, nor invigorated by the healthful exercise of a practical life. Being inclosed within himself, and neither refreshed by the hallowed air of heaven nor the common atmosphere of social duty, his faculties are first excited into prurient luxuriance, and then wasted away like withered vegetation in the closer malarious atmosphere of such complete selfishness. His wife, a gay, merry Irish girl when she fell wildly in love with the gentle poet, *settles at last* into the anxious weakly mother, often fretting from ill-health, and yet bursting out at times in genuine flashes of both Irish humor and wrath.

The heaven that canopied Penalva Court was an April sky. Black clouds, swift showers, and fitful gleams of sunshine, passed every day over the *moody poet* and his fretful, loving wife, till that awful storm swept over them, that wrecked the happiness and life of both. Since Tom's arrival, Elsley had been maddened with fear lest his name and humble origin should be exposed. Tom kept his secret, but could not unloose the terror that seized, like a viper, upon the weakened, effeminate mind of his former acquaintance. Other visitors came that autumn to Penalva—Valencia, sister of Lucia, Lord Scoutbush himself, and Major Campell. The latter was a calm, dignified, learned soldier, and the intimate friend of Scoutbush and his sisters. Years ago he had cherished, but never avowed, love for Lucia—Elsley's wife—when she was a mere girl, and teased the tall Scotch Major for his *gauche* manners and grim bachelor habits. For her sake he had renounced the Indian service for the Line, and gallantly subdued the awkwardness of his demeanor if he might find favor with Lucia: but all was in vain—she had fled with the famous poet; and the soldier, with noble reticence, hid the secret of his passion in his own heart, where yet it flowered with perennial beauty, in humble prayer for her happiness, though now another's. With especial interest did he therefore form the acquaintance of Elsley Vavasour. His concern for Lucia's happiness made him anxious to know the character of her husband. Elsley felt the glare of his clear eyes burning hotly upon

his diseased soul, and soon exhibited before him the worst symptoms of his ill-regulated passionate temper. Elsley became also furiously jealous of the silent authority which Major Campbell's manner irresistibly carried with it, and of the confidence which every one seemed to repose in him. He feared that his wife would make him the confidant of her wrongs and domestic misery; and this fear distilled like poison through his throbbing veins. No wonder, then, that he welcomed the proposal to accompany his wife and family and Valencia to Beddegelert, at the foot of Snowdon, in order to escape the cholera, which had suddenly leaped from the dull brown haze of the sultry sky, and stalked through the village of Aberalva like an ill-omened harpy, to glut itself on the corruption of death. Scoutbush and Campbell remained with Tom Thurnall, and Frank Headley, and Grace Harvey, to encounter the hideous phantom, to cleanse the village of its pollutions, and to render such succor as they could to the plague-struck inhabitants. When that dreadful visitation had passed, they hastened to join Elsley and the others, who had meanwhile been occupying their lodgings, and to enjoy some fishing ere they went out to the Crimea, whither they were bound. Here the catastrophe occurred which smote Elsley's life, and Lucia's too. The sight of Campbell had again fired Elsley's jealousy. The quiet dignity and courtesy of the Major's manners were a brilliant foil to his own petulance and selfish indifference. His jaundiced eyes discolored every simple word and act, and his delirious fancy surrounded him with evil suggestions, which clung like scorpions to his brain, and would not be shaken off. At last, one evening, after his mind had been festering with wounded vanity, he overheard Lucia speak to Major Campbell in a playful affectionate way, such as she might have done when she was a girl; and in a fearful paroxysm of pent-up wrath, he rushed away from his home to the mountains. In a *brief note*, written from a wayside inn, he hurled out, in one blast, against his wife, the whirlwind tempest that raged in his own breast; and then, with the mad suicidal temper of a peevish child, he dashed over moors and rocks, up one of the ridges of Snowdon, to howl out his miseries to the heedless ear of night, and, perchance, to die.

There was a thunderstorm that night on Snowdon; and the description of Elsley's ascent is without doubt the grandest word-picture of the book, and it reminds us, in the lurid, ghastly colors that seem to smolder upon it, of Salvator Rosa's art. We give the following extracts:

"There he stood—he knew not how long—without motion, without thought, without even rage or hate; now—in one blank paralysis of his whole nature—conscious only of self and of a dull inward fire, as if his soul were a dark vault, lighted with lurid smoke.

"What was that? He started—shuddered—as well he might. Had he seen heaven opened?—or another place? So momentary was the vision, that he scarce knew what he saw.

"There it was again!—lasting but for a moment; but long enough to let him see the whole western heaven transfigured into one sheet of pale blue gauze, and before it Snowdon, towering black as ink, with every saw and crest cut out, hard and terrible, against the lightning-glare—and then the blank of darkness.

"Again. The awful black giant, towering high in air before the gates of that blue abyss of flame; but a black crown of cloud has settled upon his head, and out of it the lightning sparks leap to and fro, fringing his brows with a coronet of fire.

"Another moment, and the roar of that great battle between earth and heaven crashed full on Elsley's ears.

"He heard it leap from Snowdon, sharp and rattling across the gulf toward him, till it crashed full upon the Glyder overhead, and rolled and flapped from crag to crag, and died away along the dreary downs. No! There it boomed out again thundering full against Siabod on the left, and Siabod tossed it on to Moel Meirch, who answered from all her clefts and peaks with a long confused battle-growl, and then tossed it on to Aran; and Aran, with one dull bluff report from her flat cliff, to nearer Lliwedd; till, worn out with the long buffetings of that giant ring, it sank and died on Gwynnant far below; but, ere it died, another and another thunder-crash burst, sharper and nearer every time, to hurry round the hills after the one which roared before it.

"Another minute, and the blue glare filled the sky once more; but no black Titan towered before it now. The storm had leapt Llanberris Pass, and all around Elsley was one howling chaos of cloud and rain, and blinding flame. He turned and fled again."

* * * * *

"Terrible were those rocks below, and ten times more terrible as seen through the lurid glow of his distempered brain. All the weird peaks and slabs seemed pointing up at him: sharp-toothed jaws gaped upward, tongues hissed upward, arms pointed upward, hounds leaped upward, monstrous snake-heads peered upward out of cracks and caves. Did he not

see them move—writhe? or was it the ever-shifting light of the flashes? Did he not hear them howl—yell at him? or was it but the wind tortured in their labyrinthine caverns.

"The next moment, and all was dark again; but the images which had been called up remained, and fastened on his brain, and grew there; and when, in the light of the next flash, the scene returned, he could see the red lips of the phantom hounds, the bright eyes of the phantom snakes; the tongues wagged in mockery, the hands brandished great stones to hurl at him, the mountain-top was instinct with fiendish life—a very Blocksberg of all hideous shapes and sins.

"And yet he did not shrink! Horrible it was—he was going mad before it. And yet he took a strange and fierce delight in making it more horrible; in maddening himself yet more and more; in clothing those fantastic stones with every fancy which could inspire another man with dread.

"But he had no dread. Perfect rage, like perfect love, casts out fear. He rejoiced in his own misery—in his own danger. His life hung on a thread; any instant might hurl him from that cairn, a blackened corpse. What better end? Let it come! He was Prometheus on the peak of Caucasus, hurling defiance at the unjust Jove! His hopes, his love, his very honor—curse it—ruined! Let the lightning-stroke come! He were a coward to shrink from it. Let him face the worst, unprotected, bare-headed, naked, and do battle, himself, and nothing but himself, against the universe! And as men at such moments will do, in the mad desire to free the self-tortured spirit from some unseen and choking bond, he began wildly tearing off his clothes. But merciful nature brought relief, and stopped him in his mad efforts, or he had been a frozen corpse long ere the dawn. His hands, stiff with cold, refused to obey him: as he delayed he was saved. After the paroxysm came the collapse; he sank upon the top of the cairn half senseless. He felt himself falling over its edge, and the animal instinct of self-preservation, unconsciously to him, made him slide down gently, till he sank into a crack between two rocks, sheltered somewhat, as it befel happily, from the lashing of the rain."

The remainder of the story is quickly told. Elsley, though pursued and discovered by two Oxford men, Naylor and Wynd, who hunted him up from the wayside inn, slipped from them in the morning, ran like an escaped lunatic to Bangor—took a draught of laudanum, which is henceforth his chief subsistence, and went by the first train to London.

The first shock of anguish on the part of his wife, is followed by weeks of desolate misery after her return to London, while Major Campbell seeks, and seeks in vain, for the poor deluded man.

Tom Thurnall at last finds him out, in a lean-to garret, drugged with his opiate, and worn down to a frail hollow-eyed skeleton. With kindly cunning Tom humors him, and lures him to his own lodgings. He goes with him to Whitbury, where Elsley had a fond crazed wish to die; and there, in a few more days, Elsley, having confessed to her his true name, dies in the arms of his devoted wife. "Elsley turned toward her once, ere the film of death had fallen, and looked her full in the face, with his beautiful eyes full of love—then the eyes paled and faded; but still they sought for hers painfully, long after she had buried her head in the coverlet, unable to bear the sight." Tom then hastens eastward, whither Scoutbush and Major Campbell had gone.

Grace discovers the belt of money, which her mother had deposited in a cranny of a cavern near the shore—binds it above her heart, and never parts with it till she gives it, as she had promised, into Tom's own hand. After her mother's death, she nursed our soldiers in the Varna and Balaklava hospitals. Once only she saw him whom she sought, standing among other officers in front of the hospital, while she was attending an operation. When she came down stairs he was gone, and never seen again.

She returned with our soldiers last summer; went to serve Tom's father in Whitbury, and waited anxiously, trustfully there, till last Christmas, when Tom startled a large company in his father's parlor by his sudden appearance. "There he was in bodily flesh and blood, thin, sallow, bearded to the eyes, dressed in ragged sailors' clothes—but Tom himself." The greeting there we can not describe; and in saying so, do we not pay the highest compliment to our author? Our readers will find it at the close of the third volume, which we finish with regret, as though we had said farewell to friends who had grown dear to us, and of whom we have written as though their history were real, and not a phantom—a dream—a fiction—as it is.

There are two characteristics in this work which command admiration. One is the healthful way in which Mr. Kingsley writes of education. He has a righteous contempt for that kind of genius which is but a sort of "male hysterics," and is readily superinduced upon persons of a fine sensibility, just as all similar mesmer-

ic phenomena are quickly developed in them. The luxurious narcotic life of some literary men who stimulate their fancy with a sort of cantharidin, and give uncontrolled indulgence to their passions to work themselves into a frenzy requisite for composition, receives a terrible exposure in the history of Elsley Vavasour. Mr. Kingsley demands the healthful discipline of the body by manly exercise, as the only cure of the maudlin sentimentalism which infests our weak, dyspeptic, spasmodic poets. He loves the strong-limbed man, and believes with the old Greek Gymnasts that the *ἐξίς* of the body materially affects the *ἦθος* of the mind. In this he is right. Nervous derangement lies at the root of much of the distempered literature that glimmers and lightens, but only with the phosphorescence of decay. Worse evils, too, result from the same cause; for a flaccid, unstrung body, can hardly be the tenement of a brave, truthful spirit. This earthly body has mystical affinities with the ethereal spirit, and imparts a virtue to its higher faculties, as the nature of a soil affects the blossom of the plant that has been rooted in it. We support, therefore, Mr. Kingsley in his advocacy of what he once called "healthy animalism;" for neither taste nor morals can be benefited by a dwarfed, imbecile body.

The other excellence of this work is the sensible way in which Mr. Kingsley has spoken of marriage life. This is generally shrouded in darkness by novel writers, as though it belonged to the Eleusinian Mystery, and must not be exposed to the uninitiated and profane. Mr. Kingsley, however, uses his story as a means of conveying instruction in a popular and impressive form, and has not feared to trespass on the penetralia of that life, which is either too uninteresting for other writers, or too blessed to be described by their pens. Mr. Kingsley has a just and delicate appreciation of woman's nature, and has nobly expressed his reverence of her weakness, and his admiration of her strength.

On the whole, this is a work abundant in that kind of excellence by which Mr. Kingsley's fictions are distinguished, and less marked than some of them by his characteristic faults. He is not generally successful in the development of plot—in combining with mystery and surprise that adherence to probability which is so difficult a problem in the structure of a story.

Some of his characters represent types rather than individuals. His fertility is not conspicuous in the invention of incident. Twice in this very story do we read of jealousy roused almost to madness by the same contrivance—overhearing a conversation. To make one of the most interesting of the female characters in the book at last a servant in the house of Tom Thurnall's father, does not appear to us a happy conception. But blemishes of this kind, were they more numerous than they are, would do little to diminish the enjoyment of the reader. The interest, by whatever means, is sustained throughout—a practical test of the first importance.

The pleasure derived from Mr. Kingsley's fictions rests on higher grounds than that dexterity in the contrivance of a *dénouement*, which some inferior workmen possess in a far greater measure. His boldness and his originality—the robust vigor, animal as well as intellectual and moral, which pervades his writings—the comprehensiveness of his sympathy—the fairness with which he will put the most opposite views of the same subject—the seriousness of his purpose—and his genial good-nature, even when most dogmatical; these are the qualities which constitute his excellence, and should win him welcome. In one respect, he stands unrivaled. We have not another writer who contrives to give us, as he does, so many of his own opinions on social questions, on art, on religion, on all sorts of topics, without ever intruding himself unduly, or beginning to preach. This artistic diffusion of the didactic element throughout conversations, always natural and spirited, is a triumph of skill. While the story proceeds, and while the characters develop themselves, we meet at every turn with some opinion or other about present topics, or subjects in the thoughts of every one, which set us thinking, strike out fresh lights, and become germs of thought we carry away with us. Mr. Kingsley is not in danger of falling into the sin of so many of our would-be religious novels, which stow away the ardor of the seraph and the wisdom of the cherub beneath a clergyman's silk waistcoat, lodge the attributes of Belial or of Moloch in the breast of the Papist, and make a canting vulgar hypocrite of every Dissenter.

We trust that we have now earned for ourselves the right of speaking faithfully on one point—the most serious of all.

Our sympathy with Mr. Kingsley's general teaching compels us to protest against much of the religious teaching of this and all his fictions. We ask him—ask him as a man, a Christian man, and a clergyman, to consider the three following objections to his religious doctrines, which we urge in courtesy, but with an intense conviction of their importance.

(1.) In his characters he never makes any allusion to the burdensome feeling of guilt, and utterly ignores the fact of revelation which holds out to man his only medium of forgiveness. In the repentance—*μετάνοια*—of his characters there is no *λύπη*; no penitence, self-reproach, or sense of blameworthiness. We confess that we cannot understand the moral nature in which these sentiments have not existed; no moral sentiment has fixed itself with such distinct and awful emphasis upon human history as the convictions of guilt. Why, then, does Mr. Kingsley seem to deny its existence? No fact is so clearly asserted in the Bible as the stupendous guilt of man, and the Gospel which it reveals consists in the proclamation of that plan which God has devised for its removal and man's restoration. Would that Mr. Kingsley preached that Gospel more clearly!

(2.) The only religion which we discover in his writings consists in man's awaking to perceive the love of his Father God, and the ceaseless providence with which He has been guarding and preserving him. There is no new relationship formed between the soul and God; but the soul awakens to a fixed, unalterable relationship, which is nowise affected by this change of spiritual consciousness. We respectfully ask Mr. Kingsley if the whole tenor of Bible-teaching does not show that there is a family upon earth to whom God has come into a nearer relationship than he holds to other men. We know how this doctrine may be abused, but the Bible assuredly speaks of some who are His children as others who are not. Can we believe that all men, good or bad, are his children alike? Does he see no differences between men—demean himself in no way differently towards them?

(3.) We would remind Mr. Kingsley how closely he approximates to the Pantheistic doctrine, that the Probation of Life has only one issue—in making men better, and that all men are on their passage, as

Emerson would put it, even from prisons and the gallows, to some holier development: a pleasant doctrine, which, amidst the distracting problems of the moral universe, we might sometimes passionately wish to believe. But the realities of life are against it—no less the dreadful forebodings of Revelation, which always agrees with the *facts* of life, if not with our fancies. Mr. Kingsley will not think that we misrepresent him in thus plainly stating what is the invariable drift of his writings, and what must be pernicious, because it is so fearfully delusive. The commonest experience attests that the Probation of Life has two issues: that under it men become worse, sinking lower into the blinding corruption of sin; or they become better, rising under new trials, to the possession of a more perfect virtue. And does not Scripture point to two roads, of which, alas! the downward is the broadest and the most crowded? We protest against Mr. Kingsley's representation of human life, not because we could not wish to believe it, but because our consciousness, our experience, our Bible, and all history contradict it.

Mr. Kingsley's description of the Brianite, or local Methodist preachers, we conceive to be as gross a violation of taste as it is utterly false in fact. We are grieved to think that Mr. Kingsley should stoop to imitate the scurrilous caricatures which Mr. Dickens has drawn of these self-denying men, to whose labors the agricultural population of this country is indebted for nearly all the religious life which has survived among them during the last century. Mr. Kingsley has dishonored himself in traducing their characters and misrepresenting their doctrines. Had he known more of them, we are sure his generous heart had never allowed him to write so recklessly of a class of men entitled to much of that large-hearted charity which Mr. Kingsley can sometimes exercise.

Now we are in the croaking strain, we must have one word more. Tom Thurnall, as we have said, is admirably drawn. His individuality is distinct and strong: yet he represents a class that counts by thousands. Brought up religiously, he has no religion save strong affection for a father, and a vague notion that the Powers above will somehow do the right thing at last. Buoyant, dare-devil, infinite in cunning resource, he knocks about the world,

indomitable, self-reliant, singing and laughing, though the very foot-ball of fortune. He learns at last that he has a Father in heaven, that lowly trust is better than audacious self-reliance. But meanwhile, his credulity, like that of multitudes, is profound and scornful, when he hears the ministers of religion dwelling on the terrors rather than the hopes of Revelation—or, to speak more correctly, aggravating its darker aspects, and passing by, or limiting its brighter.

"Whether Tom were altogether right or not, is not the question here; the novelist's business is to represent the real thoughts of mankind, when they are not absolutely unfit to be told; and certainly Tom spoke the doubts of thousands when he spoke his own.

"Grace was silent still.

" 'Well,' he said, 'beyond that I can't go, being no theologian. But when a preacher tells people in one breath of a God who so loves men that he gave his own Son to save them, and in the next, that the same God so hates men that he will cast nine tenths of them into hopeless torture for ever (and if that is not hating, I don't know what is)—unless he, the preacher, gets a chance of talking to them for a few minutes—why, I should like Miss Harvey, to put that gentleman upon a real fire for ten minutes, instead of his comfortable Sunday's dinner, which stands ready frying for him, and which he was going home to eat, as jolly as if all the world was not going to destruction; and there let him feel what fire was like, and reconsider his statements.' "—Vol. ii. p. 109.

Certainly Tom was any thing but right in his practical rejection of Christianity on such grounds. We do not think Mr. Kingsley has quite sufficiently insisted on this. He describes Tom as going out into the fields on a fine Sunday morning, and recognizing, in a pagan way, the beauty, wisdom, and beneficence about him. It was well for him, remarks the author, that he had even this natural religion—that he was faithful to the light he possessed. We think he was *not* faithful. For about this very time he had his New Testament in his hand, and is represented as busy with the Epistles to the Corinthians. With the undimmed, undistorted truth thus before him, his indifference to Christianity is inexcusable. It may be questioned whether, in a land like ours, a rejection of Christian truth, so long maintained as his, can be compatible with the excellences attributed to him. Still, in its main outlines, the character is as real and common as it is instructive; and such com-

pounds of Alcibiades and Gallio are but too numerous.

It would be quite as wrong for any one to be offended with Mr. Kingsley for putting a misconception like that just quoted boldly into words, as it would be to blame a medical man for making a faithful report of a diseased district. The question is—How did views of the Gospel so morbid come into the minds of such men? And next—How may we clear them out straightway, and substitute a healthier view of Christianity?

There is one objection taken by Mr. Kingsley to the evangelical section of the Church (whether within the English Establishment or without it) which we are at a loss to understand. This appears to us one of the instances in which he comes forward as a mere random fault-finder, without having any preferable substitute to propose.

But to the objection to evangelicism, that it isolates and individualizes—is not national, universal. Once Puritanism did make itself national, and set up a Commonwealth. Would Mr. Kingsley prefer such a state of things? Does he wish to see religion brought, as in the Middle Age, under the control of the civil magistrate? Is he quite sure that the religion enforced by the sword of the governor would be *his*. And if it were, we are sure he can not suppose that legislation would awaken, or persecution profitably direct, that inward light which does exist in men. What, then, would he suggest? If the English Church *can not* or *will not* make itself, in his sense, truly national, what other party has any prospect of so doing? What is left, if we would not fall into endless anomalies and perplexities, but that we should rest satisfied with an invisible Church—with that communion of saints in all lands and times, wherein he believes as well as we? Meanwhile, each section of that Church can but do its best to teach and enlighten men, as far as it has the

power. If so to do be an undue isolating and individualizing of men, what else, we ask, did the Apostles, in their first preaching of the Gospel, and settlement of a church here and a church there? Might not the same fault be found with them for not effecting a similar impossibility? Mr. Kingsley is too well acquainted with history not to know that the imperial patronage afforded to Christianity by Constantine ripened with fearful rapidity all the elements of corruption within it. Dante, who understood the Middle Age at least as well as any of its modern idolaters, bitterly regretted the consequences of that alliance. We should like to see Mr. Kingsley explain himself deliberately and at length on this matter.

There occur, in the course of the story, some excellent remarks on the study of nature, on description, and on the use and abuse of illustration. When Mr. Kingsley contends that he who would describe a landscape must really take pains, first of all, to *see it*—must not abandon it to hunt after analogies, or distort and coax the reality before him into an unnatural harmony with them, we think him quite right. But sometimes he goes too far, and would seem unduly afraid of what Mr. Ruskin has condemned as the “pathetic fallacy.” It is true, that we must first see the object; but it is also true that the poet should see *into it*—we should not be blind to what it *suggests*, any more than to what it *is*. If the mere externals of nature are to be set down by themselves, without any indication of the communion between the soul of man and the hidden life of nature—without any coloring derived from that which is *behind* the eye—without any hint of those affinities between the worlds of matter and of mind which Platonist and poet alike have always loved to trace, then we must cancel the finest descriptive passages in Wordsworth, and nearly all those of Dickens.

From Fraser's Magazine.

SOME TALK ABOUT FOOD.

IF a bar of iron be exposed to air and moisture, it wastes; the metal combines with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and is consumed—it rusts. So is it in animal bodies; where there is oxygen, there is waste. As in the lamp, oxygen is the cause of flame, yet consumes the oil; so in the body is it essential to life, and at the same time destructive. To replace the materials that are being thus constantly consumed, to sustain the vital spark, is the purpose of food, a subject of interest to the physiologist and historian, as well as to domestic and political economists.

It is not many years since the French abandoned a scheme of feeding their hospital patients upon bones. At the commencement of the Revolution, their Government, acting upon the report of a body of scientific men, issued a public instruction informing the world that “a bone is a tablet of soup formed by nature; a pound of bones gives as much soup as a pound of meat; bone-soup, in a dietetical point of view, is preferable to meat-soup.” The Administration des Hospices adopted the idea, and an expensive apparatus was fitted up in many of the hospitals, for the preparation of bone-soup; but it was soon found, to the dismay of the authorities, that the patients, although liberally supplied with it, did not thrive. Nevertheless, the plan had been introduced in such magnificent language, it had cost so much, and promised ultimately such economical results, that it was not to be abandoned in a hurry. So they went on, pouring their filthy broth down the throats of the helpless invalids, till they had reduced them to starvation-point, and then they gave it up.

It would have been thought that if any thing had been made clear and certain by experience, it was, that man was an omnivorous animal—“neither a vegetarian nor a muttonarian;” yet, in this wonderfully enlightened nineteenth century, we are informed that “the adherence to the use of animal food is no more than

a persistence in the gross customs of savage life, and evinces an insensibility to reason and to the operation of intellectual improvement.”* Literary institutions throw open the doors to members of the Vegetarian Society, who, thoughtless of the pale faces and small forms which their natural diet, as they modestly term vegetable food, is producing upon their children at home, talk by the hour of the life of the happy Arab with his bag of dates, and learnedly appeal to the humane manners of the Ethiopians, of whom Homer sang—their diet, corn and milk, and their habits so peaceful, that Jupiter rejoiced to spend nine days every year among them, as the only race of men fit for gods to live among. And, having completely mystified their audience, they conclude with a few glowing comparisons of the gentleness of the turtle-dove and the rapacity of the vulture, the mild disposition of the elephant and the savage nature of the tiger—a powerful argument indeed, which, however, is a little weakened by the unfortunate ferocity of the rhinoceros. But Sir Everhard Home here comes to their assistance: “The indocility of the rhinoceros,” gravely observes the learned surgeon, “is only to be explained by the small proportion of brain with which it is endowed, and therefore, like all idiots, it is intractable.” It will be long before such arguments as these affect the market at Copenhagen Fields.

The prejudice against fish is far more general, especially among the poor, who, if it was not for this repugnance, upon which the neglect of our fisheries is mainly dependent, might enjoy a never-failing supply of food, at once palatable and nutritious. Notwithstanding the local and natural advantages arising out of our insular position, the neglect of the fisheries has been a subject of regret ever since the days of Queen Elizabeth: “It maketh much to the ignorance and shame of

* Dr. Lambe.

our English nation," says Sir Thomas Borroughs, the keeper of the Tower Records, "that God and nature, offering us so great a treasure even at our own doores, we doe, notwithstanding, neglect the benefit thereof, and, by paying money to strangers for the fish of our own seas, impoverish ourselves to make them rich."

So great a rarity, a few years ago, was an English-cured herring, that a story is told of Admiral Rodney, when dining at Carlton House, congratulating the Prince of Wales upon seeing what he thought to be a dish of Yarmouth bloaters upon the table, adding, that if the Prince's example were followed by the upper ranks only, it would be the means of adding twenty thousand hardy seamen to the navy. The Prince observed that he did not deserve the compliment, as the herrings had not been cured by British hands; "but," he continued, "henceforward I shall order a dish of English-cured herrings to be purchased at any expense, to appear as a standing dish at this table. We shall call it a Rodney, and, under that designation, what true patriot will not follow my example?" We have made some advance since the days of the Rodney; yet the price of fish still places it beyond the reach of the poor; and it is viewed with suspicion by those who indulge in it as a luxury. On each outbreak of the cholera, the fishmongers labor in vain to convince a large mass of the public that fresh fish is as wholesome as fresh beef and mutton, and that the danger lies, not in eating fish, but in eating it when not perfectly fresh.

Another ill effect ascribed to fish is, the production or augmentation of skin diseases. The notion is a very ancient one, and is supposed by many to have been the origin of the prohibition to eat fish that had not fins and scales imposed on the Jews. It is far more probable that this, like other laws regulating their diet, was framed with the view of keeping the Hebrews a distinct nation. Numa is said to have forbidden the priests of Rome to taste fish; and we learn from Herodotus that a similar law existed in Egypt. Elsewhere, he says that many of the Egyptians lived almost entirely on fish; and, according to him, three whole tribes of Babylonians subsisted on nothing else; they dried their fish in the sun, pounded it, and then sifted and baked it. At present, a very similar fashion prevails among the negroes on the west coast of Africa, who,

out of a species of sprat, form a paste, which they eat with corn or rice. In Siberia, dried fish is used instead of bread; and the Laplanders make a kind of bread from fish-bones; yet among none of these people do we read of the prevalence of leprosy or elephantiasis.

With the Greeks it would appear that a taste for fish grew up with the progress of civilization. In Homer's time it was regarded as unfit for food, for he describes the followers of Ulysses as reduced to sore distress before they resorted to fishing as a means of subsistence. The Athenians, on the contrary, were passionate admirers of every description of the finny tribe; and potted echini was the ordinary food of the Greek soldiers and sailors.

Ælian, when describing the earliest food of different nations, ascribes acorns to the Arcadians, pears to the Argives and Tyrrinthians, cresses to the Persians, and figs to the Athenians, which would have refuted the courtiers of Darius who dissuaded him from attacking Greece, on the ground that it was useless to attack a people who drank nothing but water, and had nothing but figs to eat. Modern authors, with equal ignorance, have almost universally asserted that the Athenians were plain feeders, who despised the coarser pleasures of the table. Nothing could be a greater mistake. It is impossible to enumerate the many delicious kinds of bread which Athenian art produced, or the sweetmeats and cheesecakes which Aristotle tells us were much in request at the theaters; and fish, the especial delight of all Athenians, we must dismiss with the aphorism of Amphis, "He who goes to market and buys herbs, when he can buy good fish, is a madman." The names, in short, of innumerable dishes have been carefully preserved which are to us unintelligible; and the highest commendation we can bestow on them, with their constant terminations in *stolos* and *toios*, is that they sound very good.

The frugality of the Lacedæmonians affords a striking contrast to the luxury of the wealthy Athenians. A citizen of Sybaria, who was rash enough to taste the celebrated black broth, declared that it was no longer a matter of astonishment with him why the Spartans were so fearless in battle, as any man in his senses would prefer death to an existence on such food. This mess, after all the satire that

has been expended upon it, was nothing worse than our own black-puddings.

Of all nations who have attempted by arbitrary laws to regulate the choice of food, the Romans stand preëminent; they could not distinguish between simple elegance, the result of civilization and a wider intercourse with the rest of the world, and extravagance engendered by luxury and ostentation: and they consequently interdicted as food whatever was unknown to their ancestors. Their conquests in Asia made them familiar with a style of living previously unknown, and which was too delightful not to be imitated. From this time their cooks, who had been of the lowest description of slaves, were regarded as artists, and their office elevated from the merest drudgery to a science. They fetched as high a price as their brother slaves whose duty it was to correct the evils of good living—the physicians. The State was alarmed at this change of manners; a sumptuary law was accordingly passed, limiting the number of guests at table, and ordering that the doors be left open at all entertainments, to prevent any violation of its enactment.

By a later law, no one was allowed to spend at the greatest festivals more than six shillings and five pence, and on ordinary occasions he was limited to five pence half-penny.* The same law prohibited the use of poultry, with the exception of one hen, and that must not have been fattened for the occasion. Another law excluded from the table dormice as a dangerous luxury. These, like all other sumptuary laws, were of no avail. It was idle to suppose that men rolling in wealth could be restricted to a diet of vegetables and eggs, or hare and cabbage, which to Cato was a feast. Gluttony and display became the ruling passions of the later Romans. The one lean hen was forgotten amid dishes of peacocks and flamingoes; and the six-shilling feast was superseded by banquets, at which a turbot alone has cost fifty pounds. To gain an appetite for these delicacies, the gourmand had recourse to warm baths and emetics; nor was his taste gratified unless the viands were served upon gold and ivory, and carved to the sound of music. Perhaps

the most celebrated dish of ancient times was one consisting of the tongues of peacocks and nightingales; it was an invention of Heliogabalus, and a fit accompaniment to the extravagant draught of Cleopatra; which, however, was exceeded by a young Roman, who drank a similar potion, for no wager, but simply to see how pearls would taste, and indulged his friends with a like treat.

A reference to Apicius, the great oracle of Roman cookery, strikingly displays how greatly our modern bill of fare is limited by prejudice. The extraordinary heterogeneous messes which delighted the Romans would, according to modern notions, have been sufficient to have rendered an emetic a most unnecessary infliction. The simplest dishes were disguised by sauces in which *garum*—described by Pliny as the essence of putrid fish—and *asafoetida* were the most common ingredients; oil, ginger, honey, pepper, aniseed, vinegar, rue, garlic, *asafoetida*, and *garum* were all employed in cooking a hog's paunch, upon which, and similar dishes Tiberius continued feasting for two nights and a day without leaving the table. In their love of *asafoetida*, the Romans were not peculiar; many of the Asiatics are exceedingly fond of it as a condiment, and even eat it alone. In Persia the leaves are eaten like common greens, and Oriental travelers relate, with a shudder, how, in spite of its abominable smell, which has gained it in Germany the not very polite appellation of *Teufelsdreck*, their Eastern attendants greedily devoured it. If, instead of sneering at the natives, they had followed their example, they would probably have confirmed the opinion of a distinguished gastronomer, who has declared that the finest relish a beefsteak can possess is to be communicated to it by rubbing the gridiron on which the steak is to be cooked with *asafoetida*.

A tougher and more tasteless morsel than a gizzard seldom finds its way on to our plates; yet the origin of the name is derived from a small African bird called *Giger*, whose stomach was reckoned such a delicacy at Rome that the name of the bird has been transferred to this portion of the digestive apparatus.

Sir Thomas Browne instances two other Roman dishes—cockcombs and ass's flesh—which were approved of in the time of Mæcenas, as a proof how much fashion

* Six shillings and five pence equal as nearly as possible one hundred asses, and five pence half-penny equal ten asses.

has to do with diet. It is particularly related of Clement VII., when besieged by the Imperial army, that he was reduced to the horrible necessity of feeding on this very meat.

The shepherds of the North, as the Scythians of old and the Tartars of modern times have been termed, display a very different state of things to the dainty Romans. Without agriculture or commerce, they are compelled to subsist almost solely on their flocks and herds, reserving for festivals the delicacy of horse-flesh, which they wash down with draughts of an intoxicating liquor extracted from the milk of their mares. Upon a diet of almost purely animal food they are able to undergo all the fatigue and privations to which their roving and warlike life subjects them. The nation that most resembles them are the inhabitants of the Pampas. Their habits are roving, their powers of endurance extraordinary, and their diet animal food—in great measure horse-flesh, or rather mares'-flesh—for they only destroy the horses when injured by accident. The Patagonians, however, are a finer race of men than the Tartars, whose habits, for the most part, are disgusting. They devour their food nearly raw, and eat alike beasts that have been killed and those that have died of disease: we can readily, therefore, pity the poor little Chinese princess bound to a Tartar husband, who complains that sour milk was her only drink, raw flesh her only food, a tent her only palace; and concludes the poem in which she relates her misery by the simple wish that she were "changed into a bird, to fly back to her own dear, dear country." But naturally as she may have objected to the manners and customs of her lord and master, the Chinese, as a nation, are curiously exempt from prejudices in regard to food. Although nature has literally supplied them with every article of diet usually most prized, they are not above eating dogs and rats, and a wild cat that has been caught and fatted in a cage fetches in the market about the same price as a pheasant. Pork—the frequent abomination of Eastern nations—is the meat most highly thought of. They are true lovers of fish, and infinite pains are taken to bring it to the table in the best condition. However distant the market may be from the coast, all fish enters it alive. A considerable space within the walls of several of their towns is appropri-

ated to tanks and fish-ponds, and from these depôts the whole of the interior is supplied.

The mode in which game is conveyed from the districts where it is most abundant, to Canton and Hong-Kong, is far more simple. All cargoes of the kind are conveyed freight-free, there being, at the same time, a tacit understanding between the vender of the game and the master of the vessel, that if any of it gets high, it is to be either eaten or thrown overboard.

Mr. Fortune describes sailing from Shanghai on a ship laden with pheasants, woodcocks, hares, ducks, geese, and teal hanging about in all directions; and he assures us that he did not fare badly on the passage; many a plump woodcock was pronounced in imminent danger, without its being found necessary to throw it overboard.

We must not omit all mention of what may be called the two national dishes of China, dried sharks' fins and birds' nest soup; both form a part of my Lord Mayor's dinners at the Mansion-house, and are pronounced, by those who have tasted them, to be excellent. The nests are formed of a sea-weed, coated with a gelatinous matter which is deposited by a species of barnacle.

Want of space must deter us from dwelling on the peculiarities of the early tastes of Continental nations. Anthony of Guevara, the chronicler of Charles the Fifth, thus describes a feast at which he was present: "I will tell you no lye—I saw also at another feast such kindes of meates eaten as are wont to be sene, but not eaten; as a horse roasted, a cat in gely, little lyzars with hot broth, frogges fried, and divers other sortes of meates which I saw them eate, but I never knew what they were till they were eaten."

Holingshed notices at a banquet, given in the time of Elizabeth, by a French general, "the flesh of a powdered (*i. e.* salted) horse." The other dishes, he says, were neither flesh nor fish. Much curious information of the same sort is to be picked up from the old chroniclers, but we shall confine our remarks to the culinary arrangements of our ancestors.

The Britons were not without their peculiarities. They denied themselves hare, goose, and fowl; with this exception, they lived in a rational manner upon milk, grain, and flesh, until the Saxons and Danes introduced into the country all sorts of ex-

cesses. The last Danish king, Hardicanute, drank so copious a draught of wine without taking the goblet from his lips, that he was seized with a fit which shortly terminated his existence. Edgar endeavored to restrain the license of the people by a sumptuary law, which permitted but one alehouse in a village, and enacted that all drinking-vessels should be marked with pegs at certain distances, and that any person drinking beyond one of these at a draught should be severely punished. A great advance toward refinement resulted from the Norman conquest. The Saxons, say the old chroniclers, delighted in the abundance of their food; the Normans in its delicacy: yet the profusion and unwieldly magnificence that characterized the English households down to the sixteenth century, had its origin doubtless in the fashion which William introduced of attaching numerous and important offices to the dining-hall and kitchen. Chivalry, too, must have had its share in developing the English love of feasting and good cheer which was at its height in the time of the first Edwards and Richard the Second. Stowe describes all the particulars of a feast given by Edward the Third on the marriage of his son the Duke of Clarence, at which Petrarch was present; "and such," he says, "was the sumptuousnesse of that banquet, that the meates which were brought from the table would sufficiently have served ten thousand men."

The prodigality of Richard the Second was enormous. Two thousand cooks, many of them French, and three hundred servitors, were employed in his kitchen; ten thousand visitors daily attended his Court and went satisfied from his table. To furnish food for this numerous company, twenty-eight oxen, three hundred sheep, an incredible number of fowls, and all sorts of game, were slaughtered every morning. The grandeur of Solomon only can be compared to it. His provision for the day was thirty measures of fine flour, and threescore measures of meal; ten fat oxen, and twenty oxen out of the pastures, and a hundred sheep; beside harts, and roebuck, and fallow-deer, and fatted fowl. The luxury of the clergy did not fall far short of regal profusion. At Canterbury, says Giraldus Cambrensis, in the time of Henry the Second, the table of the monks consisted "of most costly dainties, and of wine so great was the va-

riety, that no place could be found for ale, though the best was made in England, and particularly in Kent."

Of the prior and monks of Saint Swithin at Winchester, he states, that "they threw themselves prostrate at the feet of Henry the Second, and with many tears complained to him that the bishop of the diocese to whom they were subject, as their abbot, had withdrawn from them three of the usual number of their dishes. Henry inquired of them how many there still remained, and being informed they had ten, he said that he himself was contented with three, and imprecated a curse on the bishop if he did not reduce them to that number."

Fuller, in his quaint style, mentions a reproof of Henry the Eighth, administered in the shape of a practical joke to an abbot of Reading: "King Henry the Eighth, as he was hunting in Windsor Forest, either casually lost, or (more probably) willfully losing himself, struck down about dinner-time to the abbey of Reading, where, disguising himself, (much for delight, more for discovery, to see unseen,) he was invited to the abbot's table, and passed for one of the king's guard; a place to which the proportion of his person might properly entitle him. A sirloine of beef was set before him, (so knighted, saith tradition, by this King Henry,) on which the king laid on lustily, not disgracing one of that place for whom he was mistaken. 'Well fare thy heart,' quoth the abbot, 'and here in a cup of sack I remember the health of his grace your master. I would give an hundred pounds on the condition I could feed so heartily on beef as you doe. Alas! my weak and queazie stomach will hardly digest the wing of a small rabbit or chicken.' The king pleasantly pledged him, and heartily thanked him for his good cheer; after dinner, departed as undiscovered as he came thither. Some weeks after, the abbot was sent for by a pursuivant, brought up to London, clapped in the Tower, kept close prisoner, fed for a short time on bread and water; yet not so empty his body of food as his mind was filled with fears creating many suspicions to himself when and how he had incurred the king's displeasure. At last a sirloine of beef was set before him, on which the abbot fed as the farmer of his grange, and verified the proverb that two hungry meales make the third a glutton. In springs King Henry out of a private

lobbie where he had placed himself, the invisible spectator of the abbot's behavior. 'My lord,' quoth the king, 'presently deposit your hundred pounds in gold, or else no going hence all the days of your life. I have been your physician to cure you of your queazie stomach, and here, as I deserve, I demand my fee for the same.' The abbot down with his dust, and glad to have escaped so, returned to Reading as somewhat lighter in his purse, so much more merrier in heart than when he came thence."

The hours that were spent at the festive board may be very well gathered from an anecdote related by Thomas Wilson, in his *Arte of Rhetoricke*, of an Italian who desired an interview with the Archbishop of York, and found him engaged in a "solemne longe dinner," which began at eleven o'clock. "It fortuneth that as they were sette, the Italian knocked at the gate, unto whom the porter perceiving his errand, answered that my lord bishoppe was at diner. The Italian departed and and retourned betwixt twelve and one; the porter answered they were yet at diner. He came again at two of the clocke; the porter told him they had not half dined. He came at three a clocke, unto whom the porter in a heate answered never a word, but churlishlie did shute the gates upon him. Whereupon others told the Italian that there was no speaking with my lord almost all that daie for the solemne diner sake. The gentleman Italian wondering much at such a long sitting, and leavyng the despatch of his matters with a dere frende of his, took his journey towards Italie. Three years after it happened that an Englishman came to Rome, with whom the Italian by chaunce fallying acquainted, asked him if he knewe the Archbishoppe of Yorke? The Englishman said he knew him right well. 'I pray you tell me,' quoth the Italian, 'hath that archbishoppe yet dined?'"

The simplicity of the mode of living at Oxford in the sixteenth century is very remarkable in the midst of such general excess. Boiled beef, with pottage and bread and beer, was the ordinary dinner. The commons of beef valued a half-penny, but those with a keen appetite could manage a pennyworth. What the bread was like we learn from Holingshed: "The brede through the land is made of such graine as the soil yieldeth; neverthelesse the gentilitie commonlie provide themselves

sufficientlie of wheat for their own tables, whilst their household and poore neighbours in some shires are inforced to content themselves with rie or barlie—yea, and in the time of dearth, manie with brede made of benes, peason, or oates, or of altogether, and some acorns among." The gluttony of the clergy, only partially redeemed by their charity, was one of the causes which justified the ruin inflicted on them by Henry, which Cranmer vainly hoped to advert by the regulations he drew up in 1541 to restrain their extravagance. The document which, among other provisions, restricts the archbishop to six kinds of flesh at one dinner, except when he is entertaining an ambassador, on which occasion no limit is placed upon his hospitality, and ordains that no more than a single bird of the size of a turkey be served on one dish, has the following appendix. "Memorandum: That this order was kept for two or three monthes, tyll by the disusyng of certaine wyful persons it came to the olde excesse."

Blackbirds, as well as the swan and crane, are among the different articles of food enumerated by Cranmer. The last-mentioned bird must have once been very abundant in Great Britain, for it was a standing dish on all occasions. It was a crane that had been spoiled in cooking that so incited the wrath of William I. that he aimed a blow at the head of his prime favorite Fitzosborne, who brought the dish to table.

Hérons and curlews were also eaten frequently. In the establishment of the Earl of Northumberland, twenty swans were killed and eaten in the course of every year. Turkeys, although particularly alluded to by Cranmer, are said by Baker, a writer of that day, not to have come into England until 1524. But the dish that of all others a host delighted to place before his guests was the peacock in his brilliant plumage, with his train spread and comb guilt. No great dinner was without it, and on its preparation the cook expended his utmost skill. Mathew Prior states that it was frequently the prize given to the successful competitor at quintin; in which case it must often have caused its owner as much bewilderment as Lord Clare's haunch of venison occasioned poor Goldsmith. It was the favorite dish of Pope Julius III., of whom Holingshed relates the following anecdote. "At another time, he, sitting at dinner,

pointing to a peacocke upon his table which he had not touched, 'Keepe,' said he, 'that colde peacocke for me against supper, and let me sup in the garden, for I shall have guests.' So when supper came, and amongst other hot peacockes he saw not his colde peacocke brought to his table, the Pope, after his wonted manner, most horribly blaspheming God, fell in an extreame rage, etc. Whereupon, one of the cardinals sitting by desired him saying, 'Let not your holinesse, I praie you, be so moved with a matter of so small weight.' Then this Julius the Pope, answering again, 'What,' said he, 'if God was so angrie for one apple that he cast our first parents out of Paradise for the same, whie may not I, being his vicar, be angrie then for a peacocke, sithens a peacocke is a greater matter than an apple?'"

The boar's head at Christmas, and a mighty gammon of bacon at Easter, eaten by every orthodox family to mark their abhorrence of Judaism, conclude the bill of fare most peculiar to our forefathers. In case any of our readers be induced to repine at the fact that the vast magnificence and hospitality of the feudal ages belong not to the present day, we may remind them that pewter was a luxury in the time of Elizabeth, and that forks were not in use till James I. was on the throne. Notwithstanding the obvious comfort and utility of the fork, it shared the fate of most inventions, great and small; its introduction was vehemently opposed, on the ground that it was a foppish fashion, borrowed from foreigners. Coryat, to whom we are indebted for this necessary article, gives the following curious account of it in his *Crudities*:

"The Italian doe alwaies at their meales use a little forke when they cut their meate. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hande, they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten the forke, which they hold in their other hand, upon the same dish; so that whatsoever he be that, sitting in the company of any others at meate, should unadvisedly touch the dish of meate with his fingers, from which all at the table doe cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the lawes of good manners, insomuch that for his error he shall be at least browbeaten, if not reprehended in wordes. This forme of feeding is, I understand, generally used in all places of Italy, their forkes being made for

the most part of yron or steele, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is because the Italian cannot by any means indure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon, I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany and oftentimes in England since I came home—being once quipped for that frequent using of my forke by a certain learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one M. Lawrence Whitaker, who, in his merry humour, doubted not to call me Furcifer, only for using a forke at feeding, but for no other cause."

The survey that has been taken of the habits of various nations in regard to diet is sufficient to show how difficult, if not impossible, it would be to discover any thing belonging to the vegetable or animal kingdoms that has not, some time or other, been used as food. Experience teaches us with what unbounded freedom the world, as a whole, has taken advantage of the permission to use as meat every herb and every moving thing. It has taught us also pretty plainly what kinds of food are the most nutritious, but why they were so Science could alone explain. From experience we learn the use of beans and bacon, pork and pease-pudding, veal and ham. Science explains the advantage of this mixture of different kinds of food. The first great principle in regard to food appears to be, that as the constituents of the blood may be arranged in the four classes of water, salts, substances containing nitrogen, as the albumen and fibrin of the muscles, and substances containing no nitrogen, as fat; so in food, to make it capable of supporting life, the same four constituents must be present, for there is no proof that animals have any power of converting one of these substances into another. We consequently find all four in both animal and vegetable food and in milk. In milk there are curds which contain nitrogen, the cream and milk-sugar, which contain no nitrogen, water and salts. In animal food we have fibrin, fat, water, and salts. The similarity in composition between fat, and the sugar and starch which form the chief part of vegetables, has long been known to be extremely close, but beyond this it is now discovered that vegetables contain a sub-

stance identical with the albumen and fibrin of the blood. Water and salts also exist in vegetables. All three sources of food, therefore, contain the elements necessary to perfect nutrition, but in very different proportions; those being the most nutritious which contain the largest proportion of fibrin and albumen—the chief constituents of the blood. Flesh contains far more albumen than corn, and corn, again, like most seeds, more than potatoes. Yet potatoes will support life. The experiment was tried upon some men and boys confined in the Glasgow Bridewell; they were allowed six pounds of potatoes a day; they all thrived, and regretted the return to the ordinary diet. A very similar experiment was made by John Hunter upon an eagle, and apparently with equal success, for the bird thrived, but he became so dissatisfied with his vegetable diet that he broke his chain and flew away. The amount of albumen is so small that a larger quantity of vegetable food is required than of animal; the sensation of hunger, too, is partly removed by the consequent distension of the stomach. It is related of a Scotch regiment, accustomed to full meals of oatmeal, that, when put upon good English rations, they complained that they never had a bellyfull; and when money was given them by the colonel's wife, they all ran to the bakers' shops. A light belt round the body would have relieved their uneasiness. The fakirs are enabled to accomplish their lengthened fasts by fastening a board upon the stomach, and daily increasing the pressure. It must be upon this principle that the negroes of Guinea, the Javanese, and several South American tribes, eat clay as a luxury. Humboldt relates of the Otomacks, a savage race on the banks of the Orinoco, that they appease their hunger for two or three months by filling themselves with clay.

From the fables that Hercules lived upon beef and figs, and that Chiron fed Achilles in his infancy upon the marrow of lions and bulls, we see that the ancients had a correct notion of the value of animal food. To do work, food rich in nitrogen, as indicating the amount of albumen present, is requisite. Highest in this scale stands the flesh of mammalia; that of a darker color is rather more nutritious than white meat, otherwise they are identical. The flesh of birds, and still more that of fish, is less nutritious than that of

mammals. Jockeys at Newmarket take advantage of this fact, and when desirous of reducing their weight by wasting, never touch meat when fish is to be obtained. No traveler has beheld the dwarfish and hideous appearance of the Fuegians of South America, without attributing it to their food being at the best only shell-fish.

Although the value of food depends upon the amount of albuminous substances contained it, although albuminous substances support the muscles, and repair the waste that they undergo in exertion, yet albumen alone will not support life, except for a very limited period. It was found impossible to sustain the life of geese by means of the white of egg; and the same was the case with animals fed on fibrin. Majendie mentions that animals fed on from one to three pounds of fibrin, extracted from beefsteak, daily for two months, died of inanition.

On the other hand, fatty substances are equally incapable of affording the nourishment necessary to life. Animals who have been fed on fresh butter, lard, and fat, refused after some time to take the food, and ultimately died starved, although in a remarkable state of embonpoint. It is very probable that fat and all other non-nitrogenous substances merely serve for the process of respiration, by means of their carbon. They certainly furnish a large supply of the carbon, which, by its combination in the blood with oxygen, forms carbonic acid, on the production of which in the body animal heat depends. This is so intimately connected with food, that it is impossible to separate them, if we would render the subject intelligible. Chemistry has proved that under whatever circumstances carbonic acid is produced, its production is invariably accompanied by heat. The body, therefore, in which this combination of oxygen and carbon is constantly going on, has not inaptly been compared to a furnace, and the food to fuel. If we apply the bellows to a furnace, and force into the burning mass an increased supply of air, and consequently of oxygen, the heat is more intense, the combustion more rapid. So when by exercise we force oxygen more quickly through the body, by deeper and more frequent inspirations, the heat of the body is raised, and we are sooner hungry than if we have been at rest. This at once explains the reason why the inhabitants of cold climates require such vast

quantities of food. The cold air they breathe is so condensed that at each respiration they breathe more oxygen than they would under a warmer sky. In addition to this, a greater amount of heat must be given off from the living body to surrounding media, when the temperature is low, than when it is high; and hence a larger quantity of combustible matter is required under the former circumstances than under the latter. Nature has taken care liberally to provide for this want of northern races, by an abundance of oil and fat, which contain seventy per cent. of carbon, and has blessed them with a relish for their peculiar diet, which nothing can overcome. A party of Esquimaux, who were brought to England some years ago, on their way back, smelled a half-putrid whale about half a mile from the road, when they immediately set off, men and women, to regale themselves. In one of the Arctic voyages a race of people were discovered who were unacquainted with the taste of sweets; and their children made very wry faces at sugar, and sputtered it out in disgust; but the small urchins grinned with ecstasy at the sight of a piece of whale's blubber.

The gormandizing powers of the natives of the Arctic regions are marvelous. An Esquimaux, according to Sir John Ross, consumes twenty pounds of flesh and oil daily. Captain Cochrane states that a good calf, weighing about two hundred pounds, may serve four or five Jakuti for a single meal. He has repeatedly seen a Jakut or Tongonse devour forty pounds of meat a day; and once witnessed three of them consume a reindeer at one meal.

"If," says Liebig, "we were to go naked like certain savage tribes, or in hunting and fishing be exposed to the same degree of cold as the Samoyedes, we should be able with ease to eat daily ten pounds of flesh, and perhaps a dozen of tallow-candles into the bargain, as warmly-clad travelers have related with astonishment of these people." Our clothing, no doubt, by keeping up the heat of the body, diminishes the necessity for an extraordinary supply of food, and accounts for the very moderate allowance which commanders of our Arctic expeditions found sufficient for the health of their men. In 1827, Captain Parry found two ounces of biscuit, one ounce of sweetened cocoa-powder, one gill of rum, and nine ounces of pemmican, (which is prepared by drying large thin

slices of the lean of meat over the smoke of a wood fire, pounding it, and then mixing it with about its own weight of fat,) a sufficient daily provision, while his crew were on shipboard; one third more was given them during their harassing journey across the ice. Dr. Rae's dietary was on a very similar scale. Nevertheless, we can not attribute the vast difference between this seemingly scanty allowance and the enormous meals consumed by the natives, solely to the clothing. It would appear that a propensity to eat largely belongs to certain races, as well as individuals. The Laplanders and Icelanders are not remarkable for their large appetites; while the Hottentots and Bushmen indulge in beastly gluttony. "Ten of our Hottentots," says Barrow, "ate a middling-sized ox, all but the two hind legs, in three days." And he mentions that three Bosjesmans, who had a sheep given them about five in the evening, had entirely eaten it by noon of the next day. They continued to eat all night, without sleep and without interruption, till they had finished the whole animal.

The effect of an abundance of fatty and vegetable food, and a deficiency of oxygen, in producing fat, is familiar to every owner of live stock. Fowls when being fattened for the London market are confined in the dark, and crammed with a paste made of oatmeal, mutton suet, and treacle, or coarse sugar, mixed with milk. On this diet they are completely ready in a fortnight; if kept longer, they get out of health. In like manner disease attacks Europeans who endeavor, with the aid of cayenne pepper and brandy, to eat in tropical climates as much food as they were accustomed to at home. The influence of external temperature, excess of food, and want of exercise, upon the condition of the liver, is well seen in that especial delicacy, foie-gras. The goose destined to furnish this luxury is shut up in a basket just large enough to contain it, but which prevents any motion, within a room highly heated, and is assiduously stuffed with food. There is a hole in its prison through which it pokes its head to get at a trough of charcoal and water. "The darkness," observes Sonnini, who has given us an account of the process, "is doubtless beneficial, because it prevents all distraction, and directs the whole powers towards the digestive organs!" In a month the liver has acquired the requisite

size and true flavor. Just now, in England, there are geese—noble geese some of them, too—who subject themselves voluntarily to a similar discipline. Besides the regular course of stuffing and cramming, and heated rooms, and an idle life, they make still more perfect the resemblance between themselves and the Strasbourg goose by munching charcoal, charcoal biscuits, as a cure for dyspepsia—with what chance of success their German relative, the next time they meet him at table, will best inform them. The exposure that Dr. Hassall made of the Revalenta Arabica would have been expected to deter them from having any thing more to do with invalids' food. If they have not read this book, then let them, by all means, turn at once to his account of Du Barry's health-restoring food. There they will see that the flour puffed off as a "delicious farina, procured from an African plant resembling the honeysuckle," and capable of curing every complaint, mental and bodily, in every quarter of the globe, was composed of lentils and barley flour, which the excellent proprietor condemned as "devoid of all curative properties, heavy, indigestible, most injurious, and excellently adapted for pigs."

To return from this digression. Nature has not less carefully provided for the requirements of the inhabitants of other climates than she has for the Arctic races. The herds of Britain were famous even in Cæsar's time; the wheat of the south of Europe contains more gluten and nutritive matter than our own, and hence is peculiarly fitted for making macaroni; hence, too, the nourishment the Italians find in their polenta, which is simply corn meal mixed with cheese and baked into a pudding. The West-Indians, again, never tire of the produce of the sugar-cane. During the sugar season every negro, and even the dogs, grow fat. This was more re-

markably the case before the emancipation of the slaves. Now they are better provided for all the year round; but their taste for sugar remains the same. The children suck bits of cane morning, noon, and night, and an adult will take up, when an opportunity offers, two or three handfuls of sugar and cram it into his mouth. Three table-spoonfuls in a cup of coffee is about the ordinary allowance. It is a mistake to suppose that sugar spoils the teeth, for no people have finer teeth than the negroes in Jamaica. It is particularly mentioned of a certain Duke of Beaufort, who died of fever in his seventieth year, that he daily ate for the last forty years of his life a pound of sugar, and yet that all his teeth were in good preservation. We may, therefore, conclude that this erroneous notion was the device of economical house-keepers in the days when sugar was an expensive article in the grocer's bill. Lastly, rice affords a hundred million of the inhabitants of the earth the chief means of sustenance, and although chiefly cultivated in countries bordering on the tropics, deserves equally with wheat the title of the staff of life.

It is time that we conclude these remarks; we have been led further than we intended, and yet the subject is far from being exhausted. Enough, however, has been said to show how idle are the scruples and prejudices by which we endeavor to thwart the dispensation of Providence, and deprive ourselves of the materials which have been placed at our disposal for the purpose of food; and how much reason we have to bless the Orderer of all things who has provided for every man, whether he be an inhabitant of a civilized land where commerce brings every thing within his reach, or of a less favored region where he enjoys the simple fare best suited to afford him his daily bread.

From Tait's Magazine.

A ROMANCE OF VALENCIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGGARS AND THE BETROTHED.

"'Tis a lovely night, Tovalito; see how brightly the stars are shining! Many a worse night than this have I slept beneath their canopy, with nothing but my cloak for a covering; and I will venture to say that I slept as well, if not better, than many of those grand signors now assembled in yonder mansion ever slept on their downy beds; and, please God, I will make my couch this blessed night upon this green turf, with the sod for my pillow, and the heavens for my roof," said Paco Rosales, stretching himself on the sward in front of a large mansion, situated near Valencia, the ancient city of the Cid, in the midst of its own gardens, which were watered by the Guadalquivir, whilst another mendicant, who had lost his right arm, and was also blind of one eye, stood looking through the windows of the brilliantly illuminated hall of the mansion.

"I am here for the whole night," repeated Paco Rosales, as he drew his tattered cloak around his shoulders. "It cheers me to hear the sound of the flutes, and the tinkling of the violas. Besides, I like to watch all those great lords and fine ladies going in and coming out; and who knows but we may chance to pick up a handful or two of reals. I did hear this morning, at the door of Notre Dame de los Desemparados, that the Signor Don Antonia de Guevara, in celebration of his marriage, had given alms to be distributed among the poor of Valencia. My God reward him for his charity. Come this way, Tovalito."

"Not I," said the other mendicant, "I can see what's going on much better where I am."

"But I see a still better place. Come, follow me," urged Paco Rosales, as he crept stealthily along a quickset hedge,

which inclosed the garden, in search of a door that opened on the terrace; but finding it locked, he clambered over the hedge into the garden, closely followed by his companion. They then concealed themselves in a thicket, embowered by vines and Spanish jessamines, which formed the inner inclosure of the terrace. The windows of the ball-room, which was on the ground floor, opening on this side, and the Venetian blinds being raised, enabled the two mendicants to see distinctly into the saloon, the walls of which were hung with green garlands and colored lamps of every hue, whilst suspended from the center of the ceiling shone a dazzling luster, blazing with the light of a hundred highly-scented wax tapers.

According to ancient custom, at one end of the room was a raised dias, covered with a rich carpet, around which was a kind of low divan, whereon the women were seated, whilst at the other end the men stood in groups conversing with each other.

"What a grand sight it is, Tovalito, to see all those grandees of Valencia, dressed in their rich brocades and hereditary jewels," said Paco Rosales, "though I can't say that I admire all that powder they wear in their hair; nor that stiff ruff the men wear round their necks, such as we see in the pictures of Philip the Fourth."

In the midst of these observations a new arrival in the ball-room struck the two friends dumb with surprise and admiration. A young girl, apparently not more than sixteen, entered, leaning upon a fine, tall, handsome cavalier. As they advanced up the room, the eyes of the whole assembly were directed toward them, whilst exclamations of wonder and admiration greeted them on every side. Evidently abashed by the sensation which their appearance created, the young girl timidly shrunk back, and would have quitted her partner's side, if he, having taken her

hand, had not immediately led her to the dance, where soon her slight form was seen moving in graceful undulations through the mazes of the fantastical bolero. This young creature, so remarkable for her beauty, was also distinguished by the simple elegance of her attire. Completely robed in white, she wore no ornament in her hair, which, drawn back from her round fair forehead, fell in jetty ringlets over her ivory shoulders. A single row of costly diamonds, however, encircled her throat. The cavalier with whom she was dancing, and who appeared to watch her with a jealous anxiety, was a young man of high family and great military renown. He was also wealthy, and the heir of vast estates in Portugal. Doubtless many a young girl envied Donna Theresa her good fortune in having so fine and brave a youth as Antonio de Guevara for her future husband.

"My stars!" said Tovalito, opening his one eye still wider than before, "my stars, what magnificence, what grandeur, what wealth there is in that room, and what beautiful ladies! Why, they have as many jewels round their necks as would buy up all Valencia, and make the fortunes besides of two such poor creatures as thou and I. Aye, and as would tempt many an honest fellow as good a Christian as ourselves."

"Hold thy tongue!" Tovalito, gravely interrupted Paco Rosales, "covetousness is a useless sin. We should look at the property of others without stretching out our hands, except for what they give us. Dost thou see Donna Theresa?—she who is dancing with the tall cavalier dressed in black velvet, with the diamond egret in his hat?"

"Yes, he looks like a crow leading a white dove," answered Tovalito.

"Thy comparison only holds good with regard to his dress; for he is the handsomest youth in Valencia," replied Paco. "But how pale she looks!" added he; "her partner must be Don Guevara, her affianced husband; I do not know him. Yet, now that I look at him, I think I have seen him before."

"At the door of Notre Dame de los Desemparados?" asked Tovalito.

"The very place," replied Paco, with a mysterious look; "and for that reason I came here to see the bridal party. I can tell thee now, that it was not for him the Donna Theresa made such long prayers

every morning at the church of Notre Dame."

"Ah! and who told thee that, friend Paco?" asked the blind mendicant.

"Never mind, comrade, we respectable beggars who frequent the doors of churches see a great deal which we never talk about."

"Good!" said the other mendicant, as he crossed his only remaining arm over his breast, and closed his one eye with a look of beatitude. "I am going to repose myself; and as no one will come here to disturb us, thou shalt relate me a story—a tale of love."

CHAPTER II.

THE STRANGE LOVER.

"FRIEND Tovalito," said Paco Rosales, much in the same manner as the Sultanness Scheherazade commenced her fine stories, "if I were to relate to thee all the love tales that I know, we should have enough for every night of our lives, but this one that I am going to tell thee, although not less interesting and curious, will not last till the dawn. Now, since we have abundance of time before us, I must first tell the genealogy of the Vasconcellos, which many carry back to the time of the Cid Campeadors, but we are not at all agreed upon that, nor does it prevent us, when we ask charity from the family, from saying: 'For the name of God! have pity upon a poor Christian, noble descendant of the Cid.' It was thus that I always asked alms of Don Diego, a good old signor, who came to the Church of Notre Dame de los Desemparados, and to which I owe many a handful of reals. It is now about ten years since the worthy old man died, leaving behind him a widow and four daughters, who are still quite young. He did not leave much property to his wife, and that, being a small entailed estate, goes to the eldest daughter; so that the three youngest daughters being unprovided for, their mother, a proud ambitious woman, sooner than they should marry beneath their rank, resolved that they should take the veil. The two eldest of these entered the Benedictine convent. Donna Theresa, the youngest of the sisters, was to have been provided for in the same manner; but when she attained her fifteenth year,

every one who saw her said: 'Donna Theresa is so very beautiful that the widow Vasconcellos will not be under the necessity of providing for her in a nunnery; the signors will be glad to marry her, portionless as she is.' She always came to prayers with her mother at the Notre Dame de los Desamparados. At that time I stood near the door on the third step toward the left; we had held that place from father to son without ever having given cause of offense or complaint; I can say that. When Donna Beatrice and her daughter arrived, I never failed to take off my hat, and say, in a respectful tone, 'Noble descendants of the Cid, charity, in the name of God!' It flattered the old lady's pride to be thus addressed, and she invariably gave me something, and Donna Theresa, putting aside her vail, would drop a maraveda into my hat. Sometimes she would say to me in her low, sweet voice, 'God help thee, my poor man! say a prayer for me at Notre Dame de las Nieves.' And I did pray, Tovalito, that He would bless the young girl, and grant her a good husband, instead of shutting her up between four walls. And I am not sure that He has not heard my prayer; for thou seest that she has found a fine one, young, brave, and rich! Many's the serenade she has had under her window when the old lady was a-bed. I know of four handsome cavaliers who were in love with Donna Theresa, who used to follow her to Notre Dame de los Desamparados, and wait for her outside. But she never looked at one of them, and kept herself closely veiled. I know of another, however, at whom she *did* look. He was the most persevering of all her admirers. At first she treated him with the same cold indifference she did the others; but one morning this fine, aristocratic-looking signor, whose name I do not know—for he was a stranger in Valencia—came up to me: 'Thou art acquainted with the beautiful young lady who goes to church at Notre Dame. Wilt thou give her this note, and take this for thy trouble?' said he, putting a note and a doubloon into my hand. He spoke so politely, and yet with so much authority, that I could not refuse."

"Aye, friend Paco, there is certainly an irresistible authority in a doubloon!" interrupted Tovalito.

"But I was greatly embarrassed," continued Paco, without noticing this sarcastic observation, "for I knew not who

the signor was, nor did I know in what manner to accost Donna Theresa. However, I took my usual station on the third step of Notre Dame, put the paper into my hat, and the doubloon into my pocket, and awaited patiently the arrival of the two ladies. I was not there long when they made their appearance. Dost thou know, Tovalito, that there is a natural cunning in all women that would deceive and throw any man off his guard? Would'st thou believe it; when Donna Theresa was passing me on her way out of church, she slipped her hand very quietly, without even looking at me, into my hat, and took out the note, leaving in its stead a handful of reals? The strange cavalier, who was standing a step below me had no occasion to ask if I had performed his commission, for he saw the transaction. A moment afterward he walked away after the ladies. I saw no more of him for several days after that, till one day that Donna Beatrice had gone to pay her eldest daughters the Countess de Vasconcellos, a visit at Oriheula. I was in my usual place, when Donna Theresa came with her duenna to morning prayers, and immediately following her was the young cavalier, who had given me the letter ten days before. From that day he came regularly to the morning service, but he gave me no more epistles. Three weeks afterward the Dowager Countess de Vasconcellos returned to Valencia, and I again lost sight of Donna Theresa's lover. The first Sunday after her return, the old lady was more profuse than usual in her charity, and said to me as she passed me on her way from church, 'On Thursday morning after Pentecost, I give bread and wine to the poor; come and take thy part of it.'"

"It was to-day," interrupted Tovalito.

"I know it; but I did not choose to put myself out for such a trifle. Donna Theresa kept her vail down, so that I did not see her face, but I knew by the sound of her voice that she was weeping: 'Pray to God for me, good Paco,' said she, putting some money into my hat. That following Sunday, when the prayers were over, the reverend father Marco published the banns of marriage between Donna Theresa de Vasconcellos, and Signor Don Antonio de Guevara, and the report was immediately spread that alms were to be distributed at the church door, to the poor, in the name of Don Guevara, who is a

stranger here, and a native of Seville. I, of course, thought that Signor Antonio and the stranger who had been so liberal of his notes and doubloons was the same person. Being, therefore, curious to see the bride and bridegroom, I strung my wallet over my shoulder, and came hither this evening, as thou knowest. But instead of seeing, as I expected, the gallant who was so generous to me, I see a man whose face I can not recognize. By the hairs of my head! he is no more like Donna Theresa's lover, than thou art, with thy blind eye, and one arm, Tovalito! No, no! it is not he whom the beautiful bride loves; and yet she will be married to him to-morrow by the dignitary the Canon don Ignacio de Vasconcellos, her uncle."

"Perhaps not!" interrupted a voice that made the two mendicants start to their feet. A tall man stood before them; his form was commanding, his features were regular and handsome, his beard, which was light, was cut to a point, and thus displayed the perfect oval of his fine face. A large wide-brimmed hat slouched over his eyes, and fell behind over the collar of the ample cloak which concealed the rest of his person. "Here," said he, throwing a doubloon into Paco Rosales' hat, which always occupied a prominent position, even when the owner himself stood modestly back—"would'st thou be clever and daring enough to deliver this note"—holding one up—"to its address?"

Paco, who was quite stupid by the sudden and unexpected appearance of the stranger, made him no reply, but took the note mechanically, and putting it into his hat, left the thicket where he and his companion had lain concealed from observation.

CHAPTER III.

THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

THEY were still dancing in the ball-room; twenty couples with their light castanets marked the time of the lively and graceful bolero, whilst the windows, in the obscurity of the night, formed two vast illumined frames, in which these *tableaux vivans* came and disappeared, like the changing views of a diorama. As Paco drew nearer to the front of the house, he could distinguish the form of Donna Theresa, as she leant pensively

over the balcony, apart from the busy crowd within. Don Guevara was standing by her side, and she appeared to listen to the words he addressed to her with a calm and mild attention; but a close observer might have seen her lip quiver, her cheek grow pale, and her fair young brow slightly contract with the pain of suppressed emotion; whilst the flowers which she held in her hand trembled and shook, although there was not a breath of air sufficient to agitate or set them in motion.

Without, all was still and silent; the terrace, which was but faintly and partially illuminated by the reflection of the lights from the ball-room, was mostly in the shade, and the garden beyond it was in the deepest obscurity; for dark clouds covered the sky and mingled the horizon with the deep blue of the distant sea. Theresa gazed in a silent and melancholy abstraction upon the gloomy landscape before her, which, from its dark and lowering aspect, seemed to sympathize with the troubled thoughts of the young girl.

At this moment a light breeze sprung up, and shook the branches of the orange trees, and bent the heads of the two palms, which grew so near the house that their foliage completely shaded that end of the balcony occupied by the Spanish maiden and her intended lord. The sound evidently awakened some association in her mind that pained and distressed her, for she started, sighed deeply, and turned uneasily aside.

"I fear thou art indisposed, my love," whispered Don Antonio, in a tone of tender solicitude.

"Do not be uneasy, Signor," replied Theresa, "the crowd and heat of the ball-room have overcome me—I shall soon be better."

"The fresh air of the garden would doubtless revive thee; suffer me to lead thee to it, my Theresa?"

The tender tones of her lover's voice appeared to displease her, for she feigned not to have heard what he said, and turned away to join her mother in the saloon; but at that moment a dark shadow passed beneath the balcony, and stood still when it reached the palm trees which overhung the end of it. The young girl shuddered, for the figure was so near her that she could have touched it with her hand. At length a plaintive voice, which she instantly recognized, cried, "Charity, noble descendant of the Cid, charity for a poor

Christian! God will reward you for it in this world and the next!"

These well known sounds again awakened the associations which had before disturbed her mind; a death-like pallor overspread her countenance, and a faint exclamation escaped from her trembling lips.

"That wretched creature has alarmed thee," said Don Antonio, looking angrily toward the spot where Paco Rosales stood, half concealed beneath the palm trees, "How has he dared to come here? I will go and have him turned out."

"Signor," quickly interrupted Donna Theresa, "he is here by my leave; I gave him permission to enter the garden to see the fete; I know the man; he is a pensioner of my mother's."

"Charity, charity, noble young lady! charity for a poor Christian;" again cried Paco Rosales, holding up his hat.

Theresa bending low put some money into it, and furtively withdrew the note, which she concealed within her bosom; then pale, and trembling, with her hands pressed upon her heart, she stood still and motionless, gazing into the obscurity of the terrace as if in search of some object of deep interest and anxiety. Paco Rosales had already disappeared, and joined his companion at the place where he had left him.

"What is the matter?" said he, seeing Tovalito with his hand on the hilt of his dagger: "why dost thou look so angry and excited, what hast thou seen?"

"I have seen one whom I did not expect to meet here," replied Tovalito, in a low voice. "I have just stood face to face with my enemy, my mortal enemy. By every drop of blood in my veins, his life hung but by a thread."

"But where is he?" asked Paco Rosales, more and more astonished.

The other mendicant, after looking cautiously round him, replied in a still lower tone, "Close to us, perhaps; it is the same cavalier who gave thee the letter awhile ago, and whose name thou art in ignorance of. Let us go further off, and I will tell it to thee."

Tovalito, drawing his companion away from the garden, sat down under the hedge outside, and Paco took his seat close by him: "Well; who is this gallant?" asked he. "He is not what he appears then?" Thou hast recognized in him a comrade, perhaps?"

"No," replied Tovalito, coldly; "I recognized Don Alonzo de Gusman, the eldest son of the Duke de Medina Sidonia, Governor of Andalusia, and a Grandee of Spain."

"What dost thou say, Tovalito? so powerful a Signor. Oh! and pray what is he doing at Valencia, alone, and without attendants?"

"I know not; it was not in this country I knew him; no doubt he is here on some secret State affair."

"This is some mysterious history," said Paco Rosales, "and I pray thee let me hear it. This time we are alone, thou canst speak fearlessly."

"It is no love story, nor did I learn it, unfortunately, at the door of a church," answered Tovalito, drawing a deep sigh; "formerly, I led a different life to this."

"Merciful Heavens!" interrupted Paco, "what dost thou mean? Well, I have always suspected that thou hadst another manner for asking for money from thy neighbors."

"Yes, before taking up the wallet I carried the musket. It is not from thee, friend Paco, that I would conceal what happened to me during my campaigns. First, then, thou must know that professionally, sometimes for one thing, sometimes another, I made a great many journeys to the frontier; often being in Portugal in the morning, and in Spain in the evening; and if I had been content to follow my own little commerce, instead of meddling with State affairs, I should now be in a very different position. It was that which ruined me. But thou dost not understand what I allude to, Paco."

"Not I, by my soul!" replied the mendicant, with an ironical smile; "is it that instead of having followed thy trade on thine own account, thou didst march under the orders of some grandee?"

"Thou hast guessed it. There was at that time a much more dangerous trade than mine going on at the frontier. Since the Duke de Braganza had revolted against our master the King of Spain, and the Portuguese rebels had put the crown upon his head, he kept up a secret correspondence with Andalusia. The persons chosen to carry on this correspondence were merchants, monks, and smugglers; by them were the Duke de Sidonia's letters conveyed to the Queen of Portugal, his sister."

"They were affairs of State, perhaps

some conspiracy against the King," interrupted Paco, "and which might have endangered thy neck?"

"No doubt of it," quietly replied Tovalito, "but he who risks nothing gains nothing."

"That is true. Go on with thy story," said Paco Rosales, closing his eyes, "I am listening."

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONTRABANDISTA.

"I did not know exactly what they were plotting," said Tovalito; "the letters I carried were sealed; besides, I don't know how to read. At the end of a little time, Don Alonzo de Guzman came to the frontier, under the pretense of visiting a relation, the Marquess d'Agamonte, whose estates lay on the left bank of the Guadiana. Then there were great hunting parties, to which a number of gentlemen were invited from all parts of the country. When I saw the costly entertainments which Don Alonzo gave to all these people, I guessed that some rebellion was ripe for execution. As I am a native of San Lucar de Barrameda, and a subject of the Duke de Sidonia, they trusted me. I was not then as naked and as poor as Job; I had, in the neighborhood of Agamonte, a small house, very much dilapidated, certainly, but it served my purposes, and was a safer retreat for me than four better walls might have been. One day Don Alonzo himself came to me with my orders, which were, that I should repair immediately to Portugal for a large quantity of fire-arms and ammunition. I took my departure that same evening, and two days afterward everything was smuggled into my house. It was a complete arsenal. When Don Alonzo saw how well I had executed my commission, he remitted me five thousand reals and a packet of letters. The reals were for myself, and the letters I was to convey to Lisbon. For that stroke I thought my fortune was made.

It was late when Don Alonzo went away. As I was to start at daybreak, I made all my necessary preparations, and then lay down on the bed in my clothes, and fell asleep. About midnight I had a dream, a terrible dream. I thought that the walls of my house crumbled to pieces, and turned into as many demons, that

mocked and grinned at me as I lay pressed down by some immovable weight. In vain I attempted to scream or call for help, the demons formed a circle round me, which gradually narrowed and narrowed, till I was so closely and tightly hemmed in, that I could no longer breathe, then I gave one shriek of despair and agony, which awoke me, but I awoke to a reality as terrible, and more so, than my dream. Around my bed were about twenty armed men, with drawn swords over my head. In a moment I saw the peril I was in. It was clear to me that we were betrayed; a spy had informed against us, and all must be discovered. The letters were on a small table by my side; the officer who commanded the troop of soldiers seized upon them. I saw that all was over with us, so recommending my soul to God, I took one of my pistols from my belt and fired upon the barrels of gunpowder which stood in the corner of the room.

"Merciful Father! thou mightest have died unrepentant," interrupted Paco Rosales.

"We were blown up," coldly pursued Tovalito. "The roof, the walls, every thing the house contained, were scattered like a handful of dust to the wind. I found myself lying on the floor, in the midst of the ruins; around me were the dead and the dying, whose cries of agony and shrieks of despair still ring in my ears. I endeavored to rise, but fell down again with almost as little life in me as the corpse that was stretched at my side. How long I lay in this state I can not tell, but when I came to my senses it was to find myself blind and mutilated, as you see me. However, I did not then regret it; those letters which would have betrayed every thing were destroyed."

"And Don Alonzo, did he not reward thee for this noble act of fidelity?" interrupted Paco Rosales.

"He? No. When I recovered my senses I was in jail, with a handful of straw for my bed. I thought every day would be my last, so horribly did I suffer from my wounds; but a kind and charitable Franciscan, who visited the prisoners, applied some salve to them, which at length cured me. The cure, however, was not meant to last long, for I was condemned to death, not for a State crime, nothing having been discovered, but for a few miserable bales of merchandise which

I had smuggled. Then I expected that Don Alonzo would come to my assistance, and effect my deliverance, or at least, send me the means of making my escape from the prison; but I was at last undeceived. Immediately after the event he had taken his departure, without caring what would become of me. Perhaps he was in hopes that I should be hung, that he might be rid of me. I got out of it, nevertheless, by the help of God; the evening before I was to be hanged in the great square of Agamonte, I made my escape. I walked for three weeks, only stopping to rest for a few hours, or to beg a morsel of bread at the cottages I passed on my way. At length I reached this good town of Valencia. No longer in a condition to follow my old trade, I made up my mind to get my living, like many other honest folks, by begging at the church doors. This is my history, and the secret of my acquaintance with Don Alonzo de Guzman."

"And well he has recompensed thee, for having lost an eye and an arm in his service, as well as every thing else thou didst possess," cried Paco Rosales; "in thy place, I should have revenged myself, friend Tovalito!"

"Revenged myself! in what manner?"

"This," said Paco, laying his hand on the dagger which he wore in his belt. "Thinkest thou that this does not strike a man as dead as the sword of a hidalgo? Thou hast lost a fine opportunity this night."

"I know it;" replied Tovalito, "there is nothing easier than to kill a man; but what is death to him who has no time to anticipate its approach? He does not even feel it. So poor a revenge would not satisfy me."

Paco Rosales, hearing a slight rustling noise amidst the foliage, arose to see what it was; to his surprise he saw the form of a female, robed in white, emerge from the thicket into the broad walk of the terrace, and after walking a few steps, pause, as if uncertain what to do; then again, as if struck by some sudden thought, it turned to retrace its steps back to the house, when a voice, which he immediately recognized as belonging to the strange cavalier who had given him the note, arrested her further progress. "Theresa," cried he, "I have awaited thee this hour, and I began to upbraid thee for thy tardiness, and to think thou didst not intend to come. In which case I had resolved to

go and tear thee by force from the arms of my detested rival. But thou art here, and now naught can separate us—come, dearest, let us hasten from this, before thou art missed from the ball-room," added Don Alonzo, passing his arm around her waist to draw her away; but the young girl drew timidly from him, and attempted to pass, when again he put his arm around her, and forcibly held her back. "Well!" cried he, with bitter irony, "so thou didst not expect me; but thou seest I am here, and punctual to my time, and ready to fulfill my promise."

"Alas! it is too late; dost thou not know that they are even now celebrating my approaching nuptials with Don Alonzo de Guevara, and that to-morrow he leads me to the altar?"

"Yes, another has received those vows of which I am the dupe; another will receive those tender caresses and soft endearments, for which I have risked my life! Nay, more, my name, mine inheritance. But no, it must not, can not be. Theresa; I will not suffer thee to accomplish thy cruel treason!"

"With what dost thou upbraid me? Didst thou not leave me, without informing me where thou wentest, without one line to say that I was still in thy memory? Had I not to struggle alone against the prayers, the entreaties, and, at length, the authority of my mother? And when I knelt at her feet, and confessed my love for another, I had not even the power of telling her the name of him I loved; for I knew it not."

"Thou shouldst have had more confidence in me, and have trusted to my honor," replied Don Alonzo, proudly; "but there is yet time, I can still save thee; but thou must follow me now—this instant."

"No, no, leave, leave me!" cried she, endeavoring to extricate herself from his arms; but he strained her the more tightly to him, and passionately exclaimed:

"Cruel girl, why wouldst thou quit me? Thou knowest how I love thee. Hast thou already forgotten our moonlight walks amongst these orange groves, and how thou didst swear by their tender buds to love and cherish me—only me? See this orange blossom, it is scarcely blown since then: and yet thou art changed! Can it be that its bloom and scent outlives a woman's love? Oh! Theresa, is this thy love—this thy faith,

thy trust? Have the few days that I was absent, compelled to be absent, wrought this change in thee? Leave thee! yes I will leave thee, since I know thou dost not love me—that thou didst never love me! Farewell, Theresa. I loved thee—I fear I love thee still; but I pity, I despise thee!”

“Oh, signor, recall those words,” cried the young girl, dropping on her knees before him; “recall them ere I leave thee; I have but one moment more to spare; they are already in search of me. My life, nay more than life—my honor is in thy hands! Have mercy on me; say that thou dost not despise me, and let me go. I have loved thee; oh! how well!”

“Then love me still, Theresa,” cried Don Alonzo, raising her in his arms.

“Oh! I do, I do; but I can not—must not.”

“Prove it,” interrupted Don Alonzo. “Thou lackest the courage; thou dost not want it—mine will serve for both,” added he taking her in his arms.

“No, no, it can not be,” answered Theresa weeping bitterly, “I would have followed thee as thy wife into poverty and obscurity. I would have worked—slaved for thee; have sacrificed all—parents, friends, home, the world as thy wife, but not as thy mistress. Thou mayst kill me if thou wilt, but I will not follow thee.”

“Listen,” said he, forcibly detaining her, “the obstacles to our marriage are almost insurmountable; but if thou wilt trust thyself with me, I swear to thee to remove them; but it will be months, per-

haps years, before I can succeed. In the mean time, if thou wilt be content with a private marriage, my hand and soul are thine.”

“O heavens!” hastily interrupted the agitated girl, as she tightly grasped the hand that supported her trembling form, “dost thou hear that noise?”

At that moment the sound of voices and footsteps were heard in the garden, and the lurid light of numerous torches flashed across the walks, and played over the flower-beds, lighting up the remotest parts of the garden, and penetrating the thick foliage of the orange grove and thickets that surrounded the terrace. The name of Theresa resounded from a hundred lips, and echoed from bower to bower; men ran wildly to and fro, their dark countenances lit up by the torches which they bore aloft above their heads, whilst in their midst Don Guevara, pale and haggard-looking, called in accents of despair upon Theresa’s name.

The mendicants, seeing the confusion, joined the throng on the terrace, and pointed out to Don Guevara the place where they had last seen the lovers.

“We saw them, signor,” said Paco, “but a few minutes since, in the orange grove. The cavalier was tall, and wore a long dark cloak; they can not be far off.”

Without waiting to hear more, Don Antonio hastened to the spot. A few minutes after he returned with her diamond necklace in his hand. He had picked it up in the orange grove.

HANDEL.—Germany is desirous to do honor to the memory of one of the greatest musicians the world ever saw, and to whom it was Germany’s privilege to give birth. A monumental edition of Handel’s works is projected, and a committee has been formed for the purpose of superintending the enterprise. The committee consists of most of the great continental publishers and musicians, with one or two London names of eminence. According to the plan of publishing at present devised, the entire series of Handel’s works are to come out in three parts; the first part to consist of his oratorios; the second, of

his operas; and the third, of his instrumental works, chamber music, etc. They will occupy sixty volumes, three of which (one of each part) are to be issued annually. It will therefore be twenty years in progress. The society is under the immediate patronage of H. R. H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. For the three annual volumes £2 will be paid by each subscriber, and thus the complete collection of the works of this great master will be obtained for £40. Considering the extent of time over which the publication is to be spread, there ought to be some guarantee of the design being fully carried out.

From the Eclectic Review.

T H E W A N D E R I N G J E W . *

THE Legend is here printed in a large but thin folio volume, on beautiful paper, and in stately type. Several men of talent and two men of genius have coöperated in the work. We mark, as the men of genius, Gustave Doré himself, the marvellous Rabelaisian illustrator of Rabelais; and Dupont, the author of the rhyme, which is a shadowy, quaint, singular poem, redolent of Middle-Age superstition and simplicity, as well as of the rare mystic grandeur which made that superstition terrible and that simplicity sublime. Certainly, Mr. Thornbury and Mr. John Stebbing are men of talent, their translations bearing the impress of scholarship and taste, as well as of considerable literary power. We think it as well to introduce their names and merits at once to the notice of the reader, who is impatient, perhaps, to follow the Wandering Jew on his terrestrial rounds.

The literature of almost every period presents some enigma of authorship as matter of speculation, argument, or research, according as its solution is attempted by the man of theory, the controversialist, or the antiquary. Fancy, reflection, diligence, have alternately been exercised; yet the "Tribus Impostoribus," the still more celebrated "Remarkable History of Master Reynard," the "Chatterton Fragments," the "Letters of Junius," are, fortunately for the *dilettanti* of literature, as prolific of discussion as ever. But mystery, stimulating the imagination, incites a peculiar interest; and to the obscurity usually accompanying the origin of legends and traditions, often attributed by credulity to some supernatural source, is in a great measure owing their powerful influence over the popular mind. This uncertainty surrounds the

famous Legend of the Wandering Jew. The production of some earlier Bunyan, it existed previously to the thirteenth century—an era introductory to the magnificent religious allegories of Dante; the characteristics distinguishing the Wandering Jew, rendering him unmistakably the personification of the Jewish nation, the fulfillment of whose destiny is typified in his history. Like the Jewish people, he had rejected the Messiah—had eagerly desired his crucifixion—had persecuted and reviled him in his hours of agony; and his chastisement, like theirs, was pronounced by the Saviour himself. From that time, its expiation has been seen in the strange vicissitudes of the Jewish nation, which, in the midst of a perpetual exodus, again and again banished, persecuted, and despised, has, nevertheless, with peculiar tenacity, maintained its nationality unaltered, even to minute details of observance and costume. This singular individuality, ineffaceable in spite of continuous intercourse with the different nations of the world, and the influence of variety of custom, climate, and character, is symbolized strikingly in the career of the Wandering Jew, hurrying in extinguishable vitality from region to region of the globe, wooing death vainly everywhere—an immortal Cain upon the earth.

The Legend, whether introduced by the Crusaders from the East, or derived elsewhere, was, at all events, known and credited widely among Christians, as we have said, anterior to the thirteenth century. According to some, its origin was connected with the year 1000, the date it was prophesied, through an erroneous interpretation of a Scriptural passage, of an event, the anticipation of which became a terror to men's minds. This was the coming of Antichrist, and the Last Judgment. The occurrence of famine and pestilence strengthened the delusive dread, while the crisis, favorable to impostors,

* *The Legend of the Wandering Jew.* Translated by G. W. Thornbury. With Illustrations by Gustave Doré. Addey & Co.

was improved by them to their profit, through personating the part of Antichrist, and thus collecting alms, which weakness and ignorance liberally awarded. The year, however, in spite of omens, came to an ordinary termination; but the appearance of the pretended Antichrist in different places led to the supposition that it was the Wandering Jew, whose melancholy fate rendered it impossible for him to rest, and who was transported rapidly from quarter to quarter. Then arose discussions among theologians to certify his personality. Some sought to prove that the wanderer was no other than Malthus, against whom Peter had drawn the sword, some maintained that he was the unrepentant thief, and others, that he was Pilate. The testimony of respected authorities was not wanting to prove his existence. In the year 1228, an archbishop of Great Armenia having made a pilgrimage to England, took up his abode in the Monastery of St. Albans; and the legend, narrated by him to the holy brotherhood, concerning Joseph, otherwise Cartaphilus, constitutes the first historical record with reference to the Wandering Jew: the chronicle being transcribed in the monastery, a few years later, by Matthew Paris, one of its members. It was here narrated, that at the moment when Jesus was delivered to be crucified, the Jews dragging him harshly from the judgment-hall, caused him to fall upon the threshold, when Cartaphilus, the door-keeper of the hall, insolently pushing him, struck him with his fist, and cried, mockingly, "Go faster, Jesus, go!—why do you stop?" And the Saviour, sternly regarding him, replied, "I go; but you shall tarry until my return." After the death of our Saviour, Cartaphilus having become a Christian, took the name of Joseph; and at the present time, says the story, living a life of frugality and piety, awaits the coming of the Lord.

The Legend, in this form, having made its way into France, passed into the Low Countries, was received with especial favor in Germany; and, current throughout the Middle Ages, became gradually incorporated into the literature of Continental nations. In June of the year 1564, we find the existence of the Wandering Jew, under the name of Ahasuerus, through the medium of Paul d'Eitzen, a doctor of theology, and bishop of Scheleszving, affirmed by a devout citizen of Hamburg, who re-

ligiously received, and narrated in a letter, the testimony of Paul. This venerable prelate, when a student at Wittenberg, in 1542, went to visit his parents at Hamburg. During a sermon, which he listened to one Sunday, he observed, opposite the pulpit, a tall man, having long locks hanging down upon his shoulders, and naked feet, who sat absorbed by the discourse, never moving in the least degree, except at the mention of the name of Jesus Christ, when he bowed, and struck his breast, at the same time breathing heavily. His age apparently was fifty. His dress, although it was winter, consisted only of *chausses à la marine*, reaching down to his feet, a jupe, which hung down to his knees, and a cloak.

In answer to the interrogatories of the doctor, which were now put to him, he replied that he was a Jew, named Ahasuerus, and had followed the trade of a shoemaker; that during our Saviour's mission upon earth, he had lived in Jerusalem, and had joined the persecution against the Messiah. Having heard that the sentence of crucifixion was passed, he ran to the porch of his dwelling, situate in the road which the Saviour had to traverse; and that Jesus, burthened with his cross and weary, leaned against the house of the Jew, who reviled him, and pointed onward, when the Saviour, steadfastly regarding him, replied, "I shall stop and repose, but you shall go on!" whereupon Ahasuerus, resigning the child he held in his arms, became an exile from home and country—for ever traversing strange lands—for ever witnessing fresh scenes.

Again, in the year 1575, the envoys of the Duke of Holstein to Madrid, met on their road the Wandering Jew, who addressed them in good Spanish! A few years later he entered Strasburg, even presenting himself to the magistrates, reminding them of his visit to the city two hundred years before—a fact corroborated by the national records! His appearance in France was reported in the year 1604, which chanced to be signalized by an especial number of storms and tempests. By these whirlwinds it was supposed that the Wandering Jew was borne from place to place; and to this day, when a hurricane howls along its desolating tract, the simple Breton peasants and the rustics of Picardy cross themselves, while they cry, "The Wandering Jew is passing."

But poems, no less than proverbs, have been inspired by the belief in this untiring wanderer, whose imaginary existence has proved so propitious to the practices of vagabondage and the encouragement of credulity. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, a complaint was penned, which, though inserted by Louvet in his erudite historical volumes, if of any value, is only so as indicative of the popular taste of the period.

In biographical and historical compositions, moreover, the Wandering Jew is a notable personage. Gustave Brunet, of Bordeaux, in his "Notice Historique et Biographique sur la Légende du Juif Errant," relating how he was met by two citizens of Brussels, in the Forest of Soignes, says: "He was clad in a costume extremely ragged, and cut in the antique fashion; he entered with them into an *auberge*; he drank, but would not sit down; he told them his story; said that his name was Isaac Laquedem; and left them terribly frightened," adds the chronicler, with *naïveté*. About the same period, a high-flown, romantic narration appeared in Belgium, under the title of "Histoire admirable du Juif Errant," describing, at length, the adventures of the renowned traveler in different regions, and followed by "a canticle," of even less merit than the "complaint." At schools and academies, moreover, the Jew was the subject of discussion, and his history gave rise to many a learned dissertation, "the most singular upon which," says Gustave Brunet, "is that of Droscher: this Sachem, deeming the thing proved, pretends to establish, that Ahasuerus and Cartaphilus are two distinct persons, and stands up for the existence of two Wandering Jews." Possibly, this enlightened champion of superstition had his own especial evidence, having met the Merchant of Rotterdam and Cartaphilus in companionship together on their travels!

After his welcome in the Forest of Soignes, it was confidently hoped that the wanderer would visit alternately the various towns of Germany; but not until the year 1772, on the 22d of April, was the expectation fulfilled by his entering into Brussels at six in the evening, as the date is carefully preserved. Since that period, whatever was his reception by the good citizens, he has not been induced by it to visit Europe again in the character of either Cartaphilus, Joseph, or Ahasuerus,

though invoked by the painter, the romancer, and the poet, and often selected as the favorite theme of the drama and the opera. Not less than ten French productions of this kind bear his name, from the play of "Caignez," represented at La Gaîté, in 1812, to the opera of MM. Scribe and St. Georges. Numerous poems are dedicated to him, preëminent among these the productions of Schubert and Quinet; but distinguished above all others, the noble song of Béranger, melodiously accompanied by the music of Ernest Doré. Pierre Dupont has added to these his admirable composition, the subject of which is peculiarly adapted to elicit the characteristic genius of Gustave Doré, so strikingly manifested in the splendid illustrations of the present work. The tradition, as adopted by Dupont is that of Ahasuerus, the shoemaker, condemned to perpetual wandering until the Judgment. Infinite diversity in situation, incident, and emotion, is afforded by the poet's theme, the changes of which resemble the variations to an air—the measure ever distinctly heard through the intricacy of harmonies inseparable from and attendant on it. Thus, amidst the most contrasted localities, seasons, and circumstances, all which are apprehended and vividly depicted to the minutest details by the artist, the shadow of the Cross ceaselessly appears over the path of the wanderer, who, toilworn and weary, if reposing for an instant, is urged irresistibly on by the beckoning hand of the avenging angel.

The graphic interpretation of this marvelous legend, through the skill of Doré, immortalizes it anew. As we have said, it is suited especially to his particular order of talent. His fancies, wondrously bold, not to say grotesque, powerfully express the extravagance of the subject. His genius does not, with the accuracy of a Durer, appeal so much to the actual as to the ideal conceptions of the poet. Mountain, valley, ocean, appear transfigured into a dream of poetry by his pencil, yet are vividly natural. The grandeur of architecture, the gloom of forests, the busy life of cities, groupings of age and youth and infancy, the terrors of the battle or the storm, sacred awe and quaint humor, are alike truthfully delineated by the creative versatility of his imagination, which blends the most incongruous elements into one harmonious whole. The

very surprises, ingeniously bold and fanciful, which in his pieces awaken admiration, would excite only ridicule if attempted by a less able artist.

First among the twelve magnificent designs of M. Doré, he has chosen to represent the moment of the malediction. On the adjacent hill crosses are seen erected; a busy crowd hastens to assemble round the scene of suffering. Pharisees, executioners, legionaries, women, boys, and all the rabble of the city are collected, affording ample scope to the artist for the portrayal of physiognomy, who improves it to the exhibition of the Jewish face under the varying aspects of an Absalom, a Caiaphas, a Barabbas, a Judas, and a Saul. Ahasuerus, the cobbler, stands, boot in hand, beneath his shop-sign. He hears the fearful doom in answer to his taunt as the Saviour toils toward Calvary, and remains immovable for an instant with horror—then hurries on the hopeless wandering. The Jew is next seen emerging from a town of an antique stamp. The steeples of its buildings are in view, and a cross by the wayside arrests his agonized gaze. It is a bitter night, and the rain dashes remorselessly; a tempest glooms in the sky; the trees groan as though in pain; a rough wind bears the exile onward, his garments and long flowing beard fluttering in the gale. A ghastly light is reflected on the figure of the Saviour. Desolation is impressed on the entire scene.

The city of Brussels next appears. Towers, domes, gables, windows, and bell-turrets, all bespeak the lavish architecture of the age. Opulent burghers surround the remarkable stranger in order to interrogate him, and are joined by a motley group of boys and animals, one of which, the salesman's ass, mistaking the flowing beard of the Jew for hay, nibbles at it. The varying phases of the throng, the burgesses with wigs and queues, doffed hats and ceremonial antics, the ignorant tradesboy in gaping wonder, the stoic regarding all contemptuously, are graphically described, and form an excellent specimen of the picturesque.

The fourth illustration represents the traveler consenting to an invitation to rest awhile in an inn, forgetful momentarily, it is inferred, of his doom, but instantaneously recollecting it, is seen breaking away from his companions, urged forward by the figure of the angel. All are eager to detain him in order that the re-

lation of his pilgrimage might increase the entertainment and jollity of the evening, and, uproarious at his resolution to depart, essay different temptations to induce him to remain. One reveler holds up a glass of beer; another, clicking the lid of his flagon, shouts an intoxicated ditty; and the buxom landlady is at her wits to maintain order. The reckless mirth of these wassailing Flemings at the inn, and the blaze and bustle of its interior, contrast forcibly with the gloom of the night without, into which the exile is hurried by inexorable mandate—a burning and ever present remorse within his breast. The pathos of Guido, the truthfulness of Holbein, and the humor of Hogarth, are concentrated in this picture.

The traveler is next seen hurrying along the Rhine, the waters of which reflect the vision of Calvary and himself in an attitude of reviling, as with figure bent and head bowed down, he pursues his ceaseless course. The landscape is grand and of vast extent. Caves, rocks, and trees appear, black as night. The relics of feudal banqueting-halls and dungeons are seen in the ruined towers crowning the steeps and glimmering far in the blue horizon. Among them, on a rocky eminence, rises a chapel spire. Over all is the cheerful sky fleeced with sailing clouds.

The Jew then enters a graveyard decorated with urns and amaranthine garlands. Epitaphs tell either of vanity or affection. The white tombs glisten against the somber blackness of yew and cypress. The church-tower tolls a knell, and the wanderer wishes it were for him. But no; in his own gaunt shadow on the turf, in the waving grass, on the earth, in the sky, in mountain, wood, or torrent, in light and in darkness, the Cross is before him ever. The curiously woven aspects of the clouds have for him a symbolic meaning, and their irregular outline pictures to him the memorable procession. He sees the Saviour goaded onward by the crowd, whose yells still echo in his ears. He rushes on through the lofty Swiss valleys, where fir-darkened slopes lead up to snowy peaks. Torrents gush from out the forests. The scream of the eagle rings among the defiles. Suddenly the pines and stones take hideous shapes. Faces are formed by the boughs. The tree-tops appear like menacing axes; indentations in the trunks yawn into a ghastly smile; the leafless branches wrestle together

in fierce anguish; when glittering against the blackness of the scene, the white-robed angel of his destiny shines radiant as the sun, bearing in her hand a torch of fire.

Nature glorified into matchless beauty by the glow of sunrise, beaming with opal and amethystine splendor, attracts him, but he can not stay. He wanders on amidst the loftiest regions of the Alps. Their pure summits seem crimsoned by the blood of the Cross. On, on he hastens—the marmot and the lamb-vulture his sole companions—leaving the track of the chamois-hunter and the blue blossoms and roses of the mountain far below, from whence the bell of the herdsman sounds faintly. The Jew, holding by a rock, looks from the surrounding glaciers mournfully to the chill sky above. There the vision haunts him still. Fantastic carvings in the ice form the solemn procession. The ponderous cross beneath which the Saviour bows, the uplifted hand, the fierce soldiers—all are vividly depicted. Beyond and above, through the misty air, as though heaven itself were revealed, a majestic band of saints and apostles appears. The artist has lavishly expended the resources of his genius on this awful scene. It is magnificently picturesque, vast, and wondrously varied, yet not confused. Amidst the multiplicity and diversity of the objects introduced, each one is distinct and expressive, from the strange, faded form of the unresting traveler—his white head, flowing beard, and loose garments fluttering in relief against the darkness of surrounding rocks, clefts, and ravines—to the little cross on the hospice-tower. The wild grandeur of the scenery—its gloom and solitude—contrast strikingly, yet are in peculiar harmony with the celestial revelation irradiating the heavens. The whole picture, expressive of sublimity, is suited to be the bold range and lofty inspiration of the artist's fancy.

The ninth illustration exhibits a widely dissimilar vein of Doré's imagination. It is a battle-piece. Here all is action and turmoil. A town is besieged by an army in the mediæval age. Fortified heights of feudalism occupy the background. Before is seen an array of clashing spears. All the horrors of the struggle are graphically described, often with a morbid and fantastic extravagance. Enemies have hewn each other to pieces in the fierceness of their malice, and mangled limbs strew the ground. One invincible warri-

or fights with his sword in his mouth. Some, falling under the mortal blow, are receiving consolation from the priest. The glitter of the armor, the plumed helmets, and the trappings of the horses, present the rude splendor of knightly warfare. The Jew rushes into the thickest of the fight, but no danger menaces his marvelous life.

He is next seen plunging into the ocean, but the angry waves will not receive him. Out of a ship's crew wrecked by the hurricane he alone is saved, fording the seas as easily as the river. A loaded boat disappears beneath the tossing turf, and forth from the gigantic billows seething round him despairing faces appear. A spar, the sole remaining hope, is swallowed by a sea monster. The doomed ones cling to the Jew's beard in their agony. From amidst the heaving, foaming waste, are revealed the forms of the dead long since victims of the relentless ocean. The stony gaze of these expands into wonder on beholding the deathless traveler.

He toils on through the Andes. Lions, serpents, wild beasts fail to destroy him. Snakes and river-monsters crowd his path, but no sting can harm him. The snowy peaks of the mountains are here portrayed above the dense shade of thickly-growing palms, and the dark, sunless river widened by the trail of the alligators.

At length, after ages of wandering, the Jew is summoned to repose. The trump of the Last Judgment is heard by the awe-stricken universe, and the Jew welcomes it with a shout of wild laughter as, leaning on a stone, he tears off his time-worn boots. The very act of reposing is a millennium to him, and is greeted by an irresistible burst of merriment. A mingled crowd of demons, saints, and mortals, are here represented; and all the reckless ingenuity of the artist is invoked for the description of the scene. Amidst the vast array of the resurrection, kings, popes, and priests are seen, some in antique costume, some in the various peculiarities of more modern attire. The center of the picture is a chaos of flames and blackness. A shower of light streams from above, and myriads of rejoicing angels cleave the air. In spite of certain eccentricities of fancy, dignity and pathos characterize this illustration. It is adequately conceived, as a whole, when we consider the difficulty of worthily representing a subject which not even the genius of Angelo could depict unalloyed by error and extravagance.

From the Leisure Hour.

S T U D I E S I N H I S T O R Y .

W A L L E N S T E I N .

CHAPTER I.

THE great conflict between the Roman Catholic and Protestant parties in Germany, known as the Thirty Years' War, was the longest war of which history contains any record, and, looking to its results, was the most important of modern times, not excepting even that of which the first Napoleon was the instigator and the head. It was that enduring contest which secured for Protestantism a firm and lasting political basis, while it taught the House of Austria to know its own place in the great German family of nations: more than that, it tended, above all other events, to consolidate the dominion, and to establish while it limited the authority and influence of the other European potentates. These advantages, not of the most palpable kind, and hardly recognized at the period, but which were to be reaped by succeeding generations of men, were purchased at a price which it is terrible to contemplate. They cost Germany the lives of millions of her people, thousands of millions of dollars, and such a sum of human misery, produced by human barbarity and atrocity, as the world had never till then witnessed, and which it is affecting to recall.

With the exception of Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, who appears to have fought solely in the interests of the Protestant faith, the chief actors in this miserable drama were nearly all men of unbridled and unprincipled ambition; and to none of them, perhaps, unless it were to Ferdinand II., the Emperor of Austria, is this character more applicable than to the man whose name stands at the head of this sketch. But Wallenstein's is a character which it is difficult, if not impossible, to judge precisely, owing to the want of evidence upon the most important points.

His history has been written for the most part, by his enemies, and very much from testimony furnished by those who first partook largely of his bounty, and then forsook or betrayed him. That they should accuse him of treachery was but the natural sequence of their own treason, which needed the foulest crimes on his part to justify their own conduct; but, in spite of this consideration, the weight of circumstantial evidence against him is so strong, when the known character of the man is taken into account, that his vindication from this particular charge appears to us almost hopeless. We shall have occasion to allude to this subject again; and in the meanwhile we leave the reader to form his own conclusions from the facts of Wallenstein's life, which, with all consistent brevity, we proceed to lay before him.

Albert Wincellaus Walstein, or Wallenstein, was born in Bohemia, on September 14, 1583, and was the son of Henri de Walstein, a Protestant. As a boy, he was educated by a minister of the Protestant religion and in youth he displayed extraordinary talents, which were, however, combined with a spirit of obstinacy and insubordination which defeated all endeavors to repress it. This unmanageable quality in the youth induced his preceptors to beg the parents to withdraw him from their tuition—a request which was complied with; and the young lad was transferred to the household of Charles, Margrave of Burgau, son of the Archduke Ferdinand, where he served in the quality of a page. It was while in this service that he fell accidentally from a considerable height, and, when the bystanders supposed him to be killed by the fall, arose from the ground unhurt. The Jesuits, by whom he was surrounded, persuaded him that he owed his miraculous

preservation to the direct interposition of the Virgin, and under this conviction he embraced the Roman Catholic faith. On leaving, shortly after, the service of the Margrave, young Wallenstein went to Prague, and there he abandoned himself to all kinds of follies and extravagant vices and excesses, mingling with the worst characters in the city, and, at the same time, devoting the hours of the night to the hard and persevering study of mathematics and astrology — studies which he continued to pursue for the whole of his life. On his return to Bohemia, he paid court to a widow of the family of Wizekova, a woman possessed of enormous property, and married her. The union, as might be expected, was the reverse of a happy one; the unfortunate lady died without issue before four years had expired, leaving him the possessor of her almost boundless wealth.

At this epoch, a war broke out between the Archduke Ferdinand and the Venetians. Wallenstein, at his own expense, raised and equipped a troop of three hundred cavaliers, and offered them to that prince, who received him with particular favor. He distinguished himself greatly in the war which followed, and was raised to the rank of colonel by Ferdinand, who had, by the election of the German princes, succeeded to the imperial throne. Wallenstein was now dispatched upon an expedition to Moravia, where he was again successful, and where he unscrupulously enriched himself by abstracting a large sum from the public chest—twelve thousand crowns of which he kept for himself, making over the rest to the Emperor. With the plunder thus acquired, he raised a regiment of Walloons, a thousand strong, and offered them also to his sovereign, who accepted them with gratitude.

In the year 1618, the Bohemians raised the standard of revolt—an act which was virtually the commencement of the Thirty Years' War. Wallenstein was immediately commissioned by Ferdinand to appease the troubles in Bohemia. His military reputation and his great wealth made him of importance, and his Protestant countrymen tried every endeavor to win him back to his first faith and their righteous cause; but these efforts were without success. On the other hand, his own attempts to appease the rebellious spirit of the Bohemians were equally fruitless; and the

Protestants, finding him deaf to their arguments, even confiscated the estates which he possessed in their territory. It is considered by some of his biographers that Wallenstein's conduct in this mission is open to suspicions of self-interest, and that he trifled with both parties, with an eye to procuring for himself the crown of Bohemia, which the hesitating and imbecile Frederic was too weak to defend.

On his return from this unavailing negotiation, Wallenstein, by a new present to the Emperor of two regiments of infantry, acquired fresh popularity and additional favor at court, and was dispatched with a command into Bohemia, where he carried on the war several years with his usual success—a war which was virtually terminated by the Battle of Prague, which deprived the pusillanimous Frederic of his crown and kingdom, and where Wallenstein fought as a colonel under Maximilian of Bavaria.

In 1621, he was again dispatched into Moravia, where, by superior tactics, he foiled the efforts of Bethlem Gabor, and added considerably to his own reputation. The Emperor, in return for his services, advanced him to the post of Major-General, and conferred on him the confiscated estates of the rebels. Wallenstein was now almost fabulously rich; but at the same time his successes made him enemies among the German princes, and his unscrupulousness gave a color to the grave charges they brought against him. He silenced these accusations, however, for a time, by the lavish distribution of his prodigious wealth, gained the friendship of the most considerable men in Ferdinand's court, and married a daughter of the Count of Harrach, a favorite of the Emperor.

After the victory of Prague, Ferdinand might have made a peace, and put an end to the miseries of his country. He preferred rather to prosecute his own ambitious schemes. The success which attended him for a period, and for which he was mostly indebted to the arms of Bavaria, at length began to wane. The approach of the King of Denmark, and the ravages of Count Mansfeld, while they rendered him more than ever dependent on the League, threatened a disagreeable crisis, from which nothing could free him but a powerful army under his own orders; but war had already exhausted his dominions, and they were unequal to the expense of such a levy.

At this juncture—in June, 1625—Wallenstein proposed to the Emperor to raise and clothe an army at his own private expense, and even undertook the charge of maintaining it, if he were allowed to augment it to fifty thousand men. The project was everywhere ridiculed as the chimerical offspring of a madman; but the Emperor received it gladly, and assigned certain districts in Bohemia for recruiting and for depôts, and allowed Wallenstein to choose his own officers. The Emperor lent only his name; but the reputation of the general, the prospects of promotion, and the hope of plunder, drew to his standard adventurers from all quarters of Germany. In a few months, Wallenstein had twenty thousand men under arms, with which, quitting the Austrian territories, he soon after appeared on the frontiers of Lower Saxony with thirty thousand. It was at this time that the Emperor created him Duke of Friedland.

The famous Tilly was at this moment posted in Lower Saxony, where he held in check at once the King of Denmark, the fiery Mansfeld, and Christian of Brunswick. Wallenstein was dispatched to second the operations of the Bavarian army; but his unbounded pride and haughtiness would not permit him to act under the orders even of Tilly, the greatest general of the empire; and he contented himself with operating in concert, but separately and alone. The manœuvres of these two generals had the effect of paralyzing the operations of the armies of the circle of Lower Saxony; and the result of this was some indefinite prospect of a peace; of which both parties were desirous, after a struggle which had endured for seven years. But the Protestant chiefs, presuming on some late triumphs and the reputation and resources of their northern allies, took the tone of conquerors; and the League, confident in the new levies, and successes yet more recent, did not choose to figure as the vanquished party. The war, therefore, continued with the customary vicissitudes of triumph and defeat on either side. Wallenstein defeated Mansfeld with great slaughter; but this latter general recovered from the disaster, recruited his shattered forces, and marched rapidly through Silesia into Hungary to join Bethlem Gabor. The Court of Vienna, alarmed, called Wallenstein to the succor of the hereditary kingdom. Wallenstein set out in pur-

suit of Mansfeld, defeated a body of Turks who were on their way to join the Hungarian general, Gabor, raised the siege of Novigrad, and took Watz on the Danube; but his haste and impetuosity involved him in a critical, almost fatal position: his army, without provisions in a devastated country, was reduced to the straits of famine; the troops mutinied and revolted in masses, and were only prevented for want of a leader from assaulting the camp of their general and sacrificing him to their fury. From this dilemma he was only saved by the quarrels of his enemies, who could not act with unanimity. Bethlem Gabor, aware of the defeat of Christian IV. by Tilly, at the Battle of Lutter, and fearful of having to sustain the entire burden of the war, entered into a separate treaty with the Emperor, and enabled Wallenstein to effect his retreat, which he accomplished at length with the loss, by famine, desertion, and the sword, of sixteen thousand men. Mansfeld, abandoned by his ally, sought refuge in Italy, where he hoped to raise new troops; but death overtook him in the village of Bosnia. Wallenstein had the reputation of delivering the League from this brave adventurer, who for seven years had been the terror of the Papal party and the scourge of the Romish ecclesiastics.

The defeat of Christian of Denmark, above alluded to, and which took place on the 27th of August, 1626, at Lutter, had enabled Tilly to resume the offensive. He had beaten back the Danes to the vicinity of Bremen, and had passed the Elbe, when Wallenstein, having recruited his army, traversed Brandenburg, forced the Elector to recognise Maximilian as Elector of Bavaria, took possession of the territory between the Baltic, the Elbe, and the Weser, and penetrated as far as Holstein and Sleswick.

The success of the League appeared now to be decisive; but these advantages were in a great measure counterbalanced by the atrocities of the Roman Catholic armies. Nine years of slaughter, exactions, devastations, and pillage, and the horrible excesses of their troops, had spread terror and desolation through the north of Germany. Wallenstein surpassed all his predecessors in these cruel enormities. War, which ruins other armies, augmented his. The license he allowed attracted the most remorseless and savage spirits to his ranks, which increased daily,

without his efforts, in large numbers. His profuse and indiscriminate bounty surrounded him with a crowd of gentlemen, and even of sovereign princes; and on the whole his force amounted now to not less than a hundred thousand men. This enormous mass cost the Emperor nothing, either in pay or provender—a fact which sufficiently depicts the misfortunes of the unhappy country which they occupied.

The important services which Wallenstein had rendered now brought him fresh rewards. The dukes of Mecklenberg having been put under the ban of the empire for not furnishing their contingent to the army, Wallenstein solicited and obtained the title of Duke of Mecklenberg, and the investiture of the Duchy; and at the same time was conferred on him also the title of Generalissimo of the Fleet of the Ocean and the Baltic Sea. The effect of these honors soon became apparent: he assumed the designation of "Highness," adopted a more haughty carriage and taciturn habit, and from this moment took his meals alone.

The princes of the north of Germany, divided among themselves, had to bend and bow beneath the iron yoke of this man. Wallenstein, ambitious of depriving them of all hope of recommencing the struggle, contemplated an invasion of the states of the King of Denmark, their principal support. The Emperor was flattered by the project; but at this era the conduct of Wallenstein gave rise to suspicions that he wished to create for himself a powerful independence, of which Mecklenberg should form the nucleus. Certain it is that he made no distinction between Protestants and Roman Catholics in the choice of his friends, and that there were but few of the latter holding command in his army. Again, his haughtiness led him to affront Tilly, who, as a soldier and tactician, was far more than his equal, and whom he endeavored to disgrace by slights, while he arrogated the successes of that veteran to himself. Moreover, he systematically paid no regard to the orders of the Emperor, but replied to his missives by advising him to enjoy the pleasures of his court, and not to meddle in the affairs of the war.

Whether to establish his own independence, or to further the interests of the Emperor, is a disputed point; but at this period Wallenstein cast his eye on the

neutral port of Stralsund, and resolved to get it in his possession. With this view he ordered the magistrates to receive an imperial garrison, and to permit the passage of his troops. The magistrates refused, and he laid siege to the town. Here, however, his pride and self-importance had to sustain a tremendous check. The Stralsunders resisted with vigor, and when pressed hard by Wallenstein, appealed to the Emperor, who issued orders to his general to retire from the place. The haughty general took no notice of the order. The besieged, in despair, had recourse to the King of Sweden, who sent succors by sea; and on the 22d of July, 1628, Wallenstein was compelled to raise the siege, with the loss of two months' labor, ten thousand eight hundred foot, and twelve hundred horse—heavy losses, which were but feebly compensated by the taking of Rostock, and some trifling advantages over the Danes.

The Swedes now began to be a source of inquietude to Ferdinand: the deliverance of Stralsund opened his eyes to their importance, and it had become a point of policy to separate, if possible, the interests of the two kings of the North. Denmark was reduced to the defensive. Wallenstein had private reasons for desiring to gain the good will of Christian IV. Everything combined to favor his negotiations. When the Swedish ambassadors presented themselves to take part in the council, he dismissed them with insulting contempt; and, without their complicity, peace was signed between the Emperor and Christian IV. at Lubeck, in 1629. It was thought an advance toward the general peace, for which all had long been sighing, and not without reason; for Wallenstein, besides the cruel atrocities he had allowed, had levied no less than sixty millions of dollars in the devastated states. The distress of the miserable inhabitants was now at its height; corpses were found of men and women famished to death, with the raw grass of the fields in their mouths; many disinterred the dead to appease their hunger on the putrid bodies; children devoured their parents, and mothers were seen killing their babes and cooking them for food.

The Emperor, however, cared less to put an end to these awful calamities than to profit by the success of his arms. To this end, he published, on the 6th of March, 1629, the famous and fatal Edict

of Restitution, in virtue of which the property of the Roman Catholics, confiscated more than eighty years before, was to be restored. One may conceive the alarm which this excited among the Protestants, most of whom had purchased the confiscations they held, and long enjoyed quiet possession. At the same time, it did not satisfy the Roman Catholics, who only regarded it as an instalment of the benefits they were to derive from the success of the League.

Meanwhile, the successes and honors of Wallenstein, his indomitable pride, his offensive haughtiness and contempt of all authority, together with his indifference to the sufferings of the people, had not only aroused the odium of the populace, who regarded him as the author of all their miseries, but had stirred up the wrath of the German princes, who saw themselves contemned by their inferior in birth, and postponed in the favor of the Emperor to a man who scorned to receive them as his equals. They naturally, therefore, sought his overthrow, and they sought it with the more eagerness as, by bringing about his disgrace, they hoped to abate the ascendancy which his exploits had obtained for the house of Austria, and which ascendancy was the source of profound inquietude. They unanimously demanded his dismissal from the army; he, nothing daunted, went to brave the whole of the electors assembled at Ratisbon, and appeared there in a style of such magnificence and pomp as eclipsed that of the Emperor himself. Ferdinand, though not at all indisposed to humble the man to whom his will was any thing but a law, was perplexed beyond measure, and knew not how to act. How could he depose from command a man to whom he was under such immense obligations? how, on the other hand, was he to resist the reiterated complaints of all Germany, and the entreaties of all the princes of the League? He thought to appease the universal discontent by directing that men, to the number of eighteen thousand, should be disbanded from the imperial army; but this act only increased the demand for the dismissal of Wallenstein himself which now redoubled from all quarters. The Spanish allies, whom Wallenstein's haughtiness had thoroughly disgusted, pressed for his dismissal as eagerly as did the German princes. The French envoys, by direction of Richelieu, who was at that moment en-

gaged in a treaty with the King of Sweden, joined in the cry from motives of policy. Ferdinand hesitated for some time, but had not strength to resist so unanimous an appeal. The dismissal of Wallenstein was pronounced in July, 1630. He was then at Memmingen, in Suabia, and it had required the united efforts of nearly all Europe to overthrow him.

Wallenstein, at the head of an army of more than a hundred thousand men, received the news of his disgrace with apparent calmness and resignation, merely observing that the Emperor was betrayed, and that he was sorry at finding himself abandoned so easily. He retired at once, and quietly, to his estates in Moravia and Bohemia; a round number of his officers followed him; multitudes of the troops unceremoniously quitted the service, and in a few weeks the army of over a hundred thousand men was by his retreat reduced to forty thousand.

CHAPTER II.

THE spectacle of Wallenstein in his retirement is one worth contemplating, and is certainly unique of its kind. If the world looked upon him as a disgraced man, he, blinded by his own pride and arrogance, entertained a far different opinion of himself. His palace at Prague, where he chiefly resided, had six grand entrances, and he pulled down a hundred houses for the purpose of enlarging it and isolating his dwelling-place from the approach of noise and tumult. His household consisted of nearly a thousand persons. He was waited on by twenty-five chamberlains and by sixty pages of honor, in sky-blue velvet. He never had less than a hundred dishes served at his table, and he had upward of a thousand saddle and carriage-horses, which fed in his stables out of marble mangers. When traveling, he was never accompanied by fewer than fifty carriages, drawn by six horses each, and as many drawn by four. In a lofty banqueting-hall of his palace, he was depicted in a triumphal car, drawn by the four horses of the sun, with a star over his laurel-crowned head. His yearly revenue was estimated at six hundred thousand pounds of our money, and he coined ducats with the legend of his name, as Duke of Mecklenburg. He called diviners and astrologers to his aid, and made a friend and confidant of the star-gazer Seni.

His munificence was as lavish as his pomp was splendid and luxurious. He rewarded the most trifling services with a rich donation, never bestowing, even on the common soldier, less than a hundred crowns. But his severity equaled his lavish profusion. He detested noise, and avenged its infliction, actually causing an officer to be put to death for disturbing him by the jingling of his spurs, and hanging a valet for awakening him on one occasion by his heavy tread and heedless movements. He passed much of his time in solitude, writing the records of his life, maintaining a large correspondence, and doubtless consulting the stars by the aid of the astrologer. Thus do the extremes of majesty and meanness, of pride and prostration, meet in the same child of the dust.

It was at this time, according to his enemies, that he began to mature his treasonable designs against the Emperor; and they even accuse him of corresponding with the King of Sweden to draw that monarch into his plan. Schiller, in his "History of the Thirty Years' War," takes the treason of Wallenstein as an assured fact; but he adduces no proof of it, beyond his correspondence with Gustavus—a matter innocent enough in itself, and not at all extraordinary at that time of day, when much of the romantic etiquette of medieval chivalry still survived. It is known also that Wallenstein at this time tried negotiation both with the Romanist and Protestant princes—a fact sufficiently suspicious, but which also may be explained away, and is explained away, by his friendly biographers, on the ground that in so doing he only sought to set them all together by the ears, in order to make them obnoxious to the Emperor, for whom it is well known he had intrigued at Lubeck, when peace was concluded with the King of Denmark, for the sovereignty of the whole of Germany. What may be regarded as certain is, that no documentary evidence exists of treason on the part of Wallenstein during his retirement. That he meditated vengeance upon those who had counseled his dismissal and disgrace, there can be no question; and in stern still wrath the fallen potentate bided his time.

Tilly was now named Generalissimo of the Emperor and the League, the united forces forming an army of eighty thousand men. In the mean time, Gustavus Adolphus, in answer to the Protestant cry for

help, had disembarked in Germany, and was hailed everywhere as a liberator. He brought with him only fifteen thousand Swedes, yet in a few months after his landing his army equaled that of the Emperor. Germany, accustomed to the terrible license of the troops of the League, saw with amazement an army so vast in numbers, and composed of such heterogeneous elements, asking only for lodging, scrupulously respecting property, protecting the service of religion and education, defending agriculture, maintaining as far as possible peace amid the horrors of war, and triumphing over those who had reigned by terror and devastation: so true is it that order is one of the first elements of power.

A few months entirely changed the face of affairs. Tilly, who had besieged Magdeburg, and after firing the city had put the wretched inhabitants to the sword with unheard-of barbarity, was overtaken at Leipzig by the victorious Swedes under Gustavus, and on that field suffered the most signal defeat which has been witnessed in modern times. His whole army was either routed or cut to pieces: seven thousand of his troops were left dead on the field of battle; a proportionate number of wounded crowded the houses and hospitals; and five thousand prisoners were taken, most of whom joined the forces of the victor. Of the whole army of eighty thousand men, which on that 7th of September, 1631, marched against the King of Sweden, not two thousand could be mustered when its miserable wrecks recovered from their panic; and the whole of the imperial artillery and camp had fallen into the hands of the foe. Tilly, wounded and crestfallen, could only retreat as Gustavus advanced; the Protestants obtained the ascendancy at all points; the Roman Catholic princes were all subdued or ready to submit; alarm reigned in Vienna, whither the Swede was hastening; and Wallenstein's hour of vengeance had come.

What could Ferdinand do in this terrible conjuncture? He knew but one human arm which was likely to arrest the torrent of destruction—it was that of Wallenstein. But how could a sovereign, who had disgraced his benefactor at the suggestion of envious rivals, stoop to implore assistance from a justly irritated subject? There is no time, however, for debating so odious a question. Gustavus

is already on the banks of the Rhine and marching towards Suabia. . All considerations of imperial pride must therefore give way before the general safety, and Ferdinand must humiliate himself before his disgraced general. The humiliation is resolved on, and deputies are dispatched in haste with propositions to Wallenstein. He, on his part, is in no haste at all to entertain them, but repulses the deputation with scorn. He declares haughtily that he has no predilection for the task of repairing other men's blunders. To a second appeal, he retorts that there is not, and can not be, a good understanding between himself and the allies of the Emperor. To a third, he pleads his love of retirement, his disinclination to engage again in the fatigues and toils of war, and the necessity of repose for his health's sake. The Emperor perseveres, and insists—what else can he do? But it is not until Wallenstein has made him drink the cup of mortification to the dregs, that he engages to levy, by the month of March, a new army for the imperial service—though even then he refuses to be placed in its command.

The magic of Wallenstein's name has all its former efficacy, and repeats the prodigy it had effected six years before. By the time he had stipulated for, Silesia, Bohemia, and Moravia, had furnished him with eighty thousand men—a powerful army; but which, wanting a commander, was a body without a soul. The earnest solicitations of the Emperor, backed by the supplications of his friends, at length induced Wallenstein to accept the command; but he would only assume it on conditions so monstrous, that they are worthy of record, if only to show to what extent circumstances may enable a subject to dictate to his sovereign, as well as the gigantic arrogance of which the human mind is capable. These were the stipulations. He, Wallenstein, should be Generalissimo of Austria and Spain, and should alone dispose of all offices and employments; the Emperor should be bound not to appear at the army, and never to interfere in the command; Wallenstein should be guaranteed a hereditary principality in the states of Austria; he should govern exclusively in the countries occupied by the army; the product of all confiscations should belong to him; he should have the sole right of amnesty; at the peace his title of Duke of Mecklenburg should be

recognized; all his expenses should be paid; and, finally, in case of reverse, he should be allowed to retire to his hereditary estates. Such were the astounding conditions agreed to.

Wallenstein's first endeavor, after accepting the command, was to detach Saxony from Sweden; but failing in his negotiations with that view, he had recourse to arms. He entered Bohemia, marched towards Prague, and took possession of that town, on the 5th of May, 1632, without firing a shot. He sought to cut off the retreat of the enemy, but the Saxon general, Arnheim, deceived him and escaped. Nevertheless, Wallenstein had obtained his principal object, and was master of Bohemia. Before this time, the veteran Tilly had been a second time defeated by Gustavus, and had retreated to Ingoldstadt, where he subsequently died of his wounds. In March, having repaired the disaster of Leipsig, he had reappeared in Franconia in considerable force. Gustavus had pursued and overtaken him on the banks of the Lech, and by a decisive victory had terminated the career of the most relentless of the foes of the Protestant faith.

Gustavus, having crossed the Lech, was now marching a conqueror through Bavaria, so that Maximilian, who had opposed with all his influence the recall of Wallenstein, was now driven to implore his aid in defense of his own territories; but Wallenstein, deaf to the voice of the Elector, turned toward Nuremberg, in the hopes of drawing the King of Sweden to that point, and sheltering the hereditary estates of Austria. Gustavus accepted the implied challenge, and encamped in the vicinity of that city. Wallenstein had the advantage in numbers, but the king was in a position to draw reinforcements from Nuremberg. The two generals intrenched themselves. Notwithstanding that Gustavus was inferior in force, Wallenstein hesitated to expose the cause of the Emperor and his own reputation to the chance of a battle, and he hoped to subdue his adversary by famine. Moreover, he judged that to stop such a man in the career of his triumphs was in itself a victory, and that this circumstance alone would cool the zeal of the Allies, and restore to the arms of the League the superiority of which they had been deprived.

The imperial army and that of Gustavus watched each other for three months,

during which no consideration would induce Wallenstein to accept the chances of a fight. In the partial skirmishes that took place, the Swedes nearly always had the advantage. At length a most frightful famine began to prevail not only in the town, but in the Swedish camp. Goaded by apprehensions on this score, Gustavus at length, on the 24th of August, 1632, advanced with seventy thousand men, and commenced a general attack on the camp of the Imperialists. The battle raged with fury for ten hours; the carnage was hideous, and Wallenstein wrote to the Emperor that he had never witnessed any thing so terrible. The Swedes, who made the most desperate attempts, were repulsed at all points; and the Duke Bernard de Weimar, who had won possession of a height which commanded the camp of Wallenstein, was compelled to retire from the impossibility of getting cannon to the summit, owing to the wetness of the soil. The loss of Gustavus in this affair is estimated at from three to four thousand men, to say nothing of ten thousand of the wretched inhabitants of Nuremberg, who were slain by the famine in the town. The Imperialists lost but one thousand men, and Wallenstein gained the renown of having arrested, if not vanquished, a leader who, up to that hour, had always triumphed without a check.

The King of Sweden remained a fortnight in presence of the Imperial army; at length, on the 9th of September, he struck his tents and defiled his troops before Wallenstein, who was not tempted to incommode him. Four days afterward, Wallenstein also quitted his intrenchments, abandoning or burning a vast quantity of provisions and munitions of war. He signaled his departure by cruelly setting fire to several villages surrounding the town; and having reinforced his army, dispatched General Gallas to Bohemia with ten thousand men. He then marched on Forchheim, relieved the country of Colmbach, Cobourg, and Bayreuth; summoned the first of these cities to surrender, but in vain, it being garrisoned by Swedes; took the second, but was repulsed in an assault upon the citadel; then he turned toward Saxony, and rejoined Pappenheim on the Swale. Soon after he marched upon Leipzig; but having heard that Gustavus had arrived at Naumburg, and intrenched himself there, he deliberated whether he should attack him or

not, and was deterred from doing so by his generals.

Wallenstein now took possession of Leipzig, as well as of the citadel and several smaller towns in the neighborhood; and, resolving to establish his winter quarters in Saxony, he gave orders to Papenheim to return again to Lower Saxony with his twelve thousand men. Gustavus, informed of this circumstance, abandoned his intention of rejoining the Saxon army, and marched upon Veissenfels, at the head of twenty thousand men, to attack Wallenstein. The latter, although his forces were somewhat inferior, awaited his coming, and shortly the two armies were in presence of each other. The battle of Lutzen, which soon followed, was fought on the 6th of November, 1632. After many vigorous assaults, the left wing of the Swedes was repulsed. Gustavus, however, at the head of his right, had routed the enemy, and the Imperialist left was in retreat; he was hastening to repair the disaster of his own left, when he received a mortal wound. The death of Gustavus spread dismay in the Swedish ranks, and the unexpected return of Papenheim promised to secure their defeat; but their dismay gave place to a furious thirst for vengeance, and they continued the combat with a desperation that bore down all opposition. Pappenheim fell mortally wounded, to the discouragement of the Imperialists; and the talents of Bernard de Weimar, who now occupied the post of Gustavus, seconded by the irresistible fury of his troops, triumphed over the rage of Piccolomini and all the efforts of Wallenstein, who, suffering from the gout, and wounded by a ball in the thigh, yet, borne about in a litter, traversed the field with the utmost activity. All, however, was in vain; the Imperial army fled in disorder, and the Swedes remained masters of the field. Wallenstein, enraged at this defeat, instituted a rigid inquiry into the conduct of his officers after the battle, and avenged himself for his disgrace by putting eighteen of them to death.

But the death of the King of Sweden was itself a great victory for Austria and the League; and all Germany now looked to see how Wallenstein would profit by the fall of his great foe and the consternation his loss had struck in the Protestant party. The general astonishment was extreme when, having reinforced his army,

he marched into Silesia. The enemy overran the banks of the Rhine and Suabia, and menaced Bavaria. The Emperor besought him to succor the exposed territories; but Wallenstein remained doggedly inactive, and if the testimony of those unfriendly to him is to be relied on, commenced negotiations with Sweden, Saxony, and Brandenburg, for securing to himself the crown of Bohemia as the price of a peace; and offering, in case the Emperor should refuse his acquiescence, to march upon Vienna and compel consent at the sword's point. These charges have probably very little truth in them: all that is certain about them is, that they were very unanimously made; but it should be borne in mind that Wallenstein's despotic haughtiness had created him a host of enemies among the German princes who were continually looking for opportunities to destroy him, and were not idle in inventing them. His inaction when called upon to defend Bavaria is easily accounted for, by the resentment he felt against Maximilian as the most persevering and ungrateful of his personal enemies—a consideration which goes far toward solving the mystery of his conduct at this period.

After remaining idle some time, Wallenstein moved his army towards Lusace. The Saxon general, believing that Saxony was threatened, separated his force from the Swedes, and flew to the defense of his country. Wallenstein immediately retraced his steps, attacked the Swedes on a sudden near Steinau on the Oder, October, 1633, and forced the Count de Thurn to surrender at discretion with a body of six thousand men. He at once dismissed the Count about his business; and when the Court of Vienna expressed indignation at this release of their ancient enemy—"What would they have me do with such a fool as that?" he said, "he will be of more value to us in the Swedish camp than anywhere else." This signal success was followed by the capture of several towns in Silesia, and the taking of Landsberg—an exploit that threatened the integrity of Lower Saxony.

Meanwhile, Bernard de Wiemar, master of Ratisbon, pushed his victorious march beyond the Iser. Wallenstein was preparing at length to go to the aid of Bavaria, when Bernard, stopped by the ice of the Inn, returned to the upper Palatinate—a demonstration which altered Wallenstein's

intention, who now reëntered Bohemia, where he took up his winter quarters. The Emperor, annoyed by this step, so fatal to a country already exhausted, and alarmed by the establishment of the Swedes in Bavaria, pressed Wallenstein to march against them. So far from obeying this injunction, Wallenstein ordered General Suys, who was already approaching Passau, to stop on this side the Ems, and forbade him, under pain of death, to obey the orders of the Emperor. For himself, he remained in Bohemia, crushing the inhabitants, not only by the support of his troops, but by most exorbitant exactions, and insulting their misery by the indulgence of his unbridled personal luxury. More than a thousand servants, and as many horses attached to his private use, were entertained at the expense of the Bohemian state. Ferdinand, incensed at the scant respect paid to his sovereign will, reiterated his orders to Suys, and commanded Wallenstein to send six thousand of his men to the Cardinal Infante of Spain, who had returned from Italy to the Low Countries. Wallenstein interpreted this order as an avowed determination to diminish his influence; and now it is highly probable that for the first time he began to put in execution a plan of defection, which may or may not have been revolving in his mind for years. He had chosen Piccolomini for a bosom friend, from the absurd reason that this man was born under the same constellation as himself, and he hesitated not to impart to him his treasonable design. Piccolomini listened to the detail of his plan, and after seeking in vain to turn him from his purpose, embraced the whole of the propositions made to him, promised everything, and immediately hastened to communicate all to the Emperor.

Wallenstein convoked his generals at Pilsau for a council of war, and under the pretext of treating of peace, invited the Saxon and Swedish commissioners. The meeting took place in January, 1634. Three important objects were submitted to its deliberation: the Emperor's demand that Wallenstein should abandon his quarters in Bohemia—that he should attack Ratisbon—and, finally, that he should detach six thousand men from his army. The assembled generals declared unanimously that these measures were impracticable. Then Illo, one of the confidants of Wallenstein, having first dwelt with much

vehemence on the perfidy and ingratitude of the Court of Vienna towards a man to whom they owed the salvation of the monarchy, declared that the intention of Wallenstein was to throw up the command. These words produced a most extraordinary sensation. Four generals were deputed to wait on Wallenstein, to implore him to renounce so fatal a resolution. He yielded to their entreaties, but required at the same time an engagement from them to remain faithful to him. To this they all agreed, and a writing was drawn up and read to them at a banquet, to which Illo invited them. This general did his best to ply his guests with liquor; and when they were well heated with wine, proposed that they should all sign the document they had head read. Illo, after reading the document, had contrived surreptitiously to change it for another, in which the important words, "so long as he shall remain in the service of his majesty, and shall employ them in the same service," were omitted. Some of the chiefs, remarking the omission, refused to sign, and others equivocatingly signed in an illegible manner; but Wallenstein having on the following day represented to them his services and the injuries received from the Court of Vienna, the machinations of his numerous enemies, and the perils of his position, they all consented to sign afresh the document as he desired. This treasonable act, the proofs of which appear to be too manifold and forcible to be explained away, was the beginning of the end of Wallenstein's extraordinary career—a career in which we see overweening pride trampling ruthlessly and remorselessly on all the interests which the human heart holds dear.

CHAPTER III.

THE spies by whom Wallenstein was surrounded reported day by day the whole of his proceedings to the Emperor, who dispatched persons on whom he could rely, to fathom, if possible, the purposes of the rebellious general. Wallenstein, probably aware of the impossibility of keeping his designs much longer secret, sent in all haste for those of his generals who had been absent from the council, with the intention of obtaining from them an assurance of their adherence to him, or, in default of that, of seizing their persons.

But already rumors of his doings had reached them, and put them upon their guard. Altringer feigned sickness as an excuse for not coming. Gallas came, but it was in the capacity of a spy of the Emperor, who at this time issued secret instructions to his principal officers to seize the persons of the Duke of Friedland and his associates, Illo and Terzky, and to keep them imprisoned closely, in readiness for judgment; but if that could not be done, to take them at all events, dead or alive. At the same time Gallas received a patent commission, releasing the army from obedience to the traitor, appointing himself successor to the command, and granting a general amnesty to all, save the persons named, for offenses committed against the imperial majesty at Pilsen.

Gallas saw that it was impossible to execute his commission under the eyes of the Duke, who had been so long the object of general veneration, and he was especially anxious to consult with Altringer. He proposed to Wallenstein to go in search of the latter, and bring him to Pilsen. Wallenstein lent his own equipage for the journey, and Gallas set out, but did not return; and, instead of bringing Altringer to Pilsen, he sent him to the Emperor with further information. As Gallas delayed his return, Piccolomini begged to be sent after him, and again Wallenstein, suspecting nothing, was the dupe of his betrayers. At a safe distance from Pilsen and Wallenstein, Gallas announced himself to the different imperial armies as the commander-in-chief, from whom they were in future to receive orders, and denounced the Duke as a traitor.

At last Wallenstein's eyes were opened, and he woke in consternation at the baseness of those whom he had enriched and trusted—a baseness and treachery of which he had first set the example; yet he still had faith in the fidelity of his army, and in the auspicious fortune promised his deluded mind by the stars. He appeared accordingly to advance rapidly on Prague, where he intended to throw off the mask and declare war against the Emperor, and where Duke Bernard was to join and support him with the Swedish troops. But he had already delayed too long. While waiting intelligence from Prague, he suddenly received news of the loss of that town, the defection of his generals, the desertion of his troops, the discovery of his plans, and the advance of an imperial force

under a leader sworn to his destruction. Still he did not despair, though betrayed by all on whom he depended. The extremity to which he was reduced was now, both to Swedes and Saxons, a guarantee of the sincerity of his purpose, and they hastened to afford him their protection. Saxony offered him four thousand men, and Duke Bernard agreed to meet him on the frontier of the kingdom with six thousand chosen troops. He left Pilsen with Terzky's regiment, and hastened to Egra, in order to facilitate his junction with Duke Bernard. During his flight he occupied himself with a gigantic scheme for dethroning the Emperor, and on his arrival there was thunderstruck with the news that he was himself proclaimed a public enemy and a traitor.

At Egra, Wallenstein pushed on his negotiations with the enemy, unaware that the dagger which should slay him was already unsheathed. Among his officers was one Leslie, a Scotchman, who had risen by his bounty, and in whose gratitude he confided. This man, who was ready to betray his benefactor and earn the price of blood, disclosed to Colonel Buttler and Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, who commanded in the town, the treasonable purposes of the Duke, which had been confided to him during the journey. These men, pledged to the allegiance of the Emperor, deliberated how they should deal with the bold and powerful rebel, whom a retributive Providence seemed to have delivered into their hands. They came to the resolution of capturing the Duke, and delivering him alive to the pleasure of the Emperor; but they held their peace, and with the outward show of devotion to their victim, waited for a favorable opportunity.

Wallenstein was now fully alive to the perils of his position, and to the absolute necessity he was under of trusting unreservedly to the faith and honor of the Emperor's enemies. He unburdened before Leslie all the anguish of his mind, and in the violence of his agitation imparted to him his last remaining secret. He informed him that it was his intention to deliver up Egra and Ellenbogen, the passes of the kingdom, to the Saxons, and at the same time apprised him of the expected approach of Duke Bernard, of whose arrival he hoped to have tidings that very night. Leslie immediately communicated these particulars to the conspirators, who

at once changed their plan. There was not time for the proceedings they had contemplated: in a few hours the place might be in the hands of the enemy, and their prisoner at liberty. To make all sure, therefore, they resolved upon the extreme measure of assassinating both him and his associates.

The next day Colonel Buttler invited Wallenstein, with his friends Illo, Terzky, William Kinsky, and Captain Neumann to an entertainment in the castle of Egra. All the guests came, with the exception of Wallenstein, who, being too anxious to enjoy company, excused himself. They gave themselves up to the pleasures of the table, and drank the health of Wallenstein as a sovereign prince, in bumpers of wine, and talked magniloquently of his impending greatness. When the dessert was brought in, Leslie gave the signal to raise the drawbridges, and in a moment the room was filled with armed men. With a presentiment of their fate, the guests sprang from the table. Kinsky and Terzky were killed on the spot before they could draw their weapons. Neumann escaped into the court, where he was instantly cut down. Illo drew his sword, and, placing his back against a window, fought bravely, killing two of his assassins ere he fell to the ground, pierced with ten wounds.

When this sanguinary work was done, Leslie ran into the town to prevent a tumult. He related to the town-guard the details of Wallenstein's conspiracy, the measures already carried out for defeating it, the fate of the conspirators, and that which awaited Wallenstein himself. He found these troops loyal to the Emperor; and he sent a reinforcement from the castle to patrol the streets, to guard every avenue to Wallenstein's house, and to overawe the small number of his partisans in the town.

Before proceeding to consummate their terrible exploit, the conspirators deliberated on the alternative of killing their victim, or making him prisoner. Though reeking with the blood of his only friends, they shuddered at the thought of slaying so illustrious a man; on the other hand, the sense of immediate danger and total ruin to themselves in case of the arrival of either Saxons or Swedes, showed them that in the death of Wallenstein lay their only chance of safety. They therefore hesitated no longer, but issued orders to

Captain Deveroux, an Irishman, who had undertaken the assassin's task, to act decisively and at once.

During the banquet and the murderous scenes that followed, Wallenstein had been engaged, with his astrologer Seni, in consulting the stars, and drawing from their present aspect in the heavens omens of future prosperity. Seni, who could not be unaware of the fallen fortunes of his master, had warned him of impending danger; but Wallenstein, who would, if possible, bend even the heavens to his will, persisted in regarding the adverse omens as indicative of success. He had dismissed the astrologer, and gone to bed and to sleep, when Deveroux, with six halberdiers, entered the house. A servant, who met them on the stairs and attempted to raise an alarm, was run through the body. Another, whom they encountered at the door of Wallenstein's chamber, put his finger to his lips, to warn them to make no noise, as his master was asleep. "Friend," cried Deveroux, "it is time to awake him;" and, rushing against the door, burst it open.

But Wallenstein was already awake. The despairing shrieks of the Countesses Kinsky and Terzky, who had learned the violent fate of their husbands, had aroused him from his first sleep; he had leaped from his bed and gone to the window to ascertain the cause of the dreadful cries, when Deveroux and his band of murderers suddenly stood before him. Amazed at their insolent presumption, Wallenstein, standing in his shirt, gazed at them in silence. "Art thou the villain," cried Deveroux, "who designs to deliver up the Emperor's troops to the enemy, and to pluck the crown from the head of his majesty? Now thou must die!" He waited a moment as if for an answer; but Wallenstein deigned him not a word: throwing wide his arms, he received the deadly weapons in his breast, and fell to the ground—lifeless.

The death of Wallenstein occurred in his fifty-second year. The Emperor Ferdinand, whose monarchy he had twice saved, and who had issued the secret order for his assassination or capture, while openly corresponding with him on friendly terms, hypocritically affected profound sorrow for his death, and ordered three thousand masses to be said for the repose of his soul. He did not neglect, however to reward the murderers for

their unscrupulous devotion to his will, nor hesitate to enrich them from the vast treasures of his slain benefactor. In the Emperor's justification, it has been asserted, that he did not intend to kill Wallenstein, but only to depose him and drive him from Bohemia; but this assertion is clearly disproved by documents afterward discovered, and published by Förster in the third volume of "Wallenstein's Letters."

On the news of Wallenstein's death, the army in Prague broke out into a terrible mutiny. His German partisans loudly maintained that he was no traitor, but that he had perished by the intrigues of the Jesuits, whom his contempt of their order had mortally offended. Duels were fought almost hourly between the Italian and German officers on this quarrel; and at length it grew to such a pitch that whole battalions of German and Italian regiments fought each other on the question of Wallenstein's guilt or innocence. The mutiny threatened the total disruption of the imperial forces, and was only quelled at last by the exercise of ruthless severity toward the obstinate, and a largess, equivalent to three months' pay, to the rest of the army.

The person of Wallenstein has been thus described: "A tall, thin, proud figure, with sallow countenance and sternest features; a lofty, commanding forehead, with short, bristling black hair; small, black, fiery, and piercing eyes; dark, mistrustful looks; his chin and lips covered with a pointed beard and thick mustachios, the ends of which stood stiffly out; such was the man, as we may still see him in his portraits. His usual dress consisted of a buff jerkin and a white doublet, scarlet mantle and hose, a broad Spanish ruff, boots of Cordova leather, lined with fur on account of his gout; on his hat he wore, like Tilly, a long waving red plume."

His character may be best gathered from his acts. In estimating it, however, we are bound to take into account the circumstances of his time—a time of civil war and political intrigue, and a time when humanity had fled from the counsels of men, and the influence of moral principle is nowhere to be recognized in their deeds. As a military leader, he possessed in great perfection the skill of governing the most savage spirits, and of moving large masses of men. Many of his contemporaries surpassed him in tactics in the field and in

the splendor of their deeds of arms. Tilly, Gustavus Adolphus, and even Bernard de Weimar, excelled him as conquerors; but neither of them equaled him in the art of drawing multitudes to his standard. Twice did the magic of his name improvise an immense army; and twice he had the fate of Germany, perhaps of Europe, in his hands. We are not to attribute the success of these great levies to the fame of Wallenstein's arms: when he raised the first great army he had done nothing extraordinary; and the remembrance of his signal defeat at Stralsund must have been fresh in all minds when he raised the second. It was not by victory that he fascinated the wild spirits he drew around him, but by the license he permitted. He made his officers the guests of his own table, where they feasted luxuriously. He winked at the excesses of the soldiers, so long as strict discipline was observed in actual service. His camp was ever joyous and gay; he allowed crowds of camp-followers, but no chaplain. He enlisted all that came—robbers, bandits, free-booters, of whatever nation, and promoted the most able, so that every private soldier had the highest rank open before him; and he rewarded every act of bravery with princely munificence. On the other hand, his severity was almost fiendish. Cowardice he punished inexorably with death. At the smallest breach of discipline, he would dispose of the offender with the brief order, "Let the brute be hanged." Men, in his hands, were the mere tools with which he worked. When Gustavus once made a proposition to him to give quarter, he sent back for answer: "The troops may either fight or rot." He did not care to be gazed at by his soldiers, and they were directed, when he walked between their tents or through their ranks, not to appear to take any notice of him. "The men were struck with a strange awe when Wallenstein's tall, thin figure glided along like a ghost; there was about all his being something solemn, mysterious, and unearthly. The soldiers were fully convinced that their general had a bond with the powers of darkness; that he read the future in the stars; that he could not bear to hear the barking of the dog, nor the crowing of the cock; that he was proof against bullet as well as against cut and stab; and, above all, that he had charmed Fortune to stand by his colors!"

To test the obedience of his troops, he

would sometimes issue the most absurd and capricious orders. Schiller relates that he once ordered that none but red sashes should be worn in the army, under penalty of death. A captain of horse no sooner heard the decree than he tore off his gold-embroidered sash and trod it under foot! and Wallenstein, on the spot, promoted him to the rank of Colonel. On another occasion, he published sentence of death against all who should be caught pillaging; and himself meeting a straggler in the open country, had him seized, and thundered out, "Hang the brute," according to his custom. The soldier pleaded, and proved his innocence. "Hang, then, innocent," cried Wallenstein; "the guilty will have all the more reason to tremble." The man, driven desperate, flew at his judge to avenge himself, but was overpowered and disarmed. "Now let him go," said the Duke; "it will excite sufficient terror."

Wallenstein owed his ruin to his unbridled ambition and his unbounded arrogance, and presents a signal example of the working of that irrevocable law, enunciated in the Word of God, and illustrated so frequently in the history of mankind, that "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." It was this latter quality which offended, because it wounded his most intimate associates, and transformed those whom he had raised by his favor and enriched by his bounty into secret enemies and betrayers. It is said that Gustavus believed him mad, and was not alone in his belief. Those who entertained this opinion seem to have grounded it upon those periods of inaction and indecision in Wallenstein's career, by which he appeared to throw away the best opportunities offered him by the vicissitudes of the war; while others see a stronger reason for the imputation in the fact that, at a period when the fallacy of the pretensions and pursuits of astrologers had been made manifest to all reasoning minds, he should have squandered so much time and money in the prosecution of that study, and given credence to its absurd prognostications.

We have already stated, with respect to the charges brought by his adversaries against Wallenstein, of treachery to the Emperor, that we see no grounds for believing them true up to the period when, at the earnest solicitations of Ferdinand, he raised the second powerful army, and as-

sumed the command. We even go yet further, and submit that it would be difficult to produce satisfactory evidence of treason on his part previous to the convoking of the generals at Pilsen. It is our conviction that, up to the hour of that meeting, although he may have meditated defection, he had come to no resolution, much less taken any active measures, to carry it out. Wallenstein knew, by the command which he had received to evacuate Bohemia, and to weaken his forces by sending off six thousand men to a distance so great as to prevent their recall, that he had lost the favor of the Emperor, who took these means of diminishing his influence and authority. He saw in this an evidence that the machinations of his implacable enemy, Maximilian of Bavaria, and the stealthy hostility of the Jesuits, had prevailed with Ferdinand against him; and that the latter, while professedly favorable and friendly, had decreed and was working his overthrow. This was the conviction that rankled in Wallenstein's breast, and made of him a rebel. At Pilsen, the ostensible adherence of the generals to his interests hastened the formation and development of his plans, which were defeated by his trust in them, and their precipitate treason to their benefactor. Wallenstein fell, not because he designed treason against the Emperor, but because the Emperor was first a traitor to his engagements, both public and private, with himself. He saw Ferdinand, under the mask of friendship, striking at his authority and reputation; his self-love revolted at the spectacle, and his pride and arrogance goaded him to a fatal revenge.

This appears to us the natural solution of the long-vexed question, about which it is probable nothing decisive will ever be known. By the friends of Wallenstein's fame it is argued that no documents have ever been discovered which show him to have been guilty of the treason laid to his charge. To which it may be replied, that the treasonable plans being recently

formed, it was not likely that there should ever have been many such documents in existence; and further, that it is shown on evidence perfectly reliable that, on the night previous to that of his death, Wallenstein destroyed at Egra six hundred letters and documents, the contents of which were known only to himself; and again, that immediately after his death the Countesses Terzky and Kinsky destroyed by fire the whole of the papers of their murdered husbands, Wallenstein's most confidential associates. Notwithstanding the absence of all documentary proof, to our thinking the guilt of Wallenstein, from the moment of his reception of the Emperor's command to divide his forces and quit Bohemia, is morally proved in a manner the most incontestible. How else are we to explain the desertion of his generals, who profited more by his favor than they were ever likely to do by the Emperor's, who were all chosen by himself, and owed their prosperity to him? and how else is it possible to account for the march of the Duke of Lauenburg and Bernard de Weimar toward Egra, which was to have been treasonably delivered up to them, and where the former fell, and the latter narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the Imperialists?

The defection of Wallenstein, however, does not excuse or palliate the double-dealing and base falsehood of Ferdinand, which brought it about. That he should decree, without even the form of a trial, the death of a man who had saved his empire from ruin, and to whose welfare he was pledged by solemn compact, is a plot so foul as to be almost without a parallel in the records of any other reigning family. The crimes and treacheries of individuals and dynasties seldom end with their perpetrators; they bear fruit, according to God's irreversible laws, from generation to generation; and in the prostrate and insecure condition of the Austrian dominions, the thoughtful mind will recognize evidences of the retributive hand of a righteous Providence.

From the Leisure Hour.

CELESTIAL FIREWORKS.

It was a brilliant and an imposing spectacle—the flight of ten thousand rockets, from the summit of Primrose Hill, at the recent celebration of the Peace. Up they went, not one by one, or score after score, but in a monster burst—flaring, hissing, and vaulting, then curling and winding aloft like so many fiery flying serpents, till they finally dissolved in a shower of stars, most dazzling to the fifty thousand pair of upturned eyes that followed their course. The display, duly advertised before hand, fully answered to expectation, but did not much exceed it. Though admiration was excited, there was little surprise, except among the juveniles. Much less was the mind of the multitude stirred with those feelings of awe bordering on apprehension, which are usually roused when the impression to the eye is so occult as to defy intelligence to apprehend its cause—a splendid but mysterious apparition. The whole was of the earth, earthy. It was known to be of man's device, and of no difficult manipulation, while only gorgeous, or even visible, within a very limited range. At a comparatively short distance from the scene of action, the lofty seemed low, the beautiful was obscure, and the imposing became insignificant. It dwindled down to the likeness of a few squibs, fired by some frolicsome urchins escaped from school, till, a little farther off, the horizon showed nothing in the direction but the ordinary darkness of night. Far otherwise is it with the fireworks which Nature occasionally exhibits. We allude not to the glare of the volcano, the flash of the lightning, or the coruscations of the northern lights, but to brilliant appearances of a more recondite description—more remote, too, from terrestrial connections, most frequently and magnificently seen in tropical localities, sometimes visible over thousands of square miles of the earth's surface, and through a vast linear extent of celestial space, occurring both as isolated drops of light, and forming copious luminous showers. St. John might have

had the phenomenon before him on its grandest scale when he indited the passage referring to the opening of the sixth seal: "And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind."

It is very common, when the curtains of the night are drawn, and clouds are absent from the star-decked sky, or only blot it in patches, for a line of light in the concave to arrest the eye, as though a fiery arrow had been shot from an invisible bow in space, or a star had fallen from its sphere into an extinguishing gulf. Hence the familiar names of shooting and falling stars applied to such apparitions. In certain situations—as when away from the din of towns, on shipboard, in the still valley, or on the solitary moor—the appearance is not a little impressive; and, being not more striking than well known in all climes and countries, it has been consecrated in the records of inspiration as an image of the complete and rapid overthrow of principalities and powers, "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!" "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." Often as the sight has been witnessed, it seldom fails to arrest attention, whether contemplated by rustic ignorance or cultivated science, and to fix thought upon the inquiry, for the moment, "What can it be?" In the oldest literature we meet with allusions to these swift and evanescent luminosities. Homer compares the hasty flight of Minerva from the peaks of Olympus, to break the truce between the Greeks and Trojans, to the rapidity of a radiant overhead streamer. Virgil makes it a kind of telegraph between Jupiter and poor old Anchisse; and mentions the phenomenon, when frequent, as a prognostic of stormy weather:

"And oft, before tempestuous winds arise,
The seeming stars fall headlong from the skies.
And, shooting through the darkness, gild the night
With sweeping glories and long trains of light."

Modern observations show that these and other objects of the same class—the shooting-stars, falling-stars, fire-balls, and thunderbolts of the vulgar—the meteors, meteorites, aërolites, bolides, eolides, and uranolites of the scientific—are to a moral certainty identical in their nature and origin, though differing in their exhibitions. The leading circumstances under which they appear may be stated.

1. Shooting stars, meteors, or whatever else we may call them, vary in their *form*, *magnitude*, and *brightness*. Some consist of phosphoric lines, apparently described by a point; and these are the most numerous class. In others, the globular shape is occasionally very conspicuous, answering to a ball of fire, usually followed by a train of intensely white light; but this is sometimes tinged with various prismatic colors of great beauty. A third variety present no uniform aspect, remain stationary in the heavens, and are visible for a considerable time. Estimates of the diameters of the globular class give measurements of 500 feet, 1000 feet, and 2000 feet. Some are not more conspicuous than small stars to the naked eye, while others are more resplendent than the brightest of the planets, and throw a very perceptible illumination upon the path of the traveler.

5. The luminous objects differ likewise in their *height*, *velocity* and *duration*. A series of observations was carefully conducted by Brandes, with coadjutors at Breslau and the neighborhood, between April and October, 1823, when, out of a great number, ninety-eight were observed simultaneously at different stations. Of these, at the time of extinction, the computed altitudes were :

4	under	15 miles.
15	from 15 to	30 "
22	" 30 "	45 "
33	" 45 "	70 "
13	" 70 "	90 "
6	above	90 "
5	from 140 to	460 "

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The greatest velocity was thirty-six miles a second, or double that of the earth in its orbit; but a rate vastly greater has been registered, equal to eleven times that of the earth, and to seven and a half times of Mercury, the fastest galloper of the planets; and much greater altitudes are on record. Commonly the time of visibility

involves only a few seconds; but the luminous trains of the globular class have been seen from several minutes to half an hour after the disappearance of the brilliant balls, while examples of the stationary amorphous kind have remained in sight much longer.

3. Their *direction* is in general more or less oblique, but sometimes it seems horizontal; and the extraordinary fact is mentioned in one instance of a shooting-star moving away from the earth, or upward, as if caught in the act of deserting celestial space, and dragged back into its depths by an attraction superior to terrestrial gravitation. It is usually the case that these objects move from north-east to south-west, which is contrary to the direction of the earth in its orbit. This seems to have an important bearing upon their physical history.

4. While limited to no particular part of the earth, state of the weather, or season of the year, they are most numerous seen in tropical localities, under tranquil conditions of the atmosphere, toward the close of summer and the commencement of autumn, especially about the middle of August and November. The displays have been gorgeous and terrific, as seen in America, when at the same time nothing remarkable has been observed in European skies; while, contemporaneously, on other occasions, the revelation has been splendid in the atmosphere of opposite hemispheres. In 1837, a vast number appeared in Europe; and on the same day, on the other side of the globe, they were witnessed from the French-ship "Bonite."

5. Commonly the sight is the only sense addressed. "There is no speech nor language—their voice is not heard." But occasionally hissing noises and loud detonations have been distinctly audible, owing doubtless to greater contiguity. Windows and doors have rattled, and even buildings have trembled at the violence of the explosions. The meteor which passed over Italy, in 1676, disappeared to seaward in the direction of Corsica, with a report which was heard at Leghorn. A similar visitor, witnessed all over England in 1718, passed from north-east to south-west, and the sound of an explosion was heard through Devon and Cornwall, and along the opposite coast of Brittany. This was a very brilliant object. Sir Hans Sloane, being abroad in the streets of

London at the time of its appearance—a quarter past eight at night—found his path suddenly and intensely illumined. He at first thought it proceeded from a discharge of rockets; but looking up, he saw an orb of fire traveling with immense velocity aloft, so vividly bright that several times he was compelled to turn away his eyes from it. The stars disappeared; the moon—nine days old, and high, near the meridian, the sky being very clear—was so effaced as to be scarcely visible.

6. On the same night, the appearance of falling-stars is ordinarily limited to two or three examples, and weeks may pass away without a single one being observed; but at times the number is prodigious, as if the whole celestial host had been loosened from the concave to rush in lawless flight toward the earth, resembling a perfect shower of fiery snow. Medieval chronicles contain records of such events, once considered as marvels invented by the chroniclers, but now admitted to the class of facts, since modern experience is familiar with precisely similar displays. Some of these relations are worthy of notice.

Arabian annalists state that on the night of the death of King Ibrahim ben Ahmed, referring to the month of October, in the year 902 of our era, an infinite number of falling stars were seen spreading themselves like rain over the heavens from right to left; and this year was afterwards called “the year of stars.” In some annals of Cairo, it is related that “in this year, (1029 of our era,) in the month Redjeb, (August,) many stars passed, with a great noise and brilliant light.” In another place the document states that “in the year 599, on Saturday night, in the last Moharrem, (1202 of our era, and on the 19th of October,) the stars appeared like waves upon the sky, toward the east and west; they flew about like grasshoppers, and were dispersed from left to right; the people were terror-struck.” Mohammed, in a chapter of the Koran, alludes to the falling stars as the visible flame which the angels, guarding the constellations, hurl at the evil spirits who come too near. Hence a modern poet makes his Peri fly through space—

“Rapidly as comets run
To th’ embraces of the sun;
Fleeter than the starry brands
Flung at night from angel hands
At those dark and daring sprites
Who would climb th’ empyreal heights.”

On the night of April 25, 1095, both in France and England, the stars were seen “falling like a shower of rain from heaven upon the earth.” The Chronicle of Rheims describes them as driven like dust before the wind; and great commotions in Christendom were foreboded in consequence by the members of the Council of Clermont. By the common people in England, the event was deemed ominous to the king, William Rufus, “that God was not content with his lyvyng; but he was so wilful and proude of minde, that he regarded little their saying.”

To come down to modern times. The last century was drawing to a close, when a grand meteoric shower was seen over a very considerable portion of the area of the globe. It became conspicuous toward midnight on the 12th of November, 1799, and rapidly waxed terrible, continuing for several hours. To the Moravian missionaries in Greenland, who witnessed the scene, the contrast was of the strangest description—a landscape of unvarying ice and snow around them, and the semblance of the heavens on fire above; for glowing points and masses, thick as hail, filled the firmament, as if some vast magazine of combustible materials had exploded in the far off depths of space. Humboldt and Bonpland observed the spectacle on the coast of Mexico. The former remarks:—“Thousands of bolides and falling-stars succeeded each other during four hours. Their direction was very regular from north to south. From the beginning of the phenomenon there was not a space in the firmament equal in extent to three diameters of the moon which was not filled every instant with them. All the meteors left luminous traces or phosphorescent bands behind them, which lasted seven or eight seconds.” Mr. Ellicott, at sea, off Cape Florida, was another spectator. “I was called up,” he states, “about three o’clock in the morning to see the shooting-stars, as they are called. The phenomenon was grand and awful. The whole heavens appeared as if illuminated with sky-rockets, which disappeared only by the light of the sun toward daybreak. The meteors, which at any one instant of time appeared as numerous as the stars, flew in all possible directions, except from the earth, toward which they all inclined, more or less; and some of them descended perpendicularly over the vessel we were in, so that I was in constant expectation of

their falling on us." The same appearances were seen on the same night by the Capuchin missionary at San Fernando, a village in the Llanos of Venezuela; by the Franciscan monks stationed near the cataracts of the Orinoco; at Marca, on the banks of the Rio Negro; at Quito, Cumana, and Santa Fe de Bogota; in French Guiana and Western Brazil; at Nain and Hoffenthal, in Labrador; and even at Weimar, Halle, and Carlsruhe, in Germany, shooting-stars were very numerous. The area of visibility embraced 64° of latitude, and 94° of longitude.

Passing by several meteoric showers, more or less remarkable, we come to the most stupendous hitherto witnessed—that of the 13th of November, 1833; which, being the third in successive years, all occurring in the same month, and on the same day of the month, seemed to intimate periodicity, and originated the title of the November meteors. The night of the 12th was singularly fine. Not a cloud obscured the sky. Toward midnight the spectacle commenced, and was at its height between four and six o'clock in the morning. It was seen all over the United States, from the Canadian lakes to the West Indies, and from about longitude 61° in the Atlantic Ocean, to that of 100° in the center of Mexico. It included the three classes of forms previously mentioned—phosphoric lines, large fire-balls, and luminous bodies of irregular shape. One of the latter, observed in the state of Ohio, resembled a brilliant pruning-hook, apparently about twenty feet long by eighteen inches broad. It was distinctly visible in the north-east more than an hour, and gradually declined toward the horizon till it disappeared. Another, of tabular contour, appeared near the zenith, over the Falls of Niagara, and remained stationary for a considerable time, emitting large streams of light. The roar of the cataract, the wild dash and incessant plunging of the waters below it, with the fiery storm overhead, combined to form a scene of unequalled sublimity. Some persons died of fright. Many thought that the Last Great Day had come. In the slave States, the terror of the negroes was extreme. "I was suddenly awakened," says a planter in South-Carolina, "by the most distressing cries that ever fell on my ears. Shrieks of horror and cries for mercy I could hear from most of the negroes of three plantations, amounting to from six to eight

hundred. While listening for the cause, I heard a faint voice near the door calling my name. I arose, and, taking my sword, stood at the door. At this moment I heard the same voice still beseeching me to rise, and saying, "Oh! master! the world is on fire!" I then opened the door, and it is difficult to say which excited me most, the awfulness of the scene, or the distressed shrieks of the negroes. Upward of one hundred lay prostrate on the ground—some speechless, and some with the bitterest cries, but most with their hands raised, imploring God to save the world and them. The scene was truly awful; for never did rain fall much thicker than the meteors fell toward the earth. East, west, north, and south, it was the same." An observer at Boston compared them, when at the maximum, to half the number of flakes seen in the air during an ordinary snow-storm. When they became less dense, so as to admit of being individualized, he counted 650 in fifteen minutes, in a vertical zone which did not include a tenth part of the visible horizon; and this number, in his opinion, was not more than two thirds of the whole. Thus there would be 866 in his circumscribed zone, which gives 8660 for the entire hemisphere every quarter of an hour, or 34,640 per hour; and as the phenomenon continued seven hours, the grand total of falling stars and meteors visible at Boston on this memorable night exceeded 240,000. The spectacle must indeed have been of the sublimest order, and we can not wonder at the simple, unlettered negroes having experienced sensations of terror. The Creator of these stupendous phenomena, though overflowing with love, is also the Moral Governor of his universe; and on such occasions as these the inquiry will force itself upon the mind, whether it is in a state of reconciliation with him—whether its sins have been forgiven—whether, in short, it is prepared to meet its God?

Some leading features of this magnificent spectacle, as noted by intelligent eye-witnesses, may be concisely stated. *Firstly*, The meteors had their origin beyond the limits of our atmosphere. They all, without a single exception, moved in lines which converged in one and the same point of the heavens, as indicated by the diagram. But their course commenced at different distances from it, while around the point itself there was a circular space

of several degrees in which none appeared. The position of this radiating point, with reference to the stars, was near γ in the constellation Leo. It was stationary among the stars during the whole period of observation, or, in other words, instead of accompanying the earth in its diurnal rotation eastward, it attended the stars in their apparent movement westward. Thus the common focus from which the meteors seemed to emanate was clearly in the regions of space exterior to our atmosphere. *Secondly*, The height of the place whence they proceeded, though not accurately determined, must have been several thousand miles above the surface of the earth. This was inferred from observations of parallax. *Thirdly*, The meteors did not fall by the force of gravity alone, for the velocity observed was estimated to be much greater than could possibly result from the law of gravitation. *Fourthly*, They consisted of combustible matter; took fire, and were consumed, in traversing the atmosphere. They were not luminous in their original situations in space, otherwise the body would have been seen from which they emanated. Combustion ensued upon reaching the atmosphere, owing to the heat evolved by the sudden and powerful compression of the air consequent on their tremendous velocity; and the combustion

was complete, since no particles, notwithstanding the momentum, made their way to the surface of the earth. *Fifthly*, Some of the meteors were evidently bodies of considerable size. Several fireballs were observed apparently as large as the full moon. Dr. Smith of North-Carolina, who was traveling all night on professional business, thus describes one: "In size it appeared somewhat larger than the full moon rising. I was startled by the splendid light in which the surrounding scene was exhibited, rendering even small objects quite visible; but I heard no noise, although every sense seemed to be suddenly aroused, in sympathy with the violent impression on the sight." *Sixthly*, The large meteors were still high in the atmosphere when they exploded, or resolved themselves into smoke; for evidently the same objects were observed from far distant points, and while the explosions were seen, no report of any kind reached the ear.

While the eye was alone appealed to upon this occasion, the ear—as before remarked—has been addressed; and the sense of touch has taken cognizance of solid bodies which have fallen from surrounding space. But these "bits of stars," with the hypotheses proposed to explain the entire phenomena, must be reserved for future notice.

AMYLENE, A SUBSTITUTE FOR CHLOROFORM.—About fifteen years ago, a substance was discovered by M. Cahours, to which chemists gave the name of *amylene*. From that time till very lately it attracted but little notice; but toward the close of last year its properties as an anæsthetic agent were brought under the observation of medical men, and Messrs. Ferguson and Bowman, under the superintendence of Dr. Snow, put it to the test by performing a most painful operation upon a patient in King's College Hospital, London, while under its influence. Its va-

por is much less pungent than that of chloroform, although the patient breathes a larger quantity. It causes a perfect freedom from pain, although the patient retains a semi-consciousness throughout; and is advantageously distinguished from chloroform, in being unattended with sickness afterward. It is made by distilling fusil oil with chloride of zinc, and is composed of ten equivalents of carbon with ten equivalents of hydrogen; it is very light and volatile, being only two thirds the specific gravity of water, and boils at a temperature of 102° Fahrenheit.

From the Leisure Hour.

THE UPAS TREE OF FACT AND FICTION.

SOME time about the year 1775, a certain Dutch surgeon called Foersch, who had traveled much in Java, came back and wrote a book, in which he described some curious things he had seen. Unscrupulous travellers, in the time when Surgeon Foersch lived, could take greater license of description than now. Then, there were no railroads in Egypt or Hindostan. Bottles of soda-water were not then retailed to travelers in the desert. Fishes had never been frightened into fits by the paddles of dashing steamboats; and even the steam-engine itself was a clumsy sort of thing. Turks did not wear frock-coats, mermaids were reported plentiful, and the kraaken lifted his huge bulk out of the maelström.

To return to Mynheer Foersch, however. This gentleman, after traveling in Java, came back and published an account of the Upas Poison-valley of Java; so grave and circumstantial that, extraordinary as the testimony was, people did not hesitate to accept it. So many little details were given, that every statement made had the quality of *local coloring*, as an artist would say; and one could hardly refuse to believe it.

Foersch, after prefacing his tale respecting the upas with the remark, that although he had long heard of the extraordinary tree, still he could not believe in its existence, goes on to say that he had satisfied himself on that point, and that the reports of the natives respecting it were by no means overdrawn. He then proceeds to tell us all about it, the summary of which is as follows: Somewhere in the far recesses of Java there is, according to Foersch, a dreadful tree, the poisonous secretions of which are so virulent, that they not only kill by contact, but poison the air for several miles around, so that the greater number of those who approach the vegetable monster are killed. Nothing whatever, he tells us, can grow

within several miles of the upas tree, except some little trees of the same species. For a distance of about fifteen miles round about the spot, the ground is covered with the skeletons of birds, beasts, and human beings. Amongst other evidence which Foersch brings to bear collaterally upon the subject of the upas tree, as described by him, is the following: He mentions, that many hundred Javanese who once rebelled against the emperor, and were conquered by the imperial armies, rather than submit as prisoners of war, took refuge in the districts out-lying the upas tree, which latter, however, they did not approach nearer than fifteen miles; nevertheless, so poisoned was the air, that the greater number of the rebels in question died; the remainder, having humbly implored the emperor that they might be allowed to seek a healthier resting-place, had their prayer granted. Nevertheless, the fatal emanations of the upas tree had already done the work—very few of the pardoned rebels recovered.

According to Foersch, the poisonous juice of the upas tree was much employed, not only to envenom arrows, and as a means of criminal execution, but for the still more objectionable purpose of secret poisoning. The Dutch, according to Foersch, suffered during their wars with the Javanese to such an extent, by drinking water which had been tainted by upas poison, that they at last were in the habit of carrying live fish about with them in their campaigns, as tests of its presence. If the fish lived after immersion in the suspected water, all was well; if they died, of course the water was poisoned.

Foersch gives us a circumstantial account of an execution witnessed by him, of thirteen of the emperor's wives at one time, by means of a lancet smeared with the upas poison. These unhappy ladies having offended their lord and master, and being sentenced to die, fell victims

to the deadly plant a few seconds after each had been punctured with the poisoned lancet.

The reader will now, perhaps, be desirous to know how, according to Mynheer Foersch, the upas poison was obtained, seeing that the tree was so exclusive in its site, that no person might approach it nearer than some fifteen miles without the most imminent danger. It was obtained, he said, by criminals condemned to die. After sentence had been pronounced, they were asked to choose between immediate execution and the chance of saving their lives by procuring upas poison. They usually preferred the latter; for, though exceedingly dangerous, nevertheless the errand was not inevitably fatal. If, related Foersch, the wind happened to blow toward the tree during the journey, the criminal, if of strong constitution, usually saved his life; but not otherwise. According to our traveler, an old priest resided on the confines of the upas valley, whose sole office was to prepare the upas hunters for their duties, and administer religious consolation to them before they set out on their course. With this functionary, Foersch said he had a long conversation, during which many particulars about the wonderful tree were fully explained. The old priest is reported to have said, that, during a residence of thirty years in the upas neighborhood, he had dispatched no less than seven hundred upas gatherers; scarcely ten per cent of whom returned. On arriving at his house, each criminal was provided with a mask, or leather hood, and a small box, in which to contain the poison when collected. The criminals usually waited at the priest's dwelling until a favorable wind set in, under the protection of which they sped away on their fatal course, the old man accompanying them to a certain rivulet, the stream of which they were directed to follow until arriving at the tree. Foersch goes on to explain how desirous he was to obtain some portion of this marvellous tree as a relic; but after long waiting, and many entreaties, he could only procure two withered leaves.

Well, Mynheer Foersch, there would not be the slightest difficulty in procuring leaves of the upas tree now. They are figured in many books as leaves of the *Antiaris toxicaria*. The juice of the tree is so remarkably poisonous, that all which Foersch had related concerning the effects

of punctures with lancets poisoned by contact with it, is strictly consistent with what we know concerning the power of this class of poisons. Had the Dutch surgeon not told his readers that he was satisfied from personal experience concerning the existence of the upas tree, and that the accounts which he had heard respecting it were not overrated, there would be not much to be said against his statements; for Java contains upas trees, and their juice is remarkably poisonous. Java also contains a poison valley, the air of which is so impure, that any living being which finds its way there speedily falls a victim. The poison valley in question, however, is not poisonous because of the upas tree; its circumference is nearer half a mile than otherwise, and the extent of its influence over adjacent parts of Java may be readily inferred from the particulars I shall presently give.

Most people have heard of the celebrated Grotto del Cane, in the vicinity of Naples; a grotto so called because dogs are the animals usually selected to show by their suffering and death how dangerous it is. The Grotto del Cane may be entered by a grown-up human individual with impunity, because the poisonous gas, on which its energy depends, is so heavy that it does not rise sufficiently high to be breathed, though a dog's nose and mouth, being below the level of the poisonous emanation, the animal soon dies. The poison valley of Java is something like the Grotto del Cane on a gigantic scale. There is a difference, however, between the two as regards the kind of poisonous gas contained in each. That of the Grotto del Cane is carbonic acid gas—the same gas which is evolved from burning charcoal, from ginger-beer and soda-water, champagne, cider, and brewers' vats; but the poisonous air of the Java valley must contain, from the description we now have of it, other gases than the carbonic acid. Most probably the gas to which its energy is due is hydrosulphuric acid, or sulphuretted hydrogen; but the chemical reader shall judge for himself from the description of Mr. Alexander Loudon, who visited the pestilential spot in July, 1830. This gentleman was fortunate in being able to find natives ready to take him to the poison valley, which they hold in great dread. A previous traveler had a very faithful account of it by the natives, but could not find any person who would

show him its locality. Mr. Loudon heard for the first time of the poison valley, called by the natives "Gueva Upas," July 3, 1830, during a walk one morning with a native chief, who told him there was a valley only three miles from Batum, which no person could enter without forfeiting his life; and that the bottom of the place was covered with the skeletons of birds, and beasts, and human beings. Mr. Loudon having communicated this intelligence to some of the Dutch authorities, it was agreed that a party of exploration should be made up, and the poison valley should be visited. "I had heard," says Mr. Loudon: "that a lake existed on the summit of one of the mountains, and that it was dangerous to approach very near the banks of this lake; but of the poison valley I had never heard before: the accounts of it now were so very extraordinary that I did not believe them."

Early on the 4th of July, 1830, Mr. Loudon and his fellow excursionists set out on their exploration. The valley, as correctly stated by the natives, was only three miles from Batum. So far was there from being an absence of vegetation in its vicinity, as had been anticipated, that a Mr. Daendels—a gentleman in the Dutch service—ordered a path to be made through the dense brushwood, to facilitate the progress of the explorers. Mr. Loudon took with him two dogs and some fowls, as subjects of experiment. Arriving at the foot of the mountain, they left their horses, and scrambled up the mountain side, holding on for security by the branches of trees. The explorers were very much fatigued before they got up, the path being very steep and slippery. When within a few yards of the edge of the valley, a sickening, nauseous, suffocating smell was experienced; but no sooner did Mr. Loudon and his companions come close to the place, than the smell ceased. Mr. Loudon shall now speak a few words for himself: "We were lost in astonishment," he relates, "at the awful scene below us. The valley was an oval excavation, about half a mile in circumference—its depth from thirty to thirty-five feet. The bottom quite flat; no vegetation—not even a blade of grass—but abundance of stones like river stones in appearance, and covered thickly with skeletons of human beings, tigers, pigs, deer, peacocks, and a great variety of other birds and animals." Mr. Loudon, as soon as his first impressions

had abated, began to look about for the cause of the desolation there apparent. He examined for clefts or crevices, through which the escape of gas might take place, but he could not find any. The bottom of the valley appeared unbroken, and to be composed of a white sandy material. The sides of the valley, from top to bottom, were found covered with vegetation, both trees and shrubs. One adventurous person proposed to enter the valley—a proposal, however, which Mr. Loudon considerably declined, and which the proposer himself did not carry into practice. All managed, however, by exercising great care, to descend within eighteen feet of the bottom. Still no difficulty of breathing was experienced; only a sickly, nauseous smell. The deadly character of the emanations of the valley may be judged of from the result of certain painful experiments made. A dog was fastened to the end of a bamboo, eighteen feet long, and sent in. Some members of the party had stop-watches, by which the exact duration of life in the valley was determined. In ten seconds the animal fell on his back, overcame by the poisonous gas; he neither barked nor moved his limbs, but continued breathing for about eighteen minutes. The second dog broke loose from the bamboo, and walked in of his own accord to the spot where the other dog was lying. He then stood quite still for ten seconds, when he fell on his back, and only continued to breathe for seven minutes.

The first of the fowls was now thrown in; it died in a minute and a half. A second fowl was dead before touching the ground. On the side of the valley, opposite to where Mr. Loudon stood, he saw the skeleton of a human being bleached quite white, and lying on a large stone. The skeleton was lying on its back, with the right hand under the head. Mr. Loudon wished to procure this skeleton, but he was unable to do so. This, and other human skeletons existing in the poison valley, are supposed to have been those of rebels, who, pursued from the main road, had taken refuge here, ignorant of the fatal nature of the place. Until fairly into the valley, a stranger would not be made aware of the character of the spot; and, once in, there is no return.

It is a pity that Mr. Loudon, when he was about it, did not procure a bottleful of the gas which pervades this poisonous

locality. Had he done so, analysis might have settled the nature of it. The chemical reader, however, will be convinced, from various points of the description, that sulphuretted hydrogen, if not the sole gaseous poison there, must be a constituent of it to a very large degree. And a very terrible poison it is, too. Some years ago a curious experiment was made with it at the Veterinary College of Lyons. The object proposed was to determine whether a horse could be killed with it by mere absorption through the skin. For this purpose the poor animal was inclosed, all but the head, in an india-rubber bag, containing air mixed with twelve per cent of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. The conditions of the experiment of course permitted the horse to breathe atmospheric air; nevertheless he died. *This is the gas which accumulates in graveyards, cesspools, and other places where animal matter is collected.* Accidents originating with it have been particularly frequent at Paris, where the conditions are such that large amounts of animal matter accumulate, and are allowed to remain for considerable periods in domestic establishments. Surely all who are interested in the sanitary welfare of the community ought to be stirred up by the reflection, that through our want of caution we are often allowing the very gases that constitute the destructive properties of the upas valley to do their deadly work upon the population in the midst of us.

Were it desirable for any reason to purify the poison-valley of Java, there is reason to believe, from the description of the locality furnished to us by Mr. Loudon, that it could be effected by the exercise of moderate engineering skill. Sulphuretted hydrogen gas, like carbonic acid gas, is

very heavy; it remains at the bottom of a vessel just as a liquid would do. If, therefore, the poison-valley were tapped, like a barrel, at its lowest part, all the foul air would run away, and, mixing with the external air, would soon be diluted to such an extent that no practical harm would ensue. When sulphuretted hydrogen is mixed with air in very small proportions, it may be breathed with impunity. In point of fact, we breathe it every day of our lives, especially such as of us as live in cities; nay, it is continually evolved from our hair. A curious point may here be mentioned in reference to this evolution: sulphuretted hydrogen has the property of turning black certain metallic compounds which are brought in contact with it. Amongst the metallic compounds in question, those of lead and bismuth are conspicuous. If, therefore, hair be smeared with a paste into which litharge (oxide of lead) enters, and cutaneous exhalation retarded by a cap of oilskin, the hair is dyed black, although the dye itself be light red. Of this kind is the ordinary hair-dye. That oxide of bismuth is changed to black, has been discovered by ladies more than once, to their cost. Some mineral waters, amongst which that of Harrowgate is a familiar example, contain this offensive gas dissolved; and oxide of bismuth, owing to its pearly whiteness, has sometimes been used as a skin-pigment. Certain incautious fair ones have before now emerged from a bath of Harrowgate waters in a most alarming state of blackness, the cause of which the chemical reader will be at no loss to understand. The blackness, however, is not permanent; and if the accident causes a lady to reflect on the folly of using skin-cosmetics, it will not have occurred in vain.

MORNING ON LAKE CONSTANCE.

STILL lake, sweet lake,
Rippling on the shore,
To-day thy sunny wavelets make
Their old laments no more.

Fresh breeze, morning breeze,
Wandering through the air,
To-day thou dancest o'er the seas,
Instead of battling there.

Sweet flowers, color'd flowers,
Waving on your stems,
To-day 'twas dew, not heavy showers,
Dower'd you with gems.

Everywhere the sun shines bright,
Or else the earth is green,
And birds sing out their heart's delight
In leafy nooks unseen.

From Titan.

OUR WISH; OR, THE CHILD OF AFFECTION.

PART I.

I WAS past my first youth before I met Paula Clive, and she was no longer a girl. I well remember seeing her tall figure standing erect, and with a sort of dignity that had a suspicion of haughtiness absent it, under the central chandelier of Lady Craven's brilliant drawing-room. It was at one of her ladyship's *conversazioni*, or, as she preferred calling her weekly réunions, "festivals of lions." On this occasion, I, precious in her dilettante eyes as a scientific lion, had been entreated, teased, and persuaded into coming—the most effectual persuasion, after all, lying in her passing announcement that:

"Miss Clive will be with me. Oh! I forgot—of course *you* never read those kind of things. But she is a most interesting person. I was fortunate enough to visit my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Halliwell, in Staffordshire, this year; and Mr. Clive is curate of their parish. Singular isn't it, for a clergymen's daughter to write such books? Now, I assure you—if you'll only come——" etc.

I consented, and was relieved of the hospitable lady's voluble attentions. She had wrongly concluded that I "never read those kind of books"—novels, to wit. I had been struck by an extract in a newspaper from one of Miss Clive's fictions, and had been led to read the whole of it; and also the one or two other books that bore her name. Their chief attraction to me was, that they were real, and not romantic, and dealt more in facts than in sentiments. Under the veil of fiction, I saw sufficiently evident a sort of passionate radicalism, social, moral, and religious—an impetuous disdain of shams—an eager, enthusiastic yearning after some truth, be it comely or ugly, under the heap of fair-seeming falsities with which modern life is incrustured. I saw all this, and it aroused in me a keen interest for the writer—a woman so unlike most other

women—nay, of a mind whose depth and bravery must exceed, I thought, most men's. I was anxious to see her, and when, as I have said, I entered Lady Craven's saloon, I stood for some little time contemplating the tall lady under the chandelier, who was at once pointed to me as "the authoress of that queer book."

She was handsome—her presence would have commanded attention even if she had not been celebrated beforehand. Her voice peculiar, too; and I always had great faith in voices. I liked hers; it was no musical murmur, neither was it high-toned, nor sharply modulated—but it was clear, decided, tuneful, with a certain vibration in it like that of a firmly-smitten violin string.

Presently we were introduced. At the sound of my name, I noticed her cheek flush faintly, and a spark seemed to quiver in her eye for an instant. And when, as she bent toward me, she said she "was glad to know Mr. Heber," for the first time in my life I took the words of course in a literal sense, and believed them. We conversed for a little while on passing topics—nothing more,—and then both of us were compelled by our exigéante hostess to bestow our attention in other directions. But later in the evening we were able to resume our talk, and this time we plunged more into "the heart of things." I, at least, found it possible to see somewhat deeply into her mind; and I was not disappointed in what I discovered. It was a good, true, honest, fearless spirit, such as I honored—such as I had long since been tempted to decide did not exist in the world. Intercourse with it was like breasting a strong wind with a saline aroma in its breath. It was healthful and cheering to inhale it. I took delight in the boldness and bravery of her spirit. I gloried in her freedom from conventional prejudice—her daring disregard of traditions and opinions. All those slavish fetters that now-a-days trammel women's minds,

pinching and curbing them to a like degree of weakness and helplessness, this one woman, at least, had cast off.

Yes, I was glad to know her. I could have laughed at myself for the internal reluctance with which I quitted Lady Craven's house that night; and when, a week afterward, one of her ladyship's dainty billets invited me to a "select breakfast party—the very *crème de la crème* of literary and artistic London"—I was absolutely led to accept, shrewdly judging that, as Miss Clive was staying at her house, I should be sure to see her again on the occasion. I was disappointed. Properly enough, I sharply told myself, for having indulged in such vain foolery of anticipation. No; Miss Clive was not there. She had been summoned home the previous day to her father, who was ill.

"You know he is a clergyman," said Lady Craven, between sipping her chocolate and toying with the fragment of *pâté* lying on her plate, "and Puseyite to the last degree, I understand. An odd conjunction, isn't it, of High Churchism and those reforming, discontented with every present state of things novels of hers? And they are strongly attached to one another, I believe. She lost her mother years ago. And she is very good and active in the parish—visits the sick, helps the poor, and so forth; but never teaches in the schools, I'm told. In fact, with her writing and her hard studies (you know she reads Greek and Hebrew, and all sorts of out of the way languages!), she can not have much leisure. She is an extraordinary woman, certainly. I like her very much. So original: not the least like the hackneyed type of literary woman."

Some months passed on. I had not forgotten; for the impressions made on that portion of myself which was devoted to human interests were always far too few to be easily or speedily erased. Therefore, one day, when I was looking over my note-book of engagements for the coming autumn, it was with a curious thrill that I recognized the name of the provincial town near which Miss Clive lived as one of the places where I was to deliver a course of lectures.

And when, at the appointed time, I took my place on the platform of the spacious "Literary and Scientific Institute" of that important manufacturing borough, I could not, or did not, choose to refrain from a searching gaze at my audience, to

try and discover amid that strange sea of unfamiliar faces one face that I well remembered. I saw it. In one of the foremost ranks, seated beside Lady Craven's cousin, the lady of the manor, I saw again the pale, significant face, lit with its wonderfully eloquent eyes. Those eyes! I saw them more than once when I was not looking at them. It seemed marvellously natural to see her again, like recalling the notes of some well-known tune. * * *

Well, the lecture finished, I was draining a glass of water in the committee-room, when a message was brought to me from Mr. and Mrs. Halliwell. Would I kindly allow them a minute's interview? And presently I stood face to face with Miss Clive, and this lady and gentleman, the latter of whom I already was slightly acquainted with. In brief, it resulted in my being invited to become a guest at the Manor House during my stay in the neighborhood, and my acceptance of the proffered kindness.

And we all drove to the Manor House together; but there Miss Clive left us. She could not be longer away from her father, whose health, it seemed, was still precarious. That night when, after a dull interval of talk with my host and hostess, I was at length alone, I was somewhat puzzled at myself. What motives had induced me to become a guest in this house? I did not like the people, nor the place particularly. Why, and for what, had I given up my independence at my inn? Why, and for what? Then I remembered, or thought I only then remembered, the plan for the next day—a visit to Gale Falls, twelve miles off—and we were to call for Miss Clive. She was to go with us.

The excursion to Gale Falls was one of many similar pleasures. Yes, they were pleasures. Excellent Miles Halliwell, I owed thee much! Even the pair of gray horses that drew our barouche have a place in my grateful remembrance. It was autumn weather, such as I never remember before—soft, shining, exquisitely, tremulously beautiful. The sunsets especially had a strange loveliness in them. They came nearer to me; I saw them more clearly, more vividly, both with the eyes of the body and the eyes of the mind. Moreover, they always seemed to me to have some significance as regarded myself—I was going to say *ourselves*, for Miss Clive, it happened generally, saw them

with me. If I had been a painter, and could have nailed those sunsets to a piece of canvas, as some one or two painters have done in the course of many centuries, I could, I think, go over glibly every smallest detail of that time, by the mere looking at the pictured memoranda of those radiant half-hours. They seemed to condense into one drop of light the whole luster of the bygone day.

We suited one another—Paula Clive and I. There are various kinds and degrees, even in love. It was no enthusiastic, passionate affection that I felt for her—although, perhaps, the love partook of the best part both of enthusiasm and passion, in the intense reality that caused it to be interwoven with my life so completely. It grew to be as much a part of the various, multiform personality that I call *me*, as the eyes whereby I see, or the soul wherewith I feel. She suited me. The thoughts she expressed aroused echoes in my spirit which, it seemed, were waiting to be aroused. And the recondite beliefs, speculations, hopes, and doubts that I sometimes confessed, were her own also. I could see it by the flash of sympathy that lit her face. She had believed and doubted, hoped and imagined, the self-same things. So, in her face, I often saw looks that must have been, I thought, familiar to me in my very infancy. Her smile would sometimes send my thoughts voyaging back upon the misty sea of the past, with, as it seemed, a new compass to steer by, a new light to lead. I could believe the eastern fable of twin-created souls, in looking on and listening to her.

But I am not going to enlarge on this period. I always feel a certain reluctance when I am expressing the thoughts and feelings of those days; or, indeed, when I express my thoughts of her at any time. But I would have you to understand that I am not romantic, nor poetical, nor imaginative. In those days I used to believe myself entirely free from such "weaknesses." Neither then, nor at any time, was it my habit to be demonstrative of any state of feeling within myself. Externally, at least, I have always been a quiet, staid, matter-of-fact man. In relating to you my history *now*, it may be that I can not but unconsciously color it with those feelings intensified by time and thought, which when felt I scarcely recognized. But I am not a romancist; I can simply set down facts; and feelings such

as these that I tell you of are facts, stubborn as any demonstrated by science.

* * * * *

The day before I was to leave the neighborhood, I had an interview with Mr. Clive. I told him I loved his daughter—that she loved me—that we asked his consent to our marriage. The old man was much amazed—that I had expected; but he seemed troubled also by an amount of perplexity and indecision which I, in my turn, was surprised at. The cause came out at last—my religious opinions. Scientific men have a bad reputation with the Church, and my beliefs, or rather unbeliefs, were sufficiently patent to the intelligent public at large to render it no marvel that the Rev. Charles Clive should have heard of them.

Poor old man! he found much difficulty in stating this to me. He was gentle, good, and feeble, in heart and intellect—a type of a class that I, for one, had not had much experience of. In his weakness I was ready to believe; but I was not prepared for the straightforward sincerity and the indomitable, although meek-seeming, steadiness with which he finally gave me my answer.

He spoke even firmly then, although it was after much nervous hesitation, and many awkward half-finished sentences. He told me he appreciated the advantages which (he was pleased to say) were offered by connection with a man distinguished as myself. And the words of compliment assumed a curious air of truthfulness as he uttered them in his quavering voice. Also—and there the accents grew yet more unassured—he knew that Paula loved me; and he could not bear to pain her—to cause her grief. "But, sir," said he, with sudden firmness, "I can not give my daughter to an unbeliever. I could never look her mother in the face, when I meet her in heaven, if I did. No, sir; I can not. Do not ask me."

He looked beseechingly at me, his clasped hands trembling. Nevertheless, though he trembled, I noted with some perplexity the unflinching brightness of the eyes he fixed on me. In them burned a light I could not understand, even as, in his tone and manner, were manifest a strength and resolution incomprehensible to me, because so incongruous with my gauge of his character.

Howbeit, whatever was the cause of his courageous decision, I saw it was useless

to attempt to combat it then and there; and I therefore at once assured him I should not weary him by my entreaties. I merely hinted that I thought his objection strange, considering that Paula Clive, clergyman's daughter though she was, already shared my own doubts, (I used that mild word,) and believed in very many of my own theories. He said nothing to this, only looked again at me with the curious, helpless, entreating gaze which I could not quite reconcile with the determination he displayed. So I left him.

I went to Paula, who was sitting in the garden, under a grand old horse-chestnut-tree that stood sentinel at the very end of the domain. She looked up from her book as I came near, with the still eloquent smile which, on her face, was as beautiful as it was rare. I smiled in answer, for I did not feel at all seriously troubled by Mr. Clive's obduracy. In fact, I was more puzzled than annoyed. I had not been accustomed to find men so stanch and uncompromising in their adherence to their beliefs as was this old man, for all his apparent weakness and gentleness. As I have said, I could not understand it. I had known men eminent far talent, learning, strength and capacity of intellect, and I valued them accordingly. Also, because I prized my own honor, and had due respect for my own conscience, I believed in other men's honorableness and conscientiousness. But it was only to a certain extent. I could not believe in a man abiding conscientiously by this faith in what I held *must* not only be, but seem, utterly chimerical to any sound, clear intellect. Therefore I landed at last in the conviction that Paula's father was not so much to be admired for his consistency, as compassionated for his blind adherence to a creed. He was not the first by many whom I, from my height of superior knowledge, and in the daring courage of a strong brain and a nature able to stand alone, had so pitied—so looked down upon.

However, I told Paula, and was newly amazed to note the earnest, deep-feeling seriousness with which she heard what her father had said. Nay, when I had concluded, and after a silence during which she turned her head aside, and seemed to be idly playing with one of the fan-like leaves of the tree, I saw two tears fall upon her lap—the first tears I had ever seen her shed.

"Why, Paula—what is this?"

She looked at me, neither ashamed nor with any other shade of self-consciousness; but there was a peculiar softness in her face, such as I had never noted before.

"I must make my poor father very unhappy," she presently said, with her usual simplicity and directness of diction. "I wish it were not so."

She paused, and seemed meditating; the softness grew and grew in her face—the "level fronting eyelids" trembled, and again the tears came, but this time rested unshed. I could hardly bear to see the tender beauty of her look; albeit I stood quietly watching and analyzing every inflection of her face, with what may have seemed the grave, dispassionate regard proper to a *savant*.

"If my mother had lived," she next said, in a loving, lingering, low-toned voice, that was as strange to hear as were her tears to see, "it would have been different. I should have been different."

"How so, Paula?"

"I should have believed 'as she believed. I remember when she died, and said, 'God take care of my child'—I almost *felt* the blessing descending upon me. I never doubted then—I never knew what distrust and uncertainty were, *then*——"

"You were a child."

"Yes." She was silent some minutes. Then she lifted her eyes to me, with a slow, sweet smile. "I am glad I have been a child," she said.

"But you would not wish to grow backward, and become one now?"

She did not answer.

"You would not exchange even the least beautiful truth for the fairest of illusions?"

"No—oh! no!" she replied, earnestly; and she rose, and leaned upon my arm, and pressed her brow upon my shoulder, murmuring, half to herself, the old, often-repeated words of Othello, "'Tis better as it is—'tis better as it is.'"

Then we began to talk over the question of Mr. Clive's disapprobation of our marriage. I was thoroughly unprepared for the firm decision with which she declared that until his consent was obtained the marriage must not be. But she believed that when he saw her happiness was concerned, he would not long remain inexorable. I said nothing, but mused on the possibility of employing other means of moving the old man's resolution.

Circumstances soon made for themselves a way. Mr. Clive, like most men of his calibre, had a habit of pinning his practice, if not his faith, on the opinions of at least one other man. He had an inordinate respect and reverence for the great man of the parish, Mr. Halliwell—the clever, benevolent, much-beloved squire and lord of the manor; and he might have found many a worse monitor. Mr. Halliwell was a thorough type of respectable goodness. He loved his country, his Church, and his Queen—every thing, in fact, that it is proper and advisable for a man to love; while he hated nothing, not even radicals and dissenters, merely reserving for those benighted classes a calm and gentleman-like compassion. It is with such men, I think, that the world seems to thrive most flourishingly. Certainly *his* tenants were never insolvent—*his* speculations never failed—while as to minor matters, his house, his grounds, and his stables were perfect models of fortunate as well as judicious arrangement.

With Mr. Halliwell I was on excellent terms. He was a man of the world, and valued my society and friendship for many reasons. I had a fund of information at disposal that was continually happening to be of service to him in his farming and gardening operations. Moreover, I had been able to render him important aid in bringing under official notice an ingenious agricultural invention of his—I forget now of what nature; but I might have saved his life, I think, and made less impression upon his sense of obligation.

I suppose, after I left the Manor House, Mr. Clive took the worthy squire into his confidence, and much consultation ensued. Howbeit, only a few days after my departure, I received a letter, signed “Miles Halliwell,” stating, that he and his excellent and reverend friend had been considering various questions in which I was interested—would I kindly join them on the ensuing Saturday? as my correspondent especially thought it desirable I should do so; and he concluded with some vague suggestions of “possible results,” etc.

* * * * *

In brief, the final result arrived at, in two separate committees of the clergyman and the squire, the squire and myself, was satisfactory in the highest degree. It was Mr. Halliwell's acute, clear-seeing judgment which at once hit upon the solution

of the difficulty. Provided Paula Clive and Lewis Heber were married according to the form appointed by the Church of England, he could see no reasonable obstacle to the union. And to this argument, after some deliberation, and a good deal of reasoning and persuasion on the part of Mr. Halliwell, Paula's father yielded. I was then asked if I had any objection to my part of the agreement; to which, with gravity, I replied in the negative; and I went, with the old man's formal consent, to ask Paula to name our marriage-day.

But here I met with an unexpected opposition. I shall never forget the sudden and brilliant joy that lit up her face with a wonderful dawn of radiance when she saw me—heard what I had to tell; and clasped my hand, as if to assure herself it was *real*. But, then, how she shrunk back, and what a pale shadow came over her—even to her very figure, I thought—when I told her the condition, named by me very much as a matter of course.

“Oh, not that! Lewis, not that!” she said, tremulously.

I laughed at her at first, but not for long. I soon saw that even I must submit to recognize her scruples as something more than a sickly fancy, unworthy her high womanly sense and feeling. No force of argument, no persistency of logic, had power to move her from the position she assumed. “She could not for expediency subscribe by lip or action to what her heart did not believe. She would not contemplate so hideous a wrong.”

“Wrong! To whom, Paula?” I asked.

She paused a minute, and clasped her hands hurriedly, as if in a kind of spasm of mental pain.

“To myself, if to nothing else,” she then answered. “I could not bear to look into my own heart—I could not endure the chafings of my own conscience, if I stooped to such turpitude. I, who have cried out against hypocrisies which, compared with this, were excusable and harmless! I to sin against the law of truth, which you yourself confess beautiful and worthy of obedience! Lewis, do not ask me to play traitor to my only faith!”

I listened to her without interrupting the passionate flood of words, so unlike her usual calm and almost reticent manner of speech. I watched the changing flush on her cheek—the sparkle that shone

with almost a lurid luster in her eyes. I tried to interpret to myself these signs of something new and strange to the still, contained nature of Paula Clive. But I was not then learned enough in the mysteries of a woman's heart to be able to translate it aright. I remember my first thought was, that her love for me was *less* than I had imagined. Also, I sighed to myself, recognizing the weakness inherent, it must be, to feminine humanity, since even Paula was not exempt from it—the weakness which was betrayed in the indescribably hopeless, helpless tone in which she uttered the last three words. And I marveled why it was that this lingering, desperate desire of some faith—some object for guidance, if not for worship—had never manifested itself in Paula so strongly and visibly as now. Perhaps a glimmer of the truth reached me when, as I took her hands in mine, she drooped her head, with one swift upturned glance at me—an eloquent glance. Perhaps I allowed to myself that I might be deceived, and it was from no weakness, still less from weakness in her love for me, that this proud-souled woman was thus subdued before me. All these reflections passed in orderly array through my mind, as I stood beside her, looking into her face, and at last compelling her to look into mine.

“Ah, don't smile!” she cried, with a restless movement of the hands I held. I had not known I smiled, but I curbed my lip into quietude before I spoke. Then briefly I set before her—not any new arguments, not any fresh appeal to her intellectual appreciation—but simply what was to become of *me*, if she persevered in her resistance to this the only means by which she might at once become my wife. I told her what a dreary life that would be to which she would exile me. I warned her that she, and she only, as my wife, could have power to detain me from joining an expedition, she had heard of before, which was about to proceed on a service of imminent danger to the seat of the then war. If she willfully crushed the love out of my life, be it for years or for ever, I would take refuge in the man's ambition which I could be almost content to forswear for her—did she so will it. And then, having enlarged on this branch of my subject, I expatiated, with some suppressed scorn, on the real nature of the obstacles that appeared to her of such mammoth dimensions—of such irresistible

force. I contrasted the gain—granting there was a gain—with the loss which would arise from the maintenance of her conscientious scruples. I showed her the picture of respected prejudices, and two lives blighted, if not ruined, on the one hand; and on the other—the *letter* of right-doing given up for the spirit.

“For you know, you feel, Paula, that there is only one right, true, best fate for you and me, on earth. You are my wife—I your husband—let what will interfere. Shall a paltry form, a conventional observance, a trivial sacrifice to the weakness of those around us—shall such a thing have power to effect that which a million devils, did they exist, should be impotent to do? I hold my own—I hold you! I defy this puny mannikin of superstition to wrest you from me. Look me in the face, Paula. Tell me to go, if you will.”

But she clung close. I triumphed. In my haste I suffered some expression of exultation to escape me. I *knew* she must see the right at last—I *knew* the cloud that had obscured her quick sense, her clear brain, would pass away.

“No!” she cried, standing a little apart from me, but clasping my hands still. Her look was changed, so was her voice, but her eyes dwelt on me as she proceeded, calmly and slowly. “Not so, Lewis. I have not been blinded—I am not blind now. I feel and know, clearly and strongly, as I did before, that there is a terrible wrong—hideous, unnatural—in this thing that you name so slightly. Nay, do not speak. To *me* it is a wrong. I confess it—I face it—I dare it. I will take its penalty. Even that I can bear better than——”

But the rest I would not let her speak.

* * * *

So we were married that day five weeks in the little country-church—with snow on the fields around, and enchanted hoarfrost on the great trees that overhung the Gothic porch, and a winter robin singing his ever-interrupted song at the oriel window. Miles Halliwell, Esq., and his lady were present: her father gave away the bride. She was dressed in white, and was duly pale and self-possessed. The dean of the neighboring city (an intimate friend of Mr. Halliwell) performed the ceremony. Nothing could be more *selon les regles*. For a winter wedding, every one declared it quite perfect, and to have “gone off” admirably.

But I best recollect, when we were driving in the chaise to the seaport whence we were to embark for the Continent, the thrill of satisfied, rejoicing, infinite contentment with which I drew my wife close to me, feeling then, and not till then, that she was *my own*.

"Safely my own!—Thank God!" I said, in the thoughtless, meaningless—it *must* be meaningless!—spirit in which I, and others like me, have said, and do say, those words.

But Paula said nothing, I well remember.

PART II.

WE traveled abroad for two or three weeks, and then returned to what was to be our home. After the bright and beautiful scenes through which we had been wandering, the London street looked but dreary; the house, handsome and well-appointed though it was, appeared dark and, as I thought, soulless. But that was only natural, till our daily life, entwined about the dull walls, environing the still furniture, had made it all beautiful, and we knew it as our home.

Yet, even after we were settled in the place, I sometimes fancied it was but a dismal abode in which to bestow my Paula, country-born and bred, and loving the green fields and breezy hills with the passionate and abiding love of her deep and strong nature. Not that any look, gesture, or tone of hers ever betrayed that she missed or needed any thing that her new life did not contain. But occasionally, and not seldom, it struck me that the long line of grim and dusky houses, windowed alike in hideous brick-and-mortar regularity—the prospect which was all on which her eyes could rest as she looked up from book or work—it struck me that it was singularly incongruous with her own aspect, her free bearing, her looks that so expressed the noble, liberty-loving soul. Such a face as my wife's was never taught its changing inflections, its straight fearlessness of glance, its steady gaze that would not be denied, within the cramped limits of a city's streets.

Nevertheless, she never murmured. Nay, that is too little to say, and does not sufficiently indicate the spirit of brave, bright cheerfulness with which she illuminated our house, grim and dusky though

it was. At last I grew to believe that she *must* be abundantly content, because she made me feel so. I asked, I needed no more than I had. I pursued my vocation as intently, and almost as engrossingly, as if no image of Paula ever came between me and the business of my life. But it did come; and hard man of science though I had been held to be, I owned its sweetness, and breathed more freely for its presence. And then, during the long evenings that I snatched from my laboratory, it seemed to me that I tasted a new life, when, looking up from my grave folios and calculating papers, I saw my wife seated in her accustomed chair, working busily, but not so busily but she was quick to respond to my glance. The sudden smile that would then come trembling to her mouth seemed to make the whole face vibrate, as it were, with tenderness. I marked it, and to one who knew me less entirely than she did, it might have appeared that I marked it unmoved. But it was not so. I loved my wife with the might of my manhood, with the whole strength of my soul. She knew that, and rested in the knowledge, for she was one of the rare women whose nature could contain *repose*. I think she must have been at least very nearly happy in these days. There was such a wealth of love and utter trust between us, that it made up for, and even hid, the poverty that existed in other directions. I know it did so *quite* to me. I believe it was almost as successful with her, and that she was very nearly happy, as I have said.

We went into society, occasionally. That Mrs. Heber should be admired was inevitable; but it happened that I was seldom satisfied with the kind of admiration that reached my ears.

"How beautiful your wife is," said Lady Craven, who was self-privileged to be rude, under the disguise of candor. "As Miss Clive, she was striking, grand looking; a sort of Zenobia—a woman born to empery. But now, there is an added sweetness, a subdued brilliance, an indescribable beauty of aspect and manner.—It is very charming."

I liked this none the more because I knew that the speaker, parrot-like, was only repeating the opinions of others whose judgment was valuable. It irritated, displeased me. I looked at my wife. I contrasted the figure I then saw with that which, not many months before,

I had first noted, standing so erect under the radiance of the chandelier.

Now, she was sitting on a sofa, against the deep ruby velvet of which her face and figure were as if sculptured. Her head was slightly bent forward, for she was listening to the gentleman who stood talking to her, and presently, at something he said, the soft luster, that had used to be so rare, kindled in her eyes; she looked round, vaguely and instinctively, and caught my glance. Her answering smile brought me to her side, and I learned what it was that interested her so much. Some scheme for female education, about to be undertaken by various ladies, had aroused her earnest sympathy. She was desirous of being one among these self-constituted teachers. She had time to spare, she would love such a work, and she could do it, she thought. Did I think so too? And she looked to me for approbation. I smiled indulgently. She surely *could* do it, if she willed so, I said. And I left her taking eagerly, asking questions, planning, deciding, upon this important matter.

Another time, Lady Craven attacked me because my wife had given up writing.

"Ah!" said she, shaking her fan affectedly, "no more books now. How shall we punish you Mr. Heber, for depriving us of so much enjoyment?"

"Believe me, your reproach is sufficient," said I, truly enough. And then, some inscrutable feeling led me to tell her of the new work which Paula was undertaking. I did not choose people to suppose that she was content to subside into an ordinary every-day matron.

But, a few days afterwards, I noted an unusual restlessness about Paula. A curious glitter was in her eyes, a singular sharpness in her voice. At last both traits gradually subsided, and she talked and looked as she was wont. Quietly, and as if incidentally, she mentioned to me that she had given up her plan of teaching the poor girls. Surprised, I asked why.

"I did not feel fit for the work," was all she replied; and then irresistibly turned the conversation to another and alien subject.

Yes, I myself began to perceive the difference between Miss Clive and Mrs. Heber. And though I compressed my lips, with a feeling of perplexity which to a nature like mine must always be one of pain, I still could not in my heart, what-

ever were the cause of change, wish her to be other than she was. Yet I had often laughed to myself at the folly of men who were captivated by women who were eminent for *womanly* qualities. But, now my attention was awakened, I detected day by day in Paula traits which showed how philosophy, learning, wisdom, intellect, were all growing subservient attributes. The authoress, the student, the brain-worker, were all giving place, and she was becoming simply and merely—a woman. I had used to think her such a woman as the world of old Greece might have known, who made the fables of goddesshood seem no extravagances. But now, the goddess bearing was gone; the regal aspect was usurped by one sweet and gentle as any mild-eyed girl's among the crowd I had been accustomed to disdain. And I was puzzled, while I kept watch.

I remember, one evening in spring, I had been attracted by some primroses in Covent-Garden Market, and brought them home to Paula. She took them very silently, I thought, and bore them to a distant table, to arrange them. But when I presently approached her, she looked up, and did not attempt to disguise the tears that had been falling.

"Oh, Lewis! they remind me so of the spring, that *is* somewhere, though I can not see it."

This from Paula! Tears over a few hedgeway flowers! Over the remembrance of the country and the spring! She had changed, indeed. But, even if I thought it childish, I loved her.

I said, "You shall see the spring, if you wish. We will go into the country next week."

And we went. It was the very first advent of spring, which seemed to be dancing in an abandonment of happiness over the whole earth. And Paula almost danced too, as if in the joyousness of regained freedom. Her face looked like a child's sometimes, when she lifted it to me from her blue-bell gathering, holding the flowers before my eyes with such ineffable delight. I learned to love them all for her sake, and to listen with her to her favorite blackbird's song, and watch with her the tiny dew-brightened gossamers that hung to the hedges in the early morning. I believe that I, too, almost became a child again. That was an enchanted season, and there would seem to be something in the spring-time which brings out

the latent youthfulness of spirit in all of us with whom it yet lingers.

But on the brightness and beauty of that time came a sudden and unexpected grief. Her father was taken ill, and she was summoned to what the physician told her was his death-bed. We set out instantly for —; but we arrived too late. The old man was dead, and I could only hold Paula to my heart while she, in speechless woe, listened to the doctor, as he delivered the message committed to him by his dying patient.

His last words were of his daughter. He and her mother, he said, would wait for her in heaven. And there I bade the speaker cease, and leave us; for I felt her strong, passionate sobs rising against my breast. And they burst forth when we were alone. Great, hopeless shrieks rent the air, and her face—my Paula's face—grew dark with a mighty agony that I could not then understand. Nevertheless, I tried to soothe her. In vain. She sprang from me suddenly, and stood aloof, gazing at me like one distraught.

"You tell me to be calm, to be comforted!" she cried. "You—you—you who know —"

She stopped, the shrill voice broke down, and she fell helplessly at my feet.

After that, a brain fever prostrated her for many weeks. From the ravings of its delirium I learned strange new things that my man's instinct had failed to discover, that all my science, and learning, and logic could never have helped me to comprehend.

Trees, birds, flowers, skies, were mingled in a chaotic crowd; while through it all seemed to stalk a dreadful incarnation, a mysterious conception of something, which alternately she shrieked to in wild entreaty, or shrank from in horrible terror. Then she would seem to be stooping over the spring rivulet, gathering the spring flowers, as so lately I had really seen her. Murmuring to them, she would seem to shed her whole soul's tenderness over their beauty, their innocence, their happiness, till at last she seemed almost to rest in a sort of quiet trance, silent and at peace. But when that passed by, the paroxysm of convulsive fever was sure to succeed. Her diseased fancy ran riot then. Sometimes it seemed she imagined it was I, her husband, who was dead; and she would say, in a hoarse, quiet tone—a fearful tone, that it made even me shrink

to listen to—that she had expected it for very long.

"Ever since I loved him I knew it. I knew he would go. He would *go!*" And on the word the voice rose to a desperate cry. Often I buried my head in my hands, almost unable to bear to hear more or see more of the indescribable horror her every word and look expressed. At once, rousing myself from a half stupor, after some such suffering, I was amazed to perceive that she had become suddenly quiet. And even as I sprang toward her, she moved her arms that had been wildly tossed above her head, folded the hands one on another, and while a ghastly smile flickered on her face, the lips began to move. For a long time I could not detect the meaning of the low utterances, but at last, with a long sighing breath, some words became audible:

"Pray God bless mamma and papa—and make Paula a good child."

And presently she fell asleep. A calm, restful sleep, from which she awoke conscious. Feeble, more feeble than I can tell, so very frail was the thread by which she held to life for many days after. But—she lived.

During the days of her convalescence, when at length she was able to move from one room to another, she used to lie on the sofa, with her head turned to the window, her eyes wandering about the familiar prospect, with unrestful eagerness. Sometimes they would fill with tears, unaware, I think, to herself. Great, grieving tears they were that fell heavily on the thin cheeks, and then her eyes went back to their old quest. What was she seeking? I often wondered, with that wistful gaze of hers.

I dared not ask her. I was becoming a coward. Within the last few weeks, a new world of possibilities had opened before me. Those had been dreadful lessons taught by Paula. I could not bear to know more of the horror surging under the quiet surface of her soul. I let it be. I stood by, silent and passive. The great tears swelled in my darling's eyes, fell on her white cheeks, and oftentimes the mouth quivered and the hands were clenched, as in terrible pain; but I said never a word, gave never a sign. Rather, I moved from her side, or looked more intently on the book I held in my hand.

When—but, O heaven! what had I to offer in barter for the power to comfort

her? And how helpless I was! Her favorite dog, that came and licked her hand, or looked pensively and lovingly up at his sick mistress—he possessed as much power as I.

At last she was strong enough to travel, and change was prescribed for her. We were to proceed to Italy, and spend there the next few months. The last day of our sojourn in the old village, she asked to be allowed to walk a little way by herself. At first I remonstrated; but when she pointed to the little churchyard, I yielded. Better she should go alone, I thought, *there*. So I watched her as she went. But presently overcome by an intolerable gnawing feeling, half of strange curiosity, half of terrible anxiety, I followed her.

She stood leaning on the gravestone at the head of the two solemn mounds, one green and daisy-covered, the other brown and rough as yet. Something in the mere pitiful fact of this daughter bending over the graves of her father and her mother smote me with a sense of mysterious sorrow that was not all sorrow.

Something like sympathy stirred at my heart. It gave me singular courage. I drew near to her. In a moment I had my arm round her—I held her close. I felt strong, as if I could give *her* strength.

“Paula—wife!” I said.

She turned to me a still face, with a sad, forced smile just flickering on the brows.

“I am ready; let us go, husband.”

Her arms rested on mine, her eyes were bent on me, and, with a steady step, and the same faint smile, she walked from the graveyard.

At the gate she paused, and looked back. Lush with summer were grass, and flower, and tree. Gray clouds kept back the sunshine, and softened the light. I remember well what we saw that minute, and the sound that then fell on my ears. Paula’s low trembling voice faltering these words:

“If we should be wrong, and I not comfortless —?”

Oh! the anguish of the questioning look she turned on me! But I answered nothing—I could answer nothing. She said no more. We passed through the little wicket, and it closed after us, breaking the stillness with a harsh noise.

PART III.

THE foreign mission which had enabled me again to leave England occupied more than a year. During that time, we traversed almost the whole extent of the European Continent, seldom staying more than a few weeks in each place, till during the last month or two, when we were able to live quietly in a little Neapolitan village on the shore of the Adriatic. I had daily business at the town a few miles off, but I used to return early, and Paula and I had many happy wanderings. The sky, the sea, the air, were all so bright and so peaceful, they could not but impart some of their brightness and peace to her. She had been bravely cheerful all through our wanderings, but I had detected how much strong effort it had needed to make her so. Now, it seemed to me, she was at once quieter and more truly serene. She did not attempt to laugh or talk gaily; her voice and manner became more natural, if less mirthful. Sometimes she was thoughtful, and she had not allowed herself to be so for a long time, I knew. On those sunny afternoons, when I rode back to her, I used often to find her seated in the rude balcony of our casella, looking out over the sea intently, with something of the same searching look that I had seen long ago in her eyes, but never since.

But one day, the last of our stay in the place, when I returned, she was not there, nor in the house, nor in any of her usual haunts. The old woman who performed the part of servant for us told me that she believed the signora had gone into the village, with a poor woman who had come to her for help.

“She has a sick child, *la poverina*,” added she, “and the signora gave her money, and then went after her with wine and meat.”

So, having received directions as to the locality of the *casucciaccia* wherein dwelt poor Madalena, who was the widow of a fisherman lost at sea the summer before, I wended my way thither. There was a little gathering of women and children about the open door, and, from their ejaculations and gestures, I was at no loss to understand that the child was in great danger. I had a curious feeling as I heard them frequently utter my wife’s name, with many exclamations of praise and gratitude, and frequent benedictions. My first instinctive fear was, lest the illness in

the miserable dwelling wherein Paula had been lingering was infectious; but of this apprehension I was relieved at once.

The poor mother's voice, sharp and clear, met my ears as I entered the outer room. Then my Paula spoke; very softly, but I heard every word.

"We have done all we can for him: we must hope now."

"And pray! Ah! Holy Mary look on me! Virgin Mother have pity! Help me—help my child!" shrieked Madalena. A torrent of passionate prayers, uttered with shrill rapidity, followed. Then, for a moment, she paused. "Signora, pray for me to your God. You that have been so good to me—ah—pray!"

I went into the inner room. There stood Paula, motionless and pale, by the wretched bed, whereon lay the child. Madalena had flung herself before a rude wooden crucifix, and was again uttering her earnest, imploring cries; while Paula watched her, but never spoke.

I touched her and entreated her to come away. The child was evidently dying, and I dreaded the effect of so much painful excitement upon her. But she shook her head. She would stay. I stood aside, and looked on. When the last painful convulsions came on, it was Paula who raised the little Beppo's head, and cradled it on her shoulder; for the mother was helpless with agony, and could do nothing.

And so, on my wife's bosom, the child died. She and I both watched the almost imperceptible "passing away" of that mysterious thing we call Life. We both saw the final spasm, and then the gradual and wonderful quietude which presently came over the little dead face.

Madalena seemed stricken into an awe yet greater than woe by the sight. She fell on her knees beside it with a terrible cry, and then was silent and still for many minutes. Hope and fear seemed to have sunk together heavily in the empty heart. The look she wore touched me. I did not wonder at Paula's fast-falling tears, and I was even glad to see them. * * * I left the two women to themselves for a little space. When I returned, Paula was ready to go home with me, having appointed one of the village women to stay with Madalena, and see all done for her that could be done. A chorus of women's voices followed Paula when she left.

"The Holy Virgin bless you, and make you a happy mother!"

She clung to my arm shivering.

"Poor Madalena! poor mother!" said I, to break the long silence that held us, as we walked along.

"Happy mother!" she cried, quickly, turning her flushed face toward me.

"Happy mother! she waits to see her child, her husband, again. In her heart, in her faith, she possesses them *forever*. Happy Madalena!"

"A childish faith, that speaks in parrot prayers, my Paula."

"Ah, she prays, she believes! It saves her heart from breaking. But I—I can not—I can not pray, even for my little unborn child."

The words were uttered rapidly, almost as if without her will. Then she was silent, and I also. We reached home, and sat long in the balcony, watching the purple sea deepen to black in the twilight. Stars came out; and the incessant murmur of the waves striving against the shore made solemn music. I stole my arm round my wife's waist. Then, and not till then, a wild sob was suffered to break through her self-imposed calm. Her head drooped on my shoulder, and she wept freely and sweetly. Yes, sweetly. They were not the burning, passionate tears she had been used to shed of old, but a very woman's torrent of tender, blessed rain, that relieved and freshened the air in falling. In the midst of them, she faltered forth some words. I bent my ear to catch.

"If—if, when our Wish is born, any ill should come near it, what should I do? where should we look?"

I tried to soothe her as one would soothe a frightened child.

"Lewis—Lewis—I am so afraid—so afraid!" She pronounced the word in a tone that lent it new and deepened meaning. "I never feared before, like this, even for you. Teach me to be brave—teach me—not to care."

"You are brave, my darling—you were always brave."

"I know I *was*. Tell me some of the old things I used to say, and believed that I believed. They were the first links of sympathy between us—do you remember? Our mutual scorn of traditions—of the slavery of opinion; our yearning for truth and freedom. How often we have talked of all these things!

We thought alike, felt alike; and it strengthened me to feel myself always so close beside you. Why, how have I gone astray, so that you can support and strengthen me no longer? Lewis—Lewis—bring me back again!”

But I could not. At that moment, instinctively I felt the vanity of all my logic, and I could not mock her with it now. She went on, in the same trembling, excited tone.

“Why, a little while ago, and for even the clearest-headed, purest-hearted believer, I could feel nothing but a proud, self-gratulating compassion. Out of the strength of my intellect, I pitied all those who were so weak as to have faith. And now—now—I envy—I would give my whole life to be able to feel for one little minute like that poor mother this morning—praying at the feet of a wooden image. Ay, though her child died—though it died!” Her voice rose, strained to a pitiful shrillness. “For she *believes* she shall see it again. To her, husband, child, and all the glory and beauty of life, are immortal. Is it ignorance that gives to people such wealth as this? Husband, teach me to be ignorant! Unlearn in me all that has entered into my mind through this false, treacherous Reason, that deserts me in my need. People go mad sometimes; what is intellect, or knowledge, or learning, or the wisdom *we* have thought so wise, worth *then*?”

I essayed to calm her. She listened, while I spoke to her in the old way, went over again the old arguments that once she had helped me to advance and support. I thought I succeeded in impressing her; for, when I had ended, she only replied by a quiet sigh.

“You have been too much excited to-day, my Paula. To-morrow you will see things differently.”

“Shall I?” she said absently.

And she rose from her seat, and leaned over the balcony, looking out into the starlit night. There was silence, except for the wistful, ever-desiring voice of the sea. The soft air just moved the thin folds of her robe, and in the dimness I could discern the outline of her face, most beautiful, most pure, defined by the heavy braids of black hair. Somehow, the quietude of the time, the conflicting influences that were about me, stole into my heart with a strange tenderness. For the

first time in my man’s life, I wished—ay, I wished——

But that was folly, and I cast aside with shame the half-formed thought.

* * * * *

That was, as I have said, our last day in Italy. Next morning, we departed for England. I did not take Paula back to the dreary London house. Instead, I had caused to be put in readiness for us a cottage on the outskirts of town, where, amid the green fields, with fresh air blowing among the many trees of the garden, there was a pleasant feeling of healthfulness and quiet. Here, one soft September day, our child was born.

Well named our Wish was our fair little baby girl. In the joy of her coming, all disquiet, all doubt, all pain was lost. Like the fevered visions of a past night, all remembrance of bygone heaviness and trouble seemed to depart from us. A new and happier life seemed opening to us with the advent of this tiny, helpless one. A wonderful strength seemed aroused in Paula; with returning convalescence, there came to her more than renewed vigor, both of mind and body. A healthful brightness shone over her face; her voice sounded once more clear and ringing. With her baby in her arms, she often looked to me completely, perfectly happy. And by virtue of some mysterious power that the simple fact of motherhood would seem to exert over all pure woman-nature, I believe she was so; nay, that it was not possible for her to be otherwise, just then.

It lasted, or I thought so, for many months. Our Wish thrived, and grew apace, like other babies, doubtless, though to Paula, and to me, too, it seemed a perpetual, special miracle that was working under our eyes. No very terrible anxieties marred our happiness in her babyhood. Her first serious ailment came when she was nearly twelve months old. Then, indeed, it was a dark time, and the desperate look I knew of yore began to shadow Paula’s face. But the illness was passed safely, and the gloom went with it.

But, from that time, there was a change. Hitherto, the child had almost been a part of herself. On her lap, in her arms, or at her feet, Wish had always been with her. The helpless dependency of her babyhood had been to the mother the dearest, sweetest blessing of her life. But from this

time, every month, every week seemed to take away from the blessing, and render it less perfect. And as little Wish progressed in strength and growth, and learned first to creep along the floor, then to stand on her timid, staggering little feet, and at last to walk or run, fearlessly and alone—as all these epochs in baby life, one by one, came to pass, and the child's existence became daily more separate from her own, Paula's complete joy faded, her contentment fled. An ever-restless anxiety began to rack her heart. To leave the child, even for an hour, was, I knew, utter misery to her. Yet, the period of helpless, clinging infancy being over, there was no excuse for the mother to neglect other duties in her constant devotion to her child; and Paula was too inexorably conscientious to give way to those pangs of yearning that would continually have detained her with her little one.

Still, for all the pain, there were many halcyon intervals of happiness, both for Paula and me. On summer afternoons, when we sat under the trees in our sunny garden, with Wish playing at our feet, plucking up the grass and flowers, and bringing them to us to see, we would plan her future; guess what she would be like as a woman, and imagine her, a wife and a mother, bringing her children about us, when we were old people. That was happiness. The vanity of "planning," the over-daring of looking forward so far, never seemed to strike us. We allowed ourselves to dream and prefigure thus to each other; it was our favorite pastime. Pleasant it was to look up from our murmured musings to the child herself. She was very quiet always, and liked nothing better than sitting on the grass, crooning softly to herself over the daisies or the flowers we had gathered for her, often stroking them with her tiny fingers, as if they were sentient things. She was a happy little creature; childish ills seemed to come lightly to her; she never pined or fretted, and seldom cried with the passionate grieving or anger that seems natural to most young children. Her little life flowed on, serenely, equably; and we watched it, and were content. It was not either of us who first noted the fact, that our Wish, if she were never pettish, restless, or unhappy, like other children, also never showed any of the glee, of the overwhelming *life*, that is so manifest in "other children."

I remember the day that my friend pointed out this fact to me. The child (she was then nearly four years old) was sitting in her accustomed place at her mother's feet, her radiant little head leaning against her mother's skirt. Such a picture they made! my Paula, with her queenly head bent low over her darling, and Wish, so fair, so exquisitely, purely fair, with her baby fingers busied among the colored worsteds she had chosen for playthings.

"How quiet she always is!" said my friend, an eminent physician, who lived near us.

His low tone, his intent look at the child, startled me, and I glanced hastily toward Paula. She was smiling, happily; I could not tell why her smile smote me with a sense of pain just then. But Dr. Lethby had his hand on the door, and I followed him from the room.

"Yes," said I, indifferently; "little Wish is a quiet child. Only children are apt to be so, I suppose."

"How old is she—nearly four years?"

I nodded. He was silent; but I felt urged on to speak.

"She is backward with her tongue, too, which makes her seem quieter. She can only say a few words very imperfectly."

"I know."

"Your little Lucy, who is not so old, talks quite well, doesn't she? We shall be jealous."

He did not echo my slight laugh. He stood pulling on his gloves, and looking dubiously now at me—now at the ground.

"After all," he muttered, as if to himself, "it may only be a false alarm."

"What alarm?" I had him by the arm, and I compelled him into the adjacent room. I shut the door, and stood with my back against it, to guard it alike from affording ingress to Paula or egress to the doctor, till he had answered me.

"What is the matter?" said I. "What is wrong? What do you suspect?"

"My dear fellow——" he began.

"In few words, Lethby. I am strong, not patient. In few words."

"You will forgive me if time should prove (as please God it may) that I am mistaken. But for some time I have watched your little girl with apprehension; and I fear—all is not right—with the brain. There is—some defect in the

intellect. I fear so. I am not yet sure. Have courage."

I bit my lip till the blood flowed freely, and clenched my hands firmly on the chair I held by. My first impulse was to strike down the man who told me this terrible truth. For I felt it was truth. I had no doubt—no hope—not for a single instant. I *knew* it was as he said.

"Don't tell your wife," he went on, seeing I said nothing, "till the fact is ascertained beyond doubt. Remember, there is hope. I have been mistaken before, when I felt as assured of other things. The suspicion rests on my judgment alone. Nevertheless, it is well you should know—that you should recognize the possibility—you understand? Otherwise, I would not have told you. But precaution, taken in time, may do much."

The mad, animal instinct of passionate retaliation had passed by. I took the hand he held to me, and grasped it firmly. I thanked him for his kindness—his consideration—in a firm voice. I would not tell my wife; I would wait—guided by him—I would; but there he was without the door, and I closed it on him quickly, and went back to my study.

I sat there, thinking, till Paula came to seek me. I had wisely planned not to let her know, or suspect—planned like a man, not reckoning on the woman's instinct that is as a second soul with her, and, where she strongly loves, would seem to be almost omniscient. The instant her eyes struck on my face, her own look answered mine. She was on my breast, entreating, in her low, eager voice, that would not be denied nor hushed—entreating, entreating to know all. What ailed me? What ill was impending over me—or the child? Her voice rose to a pitiful cry on those words, *the child*.

Then she looked up at me—holding my eyes with hers by her straight, unflinching gaze—and she listened, while I told her.

PART IV.

AND the weeks grew into months, and the months into years, and little Wish grew tall and fair, like the arum lilies she loved to peer into with her wistful blue eyes. Wistful eyes, indeed, they were; as though perpetually yearning for what they could never find. As she became older, the peculiarity of her mind became

more evident. It was as if some thin but inexpugnable mist had been set between her perceptions and her comprehension—nothing more. Nothing more! It was enough. Sometimes a slender rift seemed to open, and let in the light with a sudden, sharp gleam; and then shut close again, more hopelessly, inexorably, than before. At such times, the child was sadder than her wont. Usually, she maintained the same quiet but mirthless serenity that had marked her infancy. Her senses were acute, and in their gratification she evinced a delicate, eclectic refinement at which I often marveled. She seemed instinctively to be drawn to the most perfect flower in the garden—the fairest trees—the greenest nooks. In the same way, harmoniously-assorted colors, graceful forms, and beautiful music, always attracted her; while all that was less than beautiful she turned from in utter and spontaneous rejection.

She spoke very seldom, though her utterance was distinct and quite free from defect. But speech seemed unnatural and painful to her; and unless all other and more habitual means of making herself understood failed her, she scarcely ever voluntarily resorted to it. I think, had it not been for her mother's persistent efforts, her pitifully-earnest, never-wearying endeavors, first in teaching the child, and then in inducing her to practice the utterance of the words she had taught—but for this, our Wish would never have taken human speech upon her. As it was, it needed all Paula's care and persuasion to prevent the knowledge slipping from her. The silent, quiet child seemed herself to feel no need of it. Enough for her to cling about us, to nestle in our bosoms, and look up at us with her eyes eloquent of love, or wonder, or perplexity. And her catalogue of emotions seemed completed in these three. She knew nothing of fear, or anger, or distress. Pain, that trial to most childish natures, appeared to have little power over hers. Once, when she slipped down and cut her arm, while Paula was in anguish as she bound up the ugly wound that looked so red and terrible on her fair white flesh, the child herself sat calmly on her mother's lap, and looked at her disturbed face in surprise.

"Does it hurt my darling much?"

"No." A minute after, she added slowly, "It hurts *you*, mamma." And

the perplexed look came over her face. Afterward, when the arm inflamed, and the pain for a few hours was very great, it was only by her involuntary restlessness we could tell she was conscious of it. She never cried, or complained, or fretted. She lay on the sofa quite still, except when she changed the position of her bandaged arm, looking out upon her mother and myself with steadfast, grave eyes. Ever and anon Paula left her work to hang over her, caress the shining hair, or cover the pale little face with kisses—any thing to let free some of the great passion of tenderness that was for ever throbbing at her heart. And then Wish would respond with her sweet, soft kisses, in silence. But when I went up to her, the dubious expression in her face waxed more intense; and then came the slow, quiet utterance which, perhaps because it was so rare, always seemed to me to create its own fit surrounding stillness.

"Papa, where does it come from?"

"What, 'it,' my Wish?"

"This;" and her slight gesture told me what she meant.

"The pain is in the wound the sharp stone made."

After a pause, she shook her head with the old wistful glance.

"I think mamma put it in," she said, presently.

"Mamma would not hurt Wish for all the world."

"Who is it hurts Wish?"

And I said again, "The sharp stone;" but she only turned aside her asking eyes, and dropped into silence.

Over such instances as these, how Paula and I pondered! How we treasured them in our remembrance, cheering ourselves with the thought of them often, when a long interval of strange, unchildish quietude and muteness had almost slain the embryo Hope in our hearts!

The child was always with her mother. She did not care to play with other children; from their boisterous games she instinctively drew aside, neither could she join in their chatter over pictures and story-books. For, though Wish would soon be nine years old, all our pains had been ineffectual to make her comprehend any thing of the mysteries of the alphabet. All was dark to her there; she could not penetrate even so far as the threshold of earthly learning. Neither did she seem to comprehend or be interested in any of

the usual interests of children. The stories they repeated to her sometimes, aroused no feeling in her; but Paula and I knew what she liked better. She would listen to us for ours together, while we told her long, dreamy tales of flowers, and birds, and clouds; or said to her, over and over again, musical stanzas, not the sense but the sound of which appeared to enthrall her in a species of fascination. To wander about the garden, looking at the flowers and *into* them, in her never-ceasing but inscrutable quest after we knew not what; to listen to the birds, and the wind, and the rain, and the busy little meadow-streams; to watch the clouds, and tree-tops, and the familiar faces about her; and sometimes to listen to us, as I have said—these were her pleasures, and in them her life seemed to pass serenely on. She never needed playmates or other companions; she never seemed less lonely than when alone.

* * * * *

Thus, as I have said, she was seldom with other children, though our friend Dr. Lethby's family lived so near us. But one spring it happened that his little daughter Kate had an illness, and for many weeks afterward was too delicate to go out-of-doors or play with the other children. In this state, the little invalid evinced a singular and persistent desire to have Wish with her. One day that Paula took the child in with her to Mrs. Lethby's, Kate would with difficulty be persuaded to let her go again; and the next morning came a petition that Wish might be suffered to go and spend that day with the ailing little girl, who "fretted after her continually."

Children often have such fancies, especially when they are sick; and Paula and I could hardly refuse to indulge this one. But it seemed strange, and painful, to take our child into another house, and leave her there, even though she herself seemed satisfied to remain, and stood quietly beside Kate, submissive to have her hands taken, her hair played with, and to be embraced and fondled to the heart's content of her companion.

When she returned to us in the evening, we both thought the visit had done her good. There was more vitality in the little face; and its usual paleness had given place to a delicate color that we liked to see. But she was very quiet and silent; and as she sat on Paula's knee for

half an hour before her bed-time, she replied chiefly by gestures to our questions concerning her visit. We gathered that she had been very content there, and would like to go again—that she loved Kate and Mrs. Lethby, and the canary birds and the pictures. When we mention these last, (for Dr. Lethby had a few very fine paintings hanging in his dining-room,) she turned round suddenly, with a wonderfully bright gleam of consciousness or remembrance shining in her face; but it seemed to pass before she could give it words.

Presently, Paula took her away. She had wished me good-night. Her sweet child-kiss still lingered on my lips. I resumed my book; but, after ten minutes' abstracted poring over it, some memoranda to make, some authorities to consult from the bookcase in our room, led me up-stairs. The room communicated with the smaller chamber where Wish slept. The door was open between the two, and the light streamed through. I went and lit the lamp by the bookcase, and commenced my search for the needed volume. Paula's voice occasionally sounded from the inner room, where she was undressing the child. Then I was startled by the sweet, clear, little voice of Wish herself:

"Mamma—I know!"

"What do you know, darling?"

"I know it! I know who made the flowers—and the birds—and the sky—and the grass——"

She stopped as if breathless, though she had spoken slowly, as usual. There came no answer from the mother. The silence was again lightly stirred by the child's voice:

"Why did *you* never tell me of God?" Again there was a pause. "Kate asks God to take care of her, and her mamma and papa. I will, too."

"No, no; not at *my* knees—not there!" I heard Paula mutter.

"Is it wrong—is Wish wrong? Is God a wrong thing?"

"Hush—hush! Nay, my own darling; it is not wrong. Look up, look up. Mamma cannot bear to see Wish cry."

But the passion of weeping, so rare in the child, was not easily assuaged.

"Mamma, mamma! I thought you would be glad. Wish was so glad."

For a long time I listened to Paula, as she strove to soothe and console her. Then I went down, my book in my hand,

and waited for her coming. She entered the room with the look on her face that I was prepared to see—the look that had not rested there for many years. I met her outstretched hands, and answered the look; and then she dropped by my side, and hid her face.

"Is she asleep?" I asked her.

"Yes, Lewis. Her little voice is ringing in my ears now. Such a little innocent voice to utter words like those! Lewis, Lewis! what does it mean?"

"She has learned from Kate Lethby the words she used. The idea is new to her, and she caught it at once, like a child. That is all."

"Ay, but it is *not* all, Lewis; it is not all. It seemed as if the thought had been sleeping in her mind, ay, before now. It is not newly born; it is only awakened. And I—I must crush it back. I could do no more than strike it away from her. And she cried as she never cried before in all her life. Her tears rent my heart."

"I know; I can guess it," Paula.

"You can not; it is not in a man's soul to tell the agony of mine. I am her mother; and I have stabbed her with her first grief! Never in all her little life before has she shed tears like those."

"It is a good sign. It renews our hopes," I said, with resolved cheerfulness. But my wife turned from me in bitterness.

"What hopes? Oh! Lewis, is it not mockery in us to desire so earnestly for our child the strength and clearness of intellect that only brings doubt and misery to ourselves? Let her remain as she is—my innocent, trusting angel! She is wiser than we. Sometimes I believe in my inmost heart that she *knows* more than we—that her helpless, childish trust is nearer the Truth than all our doubts."

"That is not reasonable, Paula," I said.

"Away with this cold logic!" she returned, almost fiercely; "it speaks to my ears, and not to my soul. Lewis, I can not choose but cling to my little one's sweet hands; they draw me toward her, no less in spirit than in body. *She* is holy, and pure, and true. What am I, that I dare to dispute against her instincts? Let me follow her."

"I would not prevent you, if I could," I answered, sadly. "If you *can* believe, Paula, so happier for you."

"*You* say so?" she said, in an awed tone, looking into my face.

"Even I say so. Yes—I have not ceased to be a skeptic, Paula; but I no longer exult in my skepticism. As men grow older, I suppose it is so. Doubt, after all, may be a harder tyrant than belief. If will could bestow on me a creed, I should be no unbeliever now; but reason is strong, and will not bend. *I can not; I can not* —"

Paula drew closer to me in silence, as I abruptly broke off. There was a long pause before I spoke again.

"If it be possible for you to go out of the cold shadow that I am prisoned in—go, Paula. It would make me happier to see you in the sunshine. Forgive me; I know I have kept you from it hitherto. I did my share of the work."

"No—no—no!" she cried, vehemently. "Husband—husband, I will not have you say so; I will not have you reproach yourself. It is my own hard, stubborn heart that held me back always, that holds me back now. Not you—not *you*."

She melted into passionate tears, and we said no more.

It was the next day to this—a bright June day—I went early to London on my usual business. I said nothing to Paula about the child, nor did I ask if she was to go again to little Kate. Wish was her own quiet, noiseless self again that morning. She sat in her customary place, at that side of the table whence she could look out through the window on to the garden. Her clear eye seldom left that outlook, and I fancied her face brightened, momentarily, in the glory of the sunshine that was flooding earth and sky so graciously.

Her little footsteps followed me down the garden path; her little hand detained me at the gate. She lifted her face with the familiar gesture, and as I bent down to take her in my arms and kiss her, she said:

"Wish is glad—so glad."

"Why is she glad?"

"I don't know." And the yearning rose from the depths of her eyes. She looked round her searchingly at radiant flowers, trees, and sky, as if seeking the mystery of their brightness, then flung her arms round my neck, and nestled her head in my bosom. "Wish is glad," she said again.

What moved the child to this gladness, or to utter it in words on that especial morning? Shall I ever know?

The remembrance of her sweet look, the feeling of her dear arms round my neck, sunk down into my heart. I forgot nothing of the brief episode during all the day. It followed me into my usual avocations; it made the time beautiful to me. As I went home at evening, I thought of it. It was a thought in harmony with the ineffable purity of joyousness that seemed to pervade the world that evening. Clear and rosy shone the western sky, though the sun wanted half an hour to its setting—richly sounded the black-bird's song; and the green fields and the sloping hill beyond, with its broidery of woodland, and its crown—the old gray church tower and quaint wooden spire rising from it, all seemed to me *lustrous* that evening, as if the air around were something more than air, and illumined all that was beheld through it.

So I thought as I turned down the green lane leading to our cottage; as I walked along the garden path, where Wish's footsteps had followed me that morning. I entered at the open door and passed into the general sitting-room. No one was there; but Paula's needlework was scattered on the table, and a bunch of flowers, arranged as Wish loved to arrange them, lay on the window-sill. I took them, up, gratefully inhaling their fresh fragrance, while looking out anew on the radiant hill, and the western sky, where the sun was partially covered, and seemed trying to burst free from a long line of dappled clouds. So I stood in the recess of the bow-window for some time, till the rustle of a robe sounded in the room, and Paula's hand was laid upon my arm, and Paula's voice:

"Husband! Wish is ill—very ill."

I do not know what I said, or how she looked. I only remember the sudden horror of the shock, the heavy weight that fell on my heart, crushing all quiet thoughts away. I remember, too, that the sun had burst through the detaining clouds, and shone round and golden, while the level light, intense and absolute, glorified the landscape that had seemed bright before.

It was strange, and yet *not* strange, that both Paula and I, from the first, had the same dim, breathless terror of this illness that had suddenly smitten the child. She had drooped and sickened all within a few hours, they told me. At first, Dr. Lethby himself was perplexed by the sin-

gular nature of the attack ; but ultimately it resolved itself into one of those dread fevers, so subtle and sometimes so fatal. Sometimes—only sometimes! I said this to myself day after day, trying to keep up the show of hope. But I was a hypocrite. Through the long hours that I watched by the little bed, where our darling tossed in restless delirium, though I watched as eagerly, as jealously, as if, by the keenness of my vision, I could fence off all ill that could come near her :—still—I *knew*.

On the ninth day, exhausted, I had been compelled by Dr. Lethby to leave the sick-room for a space. I fell into a heavy, torpid sleep, from which I was aroused by a voice. “Come,” it said, “at once. The child is sinking. Nerve yourself for your wife’s sake. She suffers more than you can do.”

And I rose and staggered to my feet, like one in a dream, and followed him. * * * I could not bear it. I could not bear to see the tiny figure, with its lily face and closed eyes, lying there. All my manhood forsook me. I flung myself by the bedside, and burst into a passion of despair.

A hand took mine and pressed it. Paula had stolen to my side ; Paula’s voice spoke to me.

“Hush, husband!” Only those two words, but in such a tone! Calm, comforting, tender. I looked up at her—her face wore the same expression as her voice.

“Is there hope then?” I said, in a harsh whisper ; and they told me there was none! “Paula, *can* she live?”

“No. Oh! be still, for her moments are very few ; and she can hear you.”

She was again hanging over the child, watching every quiver of her little face, listening to every faint breath that came and went.

Presently the eyelids trembled and unclosed. The wide blue eyes sought the mother’s face, and rested there content. A smile parted the pale lips, and she seemed to try to speak.

“Mamma.”

She laid her head beside her, so better to hear the feeble utterance.

“The pain’s gone.”

“Yes, my darling. Oh! my child, my child!” The agony would have way for the minute. The little head turned restlessly on its pillow.

“Is mamma sorry?”

“No—no—no. Mamma is content.”

There was a long silence. Then again the weak, tremulous, tiny voice :

“Where are you, mamma? and papa?”

We each took one small hand.

“Why can’t I see you? Why are you so far off?”

Paula slid her arm under the dear head, and held her so. The slender breath grew short and fast. Dr. Lethby drew near—looked for a minute—then left us softly.

“Mamma—papa!” We detected the faint whisper, and bent down very close, that we might lose nothing of the fragile sound. “Come, too. Come with Wish!”

And that was all. The lips ceased to be stirred, even by the fluttering breath. A slight spasm convulsed her face for a moment, and then left it settled in that pure, peaceful likeness we were to know it by evermore.

We leaned over her dumbly. I felt as if in a dream. I could not realize ; I could not believe in any thing that I saw. Wish lying there with that white, soft smile on her face was not real, and still less was Paula, sitting without a word or sign, gazing down on the dead face with her steadfast eyes. It was in an instinctive effort to break the circle of illusions which surrounded me that I called on her name.

She roused then, and looked up. The anguish seemed to surge over her face in a gradual wave of consciousness. It broke, with a forlorn wandering of the eyes, a beseeching gesture of the outstretched arms, and a low, long, desolate wail.

“My darling—my treasure. Oh! my child—my child—my child!”

I sat there, mute, and watched her agony. I dared not go near it. I was stonelike and helpless. I felt as if all my world had slipped by me—floated away irretrievably into an unknown vortex, while I stood watching, as now, with my hands bound to my side and my utterance choked, even from lamentations.

My last remembrance was of Paula coming to me, touching my forehead with her hands. Then every thing was blotted out from eyes and mind.

* * * * *

I had been a strong man ; vigorous in health as I was held to be in intellect.

But in that long illness I seemed to be drained of life, both mental and physical, till only the dregs of both remained. Then there followed a long period of convalescence, during which all I could do was to lie quietly where they placed me, sometimes with closed lids and heavy listless thoughts vaguely traversing my mind; sometimes with my eyes wandering restlessly about the room till they lit on Paula's patient face, whereon they would linger. About that face my thoughts grew entangled often. I could not rightly order them. A misty consciousness, a painful yearning after something forgotten, continually led me into a maze of ideas so imperfectly comprehended, that I felt more than ever weak and helpless in the midst.

At length, one day, a very little thing broke the spell that kept my mind so tightly in its bonds. Some flowers were brought and laid beside me. Their delicate fragrance seemed to steal into my very inmost heart. Among them were one or two sprays of white jasmine, with their peculiar aromatic odor. On the wings of that subtle essence recollection came to me, and renewed consciousness. These were favorite flowers of our Wish; they had been among those—the last gathered by her hands—that I had carelessly taken up that evening—a whole life since!—and distinctly, to every smallest detail of “that evening,” I remembered. I saw the radiant hill and the rosy sunset, the aspect the room had worn, and the look on Paula's face when she came in to tell me that Wish was ill. Then came the long, blurred, hazy memory of the ensuing days, scarcely of anxiety—that were too hopeful a name for the feeling with which we hungrily watched every breath our darling drew—every change on her face—every stirring of her limbs—through that terrible time.

From these remembrances I lifted my eyes, and read their sequel in Paula's face. Yet was there still something in that shadowed face which I could not understand. Involuntarily my thought took words. “How changed!” I said. And again in my mind I commenced groping about for some new revelation which should make things clearer to me. But at the sound of my voice Paula came and stooped beside me, looking earnestly into my face, as if she were startled to hear me speak. Her own voice trembled as

she asked me “What was changed?” She was afraid lest my answer should betray that I was still not myself, for—poor wife!—I had been utterly bereft of sense for many weeks. “You are changed, Paula,” I said; “is this a new world?”

“Ay—it is—it is!” she answered me; and she put her arms round me, and wept abundantly.

By-and-by, as she gradually told me the history of all those past seven weeks, I began to look in wonderment into her face, wherein I could detect no traces of the old stony desperation that had been wont to come there when danger was near those she loved. For hers was a nature that could bear bravely, endure cheerfully, many troubles that most women would shrink from; but when anxiety or sorrow really touched her, it did more than afflict, it *tortured* her. All this slowly recurred to me with vividness as I lay on my sofa, holding her hand fast, and watching the outline of the pale, beautiful face that was slightly averted from me. She was looking at the landscape which was stretched out before the window. It was early autumn now; I knew the look of the trees in the garden, of the copse on the slope of the hill. *The hill*—I remembered it. Cruelly, relentlessly bright it looked now in the soft sunshine. After a little while I hid my face from it.

“What month is this?” I asked her.

She told me, August. I paused to think; and she divined my thought, and prevented the question that hovered on my lips.

“It was the last week in July that our darling went,” said she, softly. “And then,” she presently added, in the same hushed tone, “you left me, too. I thought I had lost both.”

“How did you bear it, Paula?” I cried, hastily. “Why did your heart not break? Why was I the one to fail, and fall helpless at this time?”

“A year ago,” said Paula, “I should have fallen helpless, too, Lewis. No human strength—no human fortitude is capable of enduring such woe as ours.” She stopped abruptly—then added, in a strange tone, low but distinct, and with a tremulous quiver vibrating through every word—“But I—I was not comfortless.”

I looked at her in silence.

“Lewis,” she whispered again, “I was not comfortless.” A pause. “No,” she went on, slowly—and now her voice rose,

steady and clear, like the light that gathered and brightened in her eyes—"a mother who has seen her child die, is still *not* comfortless. For no mother who has lost her child can *doubt*. Lewis, do you understand me? God is good," she cried, passionately, "and in his mercy he ordered it so, that to a bereaved mother's soul *must* come the conviction that is more than knowledge—the faith that is worlds above all reasoning. I *know* that I shall have my child again! Lewis—Lewis—I *know* it!"

She sank down beside me; and again the soft rain of tears fell plenteously. When women weep so, it is well with them. * * And I lay still and thought.
* * * *

It was well with Paula, I could see that. To see it, steadied me, strengthened me, infinitely. The feeling of that long convalescence was a very strange one. It might well be so, for the clear head, the vigorous brain, I had had a man's pride in possessing, had passed from me for ever; and, during those months of slow recovery to bodily strength, I had to grow accustomed to the truth. Mental strength would never be mine again. All my capacities were bounded now by but a narrow circle. The profound thought, the complicated reasoning, that had been easy to me as pastime, I could pursue no longer.

The affliction fell heavily upon me—perhaps the smaller cares it involved, helped to nerve us both to endurance. My vocation was gone, and with it, no means of living, save the small sum that yearly accrued to Paula. It was enough to save

us from absolute want; but my condition, the doctors said, necessitated many luxuries, and to gain money for these Paula worked hard. Not writing; the time for that was past. She had lived too much, perhaps, to be able to put life on paper as she had done years before. Imagination had been set aside by vital engrossing reality, for so long, that it could not now resume its functions as of old. But she was more than content to teach the few little children that came to her every morning. Intercourse with children, indeed, grew to be one great solace of her life.

The other—yes, I think I was solace to her, even when I myself was most hopeless. I think I helped her, though I was very, very weak, and so feeble as I have said.

And years passed on. Comparative wealth came to us then; but Paula for a long while continued her labor of love among the little children.

We grew old together. It is not long since she left me. I have been very lonely since then; but not—as she said once—*not* comfortless.

It has helped to wear away this time of waiting to write this history for you, my true and kind friend. You knew me when the world applauded me as strong and great; and when it compassionated my weakness and my ruined prospects. And I think you, who, seeing deeper than the world, saw through both the strength and the weakness, will find the lesson that I know these pages must convey.

So, farewell.

From Fraser's Magazine.

GERMAN LOVE.*

EVERY human face, say the learned in these matters, carries written upon it the story of its owner. The prevailing thoughts have shaped the organs; the prevailing passions have furrowed the lines. No emotion, whether of joy or sorrow, passes off without leaving behind it the

* *Deutsche Liebe*. Aus den Papieren eines Fremdlinga. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

penciled traces of its presence. It may be so. We need not quarrel with a theory which, for the present, is no more than a speculation. The generality of mankind are, happily, but indifferent phrenologists, and, for our time, at least, are likely to be spared a knowledge which, if it ever comes, will make the world intolerable. We have no anxiety to find a window opened into our consciences, to take the public

behind the scenes, where we can be seen, stripped of our stage dresses, in naked simplicity; and still less have we a desire to pry curiously into the secrets of others. The living torrents which, for eighteen out of each four-and-twenty hours, stream along our streets, are made up of units, each of whom has a history that would infallibly interest us if we knew it. Every one of them is struggling, suffering, loving, hating, failing, succeeding, doing every thing of which the most delightful novel is but a feeble counterfeit; and our feelings, if we were admitted to all these confidences, would speedily be worn threadbare by perpetual friction. Here, too, as in most other things, we have cause to think the world well made; that it is well for us all that we are allowed the exclusive custody of our own secrets.

Further, as we are able to keep our story to ourselves, so it seems as if, for the most part, we were intended to keep it to ourselves; as if human beings should be known to one another only as they come in contact in action and life, while the rest lies between each particular man and his Maker, or should be made known only where reserve is melted down by affection. The interest which the world might feel in any given story is no sufficient reason for communicating it. *All ancient literature would not be too high a price to pay for a knowledge of those first thirty years in which the carpenter's Son was subject to His parents in Galilee. But our curiosity is altogether ungratified; we are told as much as there is any occasion for us to know.

Yet although concealment be the rule, it is at times suspended by peculiar circumstances. More than one remarkable man, in the last and the present century especially, has chosen to make mankind his confessor; and has either shadowed out in fiction, or related, in actual narrative, his experiences outward and inward. Goethe and Wordsworth considered it their duty to expose the structure and growth of minds which had exercised so vast an influence over their contemporaries. Rousseau, from some unexplained impulse, laid bare in his own person the diseases of which the world was sick. It is idle to examine the motives of such things. Men of genius are sometimes driven to what they do by a force which they can neither resist nor understand; and in these rare instances, where a real

mind is really revealing itself, the result is its own excuse.

Of a similar kind, and similarly also to be explained, is the little book which is the subject of the present article. *German Love, from the Papers of an Alien*, may not be strictly an autobiography; but it bears about it the unmistakable impress of reality. It is the work of an uncommon man, who has sought relief from some inward sorrow by throwing it into a narrative; and although the beauty of the story forbids us to wish that it had not been written, yet it is difficult wisely to speak of it. The writer, whoever he may be, is highly gifted, both in intellect and feeling. The passionate outpourings of such a person are not to be coldly criticized, and we should have preferred, perhaps, to pass by the book in silence, were it not first for its most rare merit, and secondly, for the close and intimate acquaintance which the author shows with England and the most modern English literature. He calls himself an alien. He is perhaps one of the many waifs and strays which these late years have cast upon our shore, and his book is the explanation of his exile. The subject of it is the common one—love and disappointment. But the love and the disappointment are peculiar. The nature of them will be best seen by extracts, if a translation can convey tolerably the meaning of language which has been chosen with elaborate care. The following is from the opening page:

"Childhood has its mysteries and its wonders; but who can describe them? who can interpret them? We have all passed through this enchanted forest. There has been a time with each of us when we have looked around in perplexity of happiness, and our spirits have steeped themselves in the fair reality of life. Then we knew not where we were, or what we were. Then the whole world was ours, and we were the world's. That was an eternal life, without beginning and without end; without interruption or pain. Our hearts were bright as the sky in spring, fresh as the fragrance of the violet, calm and holy as a Sunday morning.

"And what disturbs this peace of God in the child? How is this innocent, unconscious existence brought to an end? How are we driven forth from this Eden of union and communion, and left desolate and alone on the outer earth?

"Say not, thou with the solemn brow, say not that it is sin. Has the child learned to sin? Say rather that we do not know, and that we must be resigned.

"And yet it is so sweet to look back into the spring-time of life—again to gaze into its sanc-

ternary—to remember. Yes, in the sultry summer heats, in the sad autumn and the cold winter, there comes here and there a spring day; and the heart says, 'I, too, feel as though it were spring: such a day it is to-day, and here I lie in the balmy forest, and stretch my weary limbs; I gaze upward through the green leaves, and think how it was with me in childhood.'

"All seems a blank. The first pages of memory are like an old family Bible, the opening leaves faded, soiled, or crumpled. Only when we turn on, and come to the chapters which tell how Adam and Eve were driven out of Paradise, it begins to be clear and legible."

We have next an exquisite picture of a German home, as it appears idealized in its simplicity: the loving mother; the great church with its gilt cross; the palace opposite the gate, with the eagles on its pinnacles, and the great banner floating from its central turret. The family are intimate with the Prince, and the boy grows up the play-fellow of the royal children. Among the latter is one, the Princess Maria, the eldest daughter, who had lost all use of her limbs, and with a heart-complaint in addition, has looked every day for death. She is older than the rest, a sort of guardian angel, as they loved to consider her. One day, when her illness was at its worst:

"She took five rings which she wore on her hand, drew them off one after another, and looked so sad and yet so gentle, that I shut my eyes to prevent myself from weeping. The first she gave to her eldest brother, kissing him as she placed it on his finger; the second and third she gave to her two sisters, and the fourth to the youngest prince; kissing each of them also. I was standing by; I looked fixedly at her, and I saw that she had one ring yet remaining; but she leaned back and seemed exhausted. Presently she caught my expression; and as a child's eyes speak aloud, she saw easily what was passing in me. I did not wish for her ring; but I felt that I was a stranger—that I did not belong to her—that she did not love me as she loved her brothers and sisters—and this gave me a shooting pain, as if I had burst a vein or bruised a nerve. She raised herself up, laid her hand on my forehead, and looked at me so searchingly, that I felt she was reading my every thought. Then she drew the ring slowly off and gave it to me, and said: 'I had intended to have taken this one with me when I went from you, but it is better that you should have it, to remind you of me when I am gone. Read the words which are written on the edge. "As God will." You have a passionate heart, and a soft one; may it be tamed by life, and not hardened.' She then kissed me as she had done her brothers. I can hardly describe my

feelings. I was a boy then, and the gentle beauty of the suffering angel had not been without its charms for my young heart. I loved her as a boy can love—and boys love with a devotion, a truth, a purity, which few preserve in youth and manhood; but I thought she was a 'stranger' whom, if I loved, I must not say that I loved. I scarcely heard her words; I only felt that our souls were as near as two human souls can be. The bitterness was gone. I was no more alone; I was not an alien, divided from her by a chasm. I was beside her, with her, and in her. I would not take the ring. 'If you would give it me,' I said, 'you must keep it; for what is yours is mine.' She looked at me for a moment, surprised and thoughtful, then she replaced it on her finger, and again kissing my forehead, answered softly, 'You know not what you say. Learn to understand yourself, and you will be happy, and make others happy also.'

Time passes. The Princess lingers on in life; the boy goes out into the world, and at length returns as a young man, when he is again thrown with her. A feeling rises between them which is not love in the ordinary sense of the word, but intellectual sympathy. Their minds are touched deeply with the mystic philosophy of the fifteenth century. They discuss the Deutsche Theologie, and from thence, and in the mystic spirit, our own most modern English writers—Carlyle, Tennyson, Wordsworth, and Matthew Arnold. They spend their days in a Swiss cottage attached to the palace. The misfortune of the lady throws her off her guard. She sees no reason why the play-fellow of her childhood should not be the companion of her age. At length prudent people are alarmed. The delightful meetings are brought to an end. He is recommended to travel, and wanders with an aching heart into the Tyrol. Thither, however, his fate follows him. The Princess, on the death of her mother, has inherited an estate among the Tyrolean mountains, and there he again meets her. She has been warned in the interval. A marriage, even if her health had allowed it, was inadmissible between the high-born lady and the unknown student, and a philosophic friendship was properly considered dangerous. She tells him that they must see one another no more.

"I have caught hold upon your life," she says, "forgetting how slight a touch will rob the flower of its petals. In my ignorance of the world, I never thought that a poor sufferer such as I could inspire any feeling stronger than compas-

sion. I welcomed you warmly and frankly because I had known you so long, because your presence was a delight to me, because (why should I not confess it?) because I loved you. But the world does not understand this love, and does not tolerate it. The whole town is talking of us; my brother, the Regent, has written to the Prince, and requires me to end our intimacy. I am very sorry to have caused you so much suffering; say only that you forgive me, and let us part friends."

Such words can produce but one effect. She is speaking at a disadvantage; a summer twilight amidst mountains and lakes and yellow moonlight are poor supporters to prudence. The old struggle commenced again between man and the world; the individual soul fluttering against the bars of its prison, and crying out against social despotism.

"When I recall the stories of my friends," he passionately pleads, "I could tell you volumes of tragedies. One loved a maiden, and was loved in return; but he was poor—she was rich. Parents and relations despised him, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because it is thought a misfortune that a lady's dress should be made from the wool of a plant in America, rather than from the fibers of a worm in China. Another loved a maiden, and was loved in return; but he was a Protestant—she was a Catholic. Mothers and priests disagreed, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because three centuries before, Charles the Fifth, Francis the First, and Henry the Eighth played a political game at chess. A third loved a maiden, and was loved in return; but he was a noble—she was a plebeian. The sisters were jealous, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because, a hundred years ago, a soldier slew another who was threatening a king's life in battle. He was rewarded with titles and honor, and his great-grandson atones with a blighted life for the blood which was then shed by him. Each hour, say the collectors of statistics, some heart is broken; and I believe it. But why? Because in all but all cases the world will not permit us to love each other unless we are connected by some peculiar tie. If two girls love the same man, one must be sacrificed. If two men love the same woman, one or both must be sacrificed. Why? Can one not love without wishing to appropriate?"

Since, however, there is no alternative, he asks her whether, rather than submit to separation, she will bear the world's displeasure. They love each other with all their hearts. Let them marry. She is silent for a time. At length she says:

"I am yours. God will have it so. Take me as I am. While I live, I live for you. May

God join us again hereafter in a fairer world, and reward you for your love!"

The Princess consents; but the destinies are unrelenting. Another solution awaits the difficulty. She had been warned against excitement, and the struggle had been too much for her. In the night which follows this scene, her heart stopped suddenly, and can not recover itself. Her lover wakes in the morning to receive her last message, the ring, with the inscription on it—"Wie Gott will."

"And days and weeks and moons and years are gone," he says. "My home has become strange to me, and a strange land is my home; but her love remains for me; and as a tear falls into the ocean, so has my love for her dissolved in the living ocean of humanity, and interpenetrates and envelopes millions—millions of those 'strangers' whom from my childhood I have so loved. Only on still summer days, when I am lying alone in the green forest of nature, and know not whether beyond its circle there breathe any other men, or whether I am solitary upon the earth, then the past stirs again in the churchyard of memory. Dead remembrances rise up out of their graves. The omnipotence of passion flows back into my heart, and streams out toward that fair being who again is gazing on me with her deep, unfathomable eyes; and then my affection for 'the millions' is lost in my affection for the one, and my thoughts sink baffled before the inscrutable mystery of the finite and infinite love."

With these words the book ends. Were it a fiction, the story would have been made more complicated, or would have been told with less intensity of passion. Only real life can provide materials at once so simple and so beautiful. Whether, however, it is well for us to dwell in this way over sufferings which in some degree fall to us all—whether the wise man does not rather let the dead bury their dead, and live—not in a past which is beyond his control, but in a present and future which are in same degree his own—is a further question. The heart knows its own bitterness; it is rarely that we can wisely advise others, far less undertake to judge them. If the author has found any true comfort in writing this book, it is well. German literature has received a fresh ornament; and a noble nature has shaken off some portion of its distress. But sorrow, if a good medicine, is a dangerous food. There is a luxury of grief, which, like opium, seems to soothe, yet is stealing into the veins like poison, and the victim sinks at last in despair.

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

T H E F A T A L V O W .

A FEW years ago, during a short residence that I made in Paris, I found myself domiciliated in one of the least frequented quarters of that city.

My next-door neighbor was a young artist of prepossessing appearance, and of considerable talent; at least so it was said. I myself never had an opportunity of judging of the merit of his performances. He led a very retired life with his wife, who, from the little I saw of her, appeared to be of an inferior rank in society to the one to which her husband evidently belonged.

One morning, an unusual commotion in the quiet street where I resided attracted my attention. On looking out at the window, I saw a crowd collected in front of the painter's door, the cause of which soon became apparent, as, ere a few minutes had elapsed, my maid entered with a terror-stricken face to announce: that Madame Laroche, the artist's wife, had just been found dead on the pavement outside their door. She had evidently thrown herself from her bed-room window, which was of a great height, and death must have been instantaneous. Various were the surmises and conjectures formed as to the probable motive which led Madame Laroche to commit self-destruction; but they did not tend to throw any light on the matter; for the young couple had always appeared to be on the most friendly terms; they bore an irreproachable character in the neighborhood, and thus the busy gossips of the faubourg St. H. failed in obtaining the slightest solution of the mystery. The idle rumors which found so wide a circulation were, however, soon hushed by the sudden disappearance of the bereaved husband.

This tragical event had long passed away from my recollection, when my interest in it was renewed by the arrival of one of my friends from America, who related to me the following singular narrative; the hero of which I found to be

none other than my late mysterious neighbor, Monsieur Delaroche.

It appeared that, earlier in life, this artist had been passionately attached to the young and beautiful daughter of the haughty Marquis de Grismantel, who returned his love with an equal degree of warmth. Her father, however, who aspired to a higher alliance for his only child, refused to sanction her union with Monsieur Delaroche, and sternly forbade him his door.

The lovely Clarice, finding her tears and entreaties alike of no avail, in an hour of utter despair, fled from her father's roof, and sought refuge in a convent. The year of her noviciate having expired, the fatal day came, when she was to pronounce her irrevocable vows.

Monsieur Delaroche resolved on being a witness of the painful ceremony, which would, as it were, affix the seal on his doom. Much as he dreaded the fearful ordeal, he could not deny himself the melancholy gratification of seeing once more the beloved of his soul. Accordingly, at an early hour on the morning fixed for the ceremony, the artist bent his steps towards the convent chapel, which was already filled with a crowd of eager spectators. But he was scarcely conscious of their presence—his "eyes were with his heart," and that was by the side of her he now fully realized was about to be lost to him for ever. Partially hidden from sight behind one of the massive pillars of the chapel, Eugene Delaroche watched, as under the influence of an oppressive dream, the numerous preparations for the self-inflicted sacrifice, which in his eyes bore such a sublime aspect. Suddenly the tinkling of a small bell was heard, a burst of thrilling melody pealed forth from the deep-toned organ, and a subdued murmur of admiration, not unmixed with compassion, ran through the assembly, as the beautiful novice appeared between two veiled sisters at the open grating which

separated the choir of the nuns from the body of the church. At the same instant, the Bishop who was to receive her vows issued from the vestry, and the ceremony began.

It is customary, when the dress of the novice about to profess has been blessed by the officiating priest, that a curtain is drawn over the grating of which mention has already been made; on its removal, the spectators only perceive a black pall—that which is used for funerals—spread on the ground in the middle of the choir; on this the novice prostrates herself; and the sides being thrown over her, she is hidden from the view of all present. The sisters then commence chanting, in mournful tones, the 130th Psalm, which forms part of the burial service in the Romish Church. It is needless to add that this part of the representation is intended to impress on the minds of the congregated relatives and friends that henceforward their sister, or daughter, or fondly cherished companion, is as entirely cut off from all intercourse with them as if she had really departed this life. With a fixed and agonized look, Monsieur Delaroche gazed on the pall which shrouded from his sight his only earthly treasure, and as he thought of the long farewell that this idol of his heart had bid to all that she held near and dear on earth, he felt, as he imagined, inspired from on high to perform on his side some great sacrifice which would tend to assimilate his lot with that of the self-devoted being who would ever be dearer to him than life itself. The ceremony was concluded. His resolution was taken. He had formed the extraordinary vow to make an offer of marriage to the first woman who would cross his path as he went out of the chapel! The crowd was slowly dispersing. The artist rose from his knees, and, with a throbbing heart and a faltering step, he had just reached the door, when his eyes fell on a young girl engaged in fervent prayer by the side of a woman who appeared to be her mother. They were both simply clad, and evidently belonged to that class of society which in France is designated as the Bourgeoisie.

Eugene Delaroche felt that the crisis of his fate was at hand, and heedless of consequences, he thus abruptly addressed the elder of the two women:

“Madame,” said he, “I am a gentleman—will you consent to your daughter’s becoming my wife?—I give you my word

of honor that I will do every thing that lies in my power to insure her happiness.”

The two women, amazed at this unexpected and scarcely warranted address, seemed for an instant inclined to doubt of the sanity of the speaker; but they were speedily reassured when, in a few words, he acquainted them with the vow he had just made, and entreated them to put implicit faith in the integrity of his intentions. Then, perceiving for the first time, that his destined wife was afflicted with lameness, he added, with a melancholy smile, which, however, had not the slightest tinge of sarcasm:

“Mademoiselle, when first you attracted my attention, I was not aware that you were lame, but this circumstance can not influence my decision or cause me to repent of the engagement I have made.”

Doubtless it will be the opinion of many of my readers, that the pride of the young girl would have been wounded by this strange and humiliating offer of marriage, and that her first indignant impulse would have led her to decline the doubtful honor proffered her; but the case proved far otherwise. A superstitious dread of being even the *indirect* cause of the violation of a vow, the more sacred, because made in God’s own Sanctuary—a feeling of intense compassion for the unhappy lover, whose pale and haggard features bore evident traces of the storms that had swept over him—a latent, scarcely-defined hope, that one day she herself might succeed in winning his affections, and take, at least to a certain extent, the place of her he had loved and lost—all these feelings combined acted so powerfully on the mind of Louise Gauthier, that she consented to become the artist’s wife, in spite of sundry misgivings, which her more prudent mother could not forbear expressing, as to the eventual results of a union formed under such unfavorable auspices. The young couple were married shortly after their first momentous interview, and went to reside in the Faubourg St. H.

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There seems little reason to doubt that Monsieur Delaroche kept his word, and proved himself none otherwise than a kind and attentive husband. This ought to have satisfied his young wife, who was fully aware that her husband had not promised more than he intended to fulfill. But she lived in the hope that her untiring devotion might at last meet with a

requital adequate to its extent, and that many happy days might yet be in store for her. She was, however, doomed to disappointment. Monsieur Delaroche could not love twice in his life as he had *once* loved, and sternly resolved as he was to banish from his heart every recollection of that past, so fraught at once with sweet and bitter memories, at the same time he was too upright to fain the semblance of an affection which had no room within his breast. Thus month after month passed away, and the wife only found indifference where she sought for love. The child whose birth shed a gleam of ineffable joy over her dreary path, and that doubtless would have formed a bond of union between its parents, was taken from them in the early dawn of its young life—long ere its baby lips had learnt to lisp its mother's name. Then, indeed, she felt desolate, and gave herself up to despair. No friend was near to speak peace to her troubled soul, and to tell her that her "Maker would be her husband;" that there is a "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," even that pitying Jesus who leaves no sorrow untouched by sympathy, to whom every fainting spirit may bring its fearfulness, every drooping heart its sad burden of woe. There was no one to point out to her that "better land" where she might hope to meet again the babe whose untimely end she mourned,

nor to whisper in her ear the words of heavenly comfort which fall on the aching heart like the early dew on the parched herb; but all was darkness within, and the grave appeared to her the only refuge from the trials of a loveless home.

One morning, her husband having left her at an unusually early hour, to attend to some business of importance, she availed herself of his absence to throw herself out of the window, and on his return home he found his wife a corpse. Undecided of purpose, and scarcely knowing where to go, he bent his steps toward the Far West, and at length settled in America, there devoting himself entirely to his artist's profession. Ere, however, many months had elapsed, the death of an uncle in France, an eccentric old bachelor, whom he scarcely knew, left him in possession of considerable fortune. Since this change in his circumstances, Eugene Delaroche took up his final abode in a remote colony of the Brazils, where he is now known as the founder of an institution, the object of which is to provide a home for a few amongst those, whatever their position in society may be, who, like himself, having failed in early life, and without any hope of earthly happiness, turn aside from the din and glare of a busy world, in search of that solitude which is so precious a boon to the aching heart, and the tempest-tossed spirit.

This is a true story.

SPRING IS COME.

Ye coax the timid verdure
Along the hills of spring,
Blue skies and gentle breezes,
And soft clouds wandering.
The choir of birds on budding spray,
Loud larks in ether sing;
A fresher pulse, a wider day,
Give joy to every thing.

The gay translucent morning
Lies glittering on the sea,
The noonday sprinkles shadows
Athwart the daisied lea:
The round sun's sinking scarlet rim
In vapor hideth he,
The darkling hours are cool and dim,
As vernal night should be.

Our earth has not grown aged,
With all her countless years;
She works, and never wearies,
Is glad and nothing fears.

The glow of air, broad land and wave
In season reappears;
And shall, when slumber in the grave
These human smiles and tears.

Oh! rich in songs and colors,
Thou joy-reviving Spring!
Some hopes are chill'd with winter
Whose term thou can'st not bring.
Some voices answer not thy call
When sky and woodland ring;
Some faces come not back at all
With primrose-blossoming.

The distant-flying swallow,
The upward yearning seed,
Find nature's promise faithful,
Attain their humble need.
Great Parent! Thou hast also form'd
These hearts which throb and bleed:
With love, truth, hope, their life has warm'd,
And what is best, decreed.

disc was broken up into three or four beads of light, just before it finally disappeared behind the moon. This result was due to small projections of the moon's border then crossing the streak of light in some places, while portions of the streak were still visible at indentations of the lunar edge in others. Mr. Hartnup saw the third satellite of the planet *shining in the midst of a large indentation* of this kind for a second or two, and looking as if within the circumference of the lunar face. Professor Challis, employing the great Northumberland refractor at Cambridge, noticed that the moon's dark limb, as it swept in front of the bright planetary surface, was distinctly jagged and zigzagged by valleys and mountain-peaks.

As the planet slipped out from behind the *bright side* of the half-illuminated six-day-old moon, the different characters of the planetary and lunar light were strikingly apparent. The planet's face was about as pale again as the moon's, and seemed to most of the observers watching it, to wear, as compared with the moon's aspect, a soft greenish hue. Mr. Lassell was of opinion that the planetary faintness was mainly the result of the relatively large brilliant surface the moon presented in such close proximity; he believed that there would not have seemed any thing like so marked a difference of intensity, if the planet had been contemplated in contact with a piece of the moon, having dimensions not larger than itself.

But the most interesting fact yet remains to be told. The bright border of the moon at this time crossed the soft green face of the planet, not with a clear sharply cut outline like that which had been presented as the disc passed into concealment; it was fringed by a streak or band of graduated shadow, commencing at the moon's edge as a deep black line, and being then stippled off outwardly until it dissolved away in the green light of the planet's face. This shade-band was about the tenth part of the planet's disc broad, and of equal breadth from end to end. Mr. Lassell described it as offering to his practiced eye precisely the same appearance that the obscure ring of Saturn presents to a higher magnifying power, where that appendage crosses in front of the body of the Saturnian sphere.

There could be no mistake concerning the actual existence of this curious and

unexpected apparition. It was independently noticed and described by at least six trustworthy observers, and the descriptions of it given by each of these corresponded with the minutest accuracy. The shadow was seen and described by Mr. Lassell, at Liverpool; by the Rev. Professor Challis, at the Observatory of Cambridge; by the Rev. W. R. Dawes, at Wateringbury; by Dr. Mann and Captain Swinburne, R. N., at Ventnor; and by Mr. William Sinms, at Carshalton. It therefore only needs that the unusual presence should be accounted for: the handwriting being there, the question remains to be answered: "Can its interpretation be found?" Can science read the meaning of this shadow-fringe inscription? Are there minds that can fathom, as well as eyes that could catch, this signal-hint thrown out by Jupiter at the instant of its emergence from its forced concealment behind the moon?

It was Mr. Dawes's impression on the instant, that the mysterious shadow was simply an optical spectrum—a deep blue fringe to the light maze caused by the object-glass of his telescope having been accidentally over-corrected for one of the irregularities incident to chromatic refraction. This notion, of course, became altogether untenable so soon as it was known that the same appearance had been noted by other telescopes, in which the same incidental imperfection had no place. All felt that the shadow could not be referred to a regular atmospheric investment of the moon's solid sphere, because under such circumstances the streak should have been always seen when the rim of the moon rested in a similar way across a planetary disc. The sagacious Plumian professor of astronomy at Cambridge, Professor Challis, seems to have been the first to hit upon the true interpretation of the riddle. This indefatigable star-seer has long suspected that the broad dark patches of the lunar surface—the *seas* of the old selenographers—are really shallow basins filled by a sediment of vapor which has settled down into those depressions; in other words, he conceives that there are FOG-SEAS, although there are no WATER-SEAS, in the moon. The general surface and higher projections of the lunar spheroid are altogether uncovered and bare; but vapors and mists have rolled down into the lower regions in sufficient quantity to fill

up their basin-like hollows, exactly as water has gravitated into the beds of the terrestrial oceans. The professor, using the high powers of the magnificent telescope furnished to the Cambridge Observatory by the munificence of the late Duke of Northumberland, was able to satisfy himself that the planet actually did come out from behind a widely gaping hollow of the moon's surface—at the bottom of a lunar fog-sea, *seen edgewise*, so to speak. If a shallow basin extended for some distance round the curvature of the lunar spheroid, and if it were filled up with vapor, that vapor would rest at fixed level, exactly after the manner of a collection of liquid, and such fixed level would be concentric with the general spheroidal curvature of the satellite. Under such an arrangement, there would therefore necessarily be a bulging protuberance of the vapor-surface, through which a remote luminary might be seen, when it

rested in the requisite position. This, then, is Professor Challis's understanding of Jupiter's hint. The moon has *fog-seas*, upon her surface, and the band of shadow visible upon the face of Jupiter as the planet came out from behind the earth's satellite, was a thin upper slice of one of those fog-seas seen by the favorable accident of the planet's light shining for the instant from beyond. Destiny was, upon this occasion, propitious to the phalanx of terrestrial observers standing so resolutely and patiently to their telescopes, and brought the planet, which had gone into occultation at a spot where there was high and rough ground, out at a point where the moon's limb was smooth, and depressed below the general level. It is, of course, only when occulted luminaries pass behind such depressed localities, that these shade-bands ought to present themselves, if Professor Challis's shrewd interpretation be a reading of the truth.

ON MOUNT SINAI.—In about an hour and a half from the time we left the convent, we reached the top, the "gray top" of Sinai, for while the great body of the mountain is of red granite, this is of gray. Whether from decay or the peculiarity of the original formation, I do not know, the granite appeared laminated on the top, so that we were able to split off some slices with the help of our hammers, of perhaps an inch in thickness. With these exfoliated fragments we filled our bags or pockets, thinking it worth while to carry home with us specimens of that mountain which "burned with fire," and on which Jehovah himself descended. The wind was strong and the air cold, so we took shelter under part of the low wall at the entrance to one of the chapels. While the monk who was with us was striking a light and preparing coffee, we were gazing on the scene, and writing a few short letters to friends, dated "the top of Sinai." I had taken with me the "ten commandments" in the original, on a large sheet, and, spreading it out, I read over the law, upon the summit of that mountain where it had been given three thousand five hundred years before. The cold and the driving wind were consider-

able hindrances, and more than once my tables of the law were on the point of being torn in pieces and carried away, but I accomplished my purpose. It was interesting at the time; nor is it less so in recollection. The day was not clear; mists were rising in the horizon, so that we did not see afar off. But we saw the "great and terrible wilderness" around us, and it was a vision of more utter barrenness and desolation than we had ever seen or fancied. No soft feature in the landscape to mitigate the unbroken horror. No green spot, no tree, no flower, no rill, no lake—but dark brown ridges, red peaks, like pyramids of solid fire. No rounded hillocks or soft mountain curves, such as one sees even in the ruggedest of home scenes—but monstrous and misshapen cliffs, rising tier above tier, and surmounted here and there by some spire-like summit—serrated for miles into ragged grandeur, and grooved from head to foot by the winter torrents that had swept down like bursting water-spouts, tearing their naked loins, and cutting into the very veins and sinews of the fiery rock.—"*The Desert of Sinai: Notes of a Spring Journey from Cairo to Beersheba.*" By Horatius Bonar, D.D.—*Leisure Hour*.

From the Leisure Hour.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE MOTHER OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

It was a fine autumn day, says a celebrated French writer, when I had occasion, in the course of my wanderings, to pass through the town of Constance. I was informed that the château of Arenenberg, the residence of the Duchess of St. Lece, the Ex-Queen Hortense, was situated only half a league distant from this ancient city. I felt desirous, therefore, to place my homage at the feet of this fallen sovereign, to see this queen—this graceful daughter of Josephine—this sister of Prince Eugene—this once sparkling jewel of Napoleon's crown. I had often heard Queen Hortense spoken of in my youth as a sort of good fairy, very gracious and very beautiful. I had been told of the young maidens she had dowered, the mothers whose sons she had bought off after conscription, and the condemned culprits whose pardon she had obtained. Added to all this, I still retained a vivid recollection of both the words and the air of various songs composed by her, and which my sister used to sing to me in my boyhood. In those happy days, the idea of a *queen* who both composed and sung was sufficient to transport her in my imagination into fairy regions.

I resolved, therefore, to gratify my long-cherished desire of becoming acquainted with the ex-queen; and, though it was too early in the morning to present myself in person at the château, I left my card at the door, and then, springing into a boat, took a row on the lake to an adjacent island. On returning, after this brief excursion, to my temporary home, I found awaiting me an invitation to dinner from Madame de St. Lece.

The château of Arenenburg wears by no means the aspect of a royal residence; it is simply a pleasant-looking home, such as might belong to any private gentleman of wealth. The emotion which I felt on approaching its precincts did not therefore arise from external circumstances,

but from the thoughts which filled my mind and stirred all the deeper feelings of my heart. I proceeded slowly on my way, and more than once felt tempted to retrace my steps. I had an indistinct dread lest my illusion should be dispelled, and the dream of my early years should lose its enchantment. Suddenly, however, on entering a shady avenue, I perceived three ladies, accompanied by a young man, advancing toward me. Instinctively I recognized in one amongst them the Ex-Queen Hortense, and hastened toward her. Little could she have divined the nature of the emotions which at that moment filled my breast—emotions of mingled respect, pity, and admiration. Had she been alone, I should have felt tempted to bend my knee before her. My countenance probably betrayed, in some degree, the conflicting feelings by which I was agitated, for, smiling sweetly, she held out her hand to me, and said: "It is very good of you to come and visit a poor exile like me."

As she thus expressed her gratitude for the trifling mark of respect I had shown, I could not help mentally exclaiming: "In *this* instance, at least, the dreams of my youth have proved no deception; this tone of voice, this glance, exactly realize the ideal I had formed when thinking of the daughter of Josephine."

The Queen placed her arm in mine, and led me through the grounds. Time glided imperceptibly away, until at last she proposed to me to enter the château. In the drawing-room, the first object which arrested my attention was a magnificent portrait.

"How very beautiful!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, it is a beautiful painting," rejoined Madame de St. Lece; "It represents Bonaparte at the Bridge of Lodi."

"It is painted by Gros, is it not?"

"Yes, it is his, copied from nature, and marvelously like."

I stood for some moments absorbed in

thought, and when I suddenly started, roused from my reverie, I perceived the eyes of Madame de St. Lece fixed upon me with a smiling expression. She then rose, and asked me whether I should like to accompany her, and she would show me her imperial reliquary. I was only too happy to accept the offer, and she conducted me toward a piece of furniture in the form of a book-case, fitted up with glass panes, and on each shelf of which were ranged different objects which had belonged to Josephine or to Napoleon.

First in order came a portfolio, marked with a J. and an N., and containing the familiar correspondence of the Emperor and Empress. Every letter was autograph, and many amongst them were written from the fields of Marengo, of Austerlitz, or of Jena—hastily scribbled at the cannon-mouth, and each containing tidings of victory.

Next followed the talisman of Charlemagne, and to this relic a singular history was attached. When the tomb in which the great monarch had lain buried for well nigh a thousand years was opened at Aix-la-Chapelle, his skeleton was found clad in his robes of state; the double crown of France and Germany rested on his fleshless brow; by his side, together with his pilgrim's purse, hung his good sword Joyeuse—this sword with which, as the monk of St. Denis relates, he felled in twain, at one stroke, a knight in full armor; his feet rested on the shield of massive gold given him by Pope Leo; and around his neck hung an amulet, which secured to him victory in war. This amulet consisted of what was said to be a piece of the true cross, sent to him by the Empress Irene. It was set in emeralds, and suspended by a chain of massive gold. The citizens of Aix-la-Chapelle presented this talisman to Napoleon when he made his entry into their town; and Napoleon, in 1811, one day playfully threw this chain around the neck of Queen Hortense, owing to her, at the same time, that *he* had worn it at the battles of Austerlitz and Wagram, even as Charlemagne had done a thousand years before.

The next relics shown me by the Duchess were, the belt worn by Napoleon in Egypt, the wedding-ring he had himself placed on her mother's hand, and, last of all, the portrait of the King of Rome, embroidered by Marie Louise—a portrait on which the eyes of the dying conqueror

had rested at the latest moment of his existence, and which had been fondly pressed to his expiring lips.

I asked to see the sword which Marchand had brought back from St. Helena, and which the Duke of Reichstadt had bequeathed to Prince Louis Napoleon; but this dying bequest had not yet been forwarded to the Queen, and she seemed to fear it might never reach her hands.

At this moment the dinner-bell rang.

"So soon!" I exclaimed.

"You shall visit my reliquary again tomorrow," she kindly replied.

When dinner was concluded, we returned to the drawing-room, and in a few moments Madame Récamier was announced. This lady, too, was in her own way a queen—a queen of beauty and of intellect; and Madame de St. Lece received her as a sister. I have often heard Madame Récamier's age discussed. I only saw her, it is true, by candle-light, dressed in black, and with a veil of the same color falling over her neck and shoulders; but I should certainly not have supposed her to be more than five-and-twenty, judging from the youthful freshness of her voice, the beauty of her eyes, and her exquisitely molded hand. It struck me, therefore, as something singular to hear these two ladies converse together about the Directory and the Consulate, as of periods in which they had lived, and with the events of which they were familiar.

After some time, Madame de St. Lece was earnestly requested to take her place at the piano. She acceded to our wishes, and sung several airs which she had lately set to music.

"Might I venture to make *one* request?" I inquired.

"And what may your petition be?" rejoined the ex-queen.

"That you would sing one of your *old* compositions."

"Which of them?" she inquired.

"'You leave me to march to glory.'"

"That was one of the very first I ever wrote," she exclaimed; "it dates from 1809. How do *you* happen to remember it? You could scarcely have been born when it was in vogue."

"I was only five years and a half old; but my sister, who was some years older than myself, used to sing to me, and this was my favorite song."

"It is very unfortunate, then," replied

the Duchess, "that the words have altogether passed from my memory."

"I remember them well, however," I rejoined; and rising from my seat, I stood behind her at the piano, and began to repeat to her the lines so familiar to my memory.

"My poor mother!" exclaimed Madame de St. Lece, with a deep sigh, when I had finished the recital.

"It is a mournful recollection," I replied.

"Mournful indeed," said the Duchess. "It was in 1808, as you must be aware, that the rumors concerning a divorce began to circulate: they smote my poor mother to the heart; and, as the Emperor was on the point of setting out for Wagram, she requested M. de Segur to write a song on the subject of his departure. The Count brought her the lines you have just repeated; my mother asked me to set them to music; and I sang them to the Emperor on the evening preceding his departure. My poor mother!—I could almost fancy I see her still—anxiously watching the Emperor's care-worn countenance, and seeking to discover the impression made upon his mind by the words of this song, so admirably suited to the circumstances in which they both were placed at that moment. The Em-

peror listened attentively until the last note had ceased to vibrate; then, turning toward my mother, he said, in a tone which betrayed deep emotion: 'You are the best creature I have ever known;' and so saying, he hastened from the apartment. My mother burst into tears; and from that moment she felt that her fate was sealed. You can now readily understand what touching recollections are associated in my memory with this air, and how vividly it transports me back to by-gone years."

"Pardon me," I exclaimed; "I ought not to have recalled it to your mind."

"On the contrary," replied Queen Hortense, as she again seated herself at the piano, "so many other sorrows have passed over me since then, that I can recall those days without bitterness."

The ex-queen then ran her fingers over the keys, and, after a plaintive prelude, sang the same touching words she had sung before Napoleon on that memorable occasion.

Thus ended my evening at Arenenburg; and it was with a heart filled with conflicting emotions that I quitted the presence of Hortense, the Ex-Queen of Holland—the daughter of Josephine, and the mother of Louis Napoleon, the present Emperor of the French.

THE IMPERIAL FRANCE OF TO-DAY.

Who can imagine the effect of an announcement that the British nation had ceased growing? Between the years 1819 and 1855 we contributed two million three hundred thousand immigrants to the population of the United States: within the same period we transmitted vast numbers of colonists to Canada and Australia; since 1800 the inhabitants of our own islands have doubled, in spite of a great famine; what, then, should we think if this process of expansion were suddenly to be arrested? Yet such a suspension of national vitality has taken place in France. From 1841 to 1846, 1,170,000 souls were added to the population; from 1851 to

1856, only 256,000; in 1854 and 1855, the deaths actually exceeded the births, Statists are seeking for explanations of this formidable result; many causes are suggested; to each of these we wish to assign its full value—even to emigration, although not more than ten thousand persons annually quit France for the colonies, England, or America—a number compensated for by the arrival of foreigners. We may go back to the great wars when one prodigious army after another, amounting to a total of two millions, was annihilated under the flag of Napoleon, the idol of the Empire, when it was twice found necessary to reduce the military

standard, when boys were marched to Lutzen and Leipsic, because the supply of men had failed; but the fact interposes, that during the reign of Louis Philippe the energies of France seemed to revive, and more than a million was added to her population within five years. We will allow all due importance to the influence of small agricultural holdings, producing an inexorable entail of poverty, to the extension of the Malthusian economy from the capital to the villages, to the succession of bad harvests, grape blights, silk-worm failures, and other discouragements; these details cannot fairly be left out of the calculation; but do they account for the astonishing and alarming cessation of vital energy we now witness in France? In what have the French people so materially changed since the five years from 1841, when, with the same division of property, the same aversion to large families and no exemption from natural inflictions, they multiplied with comparative rapidity? Whatever change or manners took place after 1851 was certainly preceded by wholesale change of institutions. In front of the whole inquiry stands the conspicuous certainty that, under the Empire, the growth of population has everywhere been checked; while in many places the births have not made up for the deaths.

Not that France is overcrowded. Belgium contains 147 inhabitants to the square mile; England 130; France only 68; yet, with ample scope for development, the body of the nation dwindles instead of dilating. At the same time, the necessities of life are produced in smaller quantities in the provinces, and luxury flourishes at the capital; the poor congregate in the great cities; an immense displacement of wealth is paraded for prosperity; Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, St. Etienne are swollen by the formation of new faubourgs; thousands forsake the fields without entering the factory; the proportion of deaths among adults is singularly large; but what other process is going on at the same time? The capital that was formerly employed in cultivation or in manufacturing industry, has since 1851 been absorbed in Paris and expended in loans or in luxury; prices rise; bread is artificially cheapened for the dangerous populations of the faubourgs; to the peasantry it is become dearer; France is being gradually reduced in these respects to the level of Spain and Turkey. In the

meantime, the public expenditure increases enormously; the Empire wears literally a mural crown; its works in stone and mortar are confessedly imposing. It has its golden House; it delights in the colossal; with Dion Cassius, Louis Napoleon perceives no difference between public and private funds; while the life of France is drained away as by a mysterious disease, broad, strategical streets, and ornamental façades are certainly added to Paris.

We may take advantage of another opportunity to estimate the value of Louis Napoleon's monuments. Our present business is with the melting of the population, and the causes of its sudden decay from 1851 to 1856. Even if we cast in the gross total of the deportations to Algeria and Cayenne, they sink out of sight in the chasm. It is true that the departments signalized as having experienced the most sensible arrest or decrease of population are precisely those which were more than decimated by the mixed Commission of December—those which were marked in red on the map as strongholds of the Socialist democracy, those from which the agricultural, mechanical, and professional classes were deported wholesale, without trial, to flood the conflict colonies of the Empire. The usurpation of 1851 passed over these provinces like a desolating war; yet some deeper and more abiding cause must be at work; it is, we are compelled to believe, the corruption of society by the example and influence of the Empire. If the great and expanding nation can be violently arrested in its career, its vital forces turned abruptly into sordid channels, its moral consciousness blinded and benumbed, the circulation of its intellectual activity suspended; if it can be cut from the traditions of the past, bewildered by stock-jobbing, encouraged to waste its energies in sensual excesses, deterred by fear or ridicule from healthy or exalted pursuits;—if it can undergo this change without being enfeebled, attenuated, and exhausted, we must utterly repudiate the doctrine of all history—that a deadening despotism, applying itself only to satisfy the material cravings of the populace, infuses into the blood of the debauched nation the virus of a poison.

There is now in France no such thing as public life; it follows that private manners are depraved. The Seine might whisper a story to the Dead Sea, and

France might show other causes for the failure of its productive powers than the determination of domestic economists to limit their family liabilities. Louis Napoleon pretends to stimulate agriculture—the agricultural population is diminishing; he affects to aggrandize Paris—Paris is fed at the expense of the provinces; he points to developed commerce—it scarcely compensates for diminished production at home;—he is the patron of the working classes—they have a falling-sickness among them; the one flourishing class in France consists of speculators, gorged, we repeat, by vast displacements of wealth, but adding nothing to the resources of the country or the stability of the Government. The Spanish Kingdom exhausted, and the Turkish Empire disorganized, are now the European parallels of Imperial France. It may be that some historian of a future day, when recalling the glories of modern Augustus, will point to the architectural trophies of the capital; but other historians will record that, from the first to the sixth year of Louis Napoleon's reign, it was that France, instead of advancing, began to recede, and that, instead of multiplying and abounding, her population diminished and decayed, exhibiting to the New World the phenomenon of arresting development in the Old.

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

THE UNFLINCHING MURDERER.

I SAW a stately lily uprear it's snowy head
'Mid lovely flowers that round it their gentle fragrance
shed,
The sunbeams kissed it's petals, and the zephyrs
floated by,
Bearing words of love and joy upon their balmy sigh;
I looked again at noon, but—it's purity had flown—
For Death, the unflinching Murderer, claimed the
Lily for his own.

I heard at eventide a strain of melody, so rare
I scarcely breathed the while it stole upon the stilly
air—
The moon was in the heavens, and not a sound was
heard,
And Nature all seemed listening to that most match-
less bird;
But—alas! the song had ceased, and the night-winds
sadly moan—
For Death, the unflinching Murderer, claimed the
Minstrel for his own.

I saw an infant playing beside a cottage door,
Gazing with happy smiles upon its childish store,
Then a peal of merry laughter rang out upon the air,
And the mother watched with tenderness her little
one so fair;
But—in the cold and drear churchyard the mother
stands alone—
For Death, the unflinching Murderer, claimed her
baby for his own.

I saw a lovely maiden in the glory of her youth,
The roses bloom was on her cheek, on her brow the
seal of truth,
I saw her with another at the altar blushing stand,
And with holy music murmuring give him her heart
and hand;
But—the lover weeps in sadness, his fair young bride
is gone—

For Death, the unflinching Murderer, has claimed
her for his own.

I saw a young and noble man, of Nature's finest
mold,
He sat upon his great black steed, type of the free
and bold,
He waved adieu to his baby boy, and to his fair
young wife,
He waved adieu, and rode to join the battle's stirring
strife;
But I saw him laid upon the bier, I heard the
widow's moan—
For Death, the unflinching Murderer, claimed her
husband for his own.

I saw an old man crowned with years, his locks
were silvery gray,
He sat in his arm-chair by the fire throughout the
long, long day,
His children and their children came, and round him
fondly pressed,
That by the one they loved so well once more they
might be blessed;
But—that hallowed seat is vacant now, the good old
man is gone—
For Death, the unflinching Murderer, has claimed him
for his own.

And thus we lose all that we love upon this changing
earth,
All that we value most all of the greatest worth,
We revel in the love of friends, we call the treasure
ours,
We listen to glad melody, and tend the sweet pure
flowers;
But, the while we madly love them thus, we find
ourselves alone—
For Death, the unflinching Murderer, claims all
things for his own.

J E N N Y L I N D .

[EARNESTLY desirous of pleasing and gratifying the increasing patrons and readers of the *ECLECTIC MAGAZINE*, by offering to them the portraits of distinguished personages and celebrities in eminent positions in the world, we present as an embellishment to our Journal of this month, a portrait of Jonny Lind, whose musical reputation is world-wide; and to one so well known as "The Swedish Nightingale," we need only to add a brief biographical sketch.]

JENNY LIND, (Madame Goldschmidt,) was born October 6, 1821, in the city of Stockholm, where her father was a teacher of languages, and her mother kept a school for young ladies. Her musical capabilities and her sweet voice attracted notice while she was yet very young, and she obtained admission as a pupil into the Musical Academy, where her progress in the art of singing was extremely rapid and satisfactory. At the age of ten years she was introduced on the stage as a performer of juvenile characters, and continued to sing and act in vaudevilles with great applause till about her twelfth year, when the upper notes of her voice became less pleasing, and it was deemed advisable to withdraw her from the stage. After an interval of about four years her voice was found to have recovered its tone, as well as increased in power, and when she made her appearance as Agatha in the opera of "Der Freischutz," she excited the greatest admiration. She was engaged for the opera at Stockholm, and continued to be the leading favorite for three or four years, when she removed to Paris in order to improve herself by taking lessons from Garcia, the celebrated singing-master. After remaining about a year in Paris she was introduced to Meyerbeer, who engaged her for the opera in Berlin. It was however deemed advisable to make some preparatory trials before German audiences. Having returned for a short time to Stockholm to complete her engagement there, she repaired in August 1844 to Dresden, where Meyerbeer was then residing. After performing a few characters there with great success, in the summer of 1845 she attended the fêtes on the Rhine given by the King of Prussia to Queen Victoria, and sang at Frankfurt and Cologne. In the following winter she came out at Berlin, where she excited the highest enthusiasm, as well as subsequently at Vienna, where she made her first appearance in April 1846. On the 4th of May, 1847, she appeared for the first

time at the Opera House, London, as Alice in Meyerbeer's opera of "Roberto il Diavolo," and received the enthusiastic plaudits of an audience crowded to excess. She became the star of the season, filling the house with similar audiences on every night of her appearance. She afterward sang in the provinces, and was again engaged for the following season in London. She also sang at concerts and oratorios. Her concluding performance in London was on the 9th of May, 1849, in "Roberto il Diavolo;" after which she returned to Germany, and while at Lübeck entered into an engagement with Mr. Barnum, the American speculator, to sing in America. She landed at New-York in September 1850. The applause which she received there and in other cities and towns of the United States was quite as great as it had been in Europe. In June, 1851, she concluded her engagement with Mr. Barnum, and commenced a series of concerts on her own account. In the same year, Miss Lind was married to M. Otto Goldschmidt, a skilful performer on the piano-forte. Madame Goldschmidt returned with her husband to Europe in 1852. She has since lived partly in retirement, but has appeared occasionally at concerts in Vienna and elsewhere in Germany, and also in England in the winter of 1855-56. Her voice is a soprano, with a compass of nearly two octaves and a half. The upper notes especially are very clear, delicious in tone, flexible, and perfectly at her command. Her acting was also very perfect, particularly in such characters as Amina in "La Sonnambula," Susanna in "Le Nozze di Figaro," Alice in "Roberto il Diavolo," and several others. The private life of this most celebrated of vocalists has always furnished a high example of moral elevation; but her munificent charities, of which England has received abundantly, have produced a love and veneration for her character as warm as the admiration of her professional talents.

From the Building News.

THE NEW HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.

MANY of the internal portions of the structure are now completed, and the upper portions of the Victoria and Clock towers are proceeding externally, as rapidly as the season will allow and the hazardous nature of their works will admit of. The scaffolding is now erected to its full height for the setting of the crowning portions of the turrets at the angles of the former tower, and the roof of the latter is nearly completed. In the interior, the Peers' staircase is now finished, and is a perfect gem of architectural design in the style of which it is composed. The spandrels between the ribs of the groining of the roof have been colored blue, of the richest ultramarine, and are studded with golden stars, that relieve the quiet light and shade of the moldings of the roof, which are very judiciously left in one color—that of the stone itself. The bosses, clasping the various intersections of the ribs, are embellished with emblazoned shields, surrounded with foliage in great variety. The Peers' corridor, leading directly to the House of Lords, is now also completed. The roof of this communicating passage is constructed of a pointed arch, the form of which is peculiar to the Tudor period, and is divided into compartments, having stained glass inserted in them, which has at once a pleasing effect, and serves also to light the corridor very effectually.

In the Prince's chamber very great advances have been made. Mr. Gibson's colossal group, representing her Majesty Queen Victoria enthroned, having been placed in position under one of the principal arches on one side of the room, and is now entirely finished. The Queen is represented sitting on a throne, holding the scepter in her right hand, and from her left is suspended a laurel wreath. The Sovereign is supported on the right by a statue of Justice, and on the left by Clemency; the former holds the sword and

balance, and the latter has a sheathed sword in her left hand, and an olive branch, emblematical of peace, in her right. The figure of the Queen is 8 feet high, and those on each side upwards of 7 feet each. The whole are carved from the purest blocks of statuary marble that the quarries of Carrara could afford, and, as a great work of ideal sculpture, deserves great praise. The back of the throne on which the Queen sits is surrounded by lions, expressive of British strength and courage. In front of the footstool are sea-horses, emblematic of dominion on the ocean, and inserted in panels on the three sides of the pedestal are *bassi relievi* of Commerce, Science, and the useful arts, having in the background, in faint relief, the steam-engine, the wires of the electric telegraph, and other representations of useful objects.

Around the walls, in panels prepared for them, eight of Mr. Theed's beautiful works have been fixed, together with two paintings of Edward VI., and Mary in the larger panels above them. The former are exquisite productions of the sculptor's art, and have been successively electrotyped in bronze from the original models. The subjects comprehend respectively, "Edward VI. signing the Charter for Christ's Hospital," "Lady Jane Grey," "Bastion Carbot," "Catherine of Aragon appealing to Henry VIII.," Sir "Walter Raleigh spreading the Cloth for Queen Elizabeth," the "Death of Sir Philip Sydney," "Queen Mary looking back on France," and the "Murder of David Rizzio in the presence of Mary Queen of Scots." The two paintings to which we have adverted are stiff, elaborate, and Holbeinish in their character, and by having a somewhat deep plinth at bottom, somewhat destroy the effect and proportion of the oblong panels in which they were placed.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF NERO.

WHEN Nero learned that he had a master in Galba, he upset the table at which he was seated feasting, dashed to pieces his two most favorite crystal glasses, called for a box of poison, which he was afraid to use, and then rushed into the Servilian gardens to think upon what he should do next. There, or within his sleeping-room, he passed a miserable night; and when at daybreak he found that his guards had not only deserted him, but had carried off the little gold box containing the poison, and even the very covering of his bed, he ran headlong down to the Tiber, where he stopped short on the bank, and slowly walked back again. It was then, barefooted and half-dressed as he was, that he was encountered by the faithful Phaon, who flung a cloak over his shoulders, tied an old handkerchief about his head, hoisted the bewildered wretch on to a horse, and rode away toward a country-house four miles off. In danger of discovery, the fugitive party abandoned their horses, scrambled through thickets, brakes, by-paths, and brambles, and at length reached the neighborhood of the desired asylum. The tender feet of the Emperor were mangled and bloody, despite the care which had been shown by his friend to spread his cloak upon the ground for the ex-Emperor to tread upon. Phaon asked him to conceal himself for a while in a gravel-pit; but Nero declared that it looked too much like a grave, and he was determined not to be buried alive. He sat down under a wall, picked the burrs and brambles from his dress, drank from the hollow of his hand a few drops of water, and sighed over the thought of the draughts he used to imbibe of boiled water made cool again in snow. He was

at length got into the house, where he turned away in disgust from the piece of brown bread which was offered him—his last banquet; drank again a little lukewarm water, flung himself on an old flock bed, and cursed his destiny. They who surrounded him counseled him to make an end quickly; and thereupon he had a grave made before him to his exact measure. He ordered sundry preparations to be made for his funeral, commanded water for the washing of his body, wood for the pile, expressed a hope that they who survived him would allow his head to remain on his body, and he then burst into an agony of tears at the thought, as he said, of what a clever fellow the world was about to lose: "*Qualis artifex pereo!*" was his exclamation. It was not his only one. He cited lines from various Greek and Latin authors as applicable to his situation; and when reproached for dallying so long before he put himself to death, very appositely and naturally inquired if any one present was willing to show him the way by setting him the example. He then made a few more pedantic quotations, and finally, with trembling hands, put the dagger to his throat. He would have held it there long enough had it not been for Epaphroditus, who grasped his hands and forced the weapon into his throat. The terror of the ex-monarch was fixed on his features after death. But even *he* had friends; five thousand crowns were expended on his funeral pile, on which his body was laid in a splendid silk coverlet. A couple of his old nurses collected his ashes, and an Imperial concubine accompanied them in the task of solemnly depositing the remains in the tomb of the Domitii.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

LIFE PICTURES: From a Pastor's Note-Book. By ROBERT TURNBULL, Author of CHRIST IN HISTORY, THE GENIUS OF SCOTLAND, ETC. New-York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1857. Pp. 342.

THE name and reputation of Robert Turnbull as an author is a sufficient guarantee that a book from

his pen is worth having and worth reading, because written to improve the mind and mend the heart in the best sense. The life pictures in this volume comprise thirteen graphic moral paintings, whose lineaments stand out in bold relief to the eye of the mind, so as to be seen and felt by reflection on the retina of the heart. The main object of the book seems to be, so to throw the strong light of vivid experimental truth

in its burning sunbeams upon the gloomy clouds of doubt, skepticism, and infidelity, as to make them flee away from minds over which they have been brooding like birds of night. In this regard, and with this object in view, the author has done a good service, and made a good and useful book, which we hope will be read by all skeptical minds, and by those who are not so.

GRACE TRUMAN; OR, LOVE AND PRINCIPLE. By Mrs. SALLIE R. FORD. New-York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. St. Louis: William Crowell; Louisville: Kirk & Clark. 1857. Pp. 500. With a portrait of the Author.

This is a book of twenty-four chapters. It has no preface, no preliminary remarks or introduction; but plunges at once in *medias res*. It begins with a wedding; which, in the estimation of most persons, is the grand climacteric of human life, and of all stories, religious, romantic, or otherwise; and conducts the reader through various scenes and phases in life's journey till its final close. The book is imbued with a strong religious element, prominent in which is the mode of baptism, which is freely discussed. This volume seems to be the author's first book—a sort of first love, and judging from the engraved expression of her countenance, she has a mind of her own, and intends to use it energetically in expressing her views of religion and of life, in that frank, outspoken language which she seems to command, and frequently sparkle, *fortiter in re*, if not *suaviter in modo*.

CHILDHOOD, ITS PROMISE AND TRAINING. By W. W. EVERTS. New-York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., 115 Nassau street. 1857. Pp. 371.

We note with pleasure the publication of any new book, well written and digested, whose object is the proper religious and physical training of the young. "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," and he performs a good and useful service who adds to the stock of knowledge as to the best mode of training the young of our species for the duties and activities of life in this world, and a glorious immortality in the next. The pastoral experiences of Mr. Everts fits him to write such a book, which he has divided into two parts. The first is happily illustrated by that only perfect exemplar ever seen on earth—the childhood of Jesus. The second part is forcibly illustrated by a parable of the voyage of life. The fancied point of departure is the port and metropolitan bay of the Western World, and Childhood, "the narrows" of life, through which the miniature man sails out into the broad ocean to encounter the perils of life.

"C. S. FRANCIS & Co. have reprinted from the second London edition, 'Bacon's Essays, with Annotations by Richard Whately, D.D.," who, in his preface, says: "Having been accustomed to write down, from time to time, such observations as occurred to me on several of Bacon's Essays, and also to make references to passages in various books which relate to the same subjects, I have been induced to lay the whole before the public in an edition of these Essays. And in this I have availed myself of the assistance of a friend, who, besides offering several valuable suggestions, kindly undertook the task of revising and arranging the loose notes I had written down, and adding, in foot-notes, explanations of obsolete words and phrases." The volume is a thick octavo of over five hundred pages.

A NEW KIND OF FORAGE.—Prince Schwartzberg has lately made successful experiments in some of his farms for converting the leaves of the ash-tree into forage for cows. About fifty pounds of the leaves were, in October last, arranged in a tub with alternate layers of salt, and kept covered until the beginning of March, when they were taken out, mixed with chopped rye-straw, and given to the cows. The new food appeared so palatable to them that they would select the leaves with the greatest avidity, leaving the straw untouched. The leaves were then given to them without any mixture, and were eaten with the same relish.

MIRAGE.—The curious phenomenon of mirage was lately witnessed at Simand, near Arad, in Hungary, when St Martin, a village three miles distant, became distinctly visible to the astonished inhabitants of the former place; so distinctly, indeed, that not only the houses, but also the people walking in the streets, could be distinguished, all of colossal size. The inscriptions on the tombstones of the Jewish cemetery were perfectly legible. The apparition lasted about thirty-five minutes, and then faded away. The ignorant multitude interpreted it as a sign of the end of the world, which they confidently expect to take place on the 13th of June.

THE ELM DESTROYER.—This insect, known to naturalists under the name of *Scolytus destructor*, is a most dangerous enemy to the chief ornament of public walks. It is a small beetle, scarcely two lines in length, and is generated under the bark, which it undermines in every direction, thus causing the death of the tree by intercepting the circulation of the sap. Most of the fine elms of the Champs Elysées are ravaged by this insect, and means are now being resorted to save them from certain destruction, by peeling off the old bark. Dr. E. Robert one of the members of the Commission Scientifique du Nord, has, by numerous experiments, ascertained that the whole cortical system may be regenerated by this method. The larvae contained in the bark are thus removed, and the insects in their perfect state destroyed.

DEATH OF H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER. — WHITEHALL, April 30: This morning, at a quarter after five o'clock, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, sent to her Most Gracious Majesty, departed this life at Gloucester House, to the great grief of her Majesty and of the royal family.

"GLOUCESTER HOUSE, April 30.

"Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester expired, without suffering, at a quarter after five this morning.

"FRANCIS HAWKINS, M.D.

"EDWARD H. HULL."

In accordance with the desire of the late duchess, the funeral procession will be conducted in a comparatively private manner. With the exception of the presence of a detachment of the Life Guards to escort the funeral cortege to the terminus of the Great Western, Paddington, nothing beyond the ordinary display observable at the funeral of a private individual will take place.

Orders were received this morning at Windsor for the opening of the Royal mausoleum in St. George's Chapel. The remains of the illustrious deceased will be placed by the side of her royal husband.

The bell of the numerous churches in the metropolis tolled during the day, and at the Royal churches the bells rang muffled peals.

The tradesmen at the west-end had their shops partially closed out of respect to the memory of her late Royal Highness, whose private virtues and many charities endeared her to persons in every rank of life.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary, Duchess of Gloucester and Edinburgh in the Peerage of Great Britain, and Countess of Connaught in that of Ireland, the fourth daughter of King George III. and Queen Charlotte, was born the 25th April, 1776. She was a lady of great personal attractions, clever, and most amiable. Miss Burney, in her famous *Memoirs*, speaks of her as "the lovely Princess Mary." The Princess was married, the 22d July, 1816, to her first cousin, Prince William Frederick, second Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh, and Earl of Connaught, a Field Marshal in the Army, who died on the 30th November, 1834, without issue, when his titles became extinct. The Duchess of Gloucester was appointed Ranger and Keeper of Richmond New Park, by letters patent, on the 38th October, 1850. The widowed Duchess, though latterly far advanced in years, still enjoyed and saw society, of which she had been a charm during her whole life. She was continually visited by her Royal niece and other illustrious relatives, and she may be said to have died in the very midst of her august and much beloved kindred.

THE VELOCITY AND COLORS OF LIGHTNING.—The lightning of the first two classes does not last for more than one thousandth part of a second; but a less duration in passing than one millionth part of a second is attributed to the light of electricity of high tension. In comparison with this velocity, the most rapid artificial motion that can be produced appears repose. This has been exemplified by Professor Wheatstone, in a very beautiful experiment. A wheel made to revolve with such celerity as to render its spokes invisible, is seen for an instant with all its spokes distinct, as if at rest, when illuminated by a flash of lightning, because the flash had come and gone before the wheel had time to make a perceptible advance. The color of lightning is variously orange, white, and blue, verging to violet. Its hue appears to depend on the intensity of electricity and height in the atmosphere. The more electricity there is passing through the air in a given time, the whiter and more dazzling is the light. Violet and blue-colored lightnings are observed to be discharged from the storm-clouds high in the atmosphere, where the air is rarefied and analogous. The electric spark made to pass through the receiver of an air-pump exhibits a blue or violet light in proportion as the vacuum is complete.—*Peterman's Physical Geography*.

DR. KANE.—Dr. William Elder, of this city, is now engaged in writing a memoir of the late Doctor Elisha Kent Kane. It can scarcely fail to prove, not only a striking and picturesque narrative of the career of the intrepid adventurer, but also an intelligent delineation of his character, which was more bright and beautiful than the funeral orations and eulogies have told. Christendom, at present, knows nothing of the life of the man now so famous for his deeds. It is the story of that life that we may expect to read in this forthcoming memoir. The public actions of an individual, however admirable, are little in comparison with his noble private qualities. It is Sidney, passing the cup of water from his thirsting lips to the dying soldier at Zutphen, that adds

love to the admiration we give to the historic Sidney of the court and the battle-field; and in like manner, the private generosity and compassion, the self-forgetfulness, the self-sacrifice, and the thousand nobilities which were revealed in Dr. Kane's daily intercourse and relations with his fellow-men, and which the world can not honor only because it does not know, are more to us than the calm intrepidity that dared the dangers and endured the horrors of the Arctic shores and seas. Something of this, the memoir may make known to us. If it prove to be what we expect it will, it can not but add a deeper feeling to our present apprehension of the life and character of one whose epitaph seems most fitly written in the words of the old ballad:

"He was a true and gentle knight—
Ah! well-a-day! Amen."

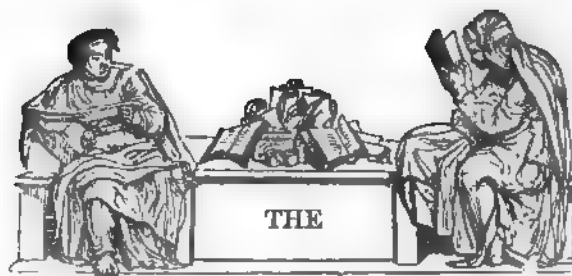
TURKISH POETRY.—Under the title "*Conseils de Nabi Effendi à son fils Aboul Khair*," M. de Courteille, Professor of Turkish in the Collège de France at Paris, has brought out a translation of a poem of Nabi, one of the most distinguished poets of Turkey, who was born under Murad IV., about the year 1632. The translation is pronounced by competent Oriental scholars to be well executed. It treats of religion, the duties of man, science, virtue, the phenomena of nature, and numerous other objects.

THE German papers report the death of Prof. Karl August Hahn, of the University of Vienna, one of the greatest old German scholars belonging to the school of the Grimms and Karl Lachmann. Prof. Hahn was born in 1807, at Heidelberg. This, after the recent death of Prof. von der Hagen, is another heavy loss to that branch of science of which Prof. Hahn was one of the chief authorities.

M. W. DODD publishes "*Marriage as it Is and as it Should Be*," by Rev. John Bayley, a neat 16mo volume, relating to the nature and importance of marriage, the duties of husbands, wives, and parents, etc. The author, "encouraged by the favor with which the public have received a previous work on another subject, and with a grateful sense of the kindness of his friends, offers this humble contribution to the religious literature of the day, in the hope that it may be acceptable to the friends of morality and religion, and with a fervent prayer that it may be attended by the blessing of heaven in every family where it may find a kindly reception."

D. APPLETON & Co. have reprinted in two neat duodecimo volumes, "*The Life of Charlotte Brontë*," by Mrs. E. C. Gaskell. The volumes are illustrated with a fac-simile of Miss Brontë's manuscript, a portrait, and a view of Haworth Church and Parsonage. The biography includes sketches of the members of the family of the authoress of "*Jane Eyre*," and will prove of great interest to all the admirers of the distinguished novelist.

TICKNOR & FIELDS have published a neat edition, in blue and gold, of Mrs. Jameson's "*Characteristics of Women*," reprinted from the last London edition, "containing many corrections, and some additions, which the Author hopes may be deemed improvements." The volume is uniform with the works of Longfellow and Tennyson, recently issued by the same firm.



ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JULY, 1857.

From the Edinburgh Review.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE SEA.*

AMONG the many titles to fame of the venerable Humboldt, none is so highly merited or so peculiar to himself, as that earned by his labors on the *Physical History and Geography of the Globe*. In the earlier days of this Review the teaching of geography, as then understood and practiced amongst us, was a dry and barren task; tedious to the teacher, distasteful and of slender profit to the scholar. Bald catalogues of easily forgotten names, (*locorum nuda nomina*, as Pliny calls them,) uninformed by science and scantily illustrated by history, formed the staple of the study. Nor was any part of education more defaced by the coarser mechanism of book-making. Errors of fact, and even of nomenclature, were perpetuated from one edition or compilation to another, with little regard to original accuracy, or to the changes going on in the world. And even where some frag-

ment of history or physical science broke in upon the network of names, it was often of doubtful authenticity, or too partial and detached to give real knowledge or gain hold on the memory. This is not an exaggerated view of the manner in which geography was generally taught in England down to a recent period.*

The more exact study of history had already improved the methods and extended the sphere of geography, before

* The progress made in the last quarter of a century in the philosophical study of the earth is nowhere more perceptible than in the books of geographical reference to which we have now ready access. At the head of these we have great pleasure in placing Messrs. Fullarton's "*Gazetteer of the World*," or, as it is more properly entitled, "*Dictionary of Geographical Knowledge*"—a work which has recently been completed, and which combines to a remarkable extent comprehensive views of the physical geography of the globe, with a vast amount of political and statistical information, and all the minuteness and accuracy which is required in a dictionary of places. We know no book of equal excellence on these subjects in any other language. Not less meritorious, though more compendious, are Mr. Keith Johnston's contributions to geographical literature. The *Gazetteer* which bears his name is remarkable for its completeness; and his *Atlas of the United States of America* supplies a deficiency which has long been felt on both sides of the Atlantic.

* *The Physical Geography of the Sea*. By Lieut. MAURY, U. S. Navy. London and New York: 1856.

Arctic Explorations in the Years 1853, 1854, and 1855. By Dr. KANE, U. S. Navy. Philadelphia: 1856.

Considérations Générales sur l'Océan Atlantique. Par PHILIPPE DE KERHALLET. Paris: 1855.

physical science had fairly annexed itself to the subject, creating new associations, of high interest in themselves, and fertile in their influence on the condition and welfare of mankind. We have spoken of Humboldt as the philosopher who especially contributed to the establishment of Physical Geography as a branch of science. The natural phenomena, indeed, upon which it is founded, being ever present and patent to observation, could not have escaped record; and this record was becoming continually more copious, through its connection with other branches of natural knowledge. But there was yet wanting a clear specification of the scope and objects of the science thus gradually evolving itself; and of the methods best fitted for their attainment. It is here that we owe to Humboldt's peculiar genius, aided by the vast resources derived from travel and personal observation, not merely the definition of the objects in view, but their illustrations by those various writings and researches which will carry his name to posterity. The globe has been to him much more than a mere superficial delineation of land and sea, of mountains and rivers, of terrestrial divisions, and other human landmarks. His researches have comprised, under a closer and more connected view, those great physical characters of the earth's surface, through which alone we can learn the changes it has undergone or is yet undergoing—the physical elements and forces which have been concerned, or are still active, in producing these changes—and the agents and means by which change is limited, and general stability maintained.

In assigning to Humboldt the foremost place among those who have given to Physical Geography the name and character of a science, we must add that this great field has since been full of laborers, zealous in their work, and bringing to it numerous aids and appliances furnished by other branches of natural knowledge. Scarcely, in truth, is there one which has not been made to contribute, directly or indirectly, to Physical Geography in the full meaning of the term. When earth, ocean, and atmosphere all come within its sphere, as well as those great and mysterious forces—gravitation, heat, light, and electricity, by which these several elements of our planet are so powerfully and incessantly acted upon, it will be seen how closely the subject is linked with every

other research into the world of nature around us. Our countrywoman, Mrs. Somerville, has well expanded these relations in her admirable volumes on *Physical Geography*. The *Physical Atlas* of Berghaus, a valuable German work, preceded the publication in this country of the more extensive and elaborate "*Physical Atlas of Natural Phenomena*," by Mr. A. Keith Johnston, of which it would be difficult to speak in terms above the mark of its actual merits; embracing every part of the subject, it delineates to the eye as well as the mind, and far better than by any verbal description, those complex relations of physical phenomena on the globe, which are the true foundation of Physical Geography.

Of all branches of science, none comes so largely in aid of our knowledge of the present condition of the globe as the wonderful conclusions Geology has drawn from the condition of the globe in former ages. Such are the power obtained, through the study of fossil remains, of identifying strata in localities the most remote, and thus fixing the common epoch of certain states or changes of the crust of the globe—the facts discovered, proving the gradual upheaval of portions of the earth's surface, and the slow depression of others; the proofs from the inclination and contortions of strata, from the alterations of the older strata, and from the position and elevation of the unstratified rocks, that various changes, more abrupt and violent, have occurred from subterranean forces; the evidence derived from the direction, parallelism, and other aspects of mountain chains, as to periods of contemporaneous elevation—the influences upon climate of lands elevated above the sea or depressed below it; and further, the whole history of that coral creation, by which, under the slow working of microscopic forms of animal life, islands and reefs are raised from the depth of the ocean, to become the habitation of other and higher existences.

We have thus far spoken of Physical Geography in its largest acceptation. But the rapid extension of all science of late years has naturally led to subdivisions, ever becoming more special, as facts have multiplied and new fields have been laid open. Even in those profound researches of our own time, directed to prove the intimate physical connection, if not identity, of certain of the great agents which

govern the movements and changes of our globe, and probably of other animated worlds, and thus to concentrate physical facts and laws within a closer circle, these divisions are still necessary to guide to ulterior labor, and to give method and precision to its results.

Physical geography has just been submitted to this process of division; and the phrase of "Physical Geography of the Sea," proposed by Humboldt to express it, is the title of the first of the works now before us. Under this title, its author, Lieutenant Maury of the United States Navy, includes all that concerns the great domain of waters over the globe—the oceans, seas, and basin-lakes into which they are distributed; their various depth, temperature, and saltness; the currents which permanently or periodically pervade them; the phenomena of the tides; the phenomena of winds, whether constant or irregular, whether the gentle and steady trade-breeze, or the hurricane and cyclone; the law of evaporation belonging to different latitudes of the watery world; the less known, yet certain agency of magnetic or electrical forces—and the mutual influence of ocean and land in all these physical actions and changes. This summary statement shows how vast and various are the objects in the division of science thus proposed. We find further reason for its adoption in the importance of all these objects to the principles and practice of navigation; a consideration of supreme weight in these days, when the ocean in its every part is covered with ships; shaped in new forms, moved by new forces, destined to new shores, and seeking to attain by new routes the highest speed of transit. Facts and phenomena, before unobserved, or barren of result, are now eagerly appropriated, and, by the science and ingenuity of man, made to minister to the great purposes of human intercourse over the globe. The ocean, once an obstacle, has become the high-road of nations. If steam has worked its wonders on the land, so it has also on the sea; and under a form surpassing, in grandeur of force and effect, all the other operations of this great agent of human power. Iron, that materiel which ministers in such endless ways to the uses of man, has scarcely less efficiency on the ocean than on land; and we have at this moment in progress before our eyes, a gigantic application of it to the building and propulsion of what

may better be called a moving maritime city than a ship; which, if successful in the issue, may effect mighty changes in the course of commerce and navigation over all the seas of the globe.

Acquiescing fully, then, in the name and distinction of "Physical Geography of the Sea," we may add that we consider Lieut. Maury a worthy interpreter of the great phenomena included under this title. Attached as Superintendent to the National Observatory at Washington, he has used this honorable position with much zeal and high intelligence, in forwarding objects of singular importance to his own country and to ours, and of general interest to all nations of the world. He published some years ago his "Wind and Current Charts," a valuable precursor of the present volume. To his assiduity, working through and seconded by his Government, we owe that conference held at Brussels in August, 1853, in which were found representatives from England, France, the United States, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and Portugal, occupied, at the very time when war sternly impended over Europe, in organizing plans for those coöperative labors on the ocean, those methodical records of winds, currents, tides, and temperatures which provide for the peaceful interests and progress of commercial navigation over the globe. Austria, Prussia, the Hans Towns, Spain, and Brazil subsequently offered their coöperation in the same great scheme. With observations thus multiplied on every side—the log even of the common merchant brig being admitted to its share in the work—facts will speedily become numerous enough to yield results of the highest certainty and value. The method of averages, now so potent an aid to all research, has especial application here, furnishing a secure road to conclusions which no detached observations could reach.

Though Lieut. Maury claims all seas for his province, the larger portion of his volume is occupied with the great ocean which separates the Old from the New World; a very natural effect of the supreme importance of the Atlantic in the commerce of nations, and of the greater knowledge thus attained of all its physical phenomena. It will be seen that we have given place on our list to another work, by Captain Philippe de Kerhallet of the French Navy, having more especial rela-

tion to this ocean; less scientific in its character than that of Lieut. Maury, and less animated and vigorous in its descriptive part, but nevertheless containing much that is of great practical value for navigation.

We place further before our readers the title of another book, "Arctic Explorations in the Years 1853, 1854, and 1855, by Dr. Kane," partly because it is the latest record of discovery in the physical geography of the sea, partly because this record is contained in one of the most interesting and pathetic narratives it has ever fallen to our lot to peruse. The discovery itself has close kindred in many ways with others before made in the same stern regions of ice, winter, darkness, and desolation. What had been before described as a closed inlet of the sea, at the northern extremity of Baffin's Bay, was found to be a strait, leading due northward, and followed by Dr. Kane's party—with ship and sledge, and human eye stretching beyond—to latitude 82° ; leaving a distance thence to the North Pole scarcely exceeding that between London and Aberdeen. At this remote point it is that we obtain the great result of this perilous and painful voyage—the spectacle of a wide open sea, stretching northward beyond the dense barrier of ice, which jams up the entrance of the strait; and giving the best evidence we yet possess that such sea spreads freely forward to the pole. We are bound to say, however, that this notion of an open Polar Sea still awaits further confirmation. Dr. Kane himself, retained by illness in his vessel, was not of the exploring party which achieved the result just stated. One of the most intelligent of his crew, Mr. Morton, who had previous experience in Arctic Seas, and a young Esquimaux taken up at the Danish settlements, were the two persons who, in June, 1854, from a promontory 400 or 500 feet high, looked upon what they conceived to be the open ocean toward the north. It is Morton's affirmation that, in the wide horizon thus obtained, "not a speck of ice could be seen;" and marine birds appeared in great numbers, which are rarely found except where there is a sufficient expanse of open water to yield them food. Morton adds in his report of this extremely high latitude: "I can not imagine what becomes of the ice. A strong current sets it almost constantly to the south; but

from altitudes of more than 500 feet I saw only narrow strips of ice, with great spaces of open water from ten to fifteen miles in breadth between them. It must therefore either go to an open space in the north or dissolve." This remarkable observation corresponds with a passage of Lieutenant Maury's book on the currents which force their way through or beneath the ice of the Polar Sea. It must, however, be remembered that all distant ocular observations on the fields of ice or water in the Arctic regions are fallacious. The atmosphere generally renders it difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish ice from water at a distance of more than ten or twelve miles, and there is no proof of open sea but actual navigation.

The publication of these most interesting and most painful volumes has occurred at a seasonable moment to warn the British Government and the public against the further prosecution of these inhuman and abortive expeditions; and we rejoice that the Admiralty have refused to sanction a fresh search for the remains of Franklin's ships. But, meanwhile, Dr. Kane himself has added another illustrious name to the list of Arctic victims, having sunk under the effects of the frightful sufferings he had to endure. It is afflicting to think of the courage and skill which has been wasted in these efforts. Dr. Kane's narrative betokens throughout those peculiar qualities of head and heart which preëminently fit a man for such an undertaking—high intelligence, great firmness and patience, and a kind and genial temperament. The hardships he and his seventeen companions underwent during the eighteen months they were pent up in the ice, from which they only escaped by the abandonment of their vessel, exceed, perhaps, those of any living navigators in these regions: we recoil from associating them with the imagination of what may have been the condition of our own brave countrymen, whose loss we have too much reason to believe in and deplore. These volumes are illustrated with a degree of taste that does credit to American art; and they have the merit of a clear, unaffected style, with much power of graphic narrative, whether applied to the scenery of these Arctic regions, or to the toils and dangers undergone, or to the social state of the small body of men Dr. Kane commanded, if we may so speak of the strange life of darkness, cold, sickness, and starva-

tion which was endured during the two long winters of this voyage.

Recurring now to the principal volume before us, we think it right to premise a few remarks upon the method of this work, and upon some points in its execution. Considered as a scientific treatise, Lieut. Maury has not done full justice to himself or to his subject, by his manner of dealing with it. We are unwilling to be hypercritical where there is so much real merit; but it is impossible not to see in his work a desultory desire for novelty, occasionally going beyond the bounds of true inductive science, and venting itself in a phraseology which loses its force and effect by being too sedulous to attain them. With a little more constraint upon his speculations, and a clearer separation of fact and hypothesis, he would be a valuable scientific writer: with somewhat less intention of fine writing, he would be an eloquent one. We refrain from giving passages to illustrate or justify these criticisms; believing, from the evident candor of the author, that he will appreciate their motive, and apply them to future editions of his work, as far as this can reasonably be done.

It is with reluctance that we advert to another characteristic of this volume: we mean the very frequent and incautious reference to passages in Scripture; not solely for illustration, but even as authority for physical truths, or argument for hypotheses still unproved. Lieut. Maury is evidently a man of strong and sincere religious feelings, and we honor the earnestness with which he expresses them. But he unhappily does not see that in forcing Scripture to the interpretation of physical facts, he is mistaking the whole purport of the Sacred Books, misappropriating their language, and discrediting their evidence on matters of deep concern, by applying it to objects and cases of totally different nature. This *pia deflexio*, as it has been termed in instances of still more serious import, must ever be regarded as an injury done to real religion; and we are anxious now, as at all times, to enter our remonstrance against it.

The passages thus misapplied are chiefly taken from the Old Testament—the Psalms, the Book of Job, &c., which, in the pictures they give of the works and wonders of creation, need borrow nothing of that science they do not profess, to render them to all ages the most sublime

eulogies of the power and wisdom of the Creator. One example only we will cite, to show how much of error may enter into this loose and ill-judged method of dealing with Scriptural authority. After a passage, too laboriously ornate in its diction, where our author speaks of the allusions in the Bible to the laws of nature, as involving, under figurative language, hidden meanings which are only disclosed by the later revelations of science, he quotes, among other instances, the striking text from Job (38 : 21,) "*Canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades?*" or, as he gives it: "*Canst thou tell the sweet influence of the Pleiades?*" And this sublime but obscure interrogation he considers as solved by the recent observations and views of Professor Mädler of Dorpat, which make the star of Alcyone in the Pleiades to be the center of gravity of that vast stellar system to which our globe belongs as a small and subordinate planet.

Here we must first remark that he is obviously ignorant of the controversy as to this text, which has engaged the learning of Gesenius, Rosenmüller, Mason-Good, Herder, and many other scholars; leaving the interpretation still difficult and uncertain. He seems himself to have quoted from some translation which doubtfully takes half the sense from the Septuagint, (*Συνῆκας δὲ τὸν δεσμὸν Πλειάδος*;) omitting altogether the conception of a *link* or *binding together*, which is kept in our authorized translation, and which so happily applies to the close and beautiful aggregation of stars in this group; an aggregation of such kind that astronomers have calculated the chances to be more than half a million to one that they could not have been thus set in the heavens by accident alone.

The latter part of the passage in question is also of doubtful interpretation; and we may well ask, therefore, whether this is a text upon which to establish or confirm a conclusion of physical fact? But, further, our author assumes in his argument that Mädler's view of the Pleiades, as the center of the sidereal system, is "all but proved;" forgetting or ignorant that few astronomers have recognized it as more than a magnificent problem awaiting solution from future research; and that Sir J. Herschel especially has given a reason for distributing the doctrine, in the distance of the Pleiades from the plane of

the Milky Way; which plane must probably coincide with and define that of any general movement of rotation in the stellar system, should such exist. The science therefore of this comment is as ambiguous as the Scriptural quotation to which it is appended.

It may seem that we have dwelt too long on this matter; but we must repeat, in justification, our earnest desire that the authority of Scripture should not thus rashly be pledged to facts and opinions with which it has no concern, save in so far as it describes the visible manifestations of creative wisdom, beauty, and power. The example just given we consider to be apt illustration of the errors usually committed in this method of argument. Though less frequent than formerly, we still find them in some controversies of recent date, gaining a prompt influence over the public mind, as injurious, we believe, to the interests of true religion as of the sciences thus forced into contact with it.

We come now, and with more satisfaction, to the legitimate object of Lieut. Maury's work—the great watery empire of the globe; the aspects and phenomena of oceans and seas; their various physical relations, as well to the continents and islands they encircle as to the atmosphere incumbent over all; and that farther relation they bear to the efforts of human industry, intrepidity, and skill, which have rendered the most distant paths of ocean open and assured to all nations of the earth. The Atlantic is the especial object of our author's labors; and accordingly we find the first parts of his volume occupied almost exclusively with this ocean. Though we may explain the preference, we can not wholly acquiesce in it as preliminary to a physical history of the sea at large. The subject requires to be prefaced by those more general views of the distribution and relative configuration of water and land over the globe, which form the very foundation of physical geography, and are fertile in curious and important conclusions. Facts which, if stated at all, are loosely and incongruously scattered over the volume, ought to have been put before the reader in some connected form, as indicating the nature and magnitude of the objects concerned. Lieut. Maury plunges him at once into mid-ocean, without compass or guidance over its world of waters. A greater familiarity

with the writings of Humboldt, Ritter, Von Buch, and other authors, principally German, who have done so much for the study of physical geography, would have furnished both model and materials for a preliminary chapter, such as we desire for a work bearing this title, and dealing with objects so vast and various in kind.

We may cursorily state here, in illustration, a few of those general facts to which our author might fitly have given the priority suggested. First, the proportion of sea to land—determined as nearly three to one; or, in other words, that three fourths of the surface of the globe is covered with water. Then, the fact (important in its suggestion of a disparity in the forces which have acted on the two hemispheres) of the great excess of land in the northern hemisphere over that of the southern, being in the ratio of 11 to 4; from which condition arise the curious results that only 1-27th part of existing land has land diametrically opposite to it in the other hemisphere, and that the line of the equator, as it girdles the earth, rests on the ocean for five-sixths of its length. Another mode of estimating the properties and local relations of land and sea is obtained by halving the globe longitudinally on the meridian of the Canaries; when a much larger proportion of sea will be found on the western half or hemisphere so defined, than on the eastern. The main fact of the great predominance of water on the surface of the globe being thus proved, and its mean depth, as we shall see hereafter, approximately determined, we reach other conclusions, of high interest to almost every part of physical science. We will notice only one of these, in which geological theory, both past and prospective, is more especially concerned. The *mean elevation* above the sea-level, of all the land on the globe—islands as well as continents, mountains as well as plains—is estimated by Humboldt at somewhat less than 1000 feet. The mean depth of the great oceans of our planet is calculated by Laplace, from the tides and other phenomena, to be at least 21,000 feet. Thus, allowing full margin for errors, the entire submergence of the land might take place, leaving the central solid mass of the earth everywhere deeply covered with waters—an elliptical globe of ocean, moving still under the governance of the same sublime laws which had before guided its path through surrounding space.

This is enough to show what we should have desired as a foreground to the topics of Lieut. Maury's work. There is undoubtedly much to justify his partiality for the Atlantic as a subject for illustration; and we shall follow his example by limiting our remarks still more exclusively to what concerns this great Ocean—a volume itself in the “physical geography of the sea.” Indeed our author devotes his first two chapters to a single current of the Atlantic, but this current, under the name of the Gulf Stream, includes physical conditions so remarkable, that we can not blame the priority thus given to its history. To use his own words:

“There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked, that this line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one-half of the vessel may be perceived floating in Gulf-stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea; so sharp is the line and the want of affinity between these waters; and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea.”

This eloquent passage delineates, in terms happily chosen, some of the most striking features of this wonderful stream. But there are yet others to be noted; and we shall dwell, somewhat in detail, on a natural phenomenon thus remarkable: one, moreover, in which we, the people of the British Isles, have a direct and momentous interest, as well in reference to commerce and navigation, as to its certain and various influences on the climate under which we live.

The general description of the Gulf Stream, apart from any present question as to its sources, is that of a vast and rapid ocean-current, issuing from the basin of the Mexican Gulf and Caribbean Sea, doubling the southern cape of Florida; pressing forward to the north-east, in a line almost parallel to the American coast; touching on the southern borders of the

Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and at some seasons partially passing over them; thence, with increasing width and diffusion, traversing the whole breadth of the Atlantic, with a central direction toward the British Isles; and finally losing itself, by still wider diffusion, in the Bay of Biscay, on our own shores, and upon the long line of the Norwegian coasts. Its identity in physical characters is preserved throughout the many thousand miles of its continuous flow—the only change undergone is that of degree. As its waters gradually commingle with those of the surrounding sea, their deep blue tint declines, their high temperature diminishes, the speed with which they press forward abates. But taking the stream in its total course, it well warrants the vivid description of our author, and the name he bestows upon it of “a river in the ocean.” This epithet (bringing to memory the *ῥοη Ὠκεανοῦ* of Homer) is, in truth singularly appropriate to this vast current, so constant and continuous in its course, and so strangely detached from the great mass of ocean waters; which, while seemingly cleft asunder to give path to its first impulse, are yet ever pressing upon it, gradually impairing its force, and destroying its individuality.

The maximum of velocity, where the stream quits the narrow channel of Bermuda, which compresses its egress from the gulf, is about 4 miles an hour. Off Cape Hatteras in North Carolina, where it has gained a breadth of 75 miles, the velocity is reduced to 3 miles. On the parallel of the Newfoundland Banks it is further reduced to 1½ miles an hour, and this gradual abatement of force is continued across the Atlantic. The temperature of the current undergoes similar change. The highest observed is about 85° Fah. Between Cape Hatteras and Newfoundland, though lessened in amount, the warmth of the stream in winter is still 25° or 30° above that of the ocean through which it flows. Nor is this heat wholly lost when it reaches, and is spread over, the coasts of Northern Europe. The waters, thus constantly flowing to us from the tropical regions, bring warmth, as well as abundant moisture, to our own islands; and Ireland especially, upon which they more directly impinge, doubtless derives much of its peculiarity of climate, its moisture, verdure, and abundant vegetation, from this source. Were it needful to seek

proof of the permanence of the great natural phenomenon of which we are speaking, we might find it in those curious passages of ancient geographers—Pomponius Mela, and J. Solinus Polyhistor, for example—which describes the peculiarities of the Irish soil and climate eighteen centuries ago, almost as we should depict them now. But the influence of the Gulf Stream does not stop even here. The climate it may be said to convey is diffused, more or less, over the whole Norwegian coast; the aspects and produce of which singularly contrast with those of the corresponding latitudes in North America, Greenland, and Siberia. Other causes doubtless contribute to this effect; but none, we apprehend, so largely or unceasingly.

The influence of the temperature of the Gulf Stream upon animal life in the ocean is very curious. The whale so sedulously shuns its warm waters, as almost to indicate their track by its absence; while yet abundantly found on each side of it. The physical reasons are doubtless the same which prevent this great marine mammal from ever crossing the equator from one hemisphere to the other—a fact now well ascertained. The various species of fish, which are firm and of excellent flavor in the colder belt of sea upon the American coast, lose all their good qualities when taken out of the Gulf Stream, running closely parallel to it. On the other hand, the more delicate marine productions, whether animal or vegetable, which multiply and prosper by warmth, are redundant in the Gulf-stream, even after it has quitted the tropical regions whence its heat is derived. The food is thus matured for the whale field of the Azores, where this huge denizen of the seas flourishes in colder waters amidst the abundance so provided.

Lieut. Maury describes yet other peculiarities of this wonderful current. Its waters are found to be the warmest at or near the surface, cooling gradually downward, so as to render it probable that there is a bed or cushion of cold water between them and the solid earth lying below. Again, the surface of the stream is shown to be not strictly a plane; but having its axis or central portion raised somewhat higher than the level of the adjoining Atlantic; thus giving it a sort of roof-shaped outline, and causing the surface-water to flow off on each side. The ex-

istence of such surface-current has been proved by boats floated near the center of the stream, which drift either to the east or west, according to the side of the axis on which they may be. This curious fact has been attributed to the central waters of the current being warmest, and, therefore, of least specific gravity. It may be so; but we cannot altogether discard another physical cause; viz., the enormous lateral compression exercised upon the stream by the ocean waters through which it forces its way; tending to *heap it up* toward the axial line. Those who have beheld the wonderful spectacle of the Niagara River, three miles below the falls, so urged and compressed into a narrow ravine that the middle of the stream rises twelve or thirteen feet above the sides, will be able to conceive this hydrodynamic influence, even on the wide scale of operation which we have now before us.

There is some evidence that the waters of the Gulf-stream, when emerging from the Caribbean Sea, are saltier than those of the Northern Atlantic through which they flow. But as the difference scarcely exceeds a half per cent., we hesitate in believing, with Lieut. Maury, that this greater saltness is the sole source of the deep blue color they assume. We receive, too, with some distrust his speculations on what he considers the probable "*galvanic qualities*" of this great stream. We have little doubt, indeed, that the electrical element pervading, in one or other of its forms, the whole material world—giving motion and change to masses as well as molecules, and evolved or altered itself by every such motion and change—may have some concern, as cause or effect, in the natural phenomenon before us. But we perceive at the present time so much tendency to make use of this great power as the basis of vague and fruitless speculation, that we are always suspicious in the outset when we find its agency invoked to solve a physical problem. In the present instance we see no especial reason for having recourse to it. The physical conditions of the Gulf Stream—its definite direction, its force, its temperature, its saltness, its relation to Atlantic winds and storms, and its tardy intermingling with the mass of ocean—may be referred, with more or less probability, to other natural causes in certain and constant operation. We can not exclude electricity from the number, but

we must not invoke it on the slender evidence which our author places before us.

These considerations lead us to the theory of the Gulf Stream; a matter on which a good deal has been written; and speculations put forward on very insufficient proof. Such is the early opinion that it owes its origin to the river waters of the Mississippi, forcing a sea-current before them out of the Gulf-basin—an opinion at once refuted by the utter disproportion between the alleged cause and the observed effect. It would, in fact, be the case of 300 volumes of water put into rapid motion by one volume only—such, according to Livingstone's careful estimate, being about the proportion of the gulf to the river stream. Another hypothesis, again, to which the names of Dr. Franklin and Major Rennell give some sanction, assigns a higher level—a *heaping up*, as it were, of the waters in the Gulf of Mexico, in effect of those forced into this great basin by the trade-winds of the Atlantic; thereby giving to the Gulf Stream the character of an immense river descending from this higher level to a lower one. Lieut. Maury suggests, we think, valid objections to this hypothesis; and even contends, from the relative depth of the stream in the Narrows of Bemini and of Hatteras, that instead of *descending*, its bed represents the surface of an inclined plane with a descent from north to south, *up* which plane the lower depths of the stream must ascend. We are bound to say that he does not replace, by any complete theory, the opinions which he thus annuls. Nor is it, in truth, easy to frame one which shall meet all the conditions required, seeing the present imperfect state of our knowledge of the mutual influence and action of the mighty agents concerned in such phenomena—the ocean, the atmosphere, the rotation of the earth on its axis, the change of seasons, the tides, the heat and cold of different regions, and possibly magnetic or electrical influences, of the obscurity of which we have already spoken. All who are familiar with the science of Hydrodynamics and the theory of waves, know that these subjects involve problems requiring for their solution the highest mathematical power, based upon the most exact experiment and observation; questions which have exercised the genius of Euler, Lagrange, Poisson, Prony, Cauchy,

Weber, Venturi, and in our own country, of Brindley, Smeaton, Young, Scott, Russell, etc. The theory of the Gulf Stream has close connection in many points with these high problems, while at the same time complicated by its manifest relation to the great natural agents just enumerated.

We must, then, excuse in our author his somewhat desultory view of a phenomenon, of which no single or simple explanation can rightly be given. It is certain, from the permanent characters of the Gulf Stream, that he is correct in treating of it as part of a great *circuit* of waters in the Atlantic, determined and directed by natural causes of constant operation. One main influence we may presume to be, the tendency of the polar and equatorial waters to exchange and equalize their temperature by currents flowing at different depths through the ocean; a condition certain to exist, and well illustrated by the phenomena of those constant or periodical winds, which fulfil a similar object, by maintaining the needful balance of temperature in the great atmospheric sea around us. Nor is this reference to the trade-winds one of analogy only. We cannot doubt that they are concerned in keeping up the flow of those vast equatorial currents which, traversing the Atlantic from the African coasts, are pressed into the Caribbean Sea and Mexican Gulf on their southern side; and sweeping round this great basin and its islands, are mainly discharged through that narrow passage between Cuba and Florida, where the name of the Gulf Stream is first attached to the current. All its characteristics may best be explained under this general view. If a mass of waters be constantly thrown into the Gulf, a mass of waters must as constantly find exit from it. If the exit be narrow, the force of the stream will be proportionally augmented, by the unceasing pressure from behind; rendering it powerful and persistent enough to cleave the waters of the ocean; making a return-path for itself to the more northern parts of the eastern hemisphere, and carrying thither the warmth derived from the eternal summer of the equatorial seas.

We can have little doubt that this outline conveys the *true* theory of the Gulf Stream; associating it broadly with those great currents of circulation over the globe, which we know must be the cer-

tain effect of differences of temperature, but which may in part also depend on the diurnal rotation of the earth affecting the rate of motion and direction of such currents as they flow through different latitudes. The Arctic current setting into the Atlantic from Baffin's Bay, and transporting huge icebergs to be dissolved by the warmer seas of the South, is well known as a branch of one of these circuits. The existence of a similar circulation of waters in the Pacific—the other great ocean which stretches from pole to pole of the globe—though less defined in its details, occurs in confirmation of this view. It is more directly corroborated by the old experiment of casting bottles into the sea containing dates of place and time; which transported in silent, slow, but certain course, give information to watchful observers on distant seas or shores. These mute interpreters of natural phenomena often render better service to science than the thoughts or theories of man. The chart drawn up by Admiral Beechy, representing the tracks of more than a hundred bottles, shows that all the equatorial waters of the Atlantic tend westward toward the Mexican Gulf, to issue thence in the Gulf Stream. Those thrown overboard in mid-ocean, or on any part of the African coast, have been found, after a certain lapse of time, either in the West Indies, or on the British shores, or floating in the course of the Gulf Stream between. There is even reason to believe that some bottles have been discovered on their second circuit; arrested probably on the coast of Spain by the drift southward, carried along the African coast into the equatorial seas, and thence again across the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico. The first among the valuable plates appended to Lieut. Maury's work clearly shows the course thus indicated, and illustrates the whole scheme of the mighty currents we have been describing.

Whenever a circuit of waters is thus formed, we have every reason, from tidal and other analogies, to look for an intermediate or central space, comparatively calm and motionless. And such a space is actually found to exist within this great ocean whirlpool. The "Mar de Sargasso," as the Spanish navigators termed the central portion of the Atlantic, stretching westwards from the Canaries and Cape Verde Islands—a surface fifteen times greater than that of Great Britain—may

be described as a vast stagnant pool, receiving the drift seaweed, which the surrounding currents fling into it, and generating on its calm surface what has well been called "an oceanic meadow" of seaweed, the *fucus natans* of botanists. It is in this tract of sea that we find such wonderful species of fuci as the *Macrocystis pyrifera*—having stems from 1000 to 1500 feet in length, and but a finger's size in thickness, branching upwards into filaments like packthread. This vast domain of marine vegetable life is the receptacle, as indeed are the waters of the ocean generally, of an equal profusion of animal existence—from the minute luminiferous organisms, which, to borrow Humboldt's phrase, "convert every wave into a crest of light," to those larger forms of life, many of which derive nutriment from the waters alone, thus richly impregnated with living animal matter. Reason and imagination are equally confounded by the effort to conceive these hosts of individual existences—*cette richesse effrayante*, as Cuvier terms it—generated or annihilated at every passing instant of time. No scheme of numbers can reach them, even by approximation; and science is forced to submit its deductions to the general law, that all the materials of organic life are in a state of unceasing change, displacement and replacement, under new forms and altered functions, for purposes which we must believe to be wisely designed, but which transcend all human intelligence.

It is interesting to possess a record of this Mar de Sargasso from the pen of the great mariner who first traversed it on his way to the discovery of a new world. In a letter written by Columbus, in 1498, he relates, that in each voyage from Spain to the Indies, he found, about 100 nautical miles to the west of the Azores, a wonderful change in the aspect of the ocean; so sudden, too, that he uses the word *raya* to mark the line of boundary. The sea became at once calm and still, scarcely ever moved by a breeze, but so suddenly and strangely matted over with seaweed as to suggest instant danger to the ships from running upon shoal banks. Nearly four centuries have elapsed since these phenomena were present to the eager and observant eye of Columbus; and they yet continue as they then were. The same currents sweep round the basin of the Atlantic; the same stagnant and

weedy sea still exists within the circuit of waters thus formed. How changed, meanwhile, the aspect of man's existence on the shores which bound this ocean; and how certain the greater changes during the ages which lie before us! Many of these changes, and such as may count among the mightiest now in progress, are due to the Atlantic itself, and to that permanence of its physical characters which we have been describing. Not only has it served to the intercommunication of the two hemispheres, but it may almost be said to have created the western, by the tide of human emigration carried across from the Old World to the new. Some of the greatest problems in government and social existence are awaiting their eventual solution in the races thus transplanted; and especially in the powerful nation, our own offspring, established on the wide and fertile continent of the West.

We can not touch upon this vast topic of human transit over the Atlantic, whether for commerce or migration, without recurring once more to the history of the Gulf Stream. Though in practical navigation its influence must often have been felt, yet this fact was scarcely recognized or distinctly recorded before the time of Franklin, whose sagacity, applied to certain special cases, showed him at once the value of a more exact knowledge of all belonging to this great current. One of these cases is curious enough to deserve mention. When in London, 1770, he was consulted as to a memorial sent from Boston to the Lords of the Treasury, complaining that the packets from Falmouth were generally a fortnight longer in reaching Boston than common traders from London to Rhode-Island, a passage fully 300 miles longer. Captain Folger, a Nantucket whaler, who happened to be then in London, was questioned by Franklin, and furnished him with the true explanation. The Rhode-Island traders were acquainted with the Gulf Stream, and kept out of it. The captains of the English packets, from ignorance or carelessness, or possibly seduced by the more genial temperature of this southern course, ran their vessels into the current and *against* it; making a difference in some parts of their voyage of not less than fifty or sixty miles in the daily run, besides the loss incurred from sailing in a lower latitude. Dr. Franklin made Folger, whose experience

caught him to avoid a stream in which whales are never found, trace out on a chart the course of this ocean-current, had it engraved, and sent copies to the Falmouth captains. These gentlemen, wedded to their old ways, or perhaps despising their informant, took no notice of the suggestion, and went on as before.

Franklin was also the first to indicate the temperature of the Gulf Stream as a valuable aid to the navigation of the Atlantic, especially on the American coasts; the dividing line between the warm stream and the cold waters of the ocean which hem it in, being so precise as well as constant, that the longitude may often safely be inferred from it. Lieut. Maury affirms, and we doubt not with truth, that this dividing line never changes its position in longitude as much as mariners then erred in their reckoning. He gives us also a very curious account of the relation of the Gulf Stream to the storms and hurricanes of this ocean, to which is due their frequent character of rotatory storms or *cyclones*; a name well adapted to the remarkable phenomenon so described. One passage here we will transcribe from our author:

"I am not prepared to maintain that the Gulf-stream is really the 'Storm King' of the Atlantic, which has power to control the march of every gale that is raised there; but the course of many gales has been traced from the place of their origin directly to this stream. Gales that take their rise on the coast of Africa, and even as far down on that side as the parallel of 10° or 15° north latitude, have, it is shown by an examination of log-books, made straight for the Gulf Stream: joining it, they have then been known to turn about, and travelling with this stream, to recross the Atlantic, and so reach the shores of Europe. In this way the tracks of storms have been traced out and followed for a week or ten days. Their path is marked by wreck and disasters. At the meeting of the American Association in 1854, Mr. Redfield mentioned one which he had traced out, and in which no less than seventy odd vessels had been wrecked, dismasted, or damaged."

Another storm, the direction of which is delineated on plate 10 of this volume, commences more than a thousand miles from the Gulf Stream, made a straight course for it, and traveled with it for many successive days, under the conditions of a whirlwind or cyclone. A fearful disaster, due to one of these hurricanes, occurred, in 1853, to the steamship "San Francis-

co," carrying a regiment of United States troops from New-York to California. Overtaken by the storm in crossing the Gulf-stream, 179 souls—officers and men—were swept overboard and perished. In this case, the knowledge possessed of the stream, its limits, direction, velocity, etc., greatly aided what was done for the discovery and relief of the unfortunate ship in question. The import of these and many similar facts to the future guidance of Atlantic navigation will readily be understood. It may be hard to account for them in theory, but their practical value can not be doubtful or mistaken.

Intending, as we have already said, to confine our remarks chiefly to that ocean, the Atlantic, on which Lieut. Maury himself best loves to expatiate, we shall follow him more cursorily through the other parts of his volume. The third, fourth, and fifth chapters of his work relate to the Atmosphere, in its various connections with the physical geography of the sea, as expressed by the phenomena of winds, of evaporation, of rains, of fogs, of temperature, and of electrical changes—a vast subject, and not less complex than vast. Multiplied though all its records have been of late years, and made more minute and accurate as well as numerous, Meteorology can not yet take its place among the exact sciences. We have just named some of the topics it includes; but there are yet others, which mix with and complicate all the results of observation. The weight of the air is one of these; an element involved as effect or cause in almost all other atmospheric changes, and deeply concerned in any theory of the winds. Again, we have those conditions of electricity, which are expressed by the wonderful phenomena of magnetism, acting through and upon all parts of the globe, solid, fluid, and aerial; and brought before us under a new aspect by Professor Faraday's discovery of the magnetic properties of oxygen as modified by heat. Even that other subtle element of Light—if indeed it be another and separate element—may in some sort affect the atmosphere, through which its action is transmitted to the earth and ocean below. As associated with, or, according to a recent philosophy, *converted into* heat, there can be no doubt of this influence. But the marvelous results which science has obtained from the chemical action of light,

in the various forms of Photography, justify the belief that other analogous effects may exist, though yet hidden from human observation. If electric states of atmosphere can convert oxygen into ozone, light, in its different degrees of intensity, can not well be supposed without influence, even on the inorganic parts of the aerial medium through which its passage lies. We know well its wonderful power in evoking the organic life, with the germs of which the atmosphere everywhere teems; and there is even reason to believe that this influence extends to different depths of sea, concurring with other causes to define those successive *strata* of animal and vegetable life which are so curiously attested as the result of the marine dredgings and soundings directed to this object.*

We deviate thus far from our direct subject, merely to point out the singular complexity of these elements and relations, which make up the history of atmospheric phenomena, whether on ocean or land. Such, and so close, are these relations, that scarcely a change can occur in any one of them, without altering or disturbing, more or less, the balance of all. Science is seeking to disentangle these elements of action; and to obtain both more exact results, and knowledge of the relative agency of each in producing them. But longer time and wider averages are required to this end; and, meanwhile, what we must regard as needful is, patient and precise observation on all parts of the globe, and in all climes and seasons; aided by such an amount of *provisional* theory as may serve to the guidance of research, and to bind facts together, until they can be submitted to the governance of general laws.

These considerations may mitigate, though not wholly suppress, a criticism to which Lieut. Maury's work is liable here, and perhaps more or less throughout. He theorizes too largely and hazardously, and does not clearly separate the *known* from the *unknown*. His volume is replete with valuable and ingenious suggestions; but they are not methodized enough for

* We can not touch upon this latter point without a passing tribute to the memory of the late Professor E. Forbes; a man whose genius and eminent powers of observation had already placed him in the foremost rank of the natural philosophers of his time; and who, had his life happily been prolonged, would undoubtedly have added further to his own scientific fame, and to that of his country.

the uses of the common reader, who will probably rise from the chapters on winds and atmospheric currents, his head confused by a whirl of facts, and theories, and questions, as fleeting as the very air of which he has been reading. It must be admitted, indeed, that this subject of the winds of the ocean—whether permanent, periodical, or variable—is one of very difficult and intricate kind. The differences of temperature between the tropical and arctic regions, and the influence of the earth's diurnal rotation upon the currents of air thus produced, afford us a rational theory of the trade-winds. The periodical monsoons of the Indian Ocean, though depending in part on the same causes, yet are singularly modified by the proximity of great continents, islands, and mountain ranges; and though well known to practical navigation, their character is less certain, and their interpretation more obscure. Still slighter is our knowledge of the variable winds in those narrower seas of the globe, where the influences of the land become predominant over those of the ocean; phenomena in which we have great practical concern, but to which it is at present impossible to give any systematic form. It must further be kept in mind that our direct knowledge of the winds is derived from the lower strata of the atmosphere only. The aspects of clouds often show to the eye different or opposite currents at different heights: observations in balloons testify the same thing. Beyond this, our conclusions are simply inferential, but resting on reasons so explicit that we can not hesitate in believing the upper regions of the atmosphere to be traversed by currents of lesser density, but as determinate in space, time, and direction as the winds which sweep periodically over the surface below. The general equilibrium we find to be ever maintained; and this can only be effected by circuits and counter currents at different heights, according to the differences of temperature of each. The inference here approaches to a demonstration of the fact, though not reaching it by actual observation.

We can not speak with the same assurance of a speculation, which, however, is sanctioned by eminent names, viz., that the more sudden and violent gales of wind, the tornadoes and whirlwinds of the seas, are due to the upper currents of air bursting abruptly into those of lower level;

and by their different direction of movement, different temperature, and possibly difference of electrical state, begetting the various phenomena of storm on the ocean beneath. No better theory has yet been proposed for these hurricanes; and, default of such, we must admit it as one of the many meteorological questions open to future research.

We should abuse the patience of our readers were we to dwell longer on the subject of atmospheric currents thus encircling the globe and, under their various conditions, aiding or endangering the labors of man on the seas. The only remark we have further to add respecting Lieut. Maury's chapters on the atmosphere is, that he does not sufficiently allude to the influence of the variable weight of this great aerial ocean upon the ocean of waters below. Those who have attended to the phenomena and probable theory of the *Seiches* in the small basin of the Lake of Geneva, or witnessed the frequent and abrupt oscillations of a forty-foot water barometer, will be able to appreciate this element of unequal atmospheric pressure, as applied to the great watery surface of the globe. Nor do we find any allusion by our author to the singular fact recorded by Sir James Ross, of the permanently low barometric pressure in high southern latitudes; or to the curious observation of Professor Airey and Mr. Birt, on the periodical rise of the barometer in the course of every month to some point above 30°, suggesting the notion of great atmospheric waves, ruffled by smaller waves in the intervals between. We must look to the future for a solution of these, and a thousand other difficulties in meteorology, which are beyond the reach of any tables or averages yet obtained. All such phenomena may be best studied under the equator, where there is little variation in the sun's meridian altitude; and where the zone of observation is symmetrically related to each hemisphere. The diurnal fluctuation of pressure is so regular there, that the time may generally be determined within 15 or 16 minutes by the barometer alone.

The "Depths of the Ocean," and the methods employed to determine them, form an interesting chapter in the volume before us. Until a very recent time these methods were so far imperfect that, though numerous soundings were made into the more profound depths which sail-

ors call "blue water," it could seldom be affirmed "that fathom line had truly touched the ground" in these abysses of the sea. In the southern Atlantic, more especially, results were given as obtained by British and American officers, which indicated depths varying from 26,000 to 50,000 feet, or from 5 to 9½ miles; and in several of these instances without any assurance of the plummet having reached the bottom. Here, in fact, lay the uncertainty of the whole process. Under currents might intervene, turning aside a slender thread and insufficient weight from the right line of descent; or, if allowing the weight to touch the ground, still acting upon the bight of the line, so as to cause it to run out too far from the reel in the vessel above.

We owe a better system of soundings to the active ingenuity of our American brethren on the seas. It was first decided that the twine used for this purpose must be of stronger texture; so as to bear a weight of at least 60 pounds, freely suspended in the air. This sounding twine is divided by 100 fathom marks. The weight employed is a simple cannon ball of 32 lbs. or 68 lbs. weight, so appended, that on touching the ground, it is detached from the twine; leaving, however, to reascend with the latter an ingenious little apparatus, the contrivance of Mr. Brooks of the United States Navy, which gathers and brings up specimens from the bottom of these deep recesses. Experiments made with lines thus constructed, have furnished a scale of the average time of descent for different depths, exact enough to tell pretty nearly when the ball ceases to carry the line out, and when therefore the depth is truly determined.*

The result of these improved methods has hitherto been to indicate a lesser depth than was inferred from previous soundings. The greatest hitherto ascertained is in the North Atlantic, on the southern edge of the Banks of Newfoundland, where the ball touched the ground, and parted from its line, at about 25,000 feet, or nearly five miles below the surface. Yet if Laplace's calculation of four miles as the mean ocean depth be correct, there must exist spaces with far deeper soundings than this; and

* Lieutenant Maury gives in Plate 11, annexed to his volume, a general delineation of the depths of the Atlantic; probably the best yet published, but derived from soundings which are partly liable to the doubts noticed above.

such, in truth, we may expect to find when navigators apply their present resources to fathom those other vast oceans where the line has rarely been sunk for the purposes of science only, and where the phenomena of coral isles and volcanoes show conditions of deep subsidence as well as elevation, from physical action taking place in the interior of the globe. The time may come, but yet is far distant, when we shall be able to map this great submarine territory, with some approach to truth; and, in so doing, perchance obtain a further insight into those wonderful changes, paroxysmal or gradual, which the outer surface of the earth has undergone, in the course of ages, from central causes, hitherto reached by conjecture alone. Knowledge need never be despaired of from any source, however seemingly remote, where the connection of the physical science is becoming so intimate in all its parts. A single instance may be given as peculiarly belonging to this Ocean of which we are treating. In a remarkable memoir, by Prof. E. Forbes, on the "Connection between the existing Floras and Faunas of the British Isles, and the Geological Changes which have affected this Area," we find denoted, amongst other curious local relations of certain British species to those of the nearest opposite continents, the singular case of identity of several species in the South-west Irish Flora, with species found not nearer than the mountains forming the north coast of Spain. On various grounds Prof. Forbes concludes—and he was not a rash speculator in science—that the British Isles acquired this connection of their Flora and Fauna with that of neighboring lands, by emigration of species before the area they now occupy was severed from the greater continent. The speciality of the Irish case as to distance does not deter him from following out this conclusion. Boldly, but not without much show of reason, he draws a line of ancient continent across the Bay of Biscay, and yet further westward, into the actual Atlantic. Geology tells us of numerous changes and alterations of land and sea, similar in kind, and still vaster in extent. Those changes which we may suppose to have visited Britain, though far removed from man's knowledge, are comparatively recent in the history of the earth—presumably of later date than what has been called the *Meiocene* epoch. It might

seem as if a sort of specious reality were thus given to the ancient fable of the Atlantis: but no relation of time will serve us here, and the legend must be left in its old obscurity.

We can not quit this topic of the depth of the Atlantic without referring to one matter connected with it, far surpassing in grandeur any fable or imagination of antiquity—we mean the Atlantic Electric Telegraph, now in progress toward execution. The scheme, if not originating in a series of soundings across this ocean, has at least been matured and directed by them. These soundings, conducted chiefly by an American officer, Captain Berryman, have disclosed the existence, between Newfoundland and the western coast of Ireland, of a sort of plateau forming the bed of the sea, at a depth nowhere exceeding 2070 fathoms; and, what is of greater moment for its destination, having a very *uniform grade of descent* from each side toward this point of greatest depression, which is nearly equidistant from Valentia and St. John's, the assumed eastern and western termini of the submarine telegraph. The actual distance between these points is 1,900 statute miles; of which, about 1,500 miles intermediate between the dips from each side, and named by Lieut. Maury, the "Telegraphic plateau," afford a soft and singularly equable level; chiefly, it would seem, of calcareous rock, covered in great part with a layer of microscopic tropical shells, and well adapted in every way to receive the wonderful instrument of human intelligence which is about to be committed to this submarine bed. It has been surmised, and not without show of reason, that these very materials, forming the bottom of the plateau, may furnish a coating of natural concrete to the electric cable; adding to its stability of position, and lessening the chances of injury or destruction from the elements around; and, possibly, also affording a more perfect means of transmission of the electric action itself.

We can not afford space, and it would be alien to our subject, to dilate on this extraordinary project; but in the subjoined note we give a few of the more important details, which will serve briefly to illustrate the *mechanism* of the undertaking, commercial as well as scientific.*

*The capital destined to this enterprise is £350,000, divided into 350 shares of £1000 each; 262 of which

These details may interest many of our readers; but higher interest is involved in the whole discovery and design of the Electric Telegraph, whether on earth or submarine, as the astonishing result of a new element of power subjected to human uses and human will. Let it be simply recollected that one hundred and fifty years ago, this electrical action or force—we are obliged to hesitate in calling it *matter*—was known to mankind only in its elementary aspects of attraction and repulsion; while now it is recognized in all the great phenomena, organic and inorganic, of the globe, and has become the most wonderful instrument of power in our hands, for action on all the various forms of matter around us. So utterly was this element hidden from all prior knowledge, (for the thunder-storm still interpreted to the superstition of man, and not to his reason,) that its present development has almost the character of a new creation. If modern science finds cause to be proud of what it has achieved in these great discoveries, there is ample reason for humility in the many questions which still remain unsolved; even such as lie at the very origin of the subject, and

have been taken in England, 88 in America. The British Government, besides certain preliminary aids, guarantees 4 per cent on the capital, *when, and as long as the telegraph is in working order*, in remuneration for all the work done on government behalf.

The submarine cable through which the electrical current will be conveyed (to use a conventional language, which future knowledge may alter) is three fourths of an inch in diameter. The copper conducting-wires pass through it, coated securely with gutta-percha; and this central portion of the cable is covered and protected by strands of iron-wire, eighteen in number, each of these composed of seven iron threads loosely twisted together. The weight of the cable is about 2000 lbs., or somewhat less than a ton, to the mile. Though exceedingly flexible, it is capable of supporting six miles of its own length suspended vertically in water. The contract we understand to be for 2600 miles of this cable to be in readiness for use by the end of May, 1857.

The submersion, according to present plans, is to be effected by two steamers, each conveying half the cable. These vessels, meeting at the middle point in the Atlantic, will first effect securely the junction of the ends of the cable, and then separate—the one with a destination to Ireland, the other to Newfoundland—dropping the telegraph cable into the ocean, as they severally proceed; and exchanging frequent electric signals through it, to indicate their relative position, as well as to attest the completeness of the work accomplished. It is estimated that the whole cable may be laid down in its ocean depths in eight days from the time when the junction of the two halves has been effected.

were matter of speculation and perplexity to its earliest cultivators. A crowd of facts, and numerous subordinate laws, have been attained; but some higher and more general law is yet wanting to govern and connect the whole. The object, however, is now well defined, and the first philosophers of our time are pressing eagerly along the paths which lead toward it.

We are a little puzzled how to rate the chances of the Atlantic Telegraph as a pecuniary speculation apart from the guarantee which Government has given to it. It has no antecedents having likeness enough to justify any bold promise or assertion. We are forced to ask, if a flaw should occur from any cause, present or future, in this long line of submarine chain—if the price-current of cotton put into motion as a message from America should fail to move the needle on the Liverpool side—how is the faulty spot to be discovered, and how to be repaired? Every precaution, we know, has been taken which art or science could suggest, to guard against accident; but there are some elements concerned, such as the influence of time upon the instruments put into action, which it is not easy to submit to any calculation. Certain scientific difficulties also, connected with the theory of electric induction, and experimentally applied by Faraday to the case of wires conveyed by insulated submarine tubes, have suggested themselves as likely to retard, or otherwise impair, a current thus prolonged. The science, however, which is able to foresee these difficulties, is competent, we trust, to provide a remedy; and this question, as well as that of the best methods for “rapid signaling” by the electric telegraph, has engaged the notice of Professor Thompson, of Glasgow, than whom few men are better able to resolve it.

As to the practical results to the welfare of the world, and more especially of England and America, from the completion of this singular work, we are not altogether converted by the current phraseology of the day. It is easy to affirm that whatever gives fresh facilities to human communication is productive of good; and difficult, perhaps, to disprove the assertion. But, in so stating the matter, we must keep in mind that it is the *speed of intelligence* only which is here chiefly in question. Doubts may suggest themselves whether

the farthing-a-pound fluctuations in the price of cotton deserve a daily transmission across the Atlantic; especially as the same means may be used to tell almost simultaneously the same fact to every Liverpool broker, or Manchester manufacturer. The demand for any particular article of traffic, whether raw or manufactured, is rarely so sudden or impetuous as not to be able to await transmission by the next steamer. A criminal fugitive may be arrested at the moment of landing, by his description outrunning him on the ocean; but the tidings of friendship or family affection will not trust themselves to be interpreted by the vibrations of a needle, and the translations of a hired pen. Even in the more serious matters of diplomacy, we may indulge a doubt whether the old-fashioned pauses in intercourse were not as salutary as the instant communications of our own days; giving more time for passions to subside, and for first opinions to soften by reflection; and preserving to the diplomatist a responsibility, equally essential to his own honor and to the interests of the country he represents. We are aware, however, that there is a double face to all these points; and without pressing further any such ambiguous presages, we shall be ready and eager to join in the general gratulation on the success of an undertaking thus wonderful as an effort of human genius and power; and destined, we trust, to link together still more closely, in amity as well as intercourse, the two great nations already having kindred in origin, language, and common liberties.*

We have occupied so much space with these various topics, that our notice of the other parts of Lieut. Maury's volume must be a very limited one. In a chapter on the “Salts of the Sea,” he propounds his views, and perhaps with some exaggeration, as to their influence in creating ocean

* Some tokens of jealousy are perceptible in the American newspapers, as well as in the Senate, at the fact of the termini of the Atlantic Telegraph being both in the British territory. Without advert- ing to the very obvious physical reasons for this arrangement, we may express our belief, as well as hope, that it will never become a matter of political importance. We perceive that Lieut. Maury has recently published his opinion that any direct line to the United States would be impracticable, from the much greater depth of ocean, and from the prolongation of the cable to 3000 miles, a length probably beyond the power of transmission of a single electrical current.

currents by the different specific gravity of strata of water differently charged with salt. To the curious question regarding the origin of this saline matter, amounting to three and a half per cent. in the average of all seas, he answers that it was thus when the ocean was created; that no washing down of salts by rivers can adequately explain the phenomenon; and that the "Christian man of science" may rest on the absence of any proof from Scripture or otherwise, that the sea waters were ever fresh. Even accepting the conclusion as probable, we must repeat our remonstrance against this mode of stating it. The question in itself is one of much difficulty, and we can see no evidence that it is ever likely to go beyond presumption. The uniformity in the quantity, quality, and proportion of the saline constituents, and fossil animal remains of ancient *salt seas*, now found many thousand feet above the ocean surface, would seem the strongest proofs of identity of state from the beginning. The presence, in all sea-water, though in most minute proportions, of those singular elements (or what are provisionally called such) iodine and bromine, becomes a special part of this argument, and can not be neglected. We do not yet venture to cite to the same effect the recent discovery of silver, as another ingredient; since further experiments are needed to attest its universality.* But all these researches show the complex and wonderful nature of that ocean fluid which wraps round so large a part of the solid globe.

In treating of the various ocean temperature, and its influence in producing currents, we do not observe any notice of that singular and important discovery, which we owe to Sir James Ross, namely,

* The discovery of silver in sea-water, by Malaguti and Durocher, is curiously confirmed by certain experiments by Mr. Field, showing the presence of silver, even to the amount of seven ounces to the ton, in the copper sheathing of ships long exposed to sea-water. These observations are related in a paper read to the Royal Society some months ago.

We may notice here the curious experiments of Professor Chapman, of Toronto, as to the comparative rate of evaporation from salt and fresh water. They show that the greater the proportion of salt, the slower the evaporation; and that water containing the same per centage as that of the sea, loses, in 24 hours, not quite half as much as fresh water. This fact gives some support to Mr. Chapman's theory, that one great use of the salt in the ocean is that of regulating and controlling the evaporation ever going on over its vast surface.

the existence of a stratum of *invariable temperature*, $39\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahrenheit, pervading the ocean from north to south, and represented on each side the equator by a similar and very curious curve, depending on the superficial heat or cold in different latitudes. At the equator the depth of this level of constant temperature is 7200 feet—in latitude 56° it is at the surface—in the Arctic regions it descends again to 4500 feet; the temperature in each case being invariably the same, that is $39\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, below the level of these several depths. The value of such observations to every theory of submarine currents will readily be perceived.

In a chapter on "Ocean Routes," Lieut. Maury gives some graphic narratives of that racing on the high seas, which, if it be the pride and profit of modern navigation, is also oftentimes to be accounted its folly and peril. The struggle for superiority, whether by sail or steam, is still almost exclusively between England and the posterity of England in America—the two great commercial communities of the world. Though the Indian and Pacific Oceans form part of the scene of contest, the Atlantic is the arena where science and skill, aided by abundant capital, and incited by emulation, have achieved results, which half, or even a quarter of a century ago would have been deemed impossible. These results are too well known to need relation here; but we may notice briefly one or two facts, illustrating and explaining the wonderful changes now in progress in commercial navigation. We should scarcely err in stating the average duration of long ocean voyages—as those to or from China, Australia and India, performed by the best sailing ships—at barely half what it was at the first period just named. Among the causes concerned in this great result must first be noted, the improved construction and fitting of ships; and more especially in regard to what Mr. Russell has called the *wave principle of construction*; or, in other words, the form of least resistance of a solid moving through water. Connected with this, and in practice now applied to the same end, is the direct relation ascertained to exist between the length of the vessel and the speed it is capable of attaining. But beyond these altered conditions of the vessel itself, comes in the enlarged and more exact knowledge of the seas it traverses; of the

winds and currents, the shoals and depths, and the various other physical phenomena of the ocean, which have been brought to the aid of practical navigation, and to which we have already so copiously referred. To the combination of these causes, and the record of the tracks and times of many hundred voyages, upon methods which Lieut. Maury has done much to enforce, we owe those feats of seamanship which have brought Australia within ten weeks of England, and made the circumnavigation of the globe as frequent and familiar as was once the passage across the Atlantic.

We have here been speaking of sailing vessels. Steam navigation has its own peculiar history, including not only these several improvements, but others also, which depend on more perfect machinery and a higher class of engineers. Though steam has now spread its dominion over the globe, the Atlantic is still the sea where it puts forth its greatest powers. The several lines of mail steamers across this ocean, and more especially those familiarly known as the Cunard and Collins lines, have reached a degree of speed and regularity, which it would be hazardous to say may not hereafter be surpassed, but which will be a monument and mark of human progress, in applying the physical elements to the uses and demands of man. It is no serious disparagement to the second of these lines, to say that it has lost the superiority for a short time gained in speed over the Cunard line of English steamers. According to an American statement now before us, we find that, during the last year, the average of twenty-five passages from Liverpool to New York, by the American steamers, was 12 days 16½ hours—by the English steamers, 11 days 22 hours; of passages from New York to Liverpool, by the American vessels, 12 days 8 hours—by the English, 11 days 3 hours. Many circumstances concur to this result; chiefly, perhaps, the consummate discipline of the English vessels in their every department of service. But the rivalry we regard as an honorable one, and it may yet be maintained, advantageously to the interest of both nations.

It is not, however, a rivalry without risk. In seeking for the maximum of speed, safety is jeopardized in all these great lines of mail steamers. Winter storms, icebergs, fogs, tropical hurricanes,

and collisions with other vessels, are all encountered at high rates of velocity. Experience and discipline have done much to protect against these dangers, but serious hazards still exist; and especially those of collision, which are constantly augmenting in an ocean every year more crowded with ships, seeking to find the shortest passage across it. In these days, however, of bold design and prompt execution, there are few ills which do not bring with them the suggestion of remedy. Lieut. Maury, and others in sequel to him, have urged the adoption of "*steam lanes*" across the Atlantic; that is, definite lines of navigation of a certain width, and distinct from others throughout; so appropriated severally to vessels going east or west, that the chances of collision may be greatly lessened, if not actually removed. The width of the zone of ocean now traversed by the mail steamers is about 250 miles. It is proposed to mark off *lanes*, 20 or 25 miles in width, on the northern and southern borders of this zone, as the routes respectively to be followed and adhered to, by all steam vessels crossing in one direction or the other. The scheme, or some one equivalent to it, we doubt not to be practicable; and such is its obvious utility, that we as little doubt its being eventually carried into effect. The phrase of a *steam lane* may somewhat startle those who are wont to associate with this word the cross roads of a midland rural district—the high hedges, deep ditches, and straggling cart ruts; the bushes of blackberry, hazel-nut and hawthorn, and the hundred sweet flowers and weeds which luxuriate on the hedge-banks. We can not quarrel, however, with this new use of the term, if the object be fulfilled to which it is applied—if *long lanes* of ocean, "which have no turning," be really laid out for the safer navigation of the seas. The very simplicity and familiarity of the name is a tribute to that prowess of man which has taught him thus to mark out and pursue a fixed path through the wide wilderness of waters.

Though not having exhausted the subject of the Atlantic, either in its physical features, or in its relations to human industry and power, we stop here, only to refer our readers to Lieut. Maury's own observations on these subjects. The points we have touched upon will show how co-

pious and interesting a topic, under both these aspects, is the "Physical Geography of the Sea;" and how worthy to be embodied with the other great natural sciences, which at this time enlighten and animate the world. Every year enlarges

its domain; and we may fairly predict that the history of the Atlantic, written twenty years hence, will be a record of numerous physical facts, now either wholly unknown, or dimly and doubtfully understood.

From the Westminster Review.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.*

THAT fact is often more incredible than fiction, is a remark that time frequently endorses. Were it gravely stated in a romance that one of the most powerful nations in the world was affected in its government, its opinions, and even its feelings, by a kingdom removed from it by the diameter of the globe, that events occurring in a single city of that kingdom vibrated through every corner of Britain, exasperated parties, and divided statesmen hitherto friendly to one another, we might concede to the novelist his privilege of invention, but might justly complain of his attachment to the marvelous.

Yet the fact is before us, authenticated by dispatches, supported by blue-books, debated in the legislature, and shortly to be discussed at the hustings. A dispute at Canton has suspended the public business of Great Britain and Ireland, and terminated unexpectedly the present session of Parliament. Commissioner Yeh has performed a feat which Lord Derby and his adherents have for three years been occasionally attempting; they have carried a vote of want of confidence against Ministers, and made it advisable for them to appeal to the sense or the passions of the country. "*Tantæ ne animis cœlesti-*

bus iræ:" what share have the inhabitants of the *celestial* kingdom in this commotion? Is it their strength, their duplicity, or their perversity which has thus imperiled, or, it may be, strengthened the hands of Lord Palmerston, and filled the columns of our journals with professions of self-devotion and zeal for the public interest?

Into the state of parties at home, the possible results of the approaching elections, and the chances of the present Ministry for a new lease of office, or a prompt dismissal from it, we do not propose to inquire. We leave these "*domestica facta*" for others to celebrate, and propose devoting a few minutes to the people who, directly or indirectly, has called from their hiding-places the banners, the colors, and the manifestoes of candidates, and will shortly inflict more noise and turmoil upon our capital and provincial towns than the Chinese themselves create with their periodical hubbub of gongs, tom-toms, and fire-works.

If we do look to the number of books which have been written about China since our permanent establishment at Canton, we have no reason to complain of the scantiness of our information. On the contrary, we feel the embarrassment arising from riches. But the *labor* and the *opus* are to construct from the materials in hand a clear and consistent picture of the

* *Papers relating to the Proceedings of her Majesty's Naval Forces in Canton; with Appendix. Correspondence respecting Insults in China.*

nation with whom we are now exchanging shots. The inquiry is by no means unimportant. We may be engaged in a duel with the city of Canton alone, or we may be drawn into collision with an empire more formidable than any we have hitherto encountered in the East. If the central government of China should ignore the acts of its pro-consul, the conflict will be a short one; but if it adopt his prejudices against the "outside barbarians," we may perhaps have begun a contest that will be costly in its process, however triumphant to ourselves in the end.

Nor are the revolutions of Asia by any means objects of indifference to England. We do not hold, with dreamers of the Coningsby school, that the fate of the civilized world has always been, and ever will be, determined from the land of the Orient, or that revolutions from that quarter may again renovate or destroy our systems of religion and society. Yet neither is it possible to deny the fact, with the pages of history before us, that the compact masses of eastern tribes have at many epochs affected powerfully the civilization of the West, or that it was a horde from Central Asia which consummated the ruin of the Roman empire. It may be well, accordingly, to consider the social and physical aspects of an empire on whose skirts we are at this moment at war, and the probability or improbability of its rising against us in mass, and, if not assailing our outposts, yet at least inflicting on our trade and progress in the East a blow which will be felt both in our colonies and at home.

In contemplating a country which we may be called upon to assail on some more vulnerable point than its extreme border, we must take into account all its resources of defense or aggression—its *climate*, since heat and cold are among the implements of war; its *wealth and population*, since these are the sinews of war; the *physical character* of the land, since mountains, and rivers, and plains are often the strongest bulwarks of a kingdom; and the degree and kind of its *civilization*, for this, more even than its numerical force, is often the measure of its resisting power. It may be useful also to inquire whether there be any element in the national character of the Chinese people likely to inspire them with the strength of enthusiasm or union, or whether the days of its

empire are numbered, and the epoch has arrived for breaking down its long isolation from the great human family.

Our survey of the Chinese empire must be brief, and accordingly we can afford to trace in the following sketch such features only as appear most important to our present inquiry. We shall presume, indeed, since the means of information are so abundant and easy of access, that our readers are in some measure acquainted with the subject, and shall attempt merely to generalize what is commonly known.

The *climate* of China may be described as one of *extremes*, and presents some curious anomalies. The general temperature of the country is very low for its geographical position. At Peking, which is one degree farther south than Naples, the mean temperature is nearly that of Brittany, and while the winters are as rigorous as those of Sweden, the summer heats are more intense than those of Cairo. But in a territory ranging from the twenty-sixth to the forty-second degree of north latitude, the variations of the climate are necessarily great. In the maritime provinces—and the sea-coast extends nearly 2500 miles—both heat and cold are much modified by the sea. At Canton, which is under the tropic, the heat during the months of July, August, and September is excessive, and is accompanied, at least in the neighborhood of the city, with frequent and destructive typhoons. At the close of the hot season, the transition to cold is sudden, and the entire province is overspread at night, for weeks together, with dense and chilling fogs. The climate of the interior is, however, generally exempt from the extremes of Canton and Peking. The province of *Kiang-se* is the most favored; but the central provinces generally enjoy a happy mean between the rigor of the north and the enervating heats of the south. In no one, indeed, of its numerous sections is the climate of China decidedly unhealthy or ill-suited to the development of vegetable or animal life. Even in the north, the summers are genial, and the winters, though cold, are dry. The least salutary portion of the country is in the western frontier districts of *Gun-nan* and *Sze-che-se*, and on this account they have probably been selected for penal settlements. The census of China exhibits a numerous population in every quarter of the empire; and accordingly we may gene-

rally ascribe to its climate the properties which conduce to the conservation and comfort of life. The *wealth* and *population* of China are difficult to ascertain accurately, since our accounts of them are often suspicious, and the standard of wealth is differently estimated by native and European economists. Many a retail shopkeeper in England enjoys or expends a larger annual income than a Chinese country gentleman; and many an English country gentleman could defray, without much inconvenience to himself, the annual expenditure of a dozen mandarins. But goods, rather than money, are the symbol of wealth or competence in the Middle Kingdom, and a proprietor of lands is opulent in proportion to the amount of grain and rice in his barns, and not of the money in his purse. There are indeed no large estates, since the lands of the father are divided, after his decease, equally among his sons; and if any one holds more land than he can cultivate conveniently, he lets it to another on the *métayer* principle, or on condition of receiving half the produce. The Government, in some measure, fare in this respect like its subjects. Consistently with the patriarchal system of the Chinese, the Emperor is the universal landlord, and takes the tithes or taxes of his vast estate. He receives them both in money and in kind; and he distributes them, in like manner, among his civil and military officials, signing for some of them a cheque on the treasury, for others an order for so many quarters of rice or grain.

The annual revenue paid into the imperial exchequer is £10,000,000; but this sum by no means represents the produce of the taxes, the excise, and customs; since at least two millions more are paid in kind, and the provincial governors deduct their departmental expenditure, and forward to the treasury only the balance remaining. The imperial treasury, before the close of the late war between England and China, contained perhaps one of the most curious collections of coins in the world. For the native wares of their country, the luxuries or the necessities of Europe, the Chinese venders were content to take any currency, provided it were in good silver; and there had gradually found its way to Peking, through the most devious channels, the specie of Venice and the Greek empire, the tokens of the Flemish and Hanse towns, shillings and angels

stamped with the effigies of our Edwards and Henrys, dollars which bore the castles of Castile, and crowns which may have paid the *mousquetaires* of the Bourbons. In fact, so small in value, or so debased a metal, are the native coins, that these solid pieces of the barbarians were hoarded as ingots by a succession of imperial chancellors. The wealth of China, therefore, as contained in a circulating medium, would give a very imperfect idea of the actual or comparative resources of the country. These must be sought in its universal industry and its minute agriculture. The sternest of our political economists has not a greater theoretical aversion for vagrants and beggars than John Chinaman has practically. Mendicants are usually found in the immediate vicinity of Buddhist temples; and the only endowed religion in China—the religion, however, of a sect, and not of the State—lies under the discredit of alone encouraging paupers in idleness. The orthodox Chinese are mostly in the condition, as to worldly goods, which the wise man aspired to when he prayed for “neither poverty nor riches.” He can not subsist without work, and there is no kind of work which he will not cheerfully undertake. And the opportunities for laboring with his hands or feet are indefinitely multiplied by the rudeness of his implements and machinery. He despises, and he has always despised, the substitutes of the “Western devils” for manual labor. When the Jesuit priests displayed to the Emperor some of the most delicate instruments of European art or science, his Celestial Majesty viewed them with open indifference and secret contempt, observing that they would amuse the inmates of his nursery. The Chinese, at no period of their history, have been enslaved by the bondage of *castes*, like the Hindoos or ancient Egyptians; yet they have suffered from many of the inconveniences of that institution. It was forbidden by law to the Egyptians to improve upon or depart from the pattern of the saws, hammers, and chisels of the craftsmen who wrought for Menes and Rameses, even though the handy Greeks exhibited before them, at Alexandria, their own lighter and more efficient tools. Custom in China has been nearly as prohibitory as law in Egypt, and the artisan performs the most delicate operations of weaving, upholstery, carving, and inlaying, with implements that an Eng-

lish carpenter or cobbler would disdain to use. The economy of labor is therefore almost unknown; and among its minute and manifold subdivision, every one finds his work and his wages. The pittance of a Dorsetshire laborer has become almost proverbial for its scantiness in England; but his weekly pay would seem a fortune to the Spanish peasant or olive-dresser. The miserable earnings of the English sempstresses have drawn to them the attention and indignation of the humane, although it might be a rash policy in the legislature to interfere between the employer and the employed; but the weekly pittance on which the Dorsetshire laborer and the London sempstress manage barely to exist, would keep a Chinese artisan for six months in rice, and even enable him to indulge in the occasional luxury of a rat or cat ragout. Acquiescence in low diet is usually and justly esteemed as a mark of low civilization: but the remark is not very pertinent to the Chinese, whose civilization, although comparatively with that of Europe imperfect, yet is advanced in comparison with that of Asiatics generally. They are, as a rule, a plump, unctuous, and muscular race, capable of enduring fatigue, and the *coolies* or goods-porters of the great towns especially are remarkable for their powers of lifting and carrying enormous burdens. Their strength is, in some measure, the reward of their ordinary temperance: for though in the purlieus of Canton the Europeans have corrupted them with alcohol and evil example, drunkenness is rarely seen in the interior. It is impossible not to see that among so many myriads of able-bodied men there is a vast "seminarium militum,"—a native depôt of effective soldiers, should any emergency call for a *levée en masse*. The occupations of the artisan who is employed within doors, and restricted to a similar posture of the body during many hours of the day, are unfavorable to muscular strength and development, and the recruiting sergeant derives his supplies of "tall young men," not from the streets of Manchester or London, so much as from the athletic youth of the rural districts. The rule is indeed not without its exceptions, since few of our grenadiers are culled from Suffolk, but many from Lancashire. The army of the middle kingdom is dependent for its supplies neither upon the sedentary trades of the weaver and the tailor, nor upon the active occupations

of the plowman and the herdsman, since both the ordinary legions and the prætorian guards of the empire are levied from the resident or migratory Tartars. The land and water population, however, are qualified, both by their strength and stature, to become soldiers, at least as good as the sepoys of Hindostan; and the fields, rivers, and canals of China would afford an almost inexhaustible supply of recruits. Field-labor throughout the country is chiefly performed by the thews and sinews of man himself, for his plow would have been deemed antiquated by Cincinnatus, and his spade and hoe are ponderous and unwieldy. The works which he executes with these primitive implements are alike onerous and diversified; they tax his strength and try his patience. The land available for tillage in China bears a very small proportion to the area of the country itself. Much of it is extremely fertile, and much not naturally productive is rendered so by irrigation. But the mountains and hilly districts of China occupy about half of its extent: and although terraces of artificial soil are laboriously formed on the hill-sides, the flanks of the mountains are either sterile rocks or clothed with primeval forests. Even its enormous plains are by no means all pervious to the plow. The northern portion of the Great Plain—which, according to the census of 1813, feeds no fewer than 170,000,000 of "*mouths*," as the Chinese say, not inappositely—is dry and sandy; while, on the eastern side, where it borders on the sea, it is low, swampy, and studded with lakes. The waters indeed of China, as we shall presently see, abstract considerably from the land; and if they contribute largely to some species of the people's food, they diminish also its area for grain and legumes. The agriculture of China has been sometimes commended by foreigners, and is the theme of wonder and applause to native writers. In France it might pass muster; but an English or a Belgian farmer would vouchsafe small commendation to Chinese tillage. We have already spoken of the implements in husbandry: to their defects must be added a general scarcity of manure, and an obstinate adherence to the rules of sowing and planting that sufficed for the aborigines of the soil. The scarcity of manure proceeds from the absence of dairy and sheep-farms—for the Chinese, unctuous as they are in their diet—neither drink milk.

nor eat butter or cheese. Their horses are small, and unimproved by foreign breeds: their sheep are lean, and derive a precarious subsistence from the casual herbage of the fallows or canal banks, and to employ artificial manure would be regarded by those sturdy protectionists as reproaching heaven. The bullock, useful for the plow, is the only animal that finds much favor with the bucolical class of the "flowery kingdom." The sight of a well-compounded dung-hill, so full of hope to the British farmer, is unknown to the Chinese hind: he goes forth into the highways and to the borders of canals with his sons and his slaves to pick up the offal which chance throws in his way: the trimmings of his hair and beard, and of those of his household, are added to the heap: he hoards the refuse and off-scouring of all things as a miser hoards his gold; and feeds his glebe with supplies which an English cottager would leave on the roadside. Water, indeed, is the principal manure employed by the Chinese; and since the rivers fortunately bring down a turbid mass of alluvial soil, the harvests generally correspond to the expectations of the husbandman.

The amount of the population of China has been differently stated in the course of the recent debates upon the Canton question, and a facetious contemporary has suggested that Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Cobden should be sent to the celestial kingdom, and not allowed to return before they had ascertained whether it amounted to two or to three hundred millions. The absence of these gentlemen might be indefinitely protracted, if their restoration to home depended upon their ability to confute or verify their respective assertions. The census in China is drawn up in obedience to a paternal mandate of the emperor, commanding his children well and truly to inform him of the number of free persons in their households. This mandate is dressed, in the first instance, to the chief mandarin of a province, and by him circulated, on a descending scale, through a long avenue of officials. But the national vanity of the Chinese people is said to interfere greatly with the accuracy of the returns. Sons, inasmuch as they remain always under the *patria potestas*, are valuable commodities in China, where Professor Malthus has not a single follower. The *pater familias* accordingly is rather apt to exaggerate than underrate

the number of his male olive-branches. Next, a village or township is justly vain of reporting to the father of all its superiority in population to the next hamlet, and thus is also under a temptation to make the most of its masculine contents. A district, a province—there being no capitation-tax in China—share in this patriarchal emulation; and the emperor, when the account is laid before him, perhaps rejoices in the appearance rather than the reality of his wealth in children. There can be no hesitation in estimating the population of China at between 200 and 300 millions; and in describing it, in spite of the practice of frequent child-murder, and of occasional dearth, as one of the most thickly-peopled regions of the globe. The government of a family, or a tribe, by the eldest representative of their original proprietor, is one of the earliest facts in history, and has been the occasional dream of the philosopher. That a few score of persons, whose avocations were those of herdsmen, and who had no fixed property in land, might harmoniously combine under a single chieftain, the priest of their simple worship, and the arbiter of their temporary disputes, can readily be conceived.

No political rivalry, no conflicting claims of property, beyond an occasional controversy about rights of pasturage or watering, could ruffle the surface of such a community. But from the moment when fields began to be divided by boundary-stones, or fenced cities to be built, the society of the desert became an impossibility, and more stringent rules of government were required to protect the weak, and keep the strong in awe. The household has been well defined by Aristotle as the germ of all political institutions; but it was, in his conception, their ultimate analysis, and not their proper condition. In the vast steppes of Asia the patriarchal form of society has subsisted the longest, because there the circumstances in which it began and flourished continued to exist. That the government of China was originally imported from the tribes on its north-western frontier, there seems no reason to doubt; and when we come to consider the cities, we shall see that they still reflect, in many particulars, their prototype—a Tartar camp. But the anomaly in China is, that that country alone has preserved, in form and pretensions, at least, the patriarchal

system, although for more than two thousand years its inhabitants have ceased to be herdsmen or shepherds, and developed an extremely artificial system both in social and political life. The fiction is ludicrously inconsistent with the facts of Chinese society. From the humblest head of a family to the emperor himself, the idea of the *patria potestas* universally prevails. The sons of the house are never emancipated; the *jus paternum* expires only with the patriarchal life. But the chief or head-borough of a village is also the reputed father of all its inhabitants; and he, in his turn, is *in loco filii* to the next officer of the district. The heads of the districts look up to the provincial governor as their father, the provincial governor to his mandarin, and the mandarins stand in the relation of eldest sons to the supreme father of the nation. Such is the theory—and as a theory it wears an aspect of proportion and benevolence which entitle it to the highest respect. But such is not the fact. Virtually, the father of two and a half or three hundred millions of men sits above them as a conqueror, is of foreign extraction, is guarded by aliens, and like the Cæsars of Rome and Byzantium, depends for his throne, and even his personal security, upon the awe which he inspires, upon the jealousies he fomented among his subjects, upon the activity of his spies, upon the force of habit, upon nearly every motive except that of filial or paternal love. Perhaps the system of government under which China has subsisted, and indeed flourished, is the most astounding monument of conscious duplicity on record. It by no means follows that if the rebellion which so recently raged, and perhaps still rages in its interior, be finally triumphant, and terminate in the restoration of a native dynasty, the patriarchal theory will be abolished. Exempt as China has been from foreign invasion, except by the kindred tribes of Central Asia, it has been frequently the arena of sanguinary civil wars. On its plains have been again and again acted tragedies of as deep a dye as the wars which destroyed the empire of Charlemagne, as the civil furies of the Jacquerie and the Anabaptists, or as the struggles which during thirty years tore in pieces the old German empire. But whether the Mongols or the Mantchous established themselves at Nan-king, or whether native pretenders ascended the vacant

throne, the reigning emperor of China has uniformly assigned the benign attributes of a father, and governed his people as an Arab Shiek governs his tribe. There seems, indeed, to have been, in all ages, a remarkable energy in the native Chinese character, enabling it to overcome its conquerors, and to compel or persuade them to adopt its own maxims and prejudices. The isolation and arrogance of the Chinese people are perhaps the results of its success in thus "taming the proud." Situated at nearly the eastern extremity of the old continent, it has always been inviolate by sea, and sundered by chains of mountains and inhospitable wastes from the civilized races of India and the West. They have, in fact, had no standard by which to measure themselves. They have invariably tamed the strong by their superior civilization; the rumors of the civilized West, which reached them through travelers like the Venetian, Marco Polo, or the Jesuit missionaries of later date, would inspire them with more contempt than respect for what they heard of distant lands. The little republics of Italy, which the Venetian envoy might describe to their learned men, would appear to them in the light of petty towns, of little more consequence than the lesser cities that lined the banks of the Yellow River; and the might of France and Spain, which the Jesuit missionaries might recount to them, would confirm their self-exaltation, since their armies were the more numerous, their advance in the arts at least equal, and the area of their land would contain both of these vaunted kingdoms, and leave room and verge to spare. From the complacency with which they regarded themselves, as well as the contempt or incuriosity with which they listened to the accounts of things unseen, the Chinese imbibed the obstinate conservatism of their character. A great and an understanding people, they argued, were our ancestors. They won the good land which we inhabit; they purged it of wild beasts, and drained off its superfluous waters; they planted the wilderness with corn; they lined the rivers with chains of flourishing cities; and they invented, centuries ago, arts of which the barbarians are only now becoming cognizant. The maxims by which they ruled themselves we will abide by; they have made, and they will keep us, powerful and prosperous. Surely we shall do well to depart from

them neither to the right hand nor to the left.

Externally contemplated, the administrative system of China is entitled to high respect, and is indeed as laudable and specious as any system of pure centralization can be. Neither is it any demerit that public opinion is entirely excluded from it, since the interference or even the existence of public opinion is an idea alien from the Asiatic mind. If the emperor be a *roi fainéant*, his indolence or imbecility is never permitted to transpire, for a mayor of the palace or a regency would be equally shocking and incomprehensible to his *filial* subjects. Deception, however, is easy, since the father of his people is impenetrably veiled from their sight; or, if revealed to them on some solemn festival, is beheld from such a distance and with such awe as effectually to disguise his lineaments. *From* him radiate power, honor, and instruction; and *to* him return obedience, homage, and information. In theory, the emperor is accessible to the petition of the meanest of his subjects; for as he is assumed to be the universal redresser of wrongs, it is needful he should be made acquainted with every grievance. In theory also, as he is the fountain of wisdom, he must be preëminent in knowledge; his daily studies are in the books of the learned, and the words of his lips are reputed to be taken down by his attendants, and stored up for the instruction of his successors. As the patron of the useful arts, he is supposed to be versed in the crafts and mysteries of his subjects; and as the tillage of the ground is, in Chinese conceptions, the queen of the arts, the emperor annually inaugurates the seed-time of the year by opening the first furrow. He is, moreover, chief priest as well as king; and while he tolerates the sectaries of Buddh, or smiles at the superstition of the multitude, he is the only mediator between earth and heaven whom the state recognizes. With all these attributes, he is not beyond the voice of admonition or reproof. A board of censors is selected from the gravest men of his kingdom to watch his actions and demeanor; and when these deviate from the rules of the sacred books, or the practice of his imperial ancestors, it is the bounden duty of his monitors, even if it be at peril of their lives, to reprehend his errors. The office of censor has not always been a sinecure. We read of one emperor re-

buked for sorting with players, another for his intemperate habits, a third for his predilection for the company of foreigners, and several for aspiring to be more wise than their forefathers. A pattern emperor, who gives no handle to rebuke, has no easy life of it; he must live by rule, must never act without a precedent; at certain hours be grave, at certain hours merry; and, in short, entirely forego his volition in order that he may infringe upon no one of the recorded or accredited practices of the ancients.

Some of the inconveniences of eastern despotism have been avoided by the sagacity of those who planned the monarchical system of China. There is no hereditary succession to the throne, but the emperor chooses one among the members of the royal house to fill his place when he abdicates or dies. The choice of a successor has generally been creditable to the chooser; and if now and then honors have changed manners, yet, unless flattery has obscured their actions, the proportion of good emperors has predominated. Generally, however, the direct and collateral scions of the imperial houses are a rude and worthless set, whom it is often expedient to disperse and ventilate in the frontier provinces, or even seclude for a term of years, or for life, from the court. Occasionally we find the Tartar colonels investing a member of the royal family with the yellow robe, as the Prætorians of Rome arrayed a Cæsar with the purple. But these deviations from the ordinary mode of appointment are rare; nor has the Chinese court, though by no means unstained with crime, ever presented such bloody scenes as have so frequently disgraced the Mohammedan seraglios at Bagdad, Ispahan, or Constantinople.

It was the boast, and not altogether an empty one, of the first French revolutionists, that they abolished the aristocracy of rank, and substituted for it the aristocracy of talents. In so doing, however, they merely introduced into Europe the long-established practice of China. It is, perhaps, essential to the complete isolation of a paternal despotism that it alone shall be exalted, and all beneath it depressed to a common level. Whatever may have been the cause of a practice so specious in seeming, the effect of it has been for many centuries to secure for the state the services of the ablest and most learned persons in the realm. Indeed, but for such ave-

nues to preferment, the *literati* of China would either be few in number, or puzzled for their livelihood. There are no barristers and no clergymen, and the medical profession has never been in much repute. A government, however, which manages all the affairs of its subjects, has occasion for an immense staff of *employés*; and numerous as the learned class has ever been in China, it has seldom been neglected or starved. Education is common, and cheap; books are plentiful, and easily obtained; and as every student may present himself for examination in the Civil Service Department with the certainty, if he be not plucked, of getting some post or other, no one can reasonably complain of the hardships of the scholar's life. "The outside barbarians" are indeed only now taking a leaf out of Chinese books in their competitive examinations for public employments. From the learned class, and from such members of it as have highly distinguished themselves at the examinations, the Minister of Justice, Finance, Police, and Public Instruction are selected; nor is any preference displayed for birth or rank, even though the blood of Confucius flow in a candidate's veins.

The order and constitution of the various governmental boards imply a well organized system of administration, by which the privileges of the ruler are secured, while the claims of the people are not overlooked. The supreme direction of affairs is intrusted to what may be termed the Cabinet of Peking. It is designated the "Inner Court," and forms the Cabinet Council, the members of which are the *Ta-hyo-si*, or ministers of states. The Privy Council, like that of England, is never assembled except on very urgent occasions. It consists of the members of the "Inner Court," and the presidents of the Supreme Tribunals, with their assessors and secretaries. The Supreme Tribunals are six in number: 1. *Li-pu*, the Board of Ranks and Dignities—the Herald's College taking precedence in China, where politeness is an art, and precedence a grave consideration, over every other department of government. 2. *Ha-pu*, the Board of Revenue. 3. *Ii-pu*, the Board of Forms and Ceremonies—not less important or less occupied, in a nation so formal and ceremonious as the Chinese, than the Home Office in Downing-street. 4. *Hing-pu*, the Board of Penal Law. 5. *Kong-pu*, the Board of Public Work. The Sinen-

sian Sir Benjamin Hall has no sinecure, for the roads and canals, *i.e.*, a fifth of the area of the empire, come within his department, not to speak of the imperial "woods and forests," and some hundreds of fortified towns. 6. *Ping-pu*, the Military Board, for which Commissioner Bowring seems likely to cut out some extra work.

Our limits forbid us to enter more at length upon the particular functions of these boards, and we must pass on to some general remarks upon the character of Chinese administration. Much looks well on paper, which in practice works wretchedly; and fair as is the aspect of centralization, in substance it is often the most grinding of tyrannies. "Let a man," says Sir Edward Coke, "consider the office of Justice of the Peace, and the world hath not wherewith to compare with it in dignity." Nevertheless, in practice, a Justice of the Peace is often, as is noted in "Hudibras," "an owl," and commits himself in signing the commitment of others. This deeply-organized system is not trusted by its employers. *Divide et impera* is a maxim of government as familiar to the Chinese as it was to the Roman Cæsars. In the higher departments, power is divided equally between the ruling Tartars and the subjugated Chinese. Each of the administrative bodies is made a check upon the other, and all are subject to the open or secret supervision of censors, who address their reports directly to the emperor. The same principle of division extends to the inferior offices in the capital, and to the provinces. Each province has its *Tsong-to*, or Viceroy, and its *San-fa*, or Governor, who are equal in authority, though not in rank, since precedence is always accorded to the Tartars. In all differences, appeal must be made to Cæsar alone; and his imperial mind is accordingly the general depository of the fears and jealousies of his deputies and representatives.

It might be thought, indeed, that Jeremy Bentham derived his idea of a panopticon prison from the theoretical position of the Chinese autocrat. In Bentham's penitentiaries, some one man was to be so placed as to discern from a center, whence every cell radiated, the occupations and even the countenances of all the prisoners. The "sun of heaven" is in like manner supposed able to discern whatever is

passing in any part of his vast dominions. In theory he reads every petition, and examines every report; in theory he returns the answer, and supplies the marginal correction. In theory, also, he is the Grand Inquisitor of the kingdom, the Head of the Police, the Master of the Ceremonies, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Lord Chief Justice, since he is supposed—*fingunt simul creduntque*—to inspect the journals of every one of his administrative boards. The circumstances of his position recommend to the Chinese emperor the jealous policy of Tiberius. Every three years he changes the posts of all his officers of state, summons them to his presence at the commencement and the close of their appointment, detains their sons as hostages in their absence, requires from them a true and faithful account of their administration, and surrounds them with spies so long as they are in office. These endless precautions are indeed a corollary from the patriarchal form of government. Sufficient for a tribe, it is not extensive enough for a province, much less for an empire; and the shortness of the royal arms is supplied by a complicated machinery of check and counter-check.

We have now rapidly glanced at the agricultural population, the learned class, and the administrative system of the Chinese empire: but our review of its industrial resources would be incomplete without a survey of its rivers, its canals, and the myriads who occupy their business beside those inland waters. To her rivers, China is chiefly indebted for her vast population and general fertility. Among a number of important streams, some of which exhaust themselves in vast lakes, while others flow onward to the sea, the "Yellow River" (*Hoang-ho*) and the "Son of the Ocean" (*Yang-tse-kiang*) bear preëminence. These two magnificent streams, whose rise and destination are nearly similar, descend rapidly from the great table-land of Asia, are presently forced by the mountain-ranges to describe two immense and opposite semicircles, are separated at one point of their course by an interval of 1100 miles, and appear destined to lose themselves respectively, the latter in the tropical seas, the former in the icy deserts of Mongolia. But suddenly recalled, as if by an irresistible remembrance of their original brotherhood, from their wide gyrations, they converge from

the north and south, and terminate their long wanderings in the Eastern Sea, only 110 miles apart from each other. These, its natural arteries, aided as they are by innumerable tributaries and satellites, would alone confer upon China an almost unrivaled chain of water-communication. But the hand of man has seconded the bounty of nature, and connected by a network of *canals* the rivers and their feeders. In this respect, nor "Babylon," with its artificial rivulets, nor "great Al-Cairo," with its Nile-sluices, is worthy to compete with China. The greatest of these canals, including its bends and elbows, is more than 720 miles in length. For the first three hundred miles, it flows through a level waste, which presents few obstacles to the engineer; but as it approaches, and after it proceeds northward of Nan-kin, it pierces hills, it is borne over undulating plains upon substructions of earth and brickwork, it passes through a chain of lakes, and intersects innumerable rivulets. Its original purpose was to connect the "Son of the Ocean" with the "Yellow River," but as the empire extended its limits, it became necessary to elongate the great connecting link of its provinces. In contemplating this artificial highway, it is hardly possible to avoid comparison of it with the great roads which, under the Cæsars, ran almost in a straight line from Syene in the south of Egypt, and York in the north of Britannia Romana, to the Milliarium in the Forum, grasping, as it were, in one wide embrace, the Celts of Thule and the "dusk faces" of "Nilotic Meroe."

Nor needs China to shrink from the comparison, although hitherto *her* "Regina viarum" has remained uncelebrated. Apart from the engineering difficulties that have been surmounted in their construction, her canals are a proud monument of useful as well as arduous toil. They convey the produce of the empire from one province to another; redeem from absolute or partial sterility many hundred thousand acres of productive soil; connect her present remote capital with the very heart of the realm; afford employment to a dense population; and transport swiftly and economically the heralds or the troops of the central government. Nor, although their course is generally uniform, is the spectacle from their banks void of interest, or even, at times, of picturesque beauty.

"At certain periods of the year all Egypt is on the water," is the remark of a historian, who had just witnessed the great Saitic festival of Isis. Had he visited China, Herodotus might have said that many hundred thousand of its inhabitants rarely set foot on dry land. The amount of river-craft employed by the government alone, in the collection of taxes in kind, is enormous. Ten thousand imperial barges ply up and down the imperial canal and its lateral branches, receiving and depositing in the public granaries the rice and grain due to the exchequer. The salt-trade, a government monopoly, requires nearly as many; a vast number is also occupied in conveying from one place to another the copper currency, as well as the lighter or more luxurious articles of commerce which pay tithes—cotton, silks, etc., raw and manufactured. A boat in China, as in some parts of Holland, is frequently the house of the family, in which its members are born, brought up, arrive at man's estate, marry, and die in old age. An infinite number of trades is carried on in these floating workshops; and in ascending or descending the rivers and canals, it is no unusual thing to meet the blacksmith's forge and the carpenter's yard amid a flotilla of fishermen, fowlers, and washermen. This water-population is, indeed, among the causes of the general indisposition of the Chinese, until a comparatively recent period, to emigrate. The habitable area of the country is nearly doubled; the land not overburthened by occupants is left free for tillage, and some of the inconveniences of a dense population are avoided by the facility of moving easily from place to place. The occupations of the fishermen and fowlers of China, as well as of the numerous class which attends the droves or flocks of domestic water-fowl for the market, are described in the most trivial works on China; but the attraction of its towns and cities to the banks of its canals and rivers has not been so generally noticed. Toward the central parts of the country, near the points where the *Hoang-ho* and the *Yang-tse-kiang* intersect the great canal, the shores on either side are covered, as far as the eye can reach, with cities, towns, and villages, which, from a little distance, seem to form one uninterrupted avenue of streets. The picturesque character of the scene is enhanced by the vast number of light stone bridges, of one, two,

or three arches; and on certain festivals of the year these long vistas of buildings, brilliantly illuminated, cast upon the intervening waters the varied hues of myriads of colored lanterns.

As seen from without, the aspect of a Chinese city, although strange or grotesque to European eyes, is by no means unpicturesque; since the inhabitants delight in brightly-painted houses, and the forms of their domestic architecture are not ungraceful. Within the gates, however, three of the senses are offended—by the disorder and often the dilapidation of the houses and thoroughfares, by the incessant and discordant din of the multitude, and by the universal filth and evil smells. The original type of a Chinese city was the nomad camp of their ancestors, and to this day the great cities—Pekin, Nankin, and Canton—reflect the image of an extemporary encampment. The houses are low, with carved, overhanging roofs; no chimneys or mansions of three or four stories high break the monotonous line of the streets; while from nearly every dwelling, as from the booths in a fair, protrude poles, flags, and gayly-colored streamers or placards. The eye is pained and bewildered by the glare of the gilding, the varnish, and the painting of the shop-fronts; by the bright colors of the lanterns of horn, muslin, silk, and paper, that adorn the houses or span the streets; and by the numberless pictorial inscriptions which, parading the articles on sale, assure the passengers that "we don't cheat here." The ear is equally tortured and confused by the universal hubbub that prevails "from morn to dewy eve;" by the indescribable noise of tinkers, cobblers, and blacksmiths, plying their several trades in little portable shops, and proclaiming shrilly (for the Chinese, not less than the Arabs, are *peuple criard*) their superior skill and their low charges. Buying, selling, and bartering, are all and each conducted in soprano tones; and the *sotto voce* composure of customer and shopman across an English counter would seem to a Chinese tradesman utterly unbusiness-like. In joy or in sorrow they are equally clamorous. Nothing is so noisy as a wedding, unless it be a funeral; and it is hard to say whether carrying home a bride or a corpse causes the greater turmoil or obstruction in the streets. The Chinese policemen are not deficient in vigilance, and the prompt

punishments which the sitting magistrates inflict is of a kind seldom received in silence. But neither the officers nor the ministers of justice are potent enough to clear the streets, or to impose even momentary calm on the passengers. A dead lock, indeed, is often more than a daily occurrence. A string of camels encounters a drove of heavily-laden bullock-wains, or a line of mules bending under pack-saddles. At the same instant there is a shout of "room" for a magistrate and his lictors, not unattended with the cracking of whips and a hail of bamboos. A funeral and a marriage procession have got mixed together, and the squalling music of the bridal party is not inappropriately accompanied by the dismal howling of the mourners. Jugglers, conjurors, mountebanks, quack-doctors, musicians, and players, all contribute their several quotas to a Babel which might justify a second dispersion of mankind; and in the midst of this wilderness of discord is constantly heard the twanging noise of the barber's tweezers, like the jarring sound of a cracked Jew's-harp. It is fortunate for the senses of the inhabitants that the setting sun terminates this chaos. The Chinese are not minions of the moon. "Tired nature's sweet restorer" is duly appreciated by them; and as soon as the evening shades prevail, the silence of the streets is broken only by the tramp of watchmen, or the howling of importunate dogs.

The strength of the Chinese empire consist in the ability of its people to labor, in their industrial habits, and their aptitude for organization; and we might, perhaps, altogether omit from our survey a notice of its military and naval forces. In regular warfare we have probably little or nothing to apprehend from any forces which they can at present bring against us, either on the land or on the ocean; yet it must not be forgotten that, although undisciplined and ill-armed, they are not deficient in personal courage; that they are blindly attached to their own country and institutions; that, in case of a general war, they will be contending on their own soil, and with the zeal inspired by their fanatical hatred of strangers, against a handful of enemies; and that their reserves of men and magazines will be out of all proportion to our numbers or resources. Because a speedy termination of our present quarrel is probable, it should not be

overlooked that a tedious and obstinate war is not impossible. Neither have we any right to account among our advantages the accidental circumstance that at this moment China is an empire divided against itself. It is one thing to have taken up arms against a reigning dynasty: but it does not follow that the rebels will therefore be our allies. The doom of the Greek empire was more than once averted by the returning loyalty of the provincials on the approach of a common enemy; and though the prefectures of Thrace and Illyricum resisted the imperial rescripts, and even profaned by defeats the majesty of the Comneni, they rallied around their emperor as soon as the crescent actually menaced the safety of the cross. Whatever may be the present weakness of China, it has not yet arrived at the final estate of the Greek empire. The obedience of some of its provinces may be suspended for a while, but they have not been violently torn from it, and apportioned among aliens. The Tartar dynasty may be approaching its dissolution, but the integrity of the Chinese empire, as regards adverse possession against foreigners, remains intact. We are too imperfectly informed of the causes of the Chinese rebellion to pronounce a judgment upon its origin, or to speculate upon its issue. But whatever these may have been—whether one of the religious movements which at certain eras have shaken the thrones of the East, or mere impatience of misgovernment, or a revival of loyalty to the race of Ming—there is no symptom that either the Chinese people are more ready than formerly to amalgamate with strangers, or instigated to rebel by any leaven of discontent infused into them by Christian missionaries. If the rebels, indeed, as has been sometimes surmised, have attained to a dim knowledge of the faith of the West, they more probably regard it as an auxiliary to their own sacred books than as a motive for raising the banner of Christ against the orthodox followers of Confucius.

Sir Dugald Dalgetty, who was so scandalized by the bows and arrows of the Children of the Mist among the civilized weapons of Montrose's host, would have been still more shocked by the appearance of a Chinese army. The matchlocks now in use among them are the old Portuguese matchlock of the sixteenth century, which bears about the same relation to our "old

Brown Bess" that "Brown Bess" bears to the Minié rifle. The Tartars, mostly cavalry, are soldiers by profession. Their arms are bows and broad scimitars; and in comparison with the cumbrous and uncertain matchlock, the bow is not to be despised. The scimitar is worn on the left side, like a gentlemanly and christian sword; but it does not, like that appendage, dangle at the hams of its wearer; neither is it ever carried jauntily upon his arm, but protrudes forward shockingly, and is drawn by carrying the right hand behind the back; for the prudent Tartar is of opinion that to draw it from the front of his body would expose his arm to an adversary. Of these Tartar forces, which are the *élite* of the Chinese army, there are eight brigades, or "banners." The native soldiers are for the most part a militia, who performed many of the functions of a *garde civique*; and as they are permitted to follow their peaceful avocations during at least two thirds of the year, they possess about as military an aspect as citizen soldiers usually wear. Their ordinary employments are, to guard the city gates, to carry Government expresses, to act as custom-house officers at the military stations along the roads, rivers, and canals; and to aid the civil magistracy as policemen. In dress and appearance they resemble the valiant supernumeraries who represent in provincial theaters the armies of Richard or Rolla. Their helmets are made of paper; their boots of a coarse satin; and their uniform consists of a wadded gown and a quilted petticoat. Instead of a military salute, they acknowledge the presence of an officer by falling on their knees; and in warm weather they ply their fans as assiduously as any dowager duchess in an opera-box in July. The Government has occasionally betrayed misgivings of the effect of these military phenomena upon barbarians. There was great anxiety that Lord Amherst should report favorably to Britannic Majesty of the martial bearing of the "celestial host." "Through the whole route," proclaimed an imperial rescript, "take care that the soldiers have their armor fresh and shining, and their weapons disposed in a commanding style, and their attitude be dignified and formidable." The authorities, however, can not be accused of indifference to the feelings of the soldiers, at least if they have the luck to fall in battle. The body of

an officer is burnt, and his ashes, with his armor, and a pompous eulogy, are sent to his friends; the bow and sword of a common soldier are transmitted to his family; rewards are distributed; and honorable mention of the deceased made in the *Pekin Gazette*.

The numerical force of the military and naval establishment of China is, like its population, enormous, since all males are enrolled for service at a certain age. This levy *en masse*, indeed, is rarely, if ever, called for; and extraordinary contingencies, such as insurrection in the provinces, or the suppression of bands of robbers, are met by extraordinary levies in the immediate or adjoining districts. The present rebellion has summoned more men into the field than any former period of the reigning dynasty; yet, on the other hand, the imperial army has been greatly thinned by desertion to the banners of the insurgents. With that care for family life which distinguishes the Government, many exemptions are granted from military service. An only son, or a son who supports his infirm parents, are both exempt; and the *jus liberum* also prevails, since the father of a numerous family of sons is deemed to have discharged his share of duty to the commonwealth. In a country where the means of living are cheap and abundant, and the simple accouterments of war are those of home fabric, and of an ordinary kind, the cost of arming and maintaining a numerous militia is comparatively slight; and without seriously taxing his finances, the emperor can bring into the field a host at least as numerous as the kingdoms of France and Prussia united. But number would be the only point of resemblance, since, in action, a few European regiments would be able to discomfit the largest array of the celestial empire.

To an invader from Europe, the naval force of China is less formidable even than its army. In nothing, indeed, has the conservative spirit of the people displayed itself more strikingly than in its naval architecture. With a coast extending nearly 2500 miles—with a few capacious and, with the aid of art, almost impregnable, harbors—and with an unsurpassed inland water-communication, the Chinese have made little or no progress in navigation since the fourteenth century. Five hundred years after Marco Polo described their marine, Lord Macartney saw in their ports the very same kind of awkward, an

tiquated, and unwieldy vessels; and the accounts of recent travelers confirm the description of Lord Macartney. Their anchors are still of wood; their ropes and sails of bamboo; and law or unalterable prejudice still prescribes the form of the stern and the rudder, and the number of compartments in the hold. Their military navy is indeed unworthy of the name; it is a mere flotilla, whose principal occupation is that of transports for soldiers, or revenue-cutters—and the Admiralty at Peking has frequently been brought to the disgraceful necessity of taking into its pay a few serviceable pirate schooners, or submit to the blockading and pillage of its own harbors. The boats and barges built for internal commerce are, however, although sufficiently antiquated and heavy sailers, commodious when compared with the Government navy. Their form is also in some measure attributable to the purposes which they serve, and to the peculiar waters on which they ply. For, inasmuch as a barge is often a dwelling-house, its deck and hold must be adapted to the purposes of housekeeping, and contain a kitchen and numerous sleeping apartments, besides coops for poultry and pens for cattle. The passage-boats on the Grand Canal afford the best specimens of Chinese naval architecture: and these are built after a pattern suited to the depth and velocity of the stream, and the width of the locks and flood-gates that regulate its level. As the activity and material wealth of China are most advantageously seen at the point where its two great rivers intersect the canal, so this is also the most favorable point from whence to contemplate its large, and small, and infinitely-varied river-craft. For here may be seen, in motion, or at rest upon the waters, a forest of masts and an almost inextricable maze of vessels, from the imperial junk to the tiny pleasure-boat, gliding with the stream, or working up against it by oars, sails, and wheels, adorned with grotesque effigies of dragons, lions, and heraldic monsters, and decorated with the profusion of gilding and bright paint so dear to the eyes of every born Cathaian. As this point of intersection, where the multitudes of river-loving China most do congregate, is by no means inaccessible to English steamers, we suspect that an English Plenipotentiary, who should present his credentials there, backed by a few gun-boats and a reserve in the offing

of a man-of-war or two, would have a much better chance of obtaining a soft answer and substantial concession from the Government, than if he wend his way to Peking, and demand a conference with the "Yellow King."

A land so permeated by navigable waters may be not difficult to assail, but it is also proportionally easy to defend. Across every canal, every river and its tributaries, a boom, a chain, or a strong breastwork of boats may be drawn, and a succession of tedious, if not very formidable, obstacles erected against an invader. But the impediments to be overcome would not always be such as may be directly confronted. The flanks and rear of an advancing armament would be incessantly harassed from every point where a cutting or a natural stream enters the great highway of the waters; and indifferent as Chinese naval gunnery may be, it is not quite innocuous, and would atone in some measure for defective skill by overwhelming numbers. It is possible, indeed, that the population of Canton may be peculiarly arrogant and averse to foreigners. But the whole mass of the nation is leavened with hatred and jealousy of strangers, and convinced that "the peculiar people," protected as it has been by the isolation of centuries, has nothing to gain, and much to lose from the advent and innovations of the outside barbarians. The very prejudices of the Chinese would render them capable of war to the knife.

The defenses of a country are natural or artificial; and China, in some degree, combines the physical advantages of a mountainous region with the native resources of a fen-land. In the long line of internal navigation between Canton and the capital, the traveler encounters every variety of surface disposed in vast homogeneous masses. For many days his course will be through an unbroken plain, stretching on all sides to the horizon, and diversified only by tall pagodas, or by the artificial mounds where the dead repose. For as many days he will be encircled by lofty and barren rocks, and descend through their passes upon lakes, swamps, and morasses. It is doubtful, so little is really known of the interior of this vast country, whether the population be equally diffused over its surface, or collected in masses around the great lines of communication between the south and north. The accounts of the Jesuit missionaries,

and of the Dutch envoy, Van Braam, are so dissimilar to each other that they might be supposed to relate to two opposite regions. The Dutch embassy set out in winter, when the canals were frozen, and it was necessary for them to be carried overland in small bamboo chairs. For eight or ten miles together there was no visible trace of culture, nor habitation of any kind. Huge shallow lagoons covered the greater part of the soil; until they had crossed the Yellow River, no tracks of wheel-carriages marked out the roads; the streams when not fordable were crossed on bamboo rafts; the few towns and villages which they passed were crumbling to decay; and an indigent and oppressed people possessed neither the means nor the wish to be hospitable. The Jesuits saw the land at a more favorable season, or visited happier districts of it. They describe the dry plains of Petcheli and Shantung as abounding with cotton, and many kinds of grain and pulse; the more varied surface of Kiang-nan as fertile in wheat and millet, in the yellow cotton-plant and mulberry-trees, and yielding abundant supplies of the luxuries as well as the necessaries of life. Even the swamps and morasses sustained a numerous population of fowlers and fishermen; while the porcelain manufactories of Ki-and-see attracted as much busy life as the English potteries. A redundant population was an universal feature of these diversified scenes. Had an ancient traveler passed cursorily through them, he would probably have imagined himself in the land of the Amazons, since, although he would have beheld thousands of men, and hardly one woman, the long gowns and petticoats of the masculine gender might have been easily mistaken by him for the habiliments of the opposite sex.

Such a country is easily defended, provided the inhabitants of it be averse from change and well-affected towards their rulers. Every mountain-pass, every dyke and morass, may be rendered a formidable barrier, and even winter and artificial dearth become auxiliaries against invasion. But, as the Tartar incursions have repeatedly proved, China can place little or no reliance in its military strength. Twice since the Christian era they have conquered the whole country, and changed the ruling dynasty. And, once conquered, it is easily retained, since it hardly possesses any fortress capable of protracting a war

or affording refuge to fugitives. From the Great Wall on the northern and north-western frontier to the mouth of the Bocca Tigris, near Canton, there is nothing that merits the name of a fortress. All the military architecture of China, indeed, is of one form. It consists of mounds of earth cased on each side with brick, and flanked with square towers at bowshot distance from one another, resembling closely the *vallum* with which the Romans at first defended their provinces on the banks of the Danube or the Rhine. The best defenses of China are its rugged mountains, its sandy deserts, and stormy seas; the power which it has, in common with Holland, of inundating its plains; the hostility of its people to strangers—with their congeners the Tartars they easily fraternized—and its remoteness from the civilized West.

There are many other aspects under which we should desire, if our limits permitted, to regard China, its people, and institutions. But we can now afford space only for two phases of them in which national character is usually most instructive and expressive—the earnest feelings which it embodies in religion, and the sportive feelings which it displays in its popular amusements. Under the head of religion, we shall include a glimpse at its philosophy; and under that of its amusements, the ceremonial usages that adorn or encumber its social life.

During the latter half of the eighteenth century, when the philosophers of France pervaded Europe with theories of government and social science, it was the fashion to appeal to the East for precedents in ethics and legislation, and to cite the precepts of Brahma and Confucius as oracles of wisdom. The writings of Chinese sages were liberally, though uncritically, cited by Helvetius and Montesquieu; the obscurity which then hung over the Middle Kingdom favored the exercise of fancy, and its civilization was magnified to the scale of a Utopia or an Atlantis. The frame-work of European society was then on the eve of a mighty change: wearied with their old and effete doctrines, secular or spiritual, men sought for examples of order and truth in regions remote from Christendom; and because, of all the civilized realms of the East, China was then the least accessible to Europeans, speculative and learned men invested it with attributes as extravagant as they were groundless.

These twilight fancies have disappeared before clearer and more authentic knowledge; and we now behold in China a region which, so far from outstripping other nations, has lagged behind them in the race of civilization. The two inventions which have most affected Europe—the discovery which, above all others, has extended our acquaintance with the globe, were known in China earlier than in Europe, yet *printing* has not awakened or guided among them public opinion; *gun-powder* has but slightly changed the character of their armies; and the *use of the compass* has neither made them skillful mariners, nor inspired them with the spirit of maritime adventure. The effects of a blind and obstinate conservatism are nowhere so palpable as among the Chinese. The general barriers which have in all ages severed the Eastern from the Western man are the power of the priesthood and the bondage of castes. Voluntarily or unconsciously, the votaries of Brahma surrendered their free will and action to those ancestral corporations which claimed to speak with the voice and to administer the mandates of Heaven. Before he came into it, the place of every man on earth was fixed by inscrutable decrees; and since he had no power to raise above it, he had no motive for ambition or self-improvement. But these metaphysical restrictions have not pressed upon the Chinese. Castes have never existed among them, and the State religion at least has never been swayed or clogged by an established priesthood.

It does not enter into our present purpose to examine the creeds, or even the peculiar distinctions of the Chinese sects, but to confine ourselves to religion so far as it is a State machine. Religion in China stands apart from every known form of Oriental faith, inasmuch as it lays no claim to a Divine origin. Another peculiarity of it is—and in this respect, again, it differs from all other Eastern systems—that the civil and religious institutions of China are almost independent of each other. The State rarely, if ever, appeals to the authority of religion, and seems nearly to realize Bayle's famous, though almost now forgotten hypothesis, of the possibility of a commonwealth of atheists. Three sects are recognized as legitimate by the Government, but it gives preponderance to none of them. The faith professed by the learned may,

in some degree, indeed, be designated as the religion of the State, because from the learned class are taken the officials of the governing body. Moreover, of the three recognized sects, that of *Ju-kyao*, or the learned, is the most conservative, and accordingly most in unison with the national adherence to custom and precedent. Of the *Ju-kyao*, Confucius, who lived about four centuries and a half before the Christian era, is the reputed founder. The philosopher and his followers profess to retain unaltered the primitive faith and institutions of their forefathers. It is, however, a philosophic as much as a religious creed; its more abstruse doctrines are reserved for sages; while it condescends to provide for the vulgar a sufficient, and not altogether an unimaginative system of belief. Confucius, like Plato and the Sophists, believed the multitude incapable of enduring the exposition of mere truth. For the learned, therefore, he reserved the metaphysical enigmas of the eternity of matter, the indivisible and indestructible nature of the Creator, his effluences and emanations. To the vulgar, he conceded a mythology capable, as he deemed, of fixing in their minds, by means of visible objects of their symbols, general notions of good and evil, and of future responsibility. From the primitive religion which he proposed to revive, he derived the adoration of the earth and sky—the one as the common parent and nurse of man, the other as a visible emblem of the Supreme Being. To these simple personifications he added the genii or tutelary spirits of the soil, of grain, of the hills, rivers, forests, winds, and fire. The spirit of the ocean he typified by a dragon-king; his god *Terminus*, the Guardian of Borders, was a deified hero; the lights of the firmament were worshiped under the symbol of the Queen of Heaven; and articulate speech, which divides man from beasts, he commemorated under that of the *Genius of Eloquence*. The doctrines of Confucius, however, appeal less to the heart than the senses or understandings of their votaries, and demand rather a calm acquiescence than a lively or zealous faith.

For nearly five hundred years after the death of Confucius no innovations were made in his system, or in the earlier and more metaphysical doctrines of Lao-Tsé. In the latter half of the first century before the Christian era, a third sect

sprang up, which—a modification of Buddhism—is the religion of the present dynasty, but not, therefore, the religion of the State; for the Chinese Government, except for political motives, has never been guilty of intolerance—and though it has frequently punished schismatics with excessive and scandalous severity, they have suffered for their rebellion rather than their dissent. Religion, in the eyes of these politic statesmen, is not a divine law which it is the duty of every man to obey, but an engine of policy to be dexterously employed. The present rebellion is surmised to be the effect of the formation of a new religious element, and to derive its strength from the faith or fanaticism of the insurgents. But all accounts of it are so vague and contradictory, that we are quite unable to determine, at present, whether secular or spiritual discontent has raised the banner of revolt. The general latitudinarianism of the Chinese is, however, less doubtful; the indifference of the Government is partaken by the learned, and in some measure by the people also; and they look with equal apathy upon the asceticism of the priests and monks of Fo, and the exertions of the Christian missionaries in the work of conversion. A religious war, or even a partial outbreak of zeal, like that of the Iconoclasts of the Greek Empire, or the Anabaptists in the fifteenth century, is apparently not likely to accelerate the decline or fall of the Celestial Empire.

The philosophic indifference of the learned and the upper classes has not, however, checked the growth and practice of superstition among the people. Their credulity is unbounded; the objects of their fears and supplications are innumerable, and the ceremonies by which they hope to avert the wrath of evil spirits, or secure the favor of good ones, would amaze even a Neapolitan lazzarone. Evil spirits, not content with their own hideous forms, assume the shape of frogs, apes, or foxes, and plague their victims with ill-luck in their fields and shops, and with disease in their bodies. Luckily, the demons have a rooted dread of noise and incantations; and since the priests of China are the noisiest of ecclesiastics, and very ingenious in devising charms, they chant, howl, smoke, and drum away the foul fiend with very general success. Candles and strips of gilt paper are deemed pleas-

ing to the spirits of the woods and fields; and the plowman deducts from his scanty wages a portion in order that he may gratify these rural deities. The Chinese calendar is as well stocked as that of ancient Rome itself with *Dies Fasti et Nefasti*; and whereas we reckon it a wholesome practice to begin our work in the early morning, the Chinese account midnight the more auspicious season, because then, according to the Buddhists, the world was created. No prudent *pater familias* will hire or build a house until he has ascertained its aspect, as well as the aspect of its several rooms, and the ability of the dragon on its roof and the screens within doors to scare away evil spirits. Amid such a population, the astrologer drives a profitable trade; although these star-gazers are mostly blind musicians, in good correspondence with sharp-sighted Bonze-priests.

The moral character of a nation is a more profitable subject of inquiry than either its philosophy or superstitions, and on this head it is scarcely possible to decide between the disagreements of the doctors. We shall not attempt to reconcile them, but request our readers to "look on this picture and on this." Their enemies aver that for hypocrisy and pride, meanness and frivolity, cruelty and fraud, lying and sensuality, the Chinese have not their equals on earth. Their friends maintain them to be a lively, cheerful, and contented people, urbane in the highest degree, ready to oblige, and uniformly civil and respectful. The truth, as usual, lies between these extremes. Their vices may be traced to the baneful influence of a paternal Government, which allows of no liberty of speech or action, carries its system of espionage through every grade of society, and controls even demeanor by a strict code of etiquette. The ceremonial law of the Chinese is indeed ten times more burdensome than that of the Jews, exaggerated as it was by the traditions of the Pharisees. They are born, they live, and die under a system of perpetual coercion, and from their earliest infancy are taught to dissemble the buoyant spirits and lively emotions natural to youth. A Chinese boy is as priggish as a rigid Quaker; a Chinese youth is as grave and stately as a lord-in-waiting; and a Chinese man is better acquainted with the forms of address, congratulation, condolence, and farewell,

than all the court-chamberlains in Europe. There is no nearer road to systematic duplicity than unrelieved restraint; and since, owing to the predominance of etiquette, the suspicious temper of the Government, and the total absence of public opinion, it is scarcely possible to find an occasion for speaking truth, the Chinese lies heartily and universally in self-defence. With his numerous defects, however, some virtues are mixed up; and if the yoke that now weighs him down should ever be exchanged for the lighter pressure of laws evenly administered, and forms regulated by reason, there is no cause why the most civilized and industrious nation of the East should not acquire some of the hardier virtues of its Western brethren. The Chinese might, indeed, on his part, read them some useful lessons on the score of sobriety, for he is rarely intoxicated—of frugality, for he is seldom a spendthrift—and of obedience to elders and superiors, for he is usually courteous and respectful. And, after all, it must be owned that we view him through a somewhat uncertain medium—the accounts of strangers, whom he abhors, and who, in their turn, detest his modes of life. It requires no great stretch of the fancy to suppose a Chinese turning the tables on his describers. A periodical humorist, some years since, proposed the scheme of a strictly impartial history. It was after the following fashion. He collected the discrepancies of various narratives, and arranged them in the order of contradiction. From this novel species of concordance it appeared that Richard III. was a handsome and hump-backed personage, and among the best and bloodiest of rulers. The execution of Charles was represented as the most scandalous and sublime of deeds, and Cromwell as the most pious and profligate of mankind. It would not be difficult to portray the Chinese under equally conflicting phases. On the authority of *variorum* commentators, we might well describe them as obeying the precepts of a mild and rational philosophy, and practicing the most odious and atrocious vices. The Son of Heaven might be adorned with all the virtues of a benevolent patriarch, ruling a household of nearly 300,000,000 of souls according to the laws of primeval justice, and at the same time sowing divisions and fostering corruption among them, branding their foreheads,

slitting their ears and noses, and nine-tailing their backs. His ministers and mandarins might be impartially represented as the befitting satellites of so dubious a planet, carrying out his paternal or his tyrannical behests, and regarded by the grateful or oppressed provincials as the most beneficial or the most baneful of vicegerents. The mass of the people, again, might, with equal fairness, be delineated as grateful and obedient to the powers that be, dutiful to parents, decorous in manners, sober as if they lived in the State of Maine, and thrifty as if they had by heart "Poor Richard's Almanac." We might then go on to speak of them as the most incorrigible liars and thieves, as the most gross and sensual of nations, and produce a voucher for every one of our statements. An extremely difficult people are the Chinese to describe; and the perplexed disputants on "the China question" are really deserving of compassion, since, like the irascible travelers in the fable, they who maintain theameleon to be blue are in the right, and they who affirm it to be green are not in the wrong.

But perchance a minister of the Board of Foreign affairs in Peking might feel a similar difficulty in speaking of the English people. From the report in his hands, he might justly say that the outside barbarians profess to regulate their actions by a book nearly as ancient as the writings of Confucius. The authors of this book—the sages and the prophets of the West—although not always in unison with one another, yet agree generally in preferring poverty to riches, in applauding abstinence and self-denial, and decrying the pomps and vanities of the world. But he might proceed: I learn from another report prepared by a mandarin of great experience in the ways of the English, and who enjoyed in the junk at Blackwall unusual advantages for observing them, that the great distinction between one Englishman and another rests upon his worldly substance. He who rides on horseback is more esteemed than he who trudges on foot; and he who is drawn by horses in a painted box is reputed greater than him who bestrides a saddle. A rich man may, by a sure though costly process, rid himself of a wife who has been faithless to his bed; but a poor one must retain his erring and inseparable spouse. A fortune that would purchase a thousand acres of the

best rice meadows in our happy country is lavished upon the education of the wealthy, while the poor, to whom learning in civilized China is wealth and station, are in barbarous England shut out from all the better schools, and myriads of them pass from the cradle to the grave in ignorance of letters. Moreover, the sages of the West inculcate upon their disciples the duty of neglecting this world, and of preparing daily and hourly for another; but so indocile are their hearers, that for the most part they are occupied either in amassing riches or in procuring for themselves pleasures on earth alone, and regard the prospect of another and a better world with as much indifference as they regard their own dreams or their neighbors interests. An extremely difficult people are the *English* to describe.

To a foreigner acquainted with the language and the manners of the English, there can hardly be a more perplexing phrase than that of "merry England"—since in whatever quarter his observations are made, whether at an "at home" in Belgravia, the taproom at the "Three Cranes," a horticultural fête at Chiswick, or a village wake in Lancashire, he would detect few symptoms of mirth, ordinary or extraordinary. The amusements with which the Chinese recreate themselves are of a similar sober character, unless, indeed, noise and glare be the tokens of mirth. As regards noise, the drum of the Chinese ear must be of perdurable toughness to endure the incessant and discordant din it is in the habit of receiving; and as regards glare, his eye should be a well-constructed machine, since it everywhere and on all occasions is called upon to encounter bright colors, and very frequently the blaze of fireworks and illuminations. No people, not even the Flemish burghers of the fourteenth century, are fonder of processions than the Chinese. This kind of entertainment, indeed, combines their love of ceremony with their love of show. Their Nathans, and Swans, and Edgars, have their lines set in pleasant places, since both marriages and funerals are celebrated with great pomp and cost. In every city and town there are numerous livery establishments, where processions are arranged and supplied with all accouterments required for mirth or mourning. The contractor furnishes everything—boxes for carrying the bride's trousseau, biers for the deceased, pavilions for idols—sedans

for the ladies, and for the gentlemen also, (for it is ungenteel to walk)—banners, tables, articles of vertu;—in short, all the furniture of a drawing-room. The men and boys who carry the flags and the furniture resemble in their garb the attendants on a collection of wild beasts in England, since over dirty under-garments they throw uniforms blazing with scarlet and gold. The processions of the guilds in honor of their respective patron saints recall to us the very similar festivals at Florence or Ghent four hundred years ago. Among these guilds that of the carpenters is the most famous for its splendor. Their hero Lupan, the Tubal-Cain of Chinese legend, is borne in a shrine along the streets, followed by the members of the corporation, dressed in holiday robes. Silken banners embroidered with the most brilliant and hideous symbols wave before his shrine; young girls, bedizened with paint and flowers, perched on high seats under artificial trees, are carried upon men's shoulders; bands of music, trays of sacrificial meats and fruits succeed; and the whole scene is not less gorgeous and grotesque than the final glories of a London pantomime.

In our own land, theatrical entertainments have seldom the sanction of the Church, and even a benefit-night for a hospital or for distressed weavers is viewed with alarm and suspicion by divines. But in China the stage and the temple are upon better terms. The reverend gentlemen themselves hire a company of players, and send their neophytes round with a subscription-paper for the pit and boxes. We regret to add that the purlicus of the theaters are let as gaming-houses, with considerable profit to the managers. The art of puffing is well understood. One company is announced by its *locataire* as the "Happy," another as the "Blessed," another as the "Glorious Appearing," and the bills of performance are as gorgeous as our own in red, blue, and cabalistic decorations. But the theaters are extemporary sheds of wood, often capacious enough, however, to contain two thousand persons. The Chinese are a more enduring audience than even the Germans. The latter will sit seven or eight hours without manifesting any more impatience than a few whiffs of their meerschaums will allay; but a Chinese endures performances that extend through three entire days, requiring only an occa-

sional interval for eating and sleeping. The Chinese stage is as good a school of archæology as the Princess's Theater itself, since the dresses, which are costly and gorgeous, afford the best samples of ancient national costume. The Cathaian Theater, however, requires and would repay a separate notice, and we must now pass on to the out-door amusements of this singular people.

Strength rather than skill is displayed by the athletic, and they have few sports corresponding to the manly exercises of Europe. They hurl iron bars, and lift beams heavily weighted with stones, to prove their muscles. But such strenuous pastimes are not the most popular. Able-bodied gentlemen will spend half a day in kicking shuttlecocks with their heels, in flying kites, carrying birds on perches, rocking in boats, or simply sauntering hand-in-hand through their gardens. Gaming, however, is the "universal passion." A Chinese will stake his house, his family, his gown and petticoats, even his own personal freedom, everything except the graves of his fathers, on the hazard of the die. "Crabbed age and youth" are equally addicted to this vice. No place is sacred—no grade is free from it. The clergy gamble in the temple-porch; the soldiers gamble in their sentry-boxes; porters in the streets gamble for the chance of the next customer; and boys gamble for their cakes and toys with the shopman who vends them. Gaming-houses are, indeed, prohibited by the Government; but they afford the local authorities so fertile a source of revenue, that the prohibition is null, and justice is blind and enriched. These temples of fortune are often stained with violence and murder. Suicides are committed openly in them; and so cheap is life in this redundantly-peopled empire, that nothing is more ordinary than for the corpse of a loser to lie unregarded amid an eager crowd of dicers and card-players. Even the ceremonies of this universally-polite nation are laid aside in these receptacles of vice; and the gamesters of Nankin and Canton are as rude and reckless of good manners as if they carried bow-knives at their girdles, and did homage to Stars and Stripes instead of the Green Dragon.

In the foregoing sketches of China as it has been, or perhaps more properly, is—for a score of centuries has scarcely introduced a single change in the people and

their habits—we have endeavored to exhibit a few of the more striking features of a race which, apparently, has the power to exert more influence upon England than England has, at present, been able to exercise upon them. From a squabble in the port of Canton has proceeded a temporary suspension of the public business of Great Britain; from a positive or a technical infraction of a local law has issued a dispute that has already cost many lives, and laid in ashes a considerable portion of one of the most populous and busy cities of the East. Our empire is, indeed, so widely extended, that an event which occurs at the antipodes may vibrate even in the heart of Downing-street; and we undergo one of *our* peaceful revolutions—a change of administration—because an Eastern pro-consul has obeyed or exceeded the orders of a despotic master. We do not apprehend any very serious disaster from collision with China: yet the arms of the undisciplined Germans more than once or twice caused every cheek in imperial Rome to turn pale, and the barbarians of Cabool have inflicted a temporary disgrace on the military reputation of England. It is well to count the cost of a contest with the Chinese. It is very likely that we may overturn a dynasty, or even break up the cohesion of one of the most ancient empires in the world. We may easily, with our might, our science, and our resources, inflict incalculable suffering upon myriads of men. We may also undergo considerable calamities ourselves in the assault of a kingdom so strongly intrenched by nature, and so fortified against invasion by the prejudices of its inhabitants. For these causes, we have seen with sincere regret the mere party aspect with which our present relations with China have been invested, and the want of philosophic calmness which has marked every debate upon them.

In a few days, the people of Britain will have determined by its suffrages whether, in its opinion, we have right on our side, or whether we have intentionally or inadvertently done wrong in committing ourselves to a war with the local authorities of Canton. The determination will probably be influenced more by the passions of the moment, and the representations of interested parties, than by any broad or comprehensive view of the question at issue. We have endeavored to supply within our brief limits a few facts, independent of the im-

mediate debate, which may serve to explain and illustrate the character of the people with whom we are now at variance.

From these facts, it will be seen that China stands in some degree apart from the ordinary type of Oriental man; that, from its ancient and subtilely-organized civilization, it occupies a middle position between Europe and Asia. From the examination of its physical and political circumstances, it appears that, although vulnerable, it is not necessarily decrepit; and although oppressed by it, not generally disaffected toward its native government. The course of our conquests, or our peaceful acquisitions in India will be no precedent here. In the Chinese, we have to deal with a nation crafty enough to meet on equal terms our ablest diplomatists; strong enough to offer an obstinate resistance; and sagacious enough, if once its sectarian prejudices can be overcome, to learn from its opponents how to fight or how to elude fighting. In our estimation, these are infinitely more important subjects for consideration than the dispute whether Sir John Bowring has or has not exceeded his commission; whether his law be bad, or his discretion be worse. And in this belief, accordingly, we venture to recommend to our law-makers and our readers the study of the Chinese people rather than of the Chinese question; for the latter is for the moment, while the former may involve us in responsibilities even

more various and weighty than any we have incurred already by our gigantic acquisitions in Hindostan.

While drawing attention to these points, we have endeavored also to keep in view the historical, no less than the commercial, aspect of China and the Chinese. It is erroneous to esteem this ancient and highly-civilized people merely as the potters and tea-dealers of the world. It is equally erroneous to derive our impressions of them from their few points of contact with our traffic and interests, where native and European vices encounter and exasperate one another, and to leave out of sight that infinitely larger portion of the country where the native laws and customs still retain much of their pristine integrity. The Chinese empire, indeed, is not so much contemporary with the Europe of the nineteenth century as with the despotism of Justinian and the formal court of Alexius Comnenus. Between these and the institutions of China, if our space permitted of the comparison, a minute and instructive parallel might be drawn. Neither blue-books nor Sir John Bowring, however, will afford a just or probable picture of this great stationary empire. For such a portrait we must revert to the writings of much earlier observers, who beheld the "seat of Cathaian Khan" six centuries ago, and gauged, in a more comprehensive spirit than more recent travelers have done, the outer and inner life of China and the Chinese.

From Titan.

A N D R E W F U L L E R .

BY HIS GRANDSON.

AMONG the earliest recollections of childhood, perhaps next in vividness to the living forms that find a place there now, almost as fresh as then, is that of a full-sized life-picture hanging over the mantel-piece on our parlor wall. Though I have often seen it since, I think my first recol-

lection of it is the best, and it is pictured on my memory to-day as it then appeared. It was the portrait of a strong athletic man, tall, broad-chested, and firmly set. His head corresponded in dimensions, and harmonized in expression, with the rest of the figure. The hair was parted in the

middle, and ample overhanging eyebrows made almost forbidding the stern and truthful eye that looked from underneath them. A massive Johnsonian expression gave a power to the face I have rarely seen surpassed. This was my grandfather, Andrew Fuller, and forms the basis of the only idea I have of his person, for he died long before I was born.

It is strange that though I have now formed *another* estimate of him from his writings, and from household traditions I was then too young to understand, it is not a *different one*. Just the same feeling comes to me that made me, as a child, feel almost afraid to be alone in the room with the picture, because of the solemn power which came from the canvas, and in my childish fancy imparted itself to the very furniture of the room. When I seem to call his form before me, not from that picture, but from the *spirit of his writings* and deeds, I find the old child-feeling come back again. If looking at the portrait in supposed ignorance of the man it represented, and being called upon to prophesy what would be his characteristics, I should say, "He would leave his own mark on whatever he touches. His thoughts will be characterized by great strength and decision. In speech he will be slow and pausing, and to guess at the moral expression, he will, spite of the hindrances of friends, or the open opposition of enemies, do what he believes to be right."

Such, in truth, are the features we mark in reading his life. His real greatness consisted in his making a great outline of truth, and *filling it up with his life*. If any have been accustomed to regard only the strength of the outline as it is given with such power and distinctiveness in his writings, they have failed to mark that harmony of thought and work which is the basis of all true greatness of character.

Walk round the cathedral aisles where the memorials of the great dead are found, and you will see the tombs at which the crowd stop and hold their breath in reverence are not the tombs of dreamers, but of workers, all of workers. Mark them as they pass from statue to statue! They come to Shakspeare, and the memory of pleasant hours of quiet enjoyment finds its way to the face. But moving on to Howard, see how they pause before the tall figure with a brother's love

beaming from the cold marble, and the chained prisoner at his side; while the lifeless memorial of a love yet warm and living bids the "big tear steal unchallenged to its shrine."

The life of Andrew Fuller comes to us under two aspects, mentally and actively. Mentally, surrounded by Fatalism, he worked out for himself and others the great truth of human accountability, and its twin doctrine of the freeness of Christ's Gospel. Actively, he came before us as connected with increased labors in the Church at home, and as sustaining almost alone, in England, the early efforts of those vast Missionary Associations now so powerfully at work in our midst. He is full of strength in either of these aspects; he is *great* in the harmony of *both*.

Andrew Fuller was born in the little village of Wicken, in Cambridgeshire. His father was a farmer, and Andrew's early life was spent in ordinary farm-work. His education was that of an ordinary farmer's son in the middle of the last century, and that, as every body knows, was but poor fare for an inquiring lad. He began, however, to "work his own way," even in such a common-place occupation as that of a "farm-yard laborer." He gives us a capital story of his first efforts at plowing, which I may well place here as the key to the life I am about briefly to sketch. "My father," says he, "was a farmer, and in my younger days it was one great boast among the plowmen that they could plow a straight line across the furrows or ridges of a field. I thought I could do this as well as any of them. One day I saw such a line, which had just been drawn, and I thought 'now I have it.' Accordingly I laid hold of the plow, and putting one of the horses into the furrow which had been made, I resolved to keep him walking in it, and thus secure a parallel line. By and by, however, I observed that there were what might be called wriggles in this furrow, and when I came to them, they turned out to be larger in mine than in the original; on perceiving this, I threw the plow aside, and determined *never to be an imitator*."

Now, not only in following his team afield, but in the moral and spiritual history of his neighbors, did young Andrew, while yet a country laborer, find "wriggles" he hesitated to imitate. In order to understand what these wriggles were,

it is necessary for the reader to remember that one of the many out-growths of Puritanism was a hard, selfish fatalism, known by the designation of "Hyper-Calvinism." It is not perhaps difficult to account for this heresy making way in the seventeenth century. There was something in the mission of the Puritans that led them to regard themselves as a "peculiar people," chosen for mighty deeds, earthly and celestial. It is not surprising that a theology, growing among a people who had become familiar with the resistless advances of the "Ironsides," and the battle-cries of "long Marston Moor" and "Dunbar," should have assumed, as one of its phases, a fatalistic cast. Certain it is, however, that at the time Andrew Fuller was growing into manhood, it was crushing the growth of pure and undefiled religion in England with the "tread of the iron foot;" and had its heels at that very time on the fair village of Soham. The manner in which our strong-headed countryman worked his unaided way, slowly and surely, out of the network which this fatalistic logic had cast about him, is a most interesting and curious piece of mental biography. The circumstance which first set Andrew Fuller brooding on this subject was the drinking habits of a professor of religion. Perhaps if all moral philosophers had started from the *living subject*, some of them would have arrived at different conclusions. "One of the members of the church," says Andrew Fuller, in his diary, "having been guilty of drinking to excess, I was one of the first who knew of it. I immediately went and talked to him, as well as I could, on the evil of his conduct. His answer was, that he could not keep himself, and that, though I bore so hard on him, I was not my own keeper. I told him that his way of talking was merely to excuse what was inexcusable. He, however, was offended, and told me I did not know the deceitfulness of my own heart." Now the erring propensities of this wandering sheep opened to the Church, and to the mind of Andrew Fuller, the recondite question of the "power of sinful men to do the will of God." Practically, as even the greatest fatalists do, Andrew Fuller *acted* upon the full responsibility of his patient. But now the metaphysical difficulties of this problem were opened for the first time to his mind. One solution after another was tried and rejected, after slow and patient

consideration. Various books within his reach were studied, and sometimes he was attracted by some quaint and word-catching solution of his perplexity. Dr. Gill had explained the matter, by distinguishing what was in the power of the hand and the heart: that the hand might be *able*, and the heart not *willing*. Of course, this and all kindred explanations throw as much light on the question as would the consoling affirmation of a watchmaker, that the "hands of your deranged watch were quite able to tell the time, if the spring were not broken." About this time some one recommended to him "Edwards on the Will," as a book that would be likely to help him. Strange to say, not being much acquainted with books, he confounded the work of Dr. John Edwards, an Episcopalian Calvinist, entitled "Veritas Redux," with that of Jonathan Edwards, of New-England; nor was it until two years afterward that he discovered his mistake. Meanwhile, he had diligently pursued his search, and wrote out as its result, the substance of what he afterwards published under the title of the "Gospel Worthy of all Acceptation." At length he lighted upon the real Jonathan, and found in his work on the Will, and in his sermons, the views he had formed, confirmed, and amplified. Modern metaphysicians may not be perfectly content with the acute subtleties of Jonathan Edwards, or their more practical exposition by Andrew Fuller. They must at least wonder at a man, with no philosophical training, handling one great branch of the divine science with the strength and ease of a master, and reaching a stand-point so far in advance of his associates.

During these struggles he had been invited to become minister of the church in the same town in which he had lived since he had been six years old. Not very long afterward, he received an earnest invitation to Kettering, in Northamptonshire, presenting a sphere of work more suited in every way to his growing power as a thinker and preacher. It was a long time, however, before he would consent to go, and the separation cost him as much grief as if he had lost his dearest friend. Let it be remembered by all fame-seeking preachers, that at that place he was so loth to leave he had never received *more than* £13 sterling per annum, and had made two unsuccessful attempts to add a little

to this pittance by keeping a little shop and a school.

Shortly after his settlement at Kettering, he became an author, and wrote the well-known treatise entitled, "The Gospel Worthy of all Acceptation." The different reception it met with is now a matter of history. By many English and Scottish Christians, of all denominations, it was hailed as the harbinger of new life to the Church, while others denounced it as terrible heresy. One of the latter class thus concludes a unique epistle. "*Time was when no such calf would ever have been suffered to be born or nourished in the little meeting at Kettering!*" Meanwhile the recognized champions of the opposite creed were busy girding themselves for the fight, and soon rushed sword in hand into the arena. That they did not, at all events, lack a commendable chivalry, or show the white plume, may be gathered from the following extract from Andrew Fuller's diary, August 8: "Some exercises of mind this week through an advertisement of Dr. Withers, in which he threatens *to reduce my late publication to dust!*" The reader may smile at this style of controversy; but it was a decided step in advance of the Reformation and Puritan discussions. Luther called Calvin a pig; and John Milton thus writes to Salmasius: "Have you the impudence, *you rogue*, to talk at this rate of the acts and decrees of the chief magistrates of a nation?" John Bunyan, the divine dreamer, boldly advanced his creed on the matter of strong English. Writing to the Bishop of Gloucester, he says: "It can not be worth our while to lay out any considerable matter of heat, either for or against doubtful opinions, utterable modes, rites and circumstances of religion. It would be like the apes blowing at a glow-worm, which affords neither light nor warmth." Yet the moderate supply of heat he brought to bear upon the bishop involved such appellatives as "a brutish man," "a clambering thief," "an eel at an angle," etc.

At the age of thirty-eight, Mr. Fuller commenced his great mission labors, which we may call the "Gospel Worthy of all Acceptation" put to life, as it had just been put to speech and paper. He had worked out a great result by long and patient thinking. In the second epoch of his life, he changes the instrument, but not the theme. What he had written

and spoken, he set to the dull music of hard, grinding toil, and, *until death*, worked out the conception of his earlier years.

Before following him in this second stage of his life, we must turn aside from his public history to see him in the midst of family sorrows. His eldest girl, whom he fondly loved, seemed near death, and he thus writes concerning her in his diary, May 7: "I was tolerably supported under the approaching death of ~~my~~ poor child, which I saw drawing on ~~apace~~. I saw I must shortly let her fall! With floods of tears—with all the bitterness of an afflicted father mourning for his first-born, I committed her to God, *to his everlasting arms, when she should fall from mine.*" The thought of his child's death had brought on such an illness that he was unable to be near her, but was confined to his bed in a neighboring room, a weary watcher for the dead; listening for every sound that came from the chamber of his dying child. The last hour came, and the sick father thus writes: "On Tuesday morning, as I lay ill in bed in another room, I heard a whispering; I inquired, and all were silent! all were silent! but all is well!" A page or two farther on, we read: "To-day I felt a sort of triumph over death. I went and *stood on her grave* with a good deal of composure!" Surely that Everlasting Father, into whose arms he let her fall, has given her back to him now—a child of immortality.

It was in the autumn of the year 1792 that modern Missions commenced in England. Let us pause and inquire what was going on in other parts of Europe in this same year of our Lord? The priests of France were engaged in a far different work to the poor despised ministers of Northamptonshire. They were watching the political fortunes of the day, and bidding for the favor of the stronger party. Their property had been appropriated for national purposes by the sweeping measures of the revolutionists, and they had been compelled to change their occupation of strangling liberty into that of keeping their own possessions from a power against which all their incantations and bead-counting had been impotent. It was only three years before that the gloomy walls of the Bastille had been swept away by the fury of the multitude, and the prisoners set free; on that day

twelvemonth, the king came to swear fealty to the Revolution. The free space of the Champ de Mars was filled with about 400,000 spectators—an ancient altar was erected in the center, and 400 priests with tricolored sashes were posted at the four corners. Mass was celebrated amidst the sounds of military music; and the Bishop d'Autun blessed the "oriflamme and the banners." On the same spot on which the Bastile had stood, and the chains of its prisoners clanked, a grand ball was held, and the words "Ici on danse" were emblazoned at the entrance. With the smiles of the king, and the forced benedictions of the Church, the Revolution had taken heart. But the year following witnessed other and more terrible scenes. The moderate counsels of the Gironde had been exchanged for the daring designs of the Mountain and Jacobin Clubs. On the terrible 2d of September, 300 assassins massacred all the political prisoners in cold blood. Meanwhile, the prevailing philosophy was indirectly aiding the blood-thirsty spirit of the times. The healing creed of Jesus of Nazareth had been exchanged for the worst forms of Materialism. What mattered it that the cemeteries of the capital were being filled with the slain, when the creed of that day inscribed over them the motto, "Death is an eternal sleep!"

In the autumn of this same year 1792, a few ministers met at a house still standing in the quiet town of Kettering, and formed the grand, but then ridiculed, design of preaching the Gospel *to the whole world*. Nor do these two things, thus strangely forming part of the same year's history, lack another link of relation.

The revolutions of 1645 and 1688 in England had been steadily working out grand results. It is true that their political vicissitudes had been almost as great, though not so bloody, as that of France. Yet beneath the surface of things there had been a quiet growth of civil and religious freedom, springing from earnest religious conviction, which, after awhile, manifested itself in a thousand schemes of charity and beneficence. One of these schemes was the great missionary enterprise. There were thus in Europe, almost at the same time, two movements taking an *aggrenine shape*, and both tracing their ancestry to the English Revolution. The one was fitly personified in the person of Napoleon looking over the frontiers

of the empire to the snows of Russia and the quiet hills of England, wishing all Europe were his own. The other was the association of a few men in England, unknown to fame, having for their object the subjugation of the world for Christ! The former filled Europe with its blaze, but soon disappeared in the quiet waters of the Mediterranean, behind the rocks of St. Helena! The latter at this moment fills the *world* with its results, and, as its last offering, has opened Central Africa to civilization and to faith.

At the singular meeting just now referred to, among those present were the well-known names of Fuller, Sutcliff, Ryland, and Pearce. In addition to these was one William Carey, then elevated to the oversight of a Baptist Church in Leicester, but formerly a poor, and, as report says, a very indifferent cobbler. Before this meeting closed, the sum of £13, 2s. 6d. was subscribed towards the new Society. There lies before me on the table, while I write, the first minute-book of the Baptist Missionary Society, written by Andrew Fuller. It commences with an account of the meeting before mentioned, and extends its minutes to the year 1799. It records on the first page a resolution "that the Rev. Andrew Fuller be appointed secretary, and the Rev. Reynold Hogg, treasurer," etc. Every subsequent step in the toiling march is recorded with careful exactness. What could be done for the conversion of the world with *thirteen pounds two-and-six*? Every one of this small band would have fallen before the vastness of the work, and the laughter of the incredulous, if it had not been for the bright remembrance of a *three years'* life of almost solitary work, which, after nearly eighteen centuries of toil and sorrows, yet filled their own souls with its healing life!

Opening the minute-book at page 19, I find the following addenda to the minutes of the committee:

"N.B. The treasurer put into Mr. Squire's bank, on			
November 1, 1792,	.	.	£87 17 0
January 7, 1793,	.	.	27 3 6
			<hr/> £115 0 6"

So the funds of the society are getting on, and the hopes of the projectors grow apace. A vigorous effort is now made through the country to procure funds, and

form district societies, to aid what the minute-book calls the "primary society." I can assure the reader that these journeys in no way resembled the trips of a modern missionary deputation, whom Squire Johnson, with the pretty house and park, is so glad to see, and who find their names placarded at every town, in expectation of their visit, and when they get there, never call on individuals, but take the cash in a lump from the district treasurer, and, finally, who go home, not foot-worn and weary, and loaded with abuse, but crowned with all kinds of itinerant honors, and much the better for the change! These early chronicles record that a Mr. Thomas, afterwards one of the first missionaries to India, got into Bath on the errand of collecting for the Missions, wet through, late on Saturday evening. He preached the following morning, but so unmoved were the people that, says he, "I thought I should get nothing here, but some woman, after hearing the case, sent in one penny; I thanked them, and set down 'Bath one penny!'" This appeal seems to have moved the ecclesiastical pride of Bath, and our collector ultimately went away with some £20. To this incident may be added another, occurring in one of Andrew Fuller's journeys. He called one day on a celebrated clergyman of the Church of England, bearing, perhaps, the most popular name at that time among the Recordite party. He asked, without telling his name, for a subscription for the mission. The clergyman refused, and spoke in slighting terms both of the movement and of the body from whom it emanated. He added, however, "There is one great man among you, and his treatise entitled the 'Gospel Worthy of all Acceptation' is one of the most masterly productions I know." The following colloquy ensued. *A. F.* "For all the faults in that work, sir, I am responsible." *C.* jumps from his chair with eager apologies, and ultimately presses a subscription. *A. F.* (in his own deep bass) "No, sir, not a farthing!"

The next morning recorded in the minute-book is that of finding men willing and suitable to go abroad as missionaries. The before-mentioned Mr. Thomas had already been preaching in India, and was most anxious to return. At the same time, William Carey volunteered his services. This wonderful man, while yet a village cobbler and schoolmaster, had

learned several modern languages. Just before he set out as a missionary, he presented to Dr. Ryland an elegant translation of a volume of Dutch sermons and dissertations, which a worthy brother in Holland had sent over, under the delusion that our English divines could read it. Mr. Carey, some time after his appointment to go with Thomas, had not seen his companion. "It was late in the evening," says an eye-witness, and while in full deliberation, "that his arrival was announced. Impatient to behold his colleague, he entered the room in haste, and Mr. Carey rising from his seat, they fell on each other's necks and wept." All was hope and resolution. Mr. Carey's memorable words, "Expect great things," "Attempt great things," had become the spiritual watchwords of the day. "It is clear," said Andrew Fuller to Carey, "that there is a rich mine of gold in India; if you will go down, I will hold the ropes."

The day of departure soon arrived. On the 13th of June, 1793, Carey and Thomas, with their families embarked for India in the "Kron Princessa Maria," a Dutch East-Indiaman. One of the missionaries turning round to a friend at the last moment, exclaimed, "The guns are fired, and we are going with a fine fair wind. Farewell! farewell!" In the spring of this same year, and only a fortnight before William Carey started for India, to attain a reputation before which the oriental lights of the English universities were soon to grow pale, a young Frenchman, driven by the English fleet, sailed from an island of the Mediterranean. It was Napoleon Bonaparte, thwarted in his first military undertaking, and with his mother and sister on the way to Marseilles!

We must afford just a glimpse "down into the mine;" for we must all be curious to know how the missionaries fared on the "other side of the water." Not long after the time we have been describing, a little boat is moving languidly along a river of the Sunderbunds in India, a wild district where wild beasts prowl. It contains Carey and Thomas, and their families, attended by one native. They are totally destitute of provisions and "have not where to lay their heads." *Yet by this time the Book of Genesis is translated into one of the native tongues, and its revision commenced!* Moving

slowly down the river, the dipping oars making an uncertain sound, the voyagers espied upon the bank a neat chateau, and in the garden an English lady and gentleman. The travelers rowed to the shore, and accosted them, freely explaining their mission and necessities. The gentleman as frankly told them their scheme was completely utopian, but added, "Land your party, for my house is your home until you can find one more suited to your purpose; you may stay for six months if you please." The name of this gentleman, Charles Short, will be had in everlasting remembrance by all those who love that real hospitality which can not be returned.

But we must go back to Andrew Fuller, toiling at the ropes in England. If wonderful work was going on abroad, there were toils in England at which the spirit of industry herself might stand amazed. Besides all his secretarial labors, he was busily engaged in replying to antagonists, and in preparing fresh works for publication. Two of these may be especially named, the "Calvinistic and Socinian Systems Compared," and the "Gospel its own Witness." Both these books contain hard thinking, and exhibit, as well as any, the qualities of the author's mind. They are purely *à posteriori* arguments, and bring the spirit of Bacon into the region of theology with a rigor and power that of its kind has never been excelled. It is very refreshing, after the barren subtleties which characterized even many of the Reformation controversies, to hear this loud demand for fruits. But his skill was not confined to tracking the course of a system or a creed. He was an acute abstract reasoner, and he has left us a fine specimen of speculative thinking, in the concluding chapter of the "Gospel its own Witness." It is well known that this chapter, entitled the "Work of Redemption not inconsistent with modern Ideas of Creation," formed the basis of "Chalmer's Astronomical Discourses." Andrew Fuller's style was direct and weighty, but never dull. Pointed and clear as that of Paley, but more massive and strong. There is no brilliance and little metaphor, yet we are ready to say that he who could have written such a passage as the following, taken from the conclusion of the "Gospel its own Witness," could have given us more of the same kind. "And now I appeal to the intelligent, the serious, and the candid reader, whether there may

be any truth in what Mr. Paine asserts, that to admit that God created a plurality of worlds, at least as numerous as what we call stars, renders the Christian system of faith at once little and ridiculous, and scatters it in the mind like feathers in the air. On the contrary, it might be proved that every system of philosophy is little in comparison of Christianity. Philosophy may expand our ideas of creation; but it neither inspires a love to the moral character of the Creator, nor a well grounded hope of eternal life. Philosophy almost *can place us at the top of Pisgah: there, like Moses, we must die*; it gives us no possession of the good land. It is the province of Christianity to add, "*all is yours!*" When you have ascended to the height of human discovery, there are things, and things of infinite moment, that are utterly beyond its reach. Revelation is the only medium by which, standing as it were "on nature's Alps," we discover things which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and of which it never hath entered into the heart of man to conceive." One more extract may be given to illustrate the ringing truthfulness and calm wisdom that characterize his more practical teaching. It is extracted from his memoir of Samuel Pearce; perhaps it would be difficult to find in biographical literature a nobler inference from a noble life. "Finally," he says, "in him we see that the way to true excellence is not to affect eccentricity, nor to aspire after the performance of a few splendid actions; *but to fill up our lives with a sober, modest, sincere, affectionate, assiduous, and uniform conduct.* Real greatness attaches to character; *and character arises from a course of action.* The solid reputation of a merchant arises not from his having made his fortune by a few successful adventures, but from a course of wise economy and honorable industry, which, gradually accumulating, advances by pence to shillings, and by shillings to pounds. The most excellent philosophers are not those who have dealt chiefly in splendid speculation, and looked down upon the ordinary concerns of men, as things beneath their notice; but those who have felt their interests united with the interests of mankind, and bend their principal attention to things of real and public ability. It is much the same in religion. We do not esteem a man for one, or two, or three good deeds, any further than as

these deeds are indications of the real state of his mind. We do not estimate the character of Christ himself, so much from his having given sight to the blind, or restored Lazarus from the grave, as from his *going about continually doing good.*"

In addition to all the literary labor involved in the writing of these books, and the controversy they evoked, Andrew Fuller was perpetually on the move through England, Scotland, and Wales, advocating the claims of the new society. Now, apart from all the toils of collecting, imagine, good reader, the journey of a religious reformer through the provinces of England and Scotland more than fifty years ago! Think of Luther and Melancthon making a companion tour in Italy, and we will have a notion of what Andrew Fuller met with in *some parts* of the country. He made four journeys into Scotland, and on one of them visited Chalmer's whom, as all readers of his Life will remember, he persuaded to preach without notes. Imagine the keen theological glance that would greet him north of the Border. After one of his Scottish journeys, he received a remonstrant letter from one of his own persuasion in Scotland, on his defective order and discipline. His reply, in the form of a parable, is a keen satire on the hair-splitting *doctrinaires*, and has plainly a reference to his comparative solitude in the work he had undertaken: "In one of the new Italian republics," he writes, "two independent companies are formed for the defense of the country—call the one A, and the other B. In forming themselves and learning their exercises, they each profess to follow the mode of discipline used by the ancient Romans. Their officers, uniforms, and evolutions, however, are, after all, somewhat different from each other. Hence disputes arise: and B refuses to march against the enemy with A, as being disorderly. A gives his reasons why he thinks himself orderly; but they are far from satisfying B, who not only treats him as deviating from rule, but as almost knowing himself to do so, and willfully persisting in it. A, tired of jarring, marches against the enemy *by himself*. B sits at home deeply engaged in studying order and discipline. 'If your form and rules,' says A, 'are so preferable to ours, *why do you not make use of them?*' Discipline is a means, not an end. Be

not always boasting of your order, and reproaching others for the want of it. It is true, like the Quakers in 1745, you have *bought waistcoats for our soldiers*, and we thank you for them, but we had rather *you would fight yourselves.*"

Besides these journeyings and fightings, Andrew Fuller had to keep up a constant correspondence with the missionaries, to see to their supplies, and to conduct a paper war with the East India Company, who were trying hard to thwart their operations. Let it be well remembered that their efforts proved entirely fruitless, through the intervention of the Marquis of Wellesley.

The old minute-book tells of a not very polite note received from a shipping clerk, wherein he threatens to sell a large package (directed T. & C.) to pay for warehouse-room, if it were not immediately taken away. A committee meeting was held on this mysterious package, and Andrew Fuller was *unanimously deputed to go to London to see after it.*

Smile not, good reader, at the authority of a committee being required in those days to send a secretary from Northamptonshire to London. The luxury of coaches had been hardly introduced; for the first stage-coach blew its blast through the green fields of England, and crossed the Cheviot Hills, in the year 1788, on its way from London to Edinburgh. Those were the days in which men made their wills, and left affectionate messages, before they ventured far from home. On inspecting the cask in question, it was found to contain supplies sent to India a long while before, and having had some mysterious connection with Copenhagen, had reached the office in London again in safety. The minute-book adds, with a note of admiration, "Alas! we now find that our brethren had perished, if they had not engaged in trade!" The explanation being, that the committee, hearing that the missionaries were getting a livelihood by work, had addressed a remonstrance to them, on the ground that it might check their missionary zeal.

This sketch draws near the close, but one or two incidents must not be omitted. Andrew Fuller once formed one of a deputation to one of the then Secretaries of State, I believe, Earl Grey. It was on some matter connected with the missionaries in India. In the course of the interview, his lordship, with genuine diplomatic

courtesy, remarked, "that he quite approved of *liberty of* THOUGHT in matters of conscience." A deep voice, in measured words, answered from the corner of the room, "My lord, we do not ask for liberty to *think*—that you can not give or take away; we ask for *liberty to act*." His lordship started, and, looking round, encountered the stern eye of Andrew Fuller. Looking once more, and finally, into the minute-book, I find a striking answer to an objection commonly taken to the missionary movement, "that it carries sympathies out of the nation, for which there is plenty of need at home, and that the feeling which prompts it depends a good deal for its life for the mere love of distant scenes and novel events;" which feeling Coleridge put into the statement, "that if a railway were opened to the moon, every one would take shares." I find that, in those early days of straitened funds, in consideration of the ignorant state of *Cornwall*, the Society employed, at two different times, no less than four missionaries! and frequently gave aid to village interests. And now, alas! the minute-book draws to a close, for the hand of the writer was growing weary, while the soul that moved it "waxed stronger and stronger." In the year 1815, Andrew Fuller was working at his desk in the study at Kettering for more than twelve hours a day, his strength hourly failing from the heavy toil. His wife sits quietly at work by his side, but the tears will fall upon the knitted hose.

An exclamation escapes the overtasked husband, scanning his work in all its stages: "That which is crooked can not be made straight, and that which is lacking can not be numbered." She must speak now, and so, looking up sadly, she says, "You have hardly time to speak to me now, dear! My friends at home are kind, but they also say, 'You have no time to see or know us;' you will soon be worn out." He replies, solemnly, yet tenderly, "I know it, but I can not be worn out at better work."

It was too true! The hands still "held the ropes" with a firm grasp, but it was plain to all that the strain was too much. Before we see the grasp released, let us take one more glimpse of the mine below. Wonderful work was going on there, and every now and then a cry came cheerily up the shaft, that jewels shining with im-

mortality rewarded the long toil of the searcher. If the reader would know the result of these first missionary labors in India, let him turn to the tenth memoir "respecting the Translation of the Sacred Scriptures into the Oriental Languages by the Serampore brethren." After perusing it, let him say whether history has recorded any literary labors of greater magnitude. It is enough now to say that, after a full record of the work accomplished, the memoir touchingly concludes, saying, "that the original mover of this great design is yet alive, and though feeble, in the full possession of his faculties." The "consecrated cobbler" lived to see two hundred and twelve thousand volumes of the Scriptures translated by himself and brethren *into forty languages*, and to know that these languages, at the most moderate computation, were spoken by *two hundred and seventy millions* of immortal beings! Two years after the compilation of this volume, William Carey "languished into life" in the warm eastern air, often trying to the manhood of colder lands, but a gentle nurse to the old and dying.

The "Gospel Worthy of all Acceptation," written on the living page, was coming to an end. At the same time that Andrew Fuller was feeling that he had not very long to live, he heard that his companion in work and council, Sutcliff, was on his dying-bed. "Well," said he, "the government is upon His shoulders, ours will soon be from under the load; but while we are reducing in number and increasing in labor, ours may be heavier for a time." Yes, it was heavier, but only "for a time:" the letter containing these words is under date March 24, and he died in the May of the following year.

The day of darkness to his own family, and to the Church with which for many years he had been connected, came at length. To him a day of light, and a day on which he uttered calm, strong words about the unknown land before him. Hear them, reader. "My mind is calm—no raptures, no despondency, my hope is such that I am not afraid to plunge into eternity."

On Sabbath-day, May 7, 1816, he is listening eagerly to his congregation singing in the "meeting-house" adjoining his house. The simple strains he had so

often joined before, now stir a voiceless music in his soul. Turning to his child, he says, "I wish I had strength, Sarah." "To do what, father?" "To worship, child." He *did* worship; and though all unheard by mortal ears, the strain mingled with another melody, and was heard upon another shore!

From the British Quarterly Review.

THE DOCTRINE OF INSPIRATION.*

To attempt to analyze Mr. Macnaught's volume, and to deal with it in detail, would be to bestow more space upon it than it deserves. But the question of inspiration is a great and a somewhat urgent question; and though our own views on this topic have been often expressed, the time has come, we think, in which it behoves us to present those views to our readers in a form as carefully digested, and in terms as explicit, as may be.

We shall, in the first place, glance at some points relating to the evidence in favor of the inspiration of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures considered as a FACT.

1. Every one will feel that human reason must have its province as a judge in regard to any supposed revelation. To suppose that any such communication has been made from God to man, must be to feel assured that it has been attested by its appropriate evidence. The prophet through whom such intelligence comes must have evidence warranting him to believe that he has become the subject of such illumination. The evidence must be supernatural, but the natural reason of the man will be competent to judge of its value. It will, of course, be only moral evidence. Though supernatural, it will not be such as to preclude the possi-

bility of resistance. But it will be sufficient evidence—sufficient to make submission to it imperative. What is true in this respect of the prophet, must be true of the people, to whom the prophet-message is addressed. In their view, the message must take with it its proper evidence—evidence of which they themselves will be the judges. Both in the times of the Old Testament and the New, the people were commanded to try the spirits, and were expected to distinguish between divinely-commissioned men and mere pretenders to such authority. To believe without evidence would be idiocy, and to call that evidence which the reason can not understand and appreciate would be absurd.

But the evidence of a supposed revelation will not be all external. There will be evidence, either for or against its claims, arising from its *contents*. On these, also, the reason of man has, in a measure, to form its judgment. The common division of Christian evidence into external and internal suggests this conclusion. It is supposed, in this distinction, that we are capable of distinguishing, in some degree, between what is fit, and what is not fit, to have come from the Supreme Being to our race. It supposes that we not only know *that* God is, but that we know something as to *what* he is. If we can know nothing of God, we can know nothing of the proper or the improper in what is said to have come from Him. Apart from revelation, nature is our only source of Divine knowledge.

* *The Doctrine of Inspiration; being an Inquiry concerning the Infallibility, Inspiration, and Authority of Holy Writ.* By the Rev. JOHN MACNAUGHT, M. A. Oxon, Incumbent of St. Chrysostom's Church, Everton, Liverpool.

What God is, we can only know from **what** He has done. But His doings are found in mind and matter, in the moral as well as in the physical universe. It is only by looking to what is ethical in man, that we can judge at all concerning the true or the right in the government of God. Our conception of Deity must be evolved from within. It can only be corroborated from without. If the light which conscience has kindled is not to be followed, then we have no light. In that case, to reject a revelation could be no sin, inasmuch as all capacity for judging of its claims would be wanting.

But it is when passing from the mind of man, as constituted by the Creator, to its condition as depraved by circumstances and habit; and when passing from this disordered world within, to the no less disordered world without, that difficulty thickens upon us. Still, the highest conception we can form of the moral excellence possible to the nature of a man, is that which we should account as proper to him; and the highest conception we can form of the perfection possible to God, is that which we should account as proper to Him. Descartes was right—our capacity to conceive of Infinite Perfection must have come from Infinite Perfection. The capacity implies its object. The deity of human conception is not greater than the Deity who made us capable of that conception. It is such faith in God that must determine our faith in regard to any communication said to have come from Him. Whatever may seem to be at variance, either within us or about us, with such perfection in the Divine Being, must be a variance only in seeming.

2. But there is much in the spirit of our times to which the idea of inspired communications from God to man is very unacceptable. Religion, we are told by some, is a sentiment, not a creed. It has its seat in the emotions, not in the intellect. Its object may vary, but it is everywhere a response of the affections, and everywhere in substance the same. It is an instinct of our nature—we may say that of it, and that is about all we can say. To ask whence it comes is about as futile as to ask whence comes our power of seeing or hearing. Man is religious, as he is social, because he is a man, and the *because* in either case can be traced no higher.

But this trenchant kind of talk, like

much beside in the same quarter, consists, at best, of half-truths. It is a fact, that religion in man is thus necessary and indestructible; but it is also a fact, that the moral nature of man is something much above instinct, and that for this reason his religion should be regarded as something much above that mere brute tendency. It is true, the sentiment of religion is universal, while its objects change; but it is also true, that this change may be from false objects to true ones, and that the natural effect of this change may be to call forth pure sentiment in the place of the impure. The truth that the moral element in the objects of worship does much to determine the moral feeling of the worshipers, is elementary enough—but even this truth such men have to learn. So long as religious and moral truth shall be thus accounted as of little or no practical value, nothing can be more natural than that the idea of the intervention of the Deity to uphold and diffuse such truth by inspiring prophets and apostles for that purpose, should be utterly repudiated.

We must add, that the spirit in which the scientific studies of our age are often prosecuted is scarcely less one-sided than are the dreams of the sentimentalist. The one may seem to be all phantom, and the other all exactitude, but they have their tendencies in common. The spirit which underlies both is a self-sufficing spirit. It is a spirit which is content to be alone, and to be the regulator of its own ways. There is much to be done; but its fancy is, that whatever needs to be done it can do. Mistakes of all sorts may be inevitable, but mistakes natural to our condition are mistakes about which there need be no apprehension. So, too often, does the student of science choose his course. He is concerned with the laws of things, and with nothing more. He is busied among sequences, and ascends no higher. If he knows any thing of a Deity, it is of a Deity who is afar off. The universe is a great machine, its Maker has set it a going, and now he has only to look at it and to see it go. His interference with it, in any way, would be accounted an intrusion. It would be an attempt to amend his own work, which must imply imperfection. It would be to disturb the order which he has himself established. It would be, in brief, to undo what he has done. Miracle, accordingly,

is supposed to be impossible; or, if not impossible, it is hard to conceive of the amount of evidence that would suffice to establish it.

It is not easy to conceive of a habit of thought less favorable than this to the idea which regards truth as having come to man by a special inspiration from the Almighty. The gulf between such philosophical belief, and all Christian belief, is great. According to this philosophy, the Deity does not live with His creatures, but apart from them; and as a natural consequence, His creatures do not live with Him, but apart from Him. Having so far mastered the domain of physics, the investigator learns to reason upon the same principles from the material to the immaterial, and both mind and matter are brought under the same common law of forces. These forces are so adjusted as to connect penalty with many of the forms of moral wrong, but they do so only in part. To escape this form of penalty is to escape penalty altogether; and the chances of escape are many, and the expectations of escape are boundless. The laws of God are in the place of God; the man's concern begins and ends with these laws, and not with the law-maker. The natural issue is, that piety should come to be a particular form of prudence; and that religion, in its best state, should come to consist in selfishness refined and systematized into its worst. Men must unlearn such speculations—must see that physical laws are one thing, and the law written in the heart another, if they are to attain to any rational conception of moral government, and to possess any disposition to listen favorably to what may be said in favor of the doctrine of inspiration.

Men who see the condition of man in this light, of course belong to the class who regard the ethical intelligence of man as sufficient to his need as a religious being. This class embraces men who partake, in other respects, of a wide diversity of thinking. But wherever this opinion obtains, revelation in any special form is precluded as superfluous. The presumption is, that every man's best light must be supposed to be that which he brings with him into the world—that if the case be not so, the blame must be with his Maker, not with himself. What right men have to give law in this manner to the Creator, determining for Him what He may or may not do, never seems

to enter the thoughts of such speculators. Were they a little more mindful of the world of facts which bespeak man's great need of religious teaching, it might appear to them less unreasonable to suppose that, having permitted such a special exigency to exist, the Divine Being has adopted special means for meeting it. Certainly, if the book of nature be perfect, man's power to interpret it is not perfect. A thinker of the class under consideration has confessed, that the bulk of mankind, everywhere, must have "a well-defined, positive, somewhat dogmatic creed, deriving its sanctions from without." What is this but saying, that to leave men to nature is to leave them to an insufficient guidance; that to give them a revelation is to give them what they want. What the human intellect may imagine itself capable of doing when familiarized through its whole culture with Christian ideas, and what it has been found capable of doing where such ideas have been unknown, are not the same thing.

The pretense that there is no such certainty in history or in language as would be required to render a written revelation effectual, is a modern fiction which has grown up in a night and will wither in a night. It is an objection which proves nothing by proving too much. If our sacred writings must lose all authority on this ground, then all writings contemporary with them must lose authority for the same reason. If human language be thus worthless as having respect to religion, it is not easy to see how it should be valuable as relating to any thing beside. The common sense of mankind may be safely left to deal with such paradoxes.

An objection much more plausible is that founded on the law of progress said to be natural to the history of society. It is deemed unreasonable to suppose that a number of men in remote time should have been deputed to settle so grave a matter as religion for the men of all time. Physical progress in these later times has been wonderful. Its effect on general progress been wonderful. Is religion, then, the only thing that is to come to us stereotyped from the past? We answer—certainly not. Your laws of taste in literature and art have come to you from the past. Your psychology and your ethics have come to you from the past. You have not gone much beyond the an-

cients in these things, you have rarely risen to their level. May not the remote time when so much of this higher kind of truth was perfected have been the time when religious truth was perfected? May not the time when all that was most cognate with religious culture had thus ripened have been the time when religion itself was to be matured and fixed for ages to come? We are better chemists and better astronomers than the ancients; but, left to ourselves, should we have been better moralists or better religionists? There is at least room to doubt on that point. What is wanting to us, is not that Christianity should be other than it is, but that we should ourselves give proof that we know how to separate between those corruptions which the infirmities of past ages have incrustured about it, and those hoarded treasures wherewith it waits to enrich the ages to come. Our modern world has much work to do before it will come into possession of the latent wealth that will be some day found in this ancient mine of thought.

In brief, what an enigma is man, on the supposition of his holding no intelligible relation to a hereafter! In his nature we see the mysterious—the enthroned power of conscience. This power requires that he should choose right as right, and avoid wrong as wrong; that he should be a creature of moral acts and moral intentions. He is a being, moreover, whose nature transcends the limits of the visible and the finite, and craves a place with the holy and the everlasting. If his only end be that he should live to the agreeable in this life, whence this waste of powers, and such a mockery of pure and earnest aspirations? Can we venture to charge the Just, the Wise, the Good, with having made His creature *capable* of a destiny so *high*, and *doomed* him to a destiny so *low*?

There is nothing valid, then, in the ground taken by those who deem it unreasonable to suppose that an inspired and infallible message has been addressed by the Creator to our race. Every thing rather combines to show that, improbable as it may be that any such communication should be made in our time, it is highly probable that something of the kind has taken place in past ages. Man's great need of such assistance is a strong presumptive evidence that it has not been altogether withholden.

3. It may not be useless to ask, at this point of our inquiry, what those features are which may be expected to characterize teaching coming to us by inspiration? It will of course be teaching that will assume that we need to be taught—to be taught what we do not know, and to be taught what we know in part more fully, and with more authority. It will suppose man to be capable of distinguishing to a large extent between truth and error, and between right and wrong, and to the individual responsibility of men as thus based its appeals will be made.

It is to be expected, moreover, in a communication of this nature, that much as it may reveal, it will leave much unrevealed, and that its tendency will be rather to *abate* difficulty than wholly to remove it. In every department of knowledge, what men know is little compared with what they do not know. We get our truth by glimpses, not by full manifestations. Our knowledge of the past is as nothing in comparison with our ignorance. Even of the present we know only the immediate. The nearest wave is visible—the ocean of billows which stretch off beyond it we see not. The multitude are observant of phenomena, the few only pass on to their causes, and to the secret place where the Cause affecting all causes doth work! Even the few can travel but a little way in that direction. The material and moral laws of the universe are, as we believe, everywhere the same: but what know we concerning the modes in which those laws are carried out in the numberless systems about us, or even in the planets of our own system? Those innumerable worlds have their relations to all space and to all time, but what know we, what can we know, of those relations? If the Being who has given existence to this universe, and who still rules it, should speak to men, we may be sure, from what we know of His ways, that the knowledge conveyed will be limited, relating mainly to our immediate moral necessities, and that he will often be silent where we could have wished Him to have been communicative. That the sacred writers have known where to stop, and that they have delivered their message so dogmatically and authoritatively, are among the most striking evidences of their inspiration.

We should also bear in mind, that a necessary effect of the coming of new

light on the path of man, must be not only to diminish the nearer darkness, but to make the more distant darkness visible. With us, the known everywhere loses itself in the unknown. Our light always dies away into its opposite. All things have their root in mystery, so that the more things we know, the more of mystery we know. This test to humility, and to the spirit of obedience, is inseparable from the condition of all creatures. In the experience of the highest of such existences, to believe in God is to bow in the presence of an infinite mystery. So it must be for ever. What we need is to be saved from sin, not to be no more beset with mystery. To this end, our great want is faith in God—faith in Him, grounded on what we know of Him, and warranting us to have faith in Him, when, from His thoughts being higher than our thoughts, His ways differ from our ways.

But the idea of an inspired *mind* is inseparable from our idea of inspiration. It consists in the Divine speaking through the human. Man is here a worker together with God. In its substance the message may be purely divine; in its manner of conveyance it must be in great part human. It is thus, in fact, in all departments of moral agency. In physical changes the elements themselves are wholly inert—the tendencies, or powers, which seem to belong to them, come wholly from the Creator. But in the mind of man there is a separate motive power, and a separate will, and while the rule of the world is from God, the men of it are free. Men may become blind to evidence—if they will; may harden themselves against goodness—if they will. Man may sin even in Paradise. Angels may sin even in heaven. On these grounds, it is reasonable to conclude, that if in inspiration there be much of God, there will also be in it much of man. The very elevation to which the mind is raised by inspiration, should be expected to bring out the human with special vividness and force. Whatever may be peculiar to the man, may be expected to give its impress to the message. What men are as men, everywhere gives the complexion to the moral systems which they devise, and to the Christianity which they profess. But if by reason of the moral freedom of man, the human does blend itself with the Divine in this manner up to the line where Divine influence becomes inspiration, the question naturally occurs

—Will not the human be present there also? Of course, the liability to err will be extruded. The purpose of inspiration supposes that much. But to almost any extent compatible with that principle, the human may be expected to be conspicuous, even in inspired utterances.

Nor should it surprise us greatly if, in the communications so made, the Deity should seem to concern himself with the small affairs of men no less than with the great. The small in creation is from Him as well as the great. He has bestowed as much elaboration on the one as on the other; and in His providence He cares for the one quite as truly as for the other. In ways innumerable He tells us ~~that~~ great and small is for us, not for Him. What He is as known to us through nature and providence, we should expect Him to be as known to us through inspiration.

4. Such considerations as the preceding must be kept in view by any intelligent man who would come to the question of inspiration in a condition of mind proper to such an investigation. It will be well, also, for such a man to mark the strong *presumptive* evidence in favor of the inspiration of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures before directing his attention to the positive evidence relating to it. After all the objections that have been taken to the claims of the Hebrew Scriptures, there is much in their contents that can not be explained if those claims are not admitted. The views concerning the Divine Being, and the nature of religion, in those writings, are such as could never have originated with the Hebrew, and such as could not have been borrowed from any other people. What the Egyptians and the early Asiatic nations were in these respects, the Hebrews would have been had they been left to themselves. In general culture, they were, for the most part, below their neighbors. This phenomenon has been felt to be perplexing. Great pains have been taken in modern times, as in ancient times, to detract from its weight, by traducing the character of the Hebrew nation. Their writings, it is alleged, are not so ancient as we affirm—their theology was not so pure—their religion was outward and unspiritual, and their morals below the ordinary level, even in those times. Our answer is, that the Book of Job, the Psalms, and the pages of Isaiah, are a sufficient refutation

of such calumnies. It is true the character of the Hebrew nation was always below the special grandeur of their theology; and we see that they were with difficulty kept in any thing like a true allegiance to it. But what is the fair inference from these facts? Clearly, that if the Hebrews had been left to have originated their own theology, they would have originated something very different. Their lofty monotheism is as light opposed to the surrounding darkness—whence came it? What sort of its Divine attestations could have given it authority through so many centuries over such unwilling subjects?

The moral code of the Hebrews is scarcely less remarkable than their theology. The decalogue is some ten centuries older than the oldest system of ethics that has come down to us from the ancient world. But while thus before all such systems, it would be easy to show that it embraces the essence of them all. The first process of scientific intelligence in this field is, to collect facts; the last, to digest the material brought together, so as to give us a few great principles. But Greece was an outskirt of barbarism, when the Hebrew intellect was capable of this ripe service in the science of morals. Prudhon, a man of great power, and, we regret to add, no friend to Christianity, writes: "Even the number of the commandments of the decalogue, and their order, has nothing in it that is fortuitous. It is the genesis of moral phenomena, the ladder of duty and of crime, resting upon an analysis wisely and marvellously developed."—(*De la Celeb. Dim.* 17.)

The relation is intimate, between this scheme of ethics, so comprehensive and so spiritual, and the scheme of redemption, which forms the great subject of the Hebrew and Christian revelation. It is no marvel, indeed, that this scheme should recognize man as an offender, needing forgiveness and amendment. But it is marvellous that it should set forth the guilt and sin of man on such a scale, and that the restoration it contemplates should be so transcendent, and that the means by which it is to be realized should be so extraordinary. In all this there is a profound recognition of the greatness of human nature, which has no parallel in the history of merely human speculation.

Nor should we forget the lengthened interval through which this scheme is

kept in view, and brought into fuller and fuller development by a succession of prophetic minds. Its first announcement is in the first promise concerning the seed of the woman. And after the lapse of nearly four thousand years, the last of the Hebrew prophets takes up the strain in his proclamation of the near approach of the promised Messenger of the Covenant. Revolutions have come to the race and to empires, almost without number, but this word of the Highest sounds on and on through all those ages until it becomes a word accomplished. Was there no finger of God in all this? Must not the spirits of men have been enlightened, guided—*inspired*, to insure this elevation and unity of purpose?

If we pass the New Testament, we have to remember that our Lord came to the earth that he might bear unerring witness to the truth. But he does not appear to have committed any thing to writing. At the same time, it was of the greatest moment that record should be made of His sayings and deeds, and that this record should be strictly truthful. But how was this to be secured? Surely not by means of natural memory alone. The evangelists give us descriptions of scenes which they witnessed, and of others which they did not witness. They report sayings and discourses which they did not hear, or heard only partially. They do this many long years after their Divine Master had left the earth, and with a minuteness and literalness which must be fatal to them as witnesses at all, if they are merely human witnesses. In delivering such testimony as merely human witnesses, it would have behoved them to bear in mind their liability to err, and to have expressed themselves on many points accordingly. But they never do so express themselves. Their manner is uniformly that of men who were confident as to the accuracy of their representations. Doubt—hesitancy—there are no signs of such things in their writings. Their statements as historians, and their expositions as teachers, are all of the same positive complexion. Paul, who was as one born out of due time, shares in this feeling to the full. "The things I wrote unto you are *the commandments of the Lord*." If any man preach otherwise—"let him be *accursed*." In the writings of Paul alone, there are more than two hundred passages in which he expresses himself after this

manner concerning the teaching of himself and his companions in office. Now when these men so wrote, and so preached, there was no New Testament existing to which appeal might be made. Their authority, in relation to *fact* and *doctrine*, was strictly *personal*. Nevertheless, we see the unqualified positiveness with which they express themselves. We can understand this if we suppose those men to have been convinced that they were divinely guided—inspired, in relation to such matters; but on any other supposition their conduct is utterly inexplicable. In truth, it is not too much to say, that apart from the authority of the inspired writings, the mission of Jesus, beautiful as it was, must have died out of the memories of men after no long interval of time. The letter is not the spirit; but where the letter is not, the spirit will not be. If there be not inspiration in the Scriptures, then the only power adequate to the conservation of Christianity is that claimed by the Romanist—namely, inspiration in the Church. An ultimate authority of that nature there must be, or every thing becomes loose, and the temple crumbles into ruins. The presumptive evidence against the Romanist is strong, and the presumptive evidence against the merely human origin of the New Testament is not less strong.

5. The word "Inspiration" may be said to be a Scriptural term. It certainly is much more so than the word Trinity. Our concern, however, is with the fact, that the doctrine which the word inspiration is used to denote is a scriptural doctrine. The word — *θεόπνευστος* — "God-inspired"—is used in 2 Tim. 3 : 16 to describe this special form of Divine influence. The doctrine, however, is conveyed by other words, quite as clearly and emphatically as by that word. The question is, Were the sacred writers under a *divine and unerring guidance* in what they professed to *approve* and *teach*? Are they to us, in this view, an infallible authority? if so, the more various the language in which the truth is taught the better. The indirect evidence may often be among the most forcible forms of testimony in its favor. We are open to accept of proof in every form, and the word inspiration denotes the conclusion which has been thus realized.

We shall glance, in the first place, at the language of prophets of the Old Testa-

ment on this subject. The Hebrew prophets claimed to be heard and obeyed as men who spoke, not their own words, but "the word of the Lord." Their message did not originate with them, it came to them. In Exodus 4 : 14-16, Jehovah says to Moses, concerning himself and Aaron : "I will be with thy mouth and with his mouth, and will teach you what ye shall do; and Aaron spake all the words which the Lord had spoken unto Moses." Here we have the action of the Divine upon the human, in the full sense of an inspired guidance. So early did the idea of inspiration become familiar to the Hebrew mind. Again; Deut. 18 : 20, et seq. : "But the prophet which shall presume to speak a word in my name which *I have not commanded him to speak*, or that shall speak in the name of other Gods, that prophet shall die. When a prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow not, or come not to pass, that is the thing which *the Lord hath not spoken*." Prophets accordingly, were men who were not merely self-moved, but God-moved, in their utterance. They were to speak strictly as the Lord had spoken. What is asserted in this form from time to time in the Old Testament Scriptures, comes to be in the aggregate a testimony to the whole. "Who is he to whom the mouth of the Lord hath spoken, that he may declare it?" Jerem. 9 : 12. And then follows a series of verses beginning with the formula—"Thus saith the Lord." In other parts of the same prophet we read "Hear ye and give ear, be not proud, for *the Lord hath spoken*"—"and these are the words that *the Lord spake* concerning Israel and concerning Judah." "The word that *the Lord spake* against Babylon, and against the land of the Chaldeans, *by Jeremiah the prophet*." "The Lord hath both devised and done that which *he spake* against the inhabitants of Babylon."* This language, thus recurrent in Jeremiah, is the language of all the prophets. Furthermore, the instances are almost endless in which the prophets speak of the word of the Lord as *coming* to them, and as *given* to them.† If the passages referred to below be consulted, they will suffice to show what the

* Chap. 13 : 15; 30 : 4; 4 : 1; 41 : 12.

† 1 Kings 12 : 22; 1 Chron. 17 : 3; Jeremiah 7 : 1; 11 : 1; 17 : 1; 26 : 1; 27 : 1; 30 : 1; Isaiah 1 : 2; Ezek. 3 : 4-11; Hosea 1 : 1; Malachi. 1 : 1.

manner of the prophets is on this subject. Now the Divine Being intended that these men, by the all but perpetual use of this language, should convey to the mind of the Hebrew people that a prophet's message was not his own, but from the Lord—or he did not so intend. If such was his intention, then the question of inspiration is settled. If such was not his intention, then it is not merely inspiration that must be surrendered, but revelation in any sense. The prophets not only cease to be prophets, they become knaves, or imbeciles, or a mixture of both.

We shall now look to the New Testament, and see how far its verdict may be said to be in favor of this asserted inspiration of the Old. It should be remembered that the Jews believed in the plenary inspiration of their Scriptures—the *teachings* in the books of Moses, in the Psalms, and in the prophets, was everywhere to them of Divine authority. Their appeal to Scripture was precisely such as evangelical Protestants have been wont to make. It is important now to observe what our Lord's manner was in this respect. We find, then, that our Lord often makes his appeal to the Old Testament as a decisive authority. "*Have ye not read* that he which made them at the beginning made them male and female?" Matt. 19 : 4. This is a piece of *history*, but to have read it in Genesis is to have read what all men should believe. "But as touching the resurrection of the dead, *have ye not read* that which was *spoken unto you by God*, saying: I am the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob?" 22 : 31, 32. This, again, is a piece of *history*; but to have read it as sacred history is to have read what, in the view of the Saviour and of his hearers, should be regarded as true. If language can have any meaning, the meaning of this language must be, that to "read" what is taught in Old Testament Scripture, and in Old Testament history, is to read what is truthful—ours on authority from God. So in the history of the Temptation, Our Lord replies to the Enemy in the fourth verse—*it is written*; in the seventh verse—*it is written*; in the tenth verse—*it is written*. In all these sentences, it is Old Testament Scripture that is cited, and cited as an infallible and ultimate authority. Often does he remind the people about him of what Moses had commanded, or had said, strictly in the manner of a teacher who recognized in

Moses an authority to whom all should submit. "Had ye believed in Moses, ye would have believed in me, for he wrote of me. But if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe my words?" John 5 : 46, 47.* He speaks of Isaiah, of David, of Daniel, of Jonah, of Hosea, of Zechariah all as prophets—that is, as men whose word was the word of the Lord.† It is concerning the writings of the received canon of the Old Testament that Our Lord speaks, when he says, "Ye do err, not knowing *the Scriptures* (τας γραφας) nor the power of God." Much does he say to the same effect. "Did ye *never read in the Scriptures*—the stone which the builders rejected the same is become the head of the corner?" Matt. 21 : 42. "Search *the Scriptures*—they testify of me." "Thinkest thou that I can not pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me twelve legions of angels? But then how shall the *Scriptures* be fulfilled, that *thus it must be*?" Matt 25 : 53, 54. "O fools and slow of heart to believe all that *the prophets have spoken*; ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory? And beginning at *Moses and all the prophets*, he expounded unto them, in *all the Scriptures*, the things concerning himself." Luke 24 : 25–27. Again: "Then opened he their understanding that they might understand the *Scriptures*." 45. Here we have the exact manner in which the Jews were accustomed to speak of their Scriptures, believing them to have been divinely inspired; and in which we are ourselves accustomed to speak of them, believing the same thing concerning them. Sometimes the singular term, *Scripture*, is used, sometimes the plural term, *Scriptures*: both terms are significant. They suggest that the canon, while made up of parts, is one.‡ Our Lord speaks of this collection of writings as consisting of "the Law and the Prophets." He also speaks of it as threefold—"that all things might be fulfilled which were written in the *Law of Moses*, and in the *Prophets*, and in the *Psalms*, concerning me." Luke 24 : 44. Josephus, describing the writings of the Old Testament, as they were regarded by the Jews, says: "*Five*

* Matt. 8 : 4; 19 : 8; 23 : 2, John 7 : 19–21.

† Matt. 7 : 17; 12 : 17–38; 13 : 35; 15 : 7; 21 : 16, 42; 22 : 43; 26 : 13.

‡ Matt. 7 : 38, 42; 13 : 18; 17 : 12.

are the books of Moses, which contain the laws, and the declaration concerning the origin of mankind down to the time of his own death.—*Contra Ap.* lib. 1, § 7, 8. This was the received opinion in regard to the origin of the Pentateuch, and its relation to the other Scriptures of the Old Testament, which our Lord would be assuredly understood as confirming in the above language.

So strong is this chain of proof in regard to the inspired authority of the Old Testament, that some men have not scrupled to say that our Lord accommodated himself in this matter to popular prejudice, though he knew it to be founded in error. The impiety of this pretense places it beyond the pale of argument. Of course these gentlemen know it to have been the manner of the Great Teacher to be thus tender toward Jewish prejudice, and thus careful of his own popularity; and that regulating his course so as to avoid popular disaffection, it was avoided!

While such was the language of our Lord on this subject, what was the language of the writers of the New Testament? Do they appeal to Moses and the Prophets after this same manner? Assuredly they do. "Men and brethren," says Peter, "this *scripture* must needs have been fulfilled which *the Holy Ghost by the mouth of David spake* concerning Judas." Acts 1: 16. Again, says the same apostle, "those things which *God hath showed* before by the *mouth of all his holy prophets*, he hath fulfilled." Acts 3: 18. Hence the language of the Church at Jerusalem—"Thou art God—who *by the mouth of thy servant David hast said*, Why do the heathen rage?" Thus it was God who spoke through the prophets—through them all. In his second epistle, Peter writes, (1: 19–21,) "We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as to a light shining in a dark place, until the day dawn and the day-star arise in your heart; knowing this first, that no *prophecy of Scripture* is of any private interpretation, for the prophecy came *not* in old time *by the will of man*, but holy men of God *spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost*." The word from the Old Testament was "sure," for the reason assigned. The word of the New Dispensation was still more sure, as being the fulfillment of the Old. By "prophecy of Scripture," we must understand written

prophecy; and by prophecy concerning the dispensation of the Spirit, we must understand prophecy relating both to the advent and the works of Messiah. Hence the words of Zacharias, the father of the Baptist, blessing God in that "He had raised up a *horn of salvation* in the house of David, as He *spoke by his Holy Prophets, which have been since the world began*." The advantage to Timothy of having known the "Holy Scriptures" from his childhood was, that they were able to make him "wise unto salvation." So were the Scriptures of the Old Testament given, and to this end were they given.

In connection with Paul's language to Timothy, just cited, is the well-known passage: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." 1 Eph. 3: 16. The "all Scripture," or "every writing," referred to, is the sacred "writing" of the Jews, as distinguished from all merely human writing; and of Scripture in that sense, this affirmation is made. Some, indeed, read "all *Scripture inspired*, is profitable," etc.—not "all Scripture *is by inspiration of God, and* is profitable," etc. But if the verb be not introduced, the conjunction is used as it is not used elsewhere in the New Testament; and we hold to the rendering which our translators have adopted. In this view the passage affirms the inspiration of the whole of the Old Testament; and even in the other, it affirms that there is an inspired element running through it, and an element profitable to all the important ends enumerated. The language of Paul in other connections is such as to show that his language in this instance should be interpreted in the largest sense. "What advantage, then, hath the Jew? Much every way, chiefly because to them were committed the *oracles of God*." Rom. 3: 2. There was not a Jew in the world who would not have understood these terms as an affirmation of the inspired authority of the whole of the Old Testament. He would have known nothing of any distinction between inspired and uninspired in that record. The uses assigned by this apostle to the Old Testament Scriptures in 1 Tim. 3: 16, are in substance the same that he has assigned to them in Rom. 15: 4. "For *whatsoever things were written aforetime,*

were written for our learning, that we, through *patience and comfort of the Scriptures*, might have hope." It is true the apostle does not here say that those Scriptures were inspired to these ends, but what, short of inspiration, could have given them their perfect adaptation to such ends? The strict reading of the passage would be—"for *every thing* that was anciently written, was *written for our instruction*." Fully to the effect of this passage is 1 Cor. 10: 11. "Now, all these things happened to them for ensamples, and were written for our instruction." So that even the historical Scriptures have been inspired with a view to our learning and improvement. We might cite many passages in which the New Testament writers cite the Old Testament as being the understood utterance, not of man, but of the Holy Spirit. "Well said the *Holy Ghost* by Esaias the prophet unto your fathers." "As the *Holy Ghost* saith, to-day, if ye will, harden not your heart." "*The Holy Ghost thus signifying* that the way into the Holiest of all was not yet manifest." "Wherefore, also, the *Holy Ghost* is to us a witness, for after that he had said," etc. In short, so thoroughly is the New Testament founded on the Old, that there are more than 450 references in the later Scriptures to the authority of the earlier. So much for the alleged indifference of the apostles to historical antecedents and historical proof!

But if the testimony of our Lord to the inspired authority of the Old Testament was such as we have seen, it is reasonable to expect that His testimony will be no less decisive in reference to the men who were to be the first preachers of His Gospel, and were to give it the form in which it was to be known to the men of all time to come. The New Testament is the development of the Old. It gives the same theme, but with greater clearness and greater fullness. The presumption is, that the Divine guidance would, in this case, be greater—and it was greater. The passages from the lips of our Lord bearing most on this subject will be found in John 14: 16, 17, 26; 15: 26, 27; 16: 12, 13. According to these Scriptures, the Holy Ghost was to be given to the disciples, to teach them all things, and to bring all things to their remembrance. Of course, we are not by these words to understand "all things" in the most absolute sense. But we do

understand these words as denoting all things necessary to a clear and full knowledge of the religious truth which it was the object of the Saviour's mission to lodge in the minds and hearts of men. As teachers of this truth, whether orally or in writing, they were to become unerring and competent guides. It has, indeed, been said, that nothing more was intended by this promise of the Saviour than that the effect of the active service to which the disciples would be called after his resurrection would be to give them a clearer and a more healthy state of mind wherewith to look to the past and the present; but this is so pure a piece of fantasy as not to be entitled to refutation.

We have still to look to the manner in which the New Testament writers express themselves concerning their own authority. Do they claim to be persons under a Divine guidance in what they teach? The very name—apostles—by which they are most of them distinguished, seems to suggest something of this nature. An apostle is one sent—sent by a competent authority, and for a definite purpose. In this case, every thing seems to say that the person sent must be supposed to have been qualified to discharge the trust committed to him with the strictest wisdom and fidelity. We have to place ourselves in the circumstances of the first Christians, and then to imagine a document coming to us, beginning with these words: "Paul an Apostle of Jesus Christ, by the will of God." Our first impression on hearing these words, we conceive, would be, that a wise and good man so writing must be possessed of a special claim on our submission—a claim fully to the effect of what might be founded on inspiration. "The word of God which ye have heard of us, ye received, not as the word of man, but as it is in truth, the word of God." 1 Thess. 2: 13. "He therefore that despiseth, despiseth not man, but God, who hath given unto us His Holy Spirit." Ibid. 4: 8. "If any man obey not our word by this epistle, note that man, and have no company with him." The authority thus claimed was special and exclusive, and could have been claimed only upon special and exclusive grounds. This idea is strongly conveyed in a text before cited. "If any man think himself to be a prophet or spiritual, let him acknowledge that the

things that I write unto you are the commandments of God." 1 Cor. 14: 37, 38. In other words, "My authority is ultimate with you—I have it from God." John writes to the same effect: "We are of God. He that knoweth God heareth us; he that is not of God heareth not us. *Hereby know we the spirit of truth and the spirit of error.*" 1 Eph. 4: 6. The language of Peter is no less decisive. "That ye may be mindful of the words that were spoken before *by the holy prophets, AND of the commandments of us, the Apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ.*" "Even as our beloved brother Paul also, according to the wisdom given unto him, hath written unto you. As also in all his Epistles, in which there are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also (*τὰς λοιπὰς γράφας*) *the other Scriptures*, to their own destruction." Here, obedience to apostolic authority is the test of truth. There is no cognizance of Christian character without it. The commandments of the apostles are placed on a level with the utterances of the holy prophets; and Paul's writings were "Scriptures" in the sense in which the other sacred writings were "Scriptures." Need we say more? It is true, Paul speaks of giving instruction in one instance without having commandment of the Lord so to do. But allowing the construction sometimes put on this language, the reference is clear, that when the apostle does not make any such exception in his teaching, he is to be understood as speaking because he *has* such commandment.

Supposing the apostles to have been inspired, in the sense commonly understood among us, what language could have been more natural and proper than that we have cited? Supposing them not to have been under such influence, what language could have been more unnatural—improper? It should be remembered, moreover, that the passages we have adduced are merely samples—a small selection from the great mass which it would be easy to have presented.

All we have hitherto said has been intended to bear upon the FACT that the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures are inspired. We have now to inquire concerning the NATURE and EXTENT of this influence. And we shall, perhaps, best accomplish this object by looking first to the

negative side of the doctrine—marking what it does *not* necessarily include.

1. The plenary, or full inspiration of the Scriptures, does not oblige us to suppose that all the *words* of the Scriptures are inspired. This was the case, probably, in some special instances. Thus, the precepts of the decalogue are said to have been written by the finger of God. Whatever this language may mean, it must at least denote strong peculiarity as regards that portion of the Divine record. And some such peculiarity may be supposed to have extended to the announcements made concerning some of the more special and spiritual facts of revelation. But these instances do not appear to have been frequent. It is true, inspired men are said to deliver the "word" of the Lord, and the "words" of the Lord. But Christ himself was the "word" of the Lord. In what sense? Clearly as being the expression of the *mind* of the Lord to us. Our Lord says: "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." Did he mean to say that the particular terms he had used were spirit and life, or that the truth conveyed through those terms was possessed of such power? "This is the word," says Peter, "which by the *Gospel* is preached unto you"—that is, the Gospel is the *word* of the Lord in the sense of being the *truth*, the *mind* of the Lord. In this discussion much importance has been attached to 1 Cor. 2: 13: "Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth." Here the words taught by the Holy Ghost stand in contrast to the words taught by human wisdom. Now what is meant by this teaching of human wisdom? Does it mean the teaching of mere words? The reference, it is clear, is not so much to mere words as to language, style, manner in the largest sense—to the literary, elaborate, and artistic style of oratory and authorship, taught by the philosophical schools of those times. The meaning accordingly is, that the influence of the Holy Spirit, in so far as it was present with the apostles in relation to their manner as teachers, was with them to dispose them toward the simple and natural manner becoming their function; not for the purpose of giving them, word by word, the terms they should use, not to qualify them for emulating the artificial, ornate, and rhetorical style observable in the secular

authorship and oratory of that day. There *was* a Divine influence which affected their manner as teachers, but it did so by affecting their character as *men*, imparting, through that medium, to every thing they did the signs of sincerity and nature.

Had inspiration extended to the words of Scripture, it would have been extended with the same minuteness and precision to the circumstances of Scripture. In that case the alleged discrepancies and contradictions, on which skeptics have dwelt with such plausible exaggeration, would have been unknown. In the Scriptures we have substantial identity, but we have it along with great verbal and circumstantial variety. An influence which should have allowed no variation from fixed terms, would have allowed no variation from fixedness in any thing.

Furthermore, we feel bound to say, if this verbal theory, as it is called, be just, then translations of the Scriptures are not the word of God. If the inspiration be in the words, the original words are gone when the translation is made. It is true, an attempt is made to put equivalent terms in the place of the original terms; but every scholar must know that in many cases this is not possible. All books suffer by translation, inspired books as much, and even more than others. If the inspiration of Scripture be an inspiration of *truth*, then we may have the Bible in English; but if the inspiration be shut up to fixed terms, then we have it not, no living people have it, or ever can have it. Which, now, is the most probable, that God should have given us a Bible adapted to the people of all languages and all time, or a Bible adapted to the people of one language only, and of one long past period of time?

It is to be remembered, also, that the New Testament writers do not cite the Old Testament with verbal accuracy, and that they often cite the Greek of the Septuagint, which was not inspired, in preference to the Hebrew, which, as this theory supposes, was inspired. If the Jews were believers, as is alleged, in verbal inspiration, it is plain the evangelists and apostles did not mean to be understood as encouraging them in such a belief.

To abate the objection made to this theory, it is sometimes said, that men, of necessity, think in words, and that on this

principle the words as well as the thoughts come to be inspired. But the fact is not so. We do often think without words. In the history of language, it will be found that thought goes before words, and is the creator of them. It is as the thought of a people expands and becomes manifold, that their language is found to take compass and manifoldness according to their needs.

But in fact, the difference between the professed advocates of plenary inspiration, and verbal inspiration is by no means so great as the parties often seem to imagine; for the advocates of the verbal theory do not deny the varieties in diction, style, and other characteristics by which the sacred writers are distinguished from each other. They admit and admire these varieties; they say God did not unmake the *man* when he made the *prophet*, but rather consecrated the man, with everything belonging to his individuality, to his special function. But if this individuality belongs to the man before he is inspired, surely that can not be said to be the fruit of inspiration which exists before inspiration comes. In that case the natural individuality may become an inspired individuality in the sense of being guided by inspiration, but it can not be an inspired individuality in the sense of being created by inspiration. Both parties are agreed in the fact, that the Holy Spirit adopts, uses, consecrates the characteristics of the man to his special object; the difference here is really a difference more about modes of expression than about ideas. When the advocate of the verbal theory cedes thus much, all that seemed to be distinctive of his doctrine is virtually gone—and thus much he is obliged to cede.

2. Our next remark is, that belief in the full inspiration of Holy Scripture does not require us to suppose that the inspiration was always the *same*, either as to its *mode* or *measure*. Inspiration is a form of miracle, and the Divine Being does not resort to miracle without occasion, nor beyond occasion. If there be inspiration at all, it will always be sufficient for its purpose, and it will be always determined by its purpose. Being so regulated, it may be an influence acting at one time upon one faculty, at another time upon another, and upon occasions on the whole susceptibility of the man, both mental and physical. Nothing can be

more reasonable than to suppose that the cause in such cases would be limited to the intended effect. The contents of the Scriptures sustain this view. Much that we find there could be recorded as the effect of purely natural memory; while much beside is of such a nature as to imply the presence of the supernatural in the highest degree. Surely Paul did not need to be inspired after the same manner when requesting that a cloak which he had left behind him should be brought to him, and when predicting the great apostasy, and the revelation of the Man of Sin. His natural memory gave him sufficient warrant to assert, that after his conversion he went for a time into Arabia; but something greatly beyond the merely natural is needed when he proceeds to speak of the time, and the order, and the characteristics of the resurrection. That any man should insist that the inspiration in these different cases was really and necessarily the same, is to us a great marvel. So it has been also to the great majority of the wisest and holiest of men who have bestowed their thought on this subject. Baxter and Doddridge, Stennet and Parry, Pye Smith and Hartwell Horn, Knapp and Dick, Wilson and Henderson, are all among heretics, if there be heresy in the opinion that there were differences of degree and of mode in the influence we intend by the term Inspiration. It is to us very plain, that whatever may have been the comparative passiveness of the mind of the sacred writers in some special instances, in general their communications are made in the full exercise of their intelligent and spiritual consciousness.

Prophecy, and the facts which constitute the special doctrines of *Revelation*, must have come to the mind of man through the highest form of inspiration. To see the end from the beginning belongs to Omniscience, and from the Omniscient alone can the spirit of prophecy come. The special doctrines of *Revelation*, too—the Incarnation, the Atonement, and the office of the Holy Spirit—are all facts which belong to the supernatural. Reason may approve the ends which these facts are designed to subserve, and may admire the facts themselves viewed as means to such ends, but reason could never have discovered that the Divine Being would come forth after this manner to redeem and save his creatures. Reason may teach us something concern-

ing the nature of the Divine perfections, but that they would come into act after this manner reason could never have foreseen. These are the things which it had not entered into the heart of man to conceive, but which were *revealed* to the apostles by the Spirit. These are the things which Paul received, not of man, but by *revelation* of Jesus Christ. These are the things which in other ages were not made known to the sons of men, as they were afterward "*revealed* to the holy apostles and prophets by the Spirit." The apostles could have known nothing of these facts except by *revelation*, and their report to us concerning them could not have been wholly trustworthy, except as the influence which came upon them sufficed to constitute them unerring guides. This highest form of inspiration was needed to fit them for receiving this truth fully, and for communicating it without any mixture of error.

Next to inspiration, in the way of direct revelation, we place that of *Divine Guidance*. Our Lord promised the Comforter to "lead" (*ὁδηγήσει*) the apostles into all truth. What they remembered but imperfectly, and apprehended but imperfectly, they were to remember distinctly, and to see distinctly, and so to become qualified to teach and to record all the truth necessary to the common salvation. In all this they are led, not forced. Each man remains himself, but each is sufficiently guided to become to us a sufficient authority; John 16 : 13.

These "revelations of the Lord," and this leading of the Holy Spirit, no doubt included a special *purification* and *elevation* of the powers of the mind. The natural capacities of the mind were cleared and invigorated by rich spiritual influences. The spiritual man was made to see spiritual things as such men only can see them. The apostles confess to many personal infirmities, but as preachers of the revealed truth they claim to be "sufficient" to their work—to have "sufficiency of God."

The most limited sense in which the term Inspiration can be used is, as denoting mere *superintendence*. In many connections, the influence that should guard against error was all that could be needed. But even such portions of the Sacred Writings may be justly described as the word, not of men, but of God, inasmuch as the Spirit of God is supposed to be

constantly present to insure correctness. The man acts with his natural freedom, but the Holy Spirit insures that, in all these modes, truth only shall be taught, and error be precluded.

3. We are not obliged to suppose that minds alike inspired must of necessity see the great scheme of revealed truth from exactly the same *point of view*, and under exactly *the same lights*. Circumstances would arise which would dispose such minds to look at the parts and tendencies of the revealed message differently at different times. Its particular aspects, as opposed to particular errors, would naturally come into prominence according to the exigency. This feature is observable throughout the sacred writings. The passing incidents of days far remote have fixed their impression on the sacred page for all days to come.

But, beyond this, the influence which left the sacred writers to differ from each other so much in style and general manner, left them free to differ in some things more considerable. The epistles of Paul and those of John give us the same Gospel, but not as seen from precisely the same point, or with the same truth and lessons in strictly the same prominence. John's sympathies lie more with the contemplative and the devotional. Paul's thoughts take in a wider range of doctrinal truth, and are busied with the more robust and practical tendencies of the Christian system. Peter and James, again, were alike inspired, that they might hold and teach the same truth; but they do not teach it after the same manner, nor with the same parts in exactly the same proportions. In James, the doctrinal element is briefly given; it is to the practical that he aims to give clearness and force. Peter combines the doctrinal more freely with the practical, but we become sensible to a beautiful variety in the manifestations of the same truth, as we compare the epistles of Peter, and Paul, and John.

So it is with the evangelists. If each had been the exact duplicate of the rest, then three must have been superfluous—one would have sufficed. But grave objections have been taken to these narratives by skeptics, on the ground that the Christ presented in each is not so much the same as another. This objection is of no weight. We feel that we do not get our full conception of the character of our

Lord from any one of the evangelists. To this end we need to read and collate them all. The evangelists, it is clear, were not obliged to look on the character of the Saviour from strictly the same ground. One might look on that marvelous life more in its external manifestations; another might be more intent upon its inner mysteries; and the two may have had their mission to do between them the work needing to be done. Be it remembered, too, that these natural varieties in the character of the men employed to write the Scriptures, are varieties that will never cease to have their counterpart among the people and nations anticipated as readers of the Scriptures. In this way, not only does each mind get, if we may so speak, its own truth, but gets it in its own way. The inspired writers are allowed to manifest these individualities because they are such as will never fail to be common among men. The Divine Wisdom here tells us that it is not in the one mode of any one of the sacred writers that we have what is best, but in the varieties of mode embracing them all. In these varieties we have the destined fullness of Scripture—in these parts we have the whole.

4. If even in their mode of presenting moral and religious truth the sacred writers are thus distinguishable from each other, it is easy to suppose that their manner of describing the same *historical circumstances* may partake of difference. We can easily imagine that one historian would be especially interested in one aspect of a story, and another in another. The feeling awakened, or the lesson suggested, by almost any incident, will hardly be the same in the experience of any two observers. Hence we can suppose that the feature of an incident almost overlooked by one writer will often be that specially dwelt upon by another. In this way there might be a great circumstantial variety, verging upon seeming contradiction, while in fact there is no contradiction, but merely variety. All this flows naturally from the fact that the Holy Spirit does not supersede the individuality of the sacred penman, but adopts it.

5. It is, we think, quite legitimate to say, that the idea of inspiration does not require us to suppose that the historical statements of the Scriptures will always be given in exact *chronological order*. History, in the philosophical and scientific

form familiar to us, was little known among the ancient Asiatic nations. The writings of this nature possessed by them were singularly fragmentary, consisting for the most part of brief entries made from time to time in courtly or priestly registers. The marvel with us should be, not that the ancient Hebrew histories bear so small a resemblance in chronological arrangement to the classical models which have been handed down to us, but rather that the fragmentary and irregular are not more observable than we find them. We do not believe that the inspired writers have given us false dates, or false relations of cause and effect, but where the order of occurrences was of no moral or religious significance, they often appear to have been indifferent about it. The Jewish modes of computation were not ours, and much apparent discrepancy has arisen from this circumstance. The Hebrew manner of notation, too, was not favorable to strict accuracy on the part of transcribers.

6. It does not follow that where there is inspiration at all, it must be inspiration in regard to *all truth*. Each prophet in the old time had often his special message to deliver, and that being delivered, his work for the season was done. Holy men spake as they were moved. They proclaimed the word of the Lord as the word *came to them*. It is said of our Lord that the Spirit was not given by measure to him; but that is not said of another. Even in his case, though the Spirit was given him without measure, his teaching was measured. He gave forth truth to his disciples by little and little, as they were able to bear it. On this same principle did the All-Wise deal with our race in the earlier ages of the world. He gave to the patriarchs and to the Jews the truth convenient for, them. But to put limit after this manner to the communication of truth is not to teach untruth. The light given, in so far as it comes, is pure light. The inspiration of the Old Testament Scriptures was as real as the inspiration of the New Testament, though its purpose was not to present truth with the same degree of clearness and fullness.

Nor does it follow that the man inspired at *one time* must be an inspired man at *all times*. The gift was not perpetual. Balaam was inspired once, but we have no reason to suppose that the same influence ever came upon him again. He

had his vision as he looked on the tents of Israel from beside the altars of Moab; but, that vision closed, the future was as impenetrable to him as to that King Balak who had sought his services.

Not less manifest is it, that the inspiration which insured unerring truth to the message of the inspired person, did not necessarily insure the unerring to his *conduct*. Balaam could prophesy, but we know how he could sin. David could breathe forth the soul of an inspired devoutness; but we know how much there was at variance with that spirit in his life. And what shall we say of Jonah? Even Peter, constantly inspired as he was as a teacher of truth, could so err that Paul felt bound to reprove him as one who was to blame.

We have seen in the preceding sections what inspiration does *not* necessarily include. The question now comes, In what does it really consist? We have seen what it is as regards its differences in degree, and, in some sense, in kind. In any, or all of these forms, its object is the same—viz: *to insure truthfulness*. This we believe it does insure, not merely as regards religious and moral truth, but as regards all the matters on which it professes to be a *teacher*—professes to *give us the truth*.

We have delivered our thoughts concerning what is called verbal inspiration. The alternative which now demands our attention lies between a *plenary* and a *partial* inspiration. Plenary inspiration covers the whole substance of the Bible, regarding all that the sacred writers profess to teach, as taught under a Divine guidance, and as taught, in consequence, unerringly. The theory of partial inspiration restricts this influence to the *moral* and religious truth inculcated, leaving every thing else to be accounted as *merely* human, and as liable to be disfigured by the errors incident to what is simply of man. That both these theories have their difficulties will be admitted, we conceive, by every intelligent and candid man. The theory of plenary inspiration has to be harmonized with many alleged discrepancies and errors in relation to history, geography, and natural science generally, which some men insist are of such a nature as to be fatal to any such views of this doctrine. The theory of partial inspiration, on the other hand, which restricts this influence to religious and moral truth,

entails the difficulty—in our judgment, the impossibility—of separating between the truth thus said to be from God, and the error from man that must be inseparable from the mass of material with which it is mixed up.

Let it be supposed that time has not been without bringing its obscurities and injuries on some portions of the sacred text, which is the most credible idea—that which regards these records as originally truthful throughout, though now injured in some unimportant degree by the action of time; or that which supposes that the Divine truth in these records has been allowed to be admixed from the first with all sorts of human error, the task intended for man being the difficult, if not the impossible one, of separating God's truth from man's untruth? To us, the first of these ideas is immeasurably more admissible than the second. That the Divine Being should not have interposed, as by a perpetual miracle, to secure the absolute purity of the sacred text, amidst the revolutions of some thirty centuries, is to us no difficulty, compared with the supposition that the Bible, while clearly intended for the hands of the people, is a book from which these people are expected to abstract the religious essence, free from all the other, and the very different essences which have not only become incrustated upon it, but have entered into it, and in a thousand ways become parts of itself.

The secluded scholar may imagine, that to *him* a Bible with no more than the religious element inspired would be all he could desire. But the world is not made up of secluded scholars. Such men are exceptions. The race is made of other stuff, and is otherwise conditioned. To test this partial inspiration theory, we have to conceive of it as becoming the popular theory. In this case, the people who now regard the historical in the Scriptures as being no less trustworthy than the theological, have to abandon that dream. Old Testament history and New Testament history drop at once from their special place, and find their level beside the ordinary chronicles and histories of nations. If no more inspired than they, why should they be more truthful—why more respected? Imagine, then, the partially educated, the uneducated, the artisan, and the peasant, taking up the Scriptures with this new conception of them—

their history—the histories given by the evangelists among the rest—being no more than ordinary human compositions, disfigured by all the traces of ignorance and mistake common to such merely human productions. Would not such minds feel that, in losing their former conception of the book, they had lost the book itself? Would not the feeling of uncertainty thus awakened in reference to so large a portion of the volume soon extend itself to the remainder, especially as the difficulty of separating between the two should come to be more and more felt? What avails it that the history is full of moral and religious lessons, if the history itself may be untrue? In fact, if the veracity of the narratives of Scripture shall break down, every thing breaks down. Where the untrue ends and the true begins no one can tell. It may be easy to discourse about Noah, and Lot, and Abraham, and the rest, but if all that Genesis gives as the history of such persons be mere tradition, impregnated with the errors that must have been inseparable from such traditions, where can be the worth of such discoursing? If the facts which make up the supposed lives of these persons be uncertain, can the lessons said to be supplied by those facts be other than uncertain? If the foundation be thus loose, what must be the fate of the superstructure? These are questions which the commonest minds would soon begin to ask, after their own manner, on the supposition that the historical in the Bible is a matter of merely human authority. The doctrine which would thus leave us without a revelation, can never have come from revelation. A book designed by the All-Wise for popular use can hardly be of such a complexion as to render it impossible that the people should make a wise use of it. Nothing can be more repugnant to the common-sense of the common mind than the idea of a revelation from God consisting partly of the true and partly of the untrue. Let the preacher bring them to believe that, and he will soon find that he has put them in a way to dispense with his services. The men who hold this doctrine seem to be suspicious that such would be the effect of preaching it; and can that doctrine be sound of which this may be affirmed? It is felt to be safe for the few only, unsafe for the many. Can this be the test of truth on such a matter? If it be a truth,

it is a truth of so much importance that the preacher should spare no pains to place his people in full possession of it; his silence on this point must bespeak distrust of his own doctrine. Mr. Macnaught has cited several living bishops as holding this partial inspiration doctrine, and the following extract shows how men of a skeptical tendency are likely to estimate such concessions:

"So, then, according to the confessions of the rulers and overseers of the English Established Church, there may be errors of science, of history, and of morality in the Bible; but still the idea of Scriptural Infallibility, on matters of religion, must be maintained. Now, 'the learned' few may be able to perceive the nice distinctions between the religious, and therefore infallible, sections of the Bible, as contrasted with its non-religious, and therefore fallible sections or meanings; but the unlearned many will surely not be able to perceive distinctly these shades of difference.

"If, on the ground of these recognized and palpable errors in the science, history, and morality of Scripture, our bishops had said clearly and intelligibly, that the Bible was, however excellent, yet a fallible book, we should have admired their clear-sightedness and their courage even more than we now do; but, as it is, our ecclesiastical rulers seem to confess a great part of the truth, and then to stop short, and suddenly uphold the idea of religious infallibility being in a fallible book.

"We see the meaning of this distinction, and we can sympathize with the natural timidity of these dignitaries; but we can not help fearing that, in the case of a religion which, like the popular conception of Christianity, has its doctrines based for the most part on historical facts, the opinions advanced by these learned and truly venerable men deal with the sacred terms 'Inspiration' and 'Infallibility,' in a manner likely to be most injurious to the religious truthfulness and the Christian faith of ordinary intellects; and for ourselves, we, as part of the unlearned many, are ready to exclaim—Oh! enviable logical perception, never to confound morality with religion! And never to doubt the mysteries of the faith, whilst all the narratives of facts, on which these mysteries are based, are avowedly open to criticism and disbelief!"—Pp. 64, 65.

In so far this witness is true. The surrender of the history of Scripture leads naturally to a surrender of its moral teaching, and that given up, the only privilege of theology is, that it is the last to disappear.

It is due to Mr. Macnaught to apprise our readers that he is very eloquent on the worth of the Bible, and on the potency

it has shown in elevating the race. It seems, however, to have escaped the reverend gentleman that the Bible which has been thus powerful has not been *his* Bible, but *ours*—not a Bible which mankind have regarded as made up less of the certain than of the doubtful, but a Bible believed to have been made unerring by the Spirit of God. The authority of the book has been a grand and essential instrument in its force. Denuded of that element, its future would bear little resemblance to its past.

1. That the *Theology* of the Scriptures is inspired is supposed by all who believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures in any sense. The believer in inspiration will always feel himself bound to listen in a reverential spirit to the apparent teachings of the Bible. He will feel that a revelation would scarcely have been made at all, if its purpose had been restricted to a mere reflection of existing human ideas and human feelings. Its object must be, not merely to give greater clearness to what is partially known, but to disclose the unknown. The attitude of such a mind accordingly will be that of a learner. Its natural intelligence and its moral consciousness will not be ignored, but both will know how to take their place with becoming docility before the oracle which now speaks. The antagonism with which a mind of this sort has to deal comes from the unbeliever—the man whose objections are not so much to the supposed inspiration of the Scriptures, as to the idea of their containing a revelation in any form. His ground is not that the theology must be true, seeing it is inspired; but rather that the inspiration must be imaginary, seeing that the theology is so defective and false.

The theology so described, however, is chiefly the theology of the Old Testament, which is said to be so low, sensuous, and anthropomorphic, as to be degrading to the Deity. But this theology has no more of this spirit of accommodation to human weakness in it than was needed by the condition of the race so addressed. And if there be weight in this objection to an attempt to raise human thought even to this poor level by such means, what shall we say of the Providence which has allowed creatures to come into existence in a state to need so much of this kind of assistance? This objection has been wonderfully expanded and exaggerated by some modern

writers; but in fact it is not so much an objection against revelation as an objection against Theism. The atheist may use it, but it is altogether out of place in the hand of one professing to believe in a God. That these anthropomorphic ideas of Deity in the Old Testament are associated with others of transcendent spirituality and grandeur, is a fact of which these traducers of God's ancient people are not so mindful as they should be.

2. But if the theology of the Bible has been urged as an argument against its inspiration, the same course has been taken not less frequently in regard to its *moral-ity*. The excellence, indeed, of the moral principles directly and formally inculcated in the Scriptures, has been generally admitted. The difficulty has been to harmonize particular facts with such principles. The deluge, the overthrow of the Cities of the Plain, the plagues of Egypt, the destruction of the Canaanites, the slaughter of the priests of Baal in the time of Elijah, and the imprecatory Psalms, are among the most conspicuous of the facts that are said to militate against the notion that the Hebrew Scriptures are inspired.

In dealing with such objections, we think it only just to say, that man has no more right to exact, that if a revelation be made to him, it shall be wholly free from anomaly and moral difficulty, than he has to insist that the material universe about him, and the moral government above him, shall be wholly free from perplexities of that nature. That these last are *not* free from such perplexities we all know and feel.

The sufferings inflicted by the Deluge, by the overthrow of Sodom, and by the army under Joshua, were great. But the sufferers were signally guilty, and there are laws in Providence which insure, that whenever such corruptness comes, a similar sweep of destruction shall be sure to follow. Whether the thing done in such cases be done by means of the regular action of law, or by a special mandate to a special agency, is a mere circumstance. The morality is the same in either case. It should be remembered, too, that the reign of law among all rude communities is to a great extent a reign of terror. This has never been otherwise—never can be otherwise. Then the theocratic nature of the Hebrew government, which made idolatry to be the worst form of treason; and which identified every form of treason

with apostasy and impiety; naturally brought severe penalties. It is only as yesterday that our own penalties for treason were too horrible for description. In this view, the priests of Baal were not only men convicted of open treason, but men who had openly joined impiety and apostasy with treason. And with regard to the imprecatory Psalms, one thing, at least, may be affirmed concerning them—they are not matters to be taken by us as examples. If they are regarded as being the natural expression of Hebrew patriotism, and nothing more; or if we account them—as we think they ought to be accounted—as being not so much private utterances as judicial and prophetic utterances, in either case they belong to a state of things which is not ours, and therefore they are no model to us. Our belief is, that while natural feeling had its place in connection with these imprecations, their great element was judicial and prophetic, derived from the spirit of the Theocracy, and pointing toward the Messiah and the fate awaiting His enemies. We do not know all the conditions possible to inspiration.

It is not always sufficiently remembered that justice and mercy belong equally to the Divine nature, and that they must belong equally to our nature, if our religion is to be healthy—Godlike. Some people are disposed to vest religion in the exercise of the softer affections only, to the great neglect of the affections of a firmer mold. Hence the strange sights we often see—people full of all sorts of pity for those who live by robbery and murder, while not a vestige of such feeling would seem to be left for the robbed or the murdered. If Christianity were the piece of mawkish sentimentalism which some people of this sort would make it, it would be time the world had done with it. The old Hebrew form of piety, which not only loved mercy, but hated iniquity, was much nearer the true standard than the piety of many in later and more favored times. The worst of it is, that our sentimentalists often show that they can be good haters upon occasion, and in their own way. Many bad deeds are recorded in the Bible, but we see nothing in the morality *taught* and *approved* there which may not be found to have been consistent with the highest rectitude, while its lessons, as a whole, are assuredly fraught with the largest benevolence.

3. We have said enough to indicate our opinion as to the relation between the doctrine of inspiration and the *historical* portions of the Scriptures. On this subject we expressed ourselves some years since as follows: "If we suppose history to be employed as the vehicle of revealed truth to man, it is any thing but reasonable to suppose that the history in such case will be false. Dogmatic truth, if mixed up with historic falsehood, would be sure to suffer much from being found in such company. It is possible, indeed, that the dogma should be veracious, while the history is not so. But our question here is about the *probable*, not about the *possible*. Are we to suppose that the historical element has been felt so loose as to become false—as to say that certain things were *said* or *done*, which were *not* said or done? For the greater part, the presence of the Divine with the human, in such portions of Scripture, may have been simply negative—guarding against error, but leaving the natural knowledge, and the general integrity of the writer, in large freedom. In other cases the Divine influence would be necessary to aid the memory, and sometimes directly to reveal facts that could not otherwise have been known. Moses could not have written even on natural subjects as he has done, had not those subjects been revealed to him. In his account of the creation, tradition may have aided him, but it could have aided him only in part. In the case of the Evangelists, also, some thing more than an assistance of the memory was necessary, inasmuch as they record many things which they did not see or hear, and which they could not have reported to us truly except under a special guidance. But where that influence is at all—even in its negative form merely—the result to us, though in a large degree the word of man, is truly the word of God; that is, *a record guaranteed as faithful by a Divine intervention*. The expression, 'it is written,' refers to what is written as being authoritative, final; and this must embrace all that has been written, so as to take the Divine authority along with it—to *history* with the rest. We take the historical Scriptures in this manner along with the other Scriptures because the inspired writers do all so take them. The historical Scriptures are designed to give us the character of the people among whom they were written, and of the times

generally from which we have received them. On this ground we can conceive of it as highly important that the sacred narrative should present to us much that is historically truthful, but which can ~~not~~ be regarded as ethically just, or religiously pure. In such cases, the general teaching of Scriptures is at hand, to enable us to distinguish between the right and the wrong, the true and the false. But we see mischief, and mischief only, as consequent on the theory which supposes that the sacred writers may have been inspired as *religious teachers*, and at the same time liable to *err egregiously as historians*. It is a great mistake to suppose that the difficulty in reference to the doctrine of inspiration is all but annihilated, by limiting that influence to the purely religious element. Is it possible, in all cases, to draw the line with clearness and certainty between the moral and religious, and that which may not be so described? Is it not, in fact, to the religious element of the Bible, more than to its subordinate material, that exception is taken by the opponents of inspiration? The skeptic may seem for a season to be directing his appliances mainly against the outworks of the Bible—its history and science; but be assured of it, this is done that, so much impediment being cleared away, the citadel itself, consisting of the moral and religious truth, may be brought to the ground. The scientific and the historical do not stand alone. The moral and religious arise out of them, are intertwined with them, are committed by them. To attempt to separate these woven threads, is to be involved in hopeless perplexity.* Take, as an illustration, Abraham's offering up Isaac. Are the incidents in that narrative ours by inspiration, and consequently certain; or ours from merely human tradition, and consequently uncertain? If the latter, what becomes of the great religious lesson said to have been conveyed by that event; if the former, what becomes of the doctrine which affirms that inspiration has nothing to do with history? What we say in this instance, we might say in hundreds besides.

We shall, perhaps, be told here that, though the documents of various kinds from which so much of the narrative portions of Scripture appear to have been taken were not in general inspired docu-

* *British Quarterly*, Vol. 14., pp. 233, 234.

ments, the men who made use of those sources of information, together with tradition, were inspired men, so that what thus comes to us comes on an inspired authority. If by this statement be meant that the writer of the Book of Genesis, we will say, or of the Gospel ascribed to Luke, was so inspired that he could readily separate between the true and the not true in these sources, giving us as the result the unmixed truth, then all that is required by the advocates of plenary inspiration is ceded. But this is not what is meant. The compiler in either of the above cases may have exercised his best discrimination, but after all he is supposed to have given us the true and the false in the same story. For it must be borne in mind, that the supposed advantage of the partial inspiration theory is said to be that, admitting this mixture of true and not true, it shows us how we may look on the fact, and not be much troubled about it.

It is a significant fact, that some nineteen twentieths of the religious truth coming to us in the Bible, comes to us through the medium of history and biography. In this fact we have evidence, not only that the Bible must have been designed for the hands of the people, but evidence that its biography and history must be true. To suppose that such a medium should have been chosen to such an extent, and to suppose, at the same time, that this medium has been left exposed to the chances of every sort of mistake and error, would be, we think, to impeach something more than the Divine wisdom.

It may be said, indeed, that the sacred history, even in this view, is as veracious as history in general, and that the evidence which is sufficient to warrant faith in other histories should be sufficient to induce faith in this history. Our answer is, if the sacred writers be not inspired in their teaching as historians, as well as in their religious teaching, then they fall even below the ordinary level as authorities. Genesis gives us a history of creation, which no man could have witnessed, or have known any thing about except by revelation. John gives us discourses from the lips of the Saviour, which could not have been given accurately from mere memory. So in a number of cases. Now Moses and John were aided supernaturally in these respects—that is, inspired, or they were not. If they were so aided, then the question is settled; if they were not, then

they cease to be trustworthy, inasmuch as they stand convicted of having attempted to do, by merely natural means, what no merely natural means could have sufficed to accomplish. If they are not inspired witnesses in these matters, it is scarcely too much to say they are no witnesses. The manner of the sacred writers, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, is, as we have said, that of men who knew nothing of doubt as regards the truth of the things which they report to us as true. If they have done this without inspiration, then they have done it without adequate warrant, and their authority, in consequence, is not only deeply impaired, it is, in fact, gone.

We have objected to the theory of partial inspiration, that it devolves on the common readers of the Bible the difficult, if not the impossible task of separating the religious and moral teaching of the Bible from material declared to be more or less deceptive. In reply here, it may be said, that we all of us admit that there is much in the Bible to disapprove as well as to approve, and that thus there is a shifting of the material of the volume that must be more or less made by every man. This is true enough. Satan, as we know, is allowed to utter his lie even in Scripture, but there is no difficulty in seeing that it is a lie. Bad men are permitted to give expression there to bad maxims and bad feelings. But it is easy in such cases to see that the tree is bad, and that the fruit is like it. Even good men, as they are presented there, manifest their imperfections; but we have the general, the clear, and the certain teaching of the volume to enable us to see when good men speak and act consistently, and when they do not. No man of ordinary discernment needs fail of making such distinctions. What the sacred writers give us as history, must be true as history. For that they are responsible; and they are further responsible for what they approve as well as record—but there their responsibilities end.

Nor should we quit this topic without observing, that supposing the sacred writers to have been inspired at all, no reason can be adduced from the nature of the case, against the idea of their being inspired in regard to the history they give us, as well as in regard to their general teaching. For adequate reasons, we can understand why they should not have been inspired to become our pre-

ceptors, more than very partially, in matters of natural science; but of the common facts in history, they were as capable of judging then as we are now, and while we fail to see any reason for leaving them to fall into error in that quarter, very weighty considerations suggest the importance of their being secured against it.

From the London Quarterly.

GOLD IN ITS NATURAL SOURCES.*

WE are not about to treat of gold as the passion *auri sacra fames*, or after the manner of a prize-essay against covetousness;† but our aim will be to bring before our readers in one view what we have been enabled to learn from many quarters respecting the natural sources of gold, the geological and mineralogical conditions which appear to govern its deposition, and the mode of its occurrence, together with its geographical distribution in various parts of the world. It is only within the last few years that opinions worthy of scientific name have pre-

vailed on some of these points. These opinions, however, are scarcely known to the general public, nor should we be able to conceive of the wide and gross ignorance of the mass of people on such matters, if we did not see how extensively certain companies just expired have been able to win *golden opinions* from all sorts of men. Of these companies we shall have a word to say at the end of our paper. It is singular that, out of the numerous recent travelers' books on the Californian and Australian discoveries of gold, scarcely one that we have seen has much scientific information of value. It will be as well, too, to indicate the probable limits of auriferous repositories, so that men may at least know in what kinds of places gold *may* be found, and where it will certainly not be found. To this we shall add some notices of the modes of extraction from the soil and the rock, and the most reliable statistics of the actual produce of gold in our day, especially from Australia and California. In the present paper, we shall confine our observations to gold, only referring to silver in some statistical statements of the returns of the precious metals collectively. Incidentally, we shall glance at some topics of special interest.

And first, it will be interesting to learn how far gold was known to the ancients, and whence they gathered it. Gold, being always found in its native or metallic state, and being remarkable for its beau-

* *Remarks on the Production of the Precious Metals, and on the Depreciation of Gold.* By M. MICHEL CHEVALIER, Translated by D. FORBES CAMPBELL, Esq. London. 1853.

Land, Labor, and Gold; or, Two Years in Victoria, etc. By WILLIAM HOWITT. Two Volumes. London. 1855.

† Had Pliny been living at the time, he might have competed for Dr. Conquest's prize, since, in commencing a chapter on gold, he speaks thus: "Oh! that the use of gold was clean gone! Would God it could possibly be quite abolished among men, setting them, as it doth, into such a cursed and excessive thirst after it—if I may use the words of most renowned writers—a thing that the best men have always reproached and railed at, and the only means found out for the ruin and overthrow of mankind. What a blessed world was that, and much happier than this wherein we live, when, in all the dealings between men, there was no coin handled, but their whole traffic was managed by bartering and exchanging ware for ware, and one commodity for another, as the practice was in the time of the Trojan war, as Homer, a writer of good credit, doth testify!"

tiful yellow color, would attract the eye of the most uneducated and thoughtless traveler, while other metallic substances lying in his path would offer no positive attraction to the eye, and would therefore not awaken his observation. In its superficial accumulations, borne as they have been by floods into valleys, and disseminated in minute particles amongst rolled pebbles, the eye of the curious would soon discover the glittering scales and particles, especially where summer heats, by drying up the water, rendered those beds which had formed river channels, and the courses of river torrents, dry paths for the journeys of migratory man. In the first records, therefore, of man's progress, it is indicated as the standard of his social position, as, alas! it is to too great an extent at this day. The sacred historian, in speaking of the river Pison, (probably the Euphrates,) observes that it *encompasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold, and the gold of the land is good*. Job mentions gold (chap. 28: 1, 15, etc.) five times in one chapter; and further informs us, that *the earth hath dust of gold*, a phrase which shows that he was acquainted with the distribution of gold in sands and soils. It does not appear that up to this period gold had been employed as money, and we find both it and silver passing from hand to hand by weight; but when, after his trials, the wealth of Job was restored, we are informed that, in addition to the cattle and money which his visitors brought him, each of them also brought an *ear-ring of gold*, thus proving the early use of this metal for personal ornaments. We also gather from Scripture that gold must have been beaten into thin plates at a very early period, since *the ark of shittim wood was covered with gold, both on the outside and the inside*, as were also the staves, the *wooden table with its staves*, the altar of burnt incense, etc.

In the history of ancient times we remark periods when gold was accumulated in great abundance. The reign of Solomon was apparently the first of these periods, and that Hebrew King selected in a single year six hundred and three-score and six talents, (1 Kings 10:14, etc.) which we may conjecture to amount in our money to about £300,000. The ships of the King also brought from Ophir 450 talents of gold, or £190,800. His throne was of ivory, overlaid with *the best gold*;

all his drinking-vessels were of gold, and *all the vessels of the house of the Forest of Lebanon were of pure gold*; none were of silver: it was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon, and the King made silver to be as stones in Jerusalem.

Ninus, the founder of Nineveh, and Semiramis, the founder of Babylon, had abundance of gold and silver. The wealth of Cræsus, who lived about 540 years before Christ, is proverbial, and the presents which he made to the temple of Delphi amounted to 4000 talents of silver and 270 talents of gold, nearly equal to £3,000,000 sterling, if our notions of the value of the ancient talent be correct. In a story of Herodotus, Pythias is mentioned as entertaining Xerxes and his whole army, and as stating that he was possessed of money which is estimated at £3,600,000. In the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, as we are informed by Appian, the Egyptian treasury contained no less than £178,000,000. This was obtained by collecting with an armed force all the silver and gold of the people.

The wealth of the Romans was immense, as may be inferred from some historical incidents. When Cæsar was killed in the ides of March, Anthony owed £320,000, which he paid before the Kalends of April out of the public money, and squandered (according to Adams) more than £5,600,000. Cæsar himself, before he set out for Spain, was in debt to the extent of £2,018,000. Lentulus possessed £3,229,166. Claudius, a freedman, saved £2,500,000. Augustus obtained from the testamentary dispositions of his friends (some people *will* leave their fortunes to their Sovereigns) no less than £32,291,666 sterling. Tiberius left at his death the enormous sum of £21,796,875, which Caligula is said to have squandered in a single year. Vespasian estimated at his accession that the money which the maintenance of the Commonwealth required was £322,916,000. Up to the time of Augustus, the wealth of the world appeared to flow into the treasuries of Rome, when the production of gold from the Roman mines in Illyria and Spain suddenly ceased, and for a long period the world received no new accession of metallic wealth. Jacob, in his *History of the Precious Metals*, has computed the quantity of gold and silver in the Roman Empire for several years, and shows the rate of diminution to which the enormous wealth

of the Augustan period was subject. The highest amounts are as follows :

A.D.	Amount.
14	£358,000,000
50	322,200,000
122	259,182,000
194	209,987,420
266	163,749,804
410	107,435,924

The decline had reached, in the year 806, to the sum of £33,674,256.

It is singular that no Grecian or Roman, nor, in fact, any ancient writer, should have left us a treatise on the mines or sources of the precious metals to the ancients. The absence of such a treatise is felt the more when we attempt to realize the vast accumulations just mentioned. Although we have a Columella *De Re Rusticâ*, and a Vitruvius on Architecture, yet we have no author *De Re Metallica*, nor do we read of any such author. Some notices in Pliny's *Natural History*, and a few scattered sentences in Herodotus and others, are all we have appertaining to the subject. Would that some idle man of the Roman Empire had devoted himself to so interesting a topic; and that Horace, instead of sipping his Chian or Falernian wines, or Martial, instead of penning silly epigrams, had given to all time a serviceable treatise upon it! As it is, the only writer on the Grecian metallic wealth is a modern German, Boeckh, who, to his *Public Economy of Athens*, has added a learned dissertation on the silver mines of Laurion, in which he has investigated the subject with great critical skill.

There were gold mines in Thrace and the island of Thasus. Thessaly produced ores which were rich in gold. The supplies of Solomon were derived from Ophir,* thought to be the modern *Sofala* in Africa. Pallas describes the remains of very ancient mines, (perhaps of the Scythians,) and Lepechin and Gmelin visited those remains of very early mining works on the eastern borders of the Ural mountains. That gold region still yields some amount of the metal. It is evident that much gold was procured from the mines of Nubia and Ethiopia. These, like

those of the Uralian chain, afforded a copper which yielded gold, and which the Africans knew how to separate. Belzoni proves that a very extensive tract had been worked in the Sahara mountains. The Pharaohs derived their wealth from these sources at the expense of much human suffering and loss of life. Mr. Jacob infers that not less than £6,000,000 sterling of the precious metals were derived from these mines, and that a large proportion of this must have been gold. Cræsus may have derived gold from the auriferous sands of the river Pactolus in Lydia.

The Romans obtained their supplies of precious metals from various sources; and in fact monopolized as much of the mining produce of the world as they could. Some of their sources were Upper Italy, the province of Aosta, the Noric Alps, and Illyria. Anciently Spain yielded an abundant supply of the precious metals, which her quicksilver served to refine. According to Pliny, the Asturias, Galicia, and Lusitania yielded £20,000 of gold annually. Silver of the best quality was found in still greater quantities in that country. Both the Carthaginians and the Romans appear to have derived immense supplies from Spain. It is said that the single mine of Belbel yielded to Hannibal £300 aday; and we learn from Strabo, that after Spain had been reduced to complete subjection by the Romans, these proud conquerors drew from it upwards of £110,000 of silver in the space of nine years, or at the rate of about £12,400 annually. Polybius speaks of the silver mines in Spain in the neighborhood of Carthago Nova, which yielded every day 25,000 drachmas to the Roman *ærarium*; and Pliny mentions, as amongst the most productive mines belonging to the Roman Republic, rich gold mines near Aquileia, a town of Ictimuli, near Vercelli, in which 25,000 men were constantly employed.*

When a new world was opened to us by the discovery of America, in 1492, new sources of the precious metals were also presented. From the year 1492 to 1500, America furnished to Europe gold and silver to the value of £52,000. In 1502, Orlando dispatched about £70,000; but

* Where Ophir was, has puzzled many geographers to say. Huet and Bruce have placed it at *Sofala*, South Africa. Some seek it in the land of Yemen, whose capital is Sophar, or Taphar. Calmet places it in Amenia, at the head of the Euphrates.

* Pliny's "Natural History," 33: 4. The number of men employed must be overstated; at least, if they were employed in mining.

most of his ships were wrecked, and little of the wealth reached Spain. Up to 1519, the annual produce of American gold was never greater than £52,000. At this period Cortez acquired Mexico, and he obtained at Chalco presents amounting to £70,000 sterling. When Montezuma took the oath of fidelity to Spain, he paid £65,000 in gold into the chest of the army; and Bernal Diaz reports that, on taking Tenochtitlan, £80,000 fell into the hands of the Spaniards. Pizarro landed in Peru in 1527, and in the twenty years which elapsed between that time and the discovery of the mineral wealth of Potosi, America forwarded to Spain £630,000 of gold every year. Thus the produce of gold in the sixty-three years which followed the discovery of America, amounted to £17,058,000 sterling. Mr. Jacob has calculated that the total gold and silver coin in Europe, at the end of the year 1599, was in value equal to £130,000,000. The entire supply of gold for Europe during the century from 1600 to 1700 was obtained from America, and amounted, in the one hundred years to £337,500,000 of precious metals. Of this amount £33,000,000 were sent to the Philippine Islands, India, and China; and it is estimated that £60,000,000 of gold were employed in decorating churches, and generally for ornamental purposes. If £34,000,000 be allowed for the loss by wear of money, etc., then the amount of coined money in Europe in 1699 was £297,000,000 sterling.

During the sixteenth century, the supply of gold and silver was still mainly derived from the Americas; the great Mexican mine of Valenciana producing £125,000 sterling *per annum* for forty years, and the district of Zaccatecas adding largely to the amount: these sources were, however, rapidly failing toward the end of the century. A detailed list of these supplies is given by Humboldt, in periods of ten years from 1700 to 1809. The total product for the whole time of 110 years was £304,039,783. Such is the sum of exact returns from the several mints. But to this must be added the gold and silver of Mexico which did not pay duty, and passed into other channels, equal to £68,000,000. The total amount would thus be for 110 years, £364,847,739. This would give an annual average product of £3,316,706. Furthermore, we must add to the total amount from Mexico, as just

stated, the gross amount from Peru, Columbia, Chili, and Buenos Ayres, which was (for the same period) £273,293,356. This again would, if increased by the amount of the contraband trading, viz., £68,223,339, amount to more than £340,000,000. Thus, then, the gross product of the Americas from 1700 to 1809, inclusive, would stand thus:

From Mexican mines.....	£364,847,739
From Peru, Columbia, Chili, and Buenos Ayres.....	273,293,356
Add for contraband.....	68,223,339
Total from Spanish America..	£706,464,434
Total from Portuguese America	80,000,000
Grand total from the Americas	£786,464,434

The gold-dust of Africa, with the gold and silver of Europe, may be estimated at the annual value of £900,000. The annual value of the precious metals from Spanish and Portuguese America being about £7,000,000, (according to the above view,) the annual increase of the wealth of Europe, during the last century, was at the rate of £8,000,000, as nearly as we can arrive at it.

It is not an easy thing to estimate the produce of the precious metals since 1810; but, from the calculations of M'Culloch, who relies on the authority of Humboldt, we may estimate the annual produce of the American mines as equaling £8,700,000. In 1840, the American mines were estimated to yield a produce equal to £5,600,000 *per annum*.

As we have thus arrived at our own days, let us turn aside for a time from mere statistical statements, and, before we return to figures, look at the geological occurrence and geographical distribution of gold.

Gold is found, as to geological position, in the primary groups of rocks, including the "transition strata" of earlier writers; which, as they contain the oldest organic remains, have been recently denominated "palæozoic." This series constitutes the dorsal spine of the great mountain chains of both the Old and New World. There are, however, vast regions, amounting, perhaps, to three fourths of all known lands, where no such rocks appear. Experience has shown that it is only in the palæozoic group of rocks, as above defined, (including certain associated igneous

rocks,) that gold has been found in quantities sufficient to pay for working. All the vein-stones, or rock masses, from which much gold has been derived, (whether by natural catastrophes or by human endeavor,) belong to the primary and transition groups, and especially to those portions of them which have been modified by the eruption of matter in a state of fusion, or at a very elevated temperature. It is now thought that the gold-bearing rocks are not confined to particular geographical zones, as formerly supposed; but they are found protruding more or less as meridional bands in all countries where the primary series of rocks is visible and prominent.

Where primæval breakers, waves, and currents acted on the rocks containing gold, whether it were disseminated through the mass of the rock, or confined to the quartz veins traversing it, fragments of the auriferous rock would be detached equally with other pieces. Such fragments, either slightly worn, or altogether broken and ground down, would afterward be found in the drift-clays, sands, and gravels, and would in all probability be much richer in gold than the actual gold-bearing rocks themselves. A current of water having sufficient force to bear down sand, or pebbles of quartz, or any other rock of perhaps $2\frac{1}{2}$ specific gravity, might not be able to move along associated fragments of gold, which metal has a specific gravity of 18 or 19. Moving water has, therefore, formerly effected upon the auriferous rocks that which the miner would now effect, namely, has broken them up into fragments, swept away the lighter particles, and left the gold behind.

Rivers are great natural *cradles*, (to use a digger's term,) sweeping off all the lighter and finer particles at once, the heavier ones remaining lodged against any natural impediments, or being left where the current slackened in force or velocity. These are the reasons why the auriferous drift may become richer in gold than the mass of the rock from which it is derived; and there are other reasons, also, why the auriferous drift of a country, first deposited after the formation of gold, should be richer than any subsequent one.

In considering the action of currents and rivers, we discover the causes of the condition of gold in alluvium. Very large fragments of gold, or even of quartz, or

other rock containing much gold, would not be carried far by any imaginable stream of water. The discovery therefore, of the larger pieces of gold, named *nuggets*, is equivalent to the discovery of the neighboring parent site; when we find the one, we can not be far from the other, even though we cannot penetrate to its depths. On the contrary, gold dust, in scales or spangles of the metal, may be transported to considerable distances. From such differences may arise a fairly equable distribution of gold over large spaces of drift; for the waters, which had power enough to move the large fragments a few hundred yards, would carry the smaller ones some miles away. In the former case, rich lumps would be deposited sparingly here and there; in the other, scales and spangles would be scattered like broadcast seed from the sower, and cast equally over the wide spaces where the currents began to lose their force and speed. When we find gold in the sands of rivers, we must not conclude that it was detached from the rock by the actual water of those rivers. It may have been thus detached to a small extent, but rivers would scarcely be able to abrade many auriferous spots in these beds of rock. On the contrary, we must look still further back to the older drifts, which would be naturally accumulated in the lowest hollows and depressions of the surface of rocks, or in the preëxisting valleys; and as the rivers of a country naturally follow the same course, it is from these loose and incoherent materials that a river derives its store of gold. We may presume that a river which traverses a country of auriferous drift by its action resifts and reëssorts the materials that have once been sifted by the waters in which the drift was formed, carrying forward all the matters that fall into it, but soon depositing the heavier matters, and sweeping off all the lighter particles into distant and lower regions.

If we stand upon a hill in our own country, and glance at the windings of some subjacent river, we observe that, as it winds through the valley, it attacks first one bank and then another, eating into the base of a cliff where the full force of the current rolls against it, and causing the continual fall of small portions of it into the water, and then depositing them below, in places where the current is checked by some impediment. It is thus

that sand banks and silted banks are formed; and it is thus that we may be led to examine the proper places in river-courses for gold dust. First the search should be made in the inside curve of the river's bend, where sand banks and spits are accumulating, or wherever the force of the current is checked, and, consequently, the transported materials are deposited. Next, where a river has cut down through the drift to the solid rock below, especially if hard jutting ribs of rock stretch across it, as is often the case, gold is most likely to be dropped in the upper side, and in the holes and crevices of these rocky bars where they check the force of the stream, and catch any heavy matters that might be rolled along at its bottom. If a digger can turn the bed of a river, such a miner's manœuvre at the right spot, where there are several natural bars, ("cleets,") or where there are holes in the rock for the gold to drop into, is likely to be rewarded by the accumulated results of centuries of natural gold washings.*

The drift deposit of gold is thus seen to be far more ancient than that of the fine sands, which are even now annually brought down by rivers, and which do contain gold in workable quantities. As regards age, there are three stages in the auriferous accumulations: 1. The age of the formation of gold† in rocks, as quartz; 2. The deposition in the ancient drift derived from these rocks; and, 3. The more modern and existing driftings in river sands, found upon the surface. The second may be found under a cover consisting of soil, peat, and sand, or gravel, the thickness of which varies from one to seventy feet. Seventy feet is, indeed, the greatest thickness of cover yet met with in the Russian gold stream-works at Krestowosdwischeusk in the Ural Mountains. An Australian lecturer thus describes the deposits at the Ballarat diggings: "On the surface of the earth was turf in a layer of about a foot thick, below which was a layer of rich black alluvial soil, and below that gray clay; below that again was a description of red gravel, which was sometimes very good, then red or yellow clay in which gold was

found; and then a stratum, varying in thickness, of clay streaked with various colors, and scarcely worth working. The next stratum was of hard, white pipe-clay, which was a decided barrier. Immediately above it, however, was a thin layer of chocolate-colored clay, tough and soapy: this, the celebrated 'blue clay,' was very rich." The ground in which the diggings were situated was a sloping bank. The blue clay is found near the surface on the brow of the hill, that is, at the depth of a foot; but it is sometimes necessary to dig twenty feet before reaching it.

Again, Mr. Latrobe, ex-Governor of Victoria, describes the Ballarat diggings as carried on through: 1. Red ferruginous earth and gravel; 2. Streaked yellowish and red clay; 3. Quartz gravels of moderate size; 4. Large quartz pebbles and boulders, masses of ironstone set in very compact clay, hard to work; 5. Blue and white clay; 6. Pipe-clay. He also observes, that in some workings the pipe-clay may be reached at the depth of ten or twelve feet; in others, not at thirty and upward. These are popular describers; but recently some geologically-instructed persons have inspected these deposits, and from one of them we learn such particulars as lead to the following arrangement of the alluvial deposits in a more scientific form. They may be thus displayed as to geological chronology:

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|---|---|
| I. Deposits older than basalt. | { | A. Before the eruption of basalt and the bearing beds of basalt-boulders, which are called "charriages." |
| II. Newer than basalt. | { | B. Contemporaneous with charriages of basalt-boulders.
C. Newer beds covering the basalt-boulders, but older than the formation of the existing valleys. |

The source of the gold appears to be an undefined succession of clayslates and argillaceo-arenaceo-micaceous slates, seemingly interstratified, as regards their strike, with quartz veins of all sizes, which form the matrix of the gold. The basalt hems in the gold district on the east and the west like an iron frame-work; it is a rock of evidently igneous origin, and has often been poured out or upward in a molten

* From the "Observations" of J. B. Jukes, Esq., who visited Australia.

† There are geological reasons for thinking that gold is of comparatively recent origin, compared, at least, with tin, copper, lead, etc.

state, into or over other strata. Its magnificent pillar-like appearance is well known at the Giants' Causeway and at Staffa. A vast mass of basaltic rock has been fused forth in parts of Durham and near Dudley, as well as in the neighborhood of Edinburgh.

The discovery of the great gold-fields of Australia may be said to have been the fruit of analogical reasoning applied to geology. Sir R. I. Murchinson, in his Address to the Geographical Society in 1844, alluded to the possibility of the great eastern chain of Australia being auriferous, basing his suggestions upon his knowledge of the auriferous chain of the Russian Ural Mountains, and his examination of Australian specimens, maps, and sections. This suggestion having found its way to the Australian journals, a Mr. Smith was induced, in the year 1849, to search for gold, and he found it. He sent the gold to the Colonial Government, and offered to disclose its locality upon receiving £500. The Governor not placing full faith in his statement, and remembering that all is not gold that glitters, declined to grant the required sum, but offered, if Mr. Smith would name the locality, and the discovery were found to be really valuable, to reward him accordingly. Mr. Smith, doubtless thinking his secret perfectly secure, did not accept this offer. But two men can reason analogically as well as one; and a Mr. Hargreaves, who arrived with the benefit and prestige of his Californian experience, re-made the discovery, and obtained a reward from the Government upon their own conditions.

This first discovery was made near small streams which run from the northern flank of the Corrobarras down to the Macquarie; the gold being found in the sand and gravel accumulated especially on the inside of the bends of the brook, and at the junction of the two water-courses, where the stream of each would be often checked by the other. Being coarse gold, its parent site was at no great distance, and probably in the quartz veins traversing the metamorphic rocks of the Corrobarras. The Government geologist reported on the truth of the discovery, and shortly after found gold in several other localities, especially on the banks of the Turon. This was a much wider and more open valley, and the gold accordingly was much finer, occurring in small scales and

flakes. It was, however, more regularly and equally distributed through the soil. At the head of the Turon river, among the dark glens and gullies in which it collects its head waters, in the flanks of the Blue Mountains, the gold became coarser, occurring in large lumps or nuggets; but these were more sparingly distributed. These facts are proofs of the correctness of the theoretic description, given above, of the original deposition of the gold. Ignorance was, of course, displayed in some of the local descriptions of the gold. It was said, for example, to have been evidently in "a state of fusion," which it could scarcely have been; but from having been deposited in small holes and crevices of the quartz rock, and afterward rolled, and perhaps partially discolored on the surface, it might assume some such form and appearance as melted fragments of lead. This, we think, was the case, from our inspection, in this country, of a large collection of nuggets.

In Mr. Arrowsmith's map appended to a Parliamentary Paper, we see the auriferous spots tinted in yellow. They occur at intervals along the flanks of the great eastern chain, or on its lateral spurs and subordinate ranges, through an extent of country about one thousand miles in length. Several spots in various parts might be named, but the mere name would convey no information. Some of them, as Ballarat, and Mount Alexander, and Mount Blackwood, north-west of Port Phillip, have become well known. The geological facts are important. In every one of these localities granite and metamorphic* rocks occur, and quartz veins are frequently spoken of. In scarcely any of them do we find mention made of the gold being seen in the actual rock; but in the drift-clay, sand, and gravel, or lying loose on the surface of the ground. There was, indeed, a famous mass, called "the hundredweight of gold," found by Dr. Kerr, north of Bathurst; but it is described as a block of quartz highly auriferous, lying among a lot of other loose blocks, and evidently derived from a broad quartz vein running up the hill behind

* *Metamorphic* rocks consist of a stratified division of what used to be called "primary rocks." They are highly crystalline, such as gneiss and mica schist, and are named "metamorphic," because they have been *altered* by the influence of volcanic heat and other subterraneous causes, under pressure. The action, however, is matter of discussion.

them. No conceivable current of water could have carried such a mass far from its original site.

Turning to California, we find the auriferous deposits there existing under the same geological conditions, varied only by local peculiarities which do not affect the general characteristics. Respecting its future and ultimate produce of gold, it has been thought that the metal is too richly sprinkled to promise any very long continuance of an abundant yield; for it has been found by miners to be almost a law, that ore too highly concentrated in any given locality of lodes and veins, is, in the long run, much less profitable than when broadly and widely diffused throughout a mass of rock. Hence other regions, whose gold is disseminated through mountain masses, may afford a supply for ages to come, long after the rich gravel troughs of California shall have been exhausted. Yet even this supposition may prove, like so many others on the gold regions, unfounded.

There is, as Sir R. I. Murchison has noticed, this remarkable geographical feature connected with the mineral phenomena of California: all the great quantities of gold have been derived from some twelve or fourteen localities in that portion of the western flank of the Sierra Nevada which assumes a north north-westerly direction from that parallel to the meridian it had before followed, between 37° 30' north latitude. By reference to the map of Fremont, it would be seen that the center of this westward deflection is directly opposite to where the extremity of an east and west ridge impinges on the Sierra Nevada, and is associated with the protuberance which alone has proved to be so eminently auriferous in all the long chain of mountains ranging from the eternal snows of Russian America, to Mexico, Peru, and Chili. It is possible that the intersection of ridges may account for a great local development of metal, just as in mining practice at home and abroad it is found that the richest branches of mineral veins are often detected at their intersections. Some great laws of this kind, obscure and almost beyond our search, may govern the thread-like veins of metal in the "lodes," and the enormous mountain masses of primary rocks that course and cross the earth like gigantic ribs.

We may now glance at the gold tracts of Russia, chiefly situated in the Ural

Mountains. These have proved very rich in gold. In the five years from 1847 to 1851 inclusive, the quantity of gold and silver raised in Russia has amounted to a weight of 296,932 pounds troy. Taking the produce of 1851 from Erman's *Archives*, we find that the Russian works yielded 64,932 pounds troy of gold. Sir R. Murchison is disposed to consider that the yield of gold in Russia at the present time is nearly equal to £3,000,000 *per annum*. Let us speak of one locality in particular, which is celebrated for its gold mine, viz., Beresov. The mines there are said to have yielded, during the century previous to 1841, about 24,500 pounds avoirdupois of gold, worth £1,500,000, and obtained from about a million of tons of ore stuff; but this amount is inferior to the recent and present rate of yield of gold from these mines; for some beds were discovered in 1823 which, during one year, yielded gold to the amount of 262 *poods*. Erman, who visited the place some years since, says: "Upon leaving the woods, we first observed an infinity of conical heaps of mining rubbish overspreading the entire of the open plain. These are owing to the difficulties encountered in draining the mines. The ore is pretty equally distributed as low as the shafts penetrate. We entered a mine, the shaft of which was 105 feet deep, but struck into a gallery about half-way down, in which people were at work. The surrounding formation was soft, white, decomposing gneiss, studded with bright veins of quartz and quantities of silvery talc. Brown spots of crumbling iron pyrites are strewn through it; but the large crystals of brown ironstone are only met with where the quartz is deposited in narrow and tortuous streaks and veins. It is from both sides of the hard white lines that the entire iron ore is collected containing the gold, partly dispersed in fine plates, and partly accumulated in lines and filaments like wire. The ore has to be followed in every direction, till it runs itself out in the rock; for there is no uniformity in the range of the veins." We have, in this case, a kind of auriferous deposit different from those already mentioned, viz., gold combined with pyrites, and disseminated in a vein of quartz. Auriferous pyrites is not unfrequent in several countries, and occurs rather abundantly in our own, as, for example, at Alston Moor, in Cumberland. It

appears to be doubtful whether in every instance the gold exists in pyrites in minute metallic particles, or whether, in some instances at least, it may not be present in combination with sulphur. A piece of this kind of ore would present to the reader no external indication of the precious metal, and can only be known by chemical analysis: when once known by analysis, the outward appearances may be recognized in other specimens, and the inference would be that they might also contain gold. To find auriferous pyrites is, however, by no means equivalent to finding gold. Any one may take his fill of this ore from the vein called the "Backbone," near Alston, Cumberland; but he would probably have to expend a sovereign in extracting from it sixteen shillings' worth of gold.

There are several chances against the possessor of the ore; for an ordinary practical assayer may be misled into unintentional mistakes; and all depends upon the amount of contained gold. Especial care should be taken in the sampling of gold ores, where the precious metal is irregularly diffused through the mass in particles of very different size: for minute errors in sampling will be greatly multiplied when the quantity of gold *per ton* is calculated from the assaying of five hundred or a thousand grains of ore. A few pounds spent, in the first instance, in obtaining assays from the first practical chemists, would have prevented the subsequent loss of hundreds and thousands in abortive gold mining, and the verification of a *dictum* of Mr. Punch: "Most Golden Calves, when thrown into the crucible of Time, turn out to be no better than Pigs of Lead."

Such being the principle forms and combinations in which gold occurs, it may be possible to form an approximate idea of its geographical distribution, founded upon its mineralogical conditions. If we can obtain or form a geological map of any country, we can see how far its palæozoic rocks and newer tertiaries extend over it, if at all. If absent, in all probability gold is absent; if present, gold *may* be found in some portions where those rocks and beds prevail. But, as already noticed, that the rocks should be metamorphic or mineralized seems to be as necessary as that they should be old. It is very remarkable that the countries which were necessarily to give laws and

civilization to the ancient world—viz., Lower Egypt, Greece Proper, Italy, etc.,—should all alike have been destitute of gold procurable from their own soil, arising from the geological cause that those countries contain no mineralized old rocks. It would be a curious geological problem to ascertain why the *older* rocks, when mineralized, are preëminently auriferous; but the solution of such a problem is far beyond our present knowledge, which has only recently arrived at an apprehension of the geological conditions of gold. In pursuance, however, of our previous remark, Italy, south of the Po, contains scarcely any stratum older than secondary limestone, and is totally destitute of gold, unless a part of Calabria be an exception. But in proceeding to Sardinia and Corsica, where Silurian and crystalline rocks are found, there we find that gold mines have been worked in early ages.

It follows, from what has been said, that a *Gold Map* of the world might be attempted, even in our present state of knowledge. Such a map has been attempted by Adolph Erman,* though we have not been able to inspect it. From Sir. R. I. Murchison we learn, that the constructor of this map marks in it *seventy-seven* tracts in which gold has been worked, or is known still to exist; and shows, in contradiction to the old received opinion, how greatly it predominates in the northern hemisphere. Such a map might be made interesting by the employment of some degrees of shading, to indicate the comparative richness of the various tracts, and their rate of exhaustion. In a few paragraphs we may glance at the districts which would be included in a gold map of the world.

Gold abounds in Asia, and the deposits at the foot of the Ural Mountains are very rich. A piece of gold was found there in 1826, weighing twenty-three pounds, along with other pieces weighing three quarters of a pound each, together with the bones of elephants. The diluvium is all ferruginous. In this region a large quantity of gold was accumulated in the time of Herodotus by the Gothic tribe of the Massagetæ, and must have become an important source of wealth and luxury to the Greeks. We may place the locality of this wealth between the 53d and 55th

* *Geographische Verbreitung des Goldes.* Berlin, 1848.

degrees of latitude. More to the east, a region as large as France has lately been discovered with a soil rich in gold dust, resting in rocks which contain it. The treasures in that part of the Altaic chain called the Gold Mountains were discovered in 1834, forming a mountain knot nearly as large as England, and from this a great quantity of gold has been extracted. There is a region of gold sand, not exactly known, but associated with the fabulous story of gold-collecting ants.* This region is probably situated within a more southern latitude of 35° or 37° , either in the Thibetian highlands, east of the Polar chain, or northward toward the desert of Gobi, which has likewise been described as an auriferous district by an accurate Chinese observer who lived at the beginning of the seventh century. We know, too, that gold is found in Tibet, in the Chinese province of Yun-nan, and abundantly in the mountains of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, in Japan, and in Borneo; in which latter island it occurs near the surface in six different places. In the extensive continent of India, gold seems to be most common in the kingdom of Siam.

In Africa, gold has been found from the earliest periods. The modern town of Tripoli is built upon a rock washed upon two sides by the sea, and southward and westward it has a large sandy plain. The people may be said to walk upon gold. The precious ore is sifted from the sand on the sea-shore, but it is said that whole veins of this metal are found inlaid on the approach to Fezzan. In the mountains of Atlas and Morocco there are numerous iron mines, and some gold and silver mines, not permitted to be touched. Timbuctoo, the African El Dorado, the *Belled el Tibbr*, i. e., "Land of Gold," is the great market where all the Kafilas from the north-east meet those of the south-west, and though itself producing no gold, is the great market for it. To the south of Kajaaga, and east of Bondou, is the country of Bambouk,† the Peru of Western Africa, from which the greater part

of the gold that finds its way to the coast is obtained. It lies ten leagues south of the Senegal. The gold diggings of Bambouk are said (our authority is Mr. Wylde) to extend over 10,000 square miles. The indolent natives, half a million in number, leave uncultivated the most fertile lands in order to unite in villages near the gold mines. These are national property, and the gold washing is carried on during eight months of dry weather, and ceases when the rainy season commences. The richest mine is that of Natakou. At three quarters of a league west is a small insulated round-topped hill, three hundred feet high, the whole of which is an alluvial formation, with a quantity of sand, pulverized emery, grains of iron ore, and gold in lumps, grains, and spangles. There is not a cubic foot of this hill the soil of which is not loaded with gold. The natives have perforated the hill in all directions with pits six feet in diameter, and forty feet deep. The deeper they go, the more abundant is the gold. There are 1200 such pits, formed with a gentle slope and steps for descending; but as the sides are not planked, they frequently fall in, and bury the laborers. A traveler states that the Negroes literally believe that riches grow in hell, and that the maker of all this gold is the devil—certainly a very unsound creed, though indicating very clearly the evil influences of gold in those remote regions. Bambouk furnishes the greatest part of the gold sold on the Western Coast of Africa, as well as much of that which is brought to Morocco, Fez, and Algiers, and to Cairo and Alexandria. Another region of Africa where gold is abundant, lies on the south-east coast, between 15° and 22° of south latitude, and nearly opposite to Madagascar. There, gold is found not only in sand, but in veins, and thereabouts some place the ancient Ophir. Nearer to the Equator, and on the western shores of the continent, the Gold Coast supplied the Portuguese, and afterwards the Dutch, with immense treasures in gold. Dr. Livingston mentions that he found grains of gold, and gold districts hitherto unknown may be discovered in Africa.

America is abundantly stored with gold by nature. It is chiefly collected in the alluvial soil, and in the beds of rivers, and sometimes, but more rarely, it is obtained from veins. In Mexico the gold is chiefly found in its numerous silver veins. All

* A passage has been recently discovered in the *Mahabharatta*, in which the ant-gold is mentioned. Humboldt, however, collected shining grains of hyalite, (a species of quartz,) brought together in heaps by ants in the Mexican highlands, in basaltic districts.

† Not marked in some popular Atlases, but always in the best maps.

the rivers in the province of the Caraccas, about 10° north of the Equator, furnish gold. In the Spanish part of America gold is obtained in the alluvial soil in Chili, and also in the province of Choco, where it is more abundant; but in Peru it has been extracted from veins of unctuous quartz, marked with ferruginous spots. In the Vice-Royalty of La Plata, some thirty mines or pits have been named from which gold has been obtained. The whole ridge of the Cordilleras, from the town of La Paz to Sicasica, abounds in ores containing gold. About one hundred and fifty years ago, a projecting portion of the rock (an argillaceous schistus) fell down, and from this stone masses of pure gold, weighing from two to fifty pounds, were detached. In the Brazils, gold is found almost everywhere along the foot of the immense chain of mountains running nearly parallel with the coast, and extending from 5° to 30° of south latitude. The washings of Minas Geraes *have been* very productive.* The vicinity of the Rio das Mortes (the River of Death) everywhere attests the extensive search formerly made for gold there, and the profusion of precious metals found upon the surface. All the banks of the stream are furrowed out, the whole of the vegetable mold has been washed away, and nothing remains but a red earth, cut into square channels like troughs, with a narrow ridge between.

A considerable quantity of gold has been collected in North Carolina. The gold region of the United States is a metalliferous belt, extending in a southwest direction through the States of Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. Its length is about six hundred miles, and it has a mean breadth, from its southern to its northern edge, of about eighty miles. In every part of this extensive line, native gold is met with in alluvial deposits and in various streams, while the contiguous rocky strata abound in quartz ore veins more or less auriferous.

Of California we have already spoken, and also of the ancient productiveness of Spain. We can only name Hungary and Transylvania. Schemnitz and Kremnitz were noted for auriferous sands, and for gold accompanied by silver, lead, and iron pyrites, in quartz.

We have left the Australian gold fields to the last. They require special attention, and are, of course, the most interesting to Englishmen. The geological conditions which have originated and governed these and other auriferous drifts we have previously illustrated, and our present question is as to their extent and area, and their probable yield of gold. No reliable information as to the extent of the several gold fields has been yet presented as a whole. The vague and marvelous accounts of newspaper correspondents do not seem entitled to much credit, as every man who does not make a survey draws upon his imagination. Commissioners have been appointed to inquire into the condition of the gold diggers, and from them we gather some few facts respecting the mines and the mining prospects. One State document has, however, appeared, and has been quoted in the Australian papers, which come to our hands while we are writing.

The Select Committee of the Victoria Legislative Council, appointed to consider and recommend the best mode of developing the mineral resources of the colony, have now given their Report to the public. From this we learn, that gold digging is not by any means the profitable employment it was supposed to be. Statistics represent that, at the end of last year, there were 100,000 miners, either engaged in actual mining, or searching for new diggings, upon the gold fields of Victoria. The estimated yield of gold that year was £12,500,000 sterling, and therefore the earnings of each man were not more eight shillings *per* day—something less than a day-laborer's wages in the neighboring colony—to say nothing of the uncertainties attending the occupation of a gold-digger, which are great. The method of digging is wholly unscientific, much of the gold is lost in manipulation, and the chance of gain is so unequal, that while a few persons may gain fortunes, the great majority are earning only a bare livelihood.

The probability of the exhaustion of the Victoria gold fields has been much discussed; but this Committee publishes a very sanguine opinion in favor of their continued richness for no less a period than 2240 years. The statistics given to establish this view are those of M. Brache, who is considered a reliable authority. He estimates the auriferous lands of the

* Now we learn that the annual labor of a slave produces only about £4.

colony to be 20,000 square miles, including 200 square miles of quartz reefs. He computes that there are about 20,850,000,000 tons of quartz, which would take 100,000 miners 300 years to work up. The value of these, estimated at £1 per ton, would give the enormous yield of £62,000,000 sterling *per annum*; allowing 10,000 companies, of 10 men each, to quarry and crush 24 tons a day. The alluvial lands are further estimated at 20,444,000,000 cubic yards; and if worked up by 100,000 miners, at the rate of 90,000,000 cubic yards *per annum*, they would occupy 2240 years in exhausting their treasures. The grand total of the estimated auriferous wealth of the colony is put down at £26,783,000,000 sterling. Well-directed surveys, and useful geological investigations, are strongly urged as essential to the best development of these immense auriferous accumulations.

Now, if due reliance can be placed on the above estimate, there is still a glorious and golden future for the Australian diggings. Of the returns already made, we can write from a search into Parliamentary Papers, which afford the following particulars of exports of gold from New South Wales and Victoria diggings:—

EXPORTS FROM NEW SOUTH WALES.		EXPORTS FROM VICTORIA.	
Year.	Value sterling.	Year.	Value sterling.
1851.....	£468,836	1851.....	£488,000
1852.....	8,600,175	1852.....	6,135,000
1853.....	1,781,171	1853.....	8,664,000
1854.....	773,309	1854.....	8,255,000
1855.....	209,250	1855.....	11,308,000

The aggregate receipts for the five years, from both districts, amount to £41,830,696; of which £7,032,141 came from New South Wales, and £34,830,696 from Victoria. It appears that all of this vast amount, except about two millions, was brought direct to this country.

We shall now include the yield of the California gold fields with the Australian, for the same five years, and present the whole in one view:

YIELD OF AUSTRALIA AND CALIFORNIA.	
Years.	Value sterling.
1851.....	£8,907,000
1852.....	20,935,000
1853.....	22,445,000
1854.....	22,629,000
1855.....	21,421,000
	£102,949,000

We find that M. Chevalier, without giving particulars, estimates the total imports of gold from Australia and California into Europe to be £106,000,000, which (as some considerable imports were made from California before 1851) may be taken as nearly agreeing with the above estimate, and as probably founded upon it. The gold fields of California were discovered in 1848. In 1844, the total of gold and silver in the United States was (according to a newly-issued State Paper) estimated at 100,000,000 dollars. The imports and receipts of bullion at the Mint, from American mines, (after deducting the exports to September 30th, 1856,) have added at least 150,000,000 dollars to the amount of gold and silver in the United States; without taking into account the amount brought in by emigrants and returning travelers, or the amounts so taken out, or used in manufactures.

These great amounts are, we believe, beyond the expectations and prophecies of the highest authorities a few years ago. A highly respected Government officer, who has, more than any other such gentleman, devoted himself to statistics, declared in a lecture, published in 1853, "It has been estimated that £23,000,000 of gold and silver will be added to our store of precious metals this year. This appears to be one of the exaggerated statements arising out of the fever of the day. *We shall not receive more than £11,000,000 from the United States, California and Australia; and if we receive £3,000,000 more from all the other sources of supply, it will be as much as we may expect.* Many former sources of supply are cut off, and the probability is, that we shall not receive nearly so large a quantity." It seems, then, that those who stand highest, as authorities, can only form mere conjectures—which the event may soon falsify. The Australian and Californian amounts are, indeed, most remarkable. If only twenty millions *per annum* be added to our stores of gold, from these sources collectively, and if other gold fields yield, in some few instances, the usual or increasing quantities, one would imagine some monetary changes must ensue.

An instructive table has been compiled by M. Chevalier, in which he shows the produce of gold from various countries, in 1846, two years before the great discoveries of gold in California, and in

1850, two years after; adding also the produce of silver. The following extract of a portion of this table will be interesting:

	Produce of Gold and Silver in 1846.			Produce of Gold and Silver in 1850.		
	Gold.	Silver.	Total.	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
California	—	—	—	12,000,000	62,088	12,062,088
Mexico	249,753	3,457,020	3,706,773	382,901	5,883,333	5,766,234
Peru	96,241	1,000,583	1,096,824	96,241	1,000,583	1,096,824
Total, North and South America, from 8. sources }	1,801,560	5,261,619	6,563,179	13,341,989	7,259,824	20,601,813

It thus appears, that the product of gold from California, for 1850, was not much less than the total product of North and South America for that year. For that same year, the product of gold from Russia was £4,175,860; the largest of the other countries afterward named. It follows, then, that all the gold produce of the auriferous districts of the world is (taken singly, country by country) little, compared with the produce severally of Australia and California. If Victoria alone can furnish ten or twelve millions *per annum*, the aggregate increase of gold in the world must soon be immense.

We fear that few persons who have concerned themselves with this subject have reflected upon the singular proof which it affords of Providential government of the world. In those far distant wastes, stores of gold have been forming and accumulating for ages, unnoticed by the eye of avaricious man. Always ready to yield their treasures, those districts have been as safe as if they had been locked up and barred, or as if mountains of inaccessible height had stood watch and ward over them. Just, however, when the commerce of the world was extending wider and wider; when science and enterprise had established speedy intercommunications betwixt distant lands; when nations became over-crowded and over-peopled; when bread was becoming a scarce thing to the half famished; when thousands were pinched and parched, the gold fields of California, and, shortly after, those of Australia, were discovered. Why not before? Not for want of scientific

men or knowledge; not for want of adventurous travelers; but because, manifestly, had they been long previously discovered, the emigrative enterprise of nations had not then received its heaven-directed impulse. The coincidence of the pressure at home and the discoveries abroad is the remarkable thing; and such almost unobserved coincidences are constantly affording to the wise and good new indications of a Providential government. We think, too, that a proof of benevolent design might be drawn from the way in which gold is disposed and distributed; not only in *time*, as to its discovery by man, but in *space* also. It is not the exclusive treasure of any country. Does it not strike the reader as remarkable, that a metal, obviously so serviceable to man, is yet so distributed, in at least seventy-seven tracts of country; that, whilst it appears to be the subject of a particular set of geological conditions, it is nevertheless sown broadcast over the earth? Precious as it is, yet it is not too rare; rare enough to prevent it becoming an unvalued thing; common enough to permit of its continual use. It would almost seem as if the Great Creator had designed this metal to occupy the place it does in man's civilized life; for it can not be exhausted, and if ever the present great gold fields should cease to yield abundantly, doubtless others will be discovered, or other means of extracting gold from sources at present unremunerative would be devised. While it can not be exhausted, owing to its abundance, so likewise it appears as if it could not be

extracted too rapidly. It is disseminated in minute grains, over vast tracts of sand, and clay, and rock; and so disseminated, that some considerable labor is necessary to separate it. No man, therefore, can sit down and steal, as it were, more than his share from the natural repositories. This opinion is remarkably corroborated by the information above recorded, as to the equalized rate of earnings at the gold diggings. In the main, and in the course of time, inequalities cease; and notwithstanding a few fortunate finders of masses and rich spots may become suddenly enriched, yet it seems to be impossible that this should be otherwise than an exception to the general rule. Individuals can not draw large cheques on Nature's gold-bank; if they do, the answer of Nature generally is, "No effects." She is her own best banker, and, by the diffusion of her gold in sands and streams, contrives always to keep due "Metallic Reserves," as a financier would say. Though half the world should run upon her for gold at one time, her bank would not break; she has means of preservation which none could defeat.

Among these are the operations preliminary to the procurement of gold, even when it is under our feet. These necessary preliminaries check avarice and interpose delay. They may be arranged under three heads: 1, The *washing*; 2, the *trituration*, or reduction in size; and, 3, the *separation* of the useful from the waste.

1. The *washing* of gold may proceed from the simple gold-washer's bowl (or "vanning dish") up to higher machinery. The bowl is constructed of hard, close-grained wood, and is circular in Brazil, and oval in parts of Transylvania and Hungary; the size varying from three feet in diameter to small ovals of a foot in length, as used in Mexico. Sometimes this bowl is used for washing auriferous alluvium, but more commonly as a means of assaying, or for the purpose of still further cleansing and separating the particles of gold, as they are brought from some other of the concentrating processes. The settlement and separation of the gold is partly assisted by striking one end of the full bowl, after it has been shaken from side to side and circularly, so as to arrest the course of the particles for a moment; and, finally, several different layers or lines of mineral matter may be

distinguished from one another, the gold occupying the lower position. The Gypsies in Transylvania employ simple contrivances for gold washing. A board of six or seven feet in length, and with a number of notches or grooves cut across it, is placed in an inclined position, or a similar board is covered with rough cloths, or two or three shorter grooved boards are placed in a sieve, and the auriferous sand, mingled with water, is made to flow evenly downward from the top, whilst the metallic particles, caught in the grooves, or in the cloths, are afterward concentrated in the separating bowl. The sands of the Rhine contain, in a part of its course, gold in small proportions, and a similar mode of washing is practiced there. By various simple arrangements, a proper assortment of sizes of ores may be obtained, but at a considerable outlay for wages, as a boy must be placed at each of the gratings and sieves usually employed, to pick over the coarse stones which refuse to pass through his particular sieve. To save the outlay for wages, different means of effecting the same object, with less manual labor, have been adopted; as, for example, inclined cylindrical sieves, employed in some of the Russian gold washings, set in revolution by an axis, and by the aid of a constant flow of water, allowing the small material to pass through into a sloping table beneath, but pouring out the large stones at the lower end of a cylinder. To suit thick and tenacious deposits, circular sieves are employed, in some of the large Russian machines, where the earth is continually worked up with traveling-knives. It is evident that a very different amount of labor and skill will be required for ores, or "stuffs," as they come from different localities; and the modes of application will likewise vary, from a mere fall of water, of a few inches in height, under which the fragments are moved to and fro, to a variety of apparatus, such as we have alluded to, in which manual labor is greatly saved, and by which either a simple or compound sorting is simultaneously effected. Much, too, will depend on the comparative richness or poverty of the auriferous deposits themselves. The poorer deposits require finer washing.

2. As to *trituration*—so necessary and costly in the mines of some metals, as copper, tin, and lead—Nature herself has performed the task in the case of alluvial

gold. She has, long ages ago, abraded the highest and richest parts of the veins in the gold-bearing rocks, and so triturated and washed the precious contents, that the human "streamer" of gold merely completes what she has more than half effected. It is different, however, in the case of quartz containing gold; here the same course must be pursued as in the trituration of copper, tin, lead, etc., in several veins; and these quartz deposits may therefore be regarded as Nature's auriferous reserves—her uncoined bullion. The simplest method of trituration is to bruise and break down the ore by hand, with a heavy flat piece of cast or wrought iron, attached to a short handle, and known in mining districts as a *bucker*; but in most cases a *crusher*, or *grinder*, must be employed. These are machines best known in England, and to be seen at work in complicated forms at the lead mines of the North of England, in simpler forms in Cornwall and Wales. The principle is that of a pair of rollers of thick cast-iron, almost in contact, and revolving towards the space between them into which the ore is thrown. They are worked by steam or water-power, more rarely by wind-mills, or on a small scale by horse-power, or by hand. Every one who looks over the advertisements of the journals of the day, must observe how many wonderful quartz-crushers are, or have been, advertised for California and Australia; and one eager inventor is weekly assuring us, that by his quartz-crusher an *infant* may crush—we forget how much a day. Unhappy race of infants, if the coral and the rattle are to be abandoned for the quartz-crusher! We have seen something of crushers in various forms, from Berdan's American hemispheres (only a year or two ago most popular) to later inventions. We have seen Berdan's crusher operate upon a Cornish oxide of iron, named *gossan*, and produce certain grains of gold in a few minutes; and we had wonderful accounts from Cornwall and Devon of large stores of auriferous gossan. Gossan-crushing companies sprang up, and shares were at a premium; and one of our own friends became rich (by *anticipation*) in the possession of auriferous gossan on her Devon estate. These things we have had and heard within the last five years. But where and what are they now? Simply *crushed*, without the crushing machines! In truth, all these sudden discoveries and

announcements are only illusory to the unwary and unscientific. The knowledge of a few facts would dispel the illusions. In California it has been found that a vein of auriferous quartz, to be remunerative, should yield at least £7, 5s. of gold per ton of quartz; but of all the quartz-crushing machines set up in California, scarcely more than one-third (we conjecture) are used for mines which are yielding for any lengthened period as much as £8 per ton. We should add, that M. Chevalier and others are far more sanguine than we ourselves are in respect of quartz-crushing; but with reference to gossan-crushing in England, the cost vastly exceeds the gain.

3. The *separation* embraces the most difficult set of processes in the preparation of ores. The sole principle, guiding us through all, is the difference of specific gravity between the valuable and the worthless substances; the heavier the metal we propose to separate, and the lighter the waste, the more readily and completely will the operation be effected. The action of the numerous contrivances adopted depends either on the suspension of the fragments in water, and the consequent fall of the heaviest to the bottom; or in the flow of a stream of water down an inclined plane, depositing the heavier particles first, and carrying the lightest away with it to the lower end of the plane. Among these is the *cradle* introduced from Virginia and Carolina into California, and thence to Australia. It is mounted on rockers, so that, by means of a handle, it may be swayed to and fro. The length is divided into partitions, the contents of each of which are afterward concentrated separately in a bowl. Much manual labor is required for the cradle; and, in most instances, the loss of fine gold is very great. Already, in California, some of the sand has been operated upon a second, and even a third time, with advantage.

Various kinds of machines have been invented and tried one after another at the Russian gold steam-works; and one or more have been found very effective. A Siberian machine is able to operate on two hundred tons of stuff a day, with the labor of eight horses, twenty men, and six boys, including ten men for removing the waste, if in a level country: it is, however, rather too complicated for general use.

The above-noticed apparatus will turn

out the gold still so much mixed with other substances, (as magnetic iron, pyrites, etc.,) that it requires to be further purified. For this purpose an uncovered table or frame is used, (in Siberia,) which is divided into an upper and lower part by a lath nailed across the bottom; and the workmen standing upon it mixes the sand with water, and gently moves it against the current with a wooden hoe or rake (*colrake*.) The gold thus arranges itself chiefly near the head-board of the frame; and when a certain amount is deposited, he rakes it with his hoe so as to draw the waste particles over the lath, without disturbing the richer deposit. This process, with variations, being repeated, the resulting gold dust may be dried, and freed from any remaining magnetic iron by a magnet.

It is surprising how very poor ores can be made profitable by adequate skill in the above process. Certain ores at Schemnitz, in Hungary, have to be broken from the solid veins, at depths extending to 200 fathoms (1200 feet.) The total quantity *stamped* (by stamps like huge pestles in mortars) was, in 1842, about 40,000 tons, and the average of the useful metals extracted from fifty tons was: gold, 3 oz.; auriferous silver, $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; lead, $8\frac{1}{2}$ cwt.; the ratio of gold to the other materials being here only as one part to half a million. In another mine (Siglisberg) the ratio of gold was one part in 760,000; and of auriferous silver, one part in 24,000.

From Erman's Visit to the Siberian mines, we learn that the ores of Beresov yield about $\frac{1}{8000}$ of their weight of metal, and give not more than $\frac{1}{8000}$ to the first washing. In other Siberian gold districts the produce was $\frac{1}{8000}$ of gold; and in some rich beds, $\frac{1}{2700}$, and $\frac{1}{1000}$ of gold. These instances will show the different proportions for different countries and mines. The sand of any river may be considered worth washing for gold, if it will yield twenty-four grains of gold *per* cwt. of sand.

Let us obtain a glimpse of affairs as they are in active operation at the Victoria diggings, afforded to us by Mr. Howitt, who visited Spring Creek in 1852. Speaking of these diggings, our traveler observes:

"No language can describe the scene of chaos where they principally are. The creek, that is, a considerable brook, is diverted from its course; and all the bed of the old course is dug up;

then each side of the creek is dug up, and holes sunk as close to each other as they can possibly be, so as to leave room for the earth that is thrown out. These holes are some round, some square, and some no shape at all, the sides having fallen in as fast as they are dug out. They are, in fact pits and wells, and shapeless yawning gulfs, from ten to thirty feet deep. Out of these the earth has to be drawn up in buckets, and some wind them up with windlasses rudely constructed out of the wood that grows about; and others haul it up with blocks and pulleys. The diggers generally ascend and descend by a rope fastened to a post above, and by holes for their feet in the side of the pit.

"Many of these holes are filled, or nearly so, with water filtering from the creek. It is black as ink, and has a stench as of a tan-yard, partly from the bark with which they line the sides of their holes. In the midst of all these holes, these heaps of clay and gravel, and this stench, the diggers are working away thick as ants in an ant-hill. You may imagine the labor of all this, and especially of keeping down these subterranean deluges of Stygian water.

The course of the creek is lined with other diggers washing out their gold. There are whole rows, almost miles, of puddling-tubs and cradles at work. The earth containing the gold is thrown into the puddling-tubs, (half-hogsheads,) and stirred about with water to dissolve the hard lumps, when it is put through the cradle, and then washed out in tin dishes. It is a scene of great bustle and animation. We saw some parties who had washed out in the course of the day 1 lb. weight of gold, others 5 or 6 oz.; and most of them had some golden results."

Mr. Howitt elsewhere says:

"If any one at home asks you whether he shall go to the Australian diggings, advise him first to go and dig a coal-pit; then work a month at a stone-quarry; next sink a well in the wettest place he can find, of at least fifty feet deep; and, finally, clear out a space of sixteen feet square of a bog twenty feet deep: if after that he still has a fancy for the gold-fields, let him come," etc.

When so great a sensation was occasioned by the announcement of the discovery of the Californian and Australian gold fields, numerous speculative companies began to arise. In 1852 and 1853 these projects were most numerous and most public: thirty or forty companies were advertised, having a nominal capital in the aggregate of about four or five millions sterling. Shares were convenient, (£1 each,) prospectuses tempting and glowing; you had only to pay £1, and to expect at least a dozen. After all, how-

ever, the sum actually sunk did not, we believe, greatly exceed a million and a half sterling—no insignificant sum, especially when some of the shares were *riggered* to as much as 100, 200, and 300 *per cent.* premium. Large dealings in these fictions led to large personal losses. The history of these schemes is one unvarying record of failure. Only one of them, as far as we can ascertain, paid dividend. Had the money been fairly expended, some gold might have been got; but the majority of the schemes were flimsy and unreliable, and were developments of the spirit of speculation, a repetition of the railway *jobs*, and utterly unworthy of credit. Let us hope they will never be again attempted. An acquaintance with the real nature of auriferous deposits, and with the great difficulty in making distant quartz-crushing remunerative, will, we trust, open the eyes of those who have earned gold, and prevent them from throwing away the possessed for the unacquired and uncertain.

With a word or two on gold in Great Britain and Ireland we must conclude. As we have in many parts of our own island favorable geological conditions for gold, so we have gold itself. About the year 1796, considerable excitement was produced by the discovery of some large specimens of native gold in alluvial soil, in the county of Wicklow, Ireland. Gold to the value of £3675 has been obtained, but the cost of the labor is said to have exceeded that sum considerably. One of the masses weighed twenty-two ounces. We have visited the gold locality of Wicklow, but scarcely a quillfull can now be obtained for the manufacture of small jewelry.

In Scotland, a considerably quantity of gold was procured in the Lead Hills in the days of James IV. and James V.; in the reign of the latter the amount was

said to be worth £300,000. In another locality the Scotch explorers found, we are told, a piece of thirty ounces' weight. King James VI. expended about £3,000 sterling, (a large sum in his day,) in searching for gold on Carnwath Moor, but he only obtained about three ounces, worth nearly £12. We also find that some £20,000 was expended in the Lead Hills to obtain less than £5,000.

In Cornwall, small quantities of gold have been picked up from the earliest times, particularly in the alluvial tin works. In the reigns of Edward I. and Edward III., between three and four hundred miners were employed in the gold works of Combmartin, in Devonshire. A year or two ago, as noticed above, a kind of mania lasted for a short time in relation to the extraction of gold from an ochreous oxide of iron, (gossan,) abundant in Cornwall and Devon. Little or nothing has been heard of gold from these sources, but some works have been relinquished with enormous loss.

The gold of Merionethshire and some other parts of Wales has alternately raised and falsified the hopes of many. A specimen of Welsh gold-rock in the British Museum seems very rich; but few speculators in these things appear to be aware of the very obvious truth, as we should think, that one rich specimen of gold proves little more than is contained in itself. There may not be many like it in the vicinity. A friend of ours had a specimen of this kind—and from Wales, we believe—lately put into his hand by a mineralogist, who remarked, "This identical specimen has already ruined three or four companies." For ourselves, we have very small expectations of the present profitable working of any gold-rock, so called, in our own islands—at least, on any large scale. Recent information has confirmed our views.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

WONDERS OF THE STEREOSCOPE.

"Time was," says a recent writer, "when it would have gone hard with any one who showed pictures of men and scenes that neither pencil, brush, nor hand had touched; and if, in defense, it had been asserted that the sun itself had traced them, the tortures of the rack would have been had in requisition to force the inventor to confess himself a wizard, and to tell his terms of compact with the devil; and even in our own time, though we have passed from the demonism," there is still something mysterious and awful associated with the term science in the minds of many. It is regarded as something which can be successfully prosecuted only by those who spend a kind of monkish life among books and instruments, in the cloistered halls of a university. Many men regard it as that which, because of its wondrous revelations, they are bound to respect and admire, but which they need never hope to understand; since none but those who have enjoyed the most finished education, who are possessed of a scientific taste, and who are placed in peculiarly favorable circumstances, can prosecute it successfully.

This opinion, though common, is erroneous; for, whilst it is true that men in the circumstances imagined have been ornaments of science, and by their researches into the arcana of nature have immensely increased the stores of human knowledge, and conferred incalculable benefits on their race, it is equally true that there have been men who possessed none of these advantages, but who, while contending with the privations and hardships incident to a life of poverty and toil, have successfully prosecuted the study of science, and risen to the highest eminence as philosophers. Dolland was a Spitalfields weaver, and the elder Herschell was once a blacksmith. What is science! It is knowledge—knowledge reduced to a system; that is, arranged in a regular order, so as to be conveniently taught,

easily remembered, and readily applied. Now, science thus defined is patent to all men—to the workman at his forge or his loom, as well as to the prince in his palace. The humble artisan may be influenced with a thirst for its acquisition, as well as the most dignified and noble, and may, from the sources which are around him, acquire a knowledge of its wonders. Being possessed of fewer facilities, he may not acquire it so rapidly; but if possessed of a reflecting and inquiring mind, he may, from the opportunities enjoyed by the very humblest in our country, arise, like many before him, to no mean eminence as a scholar and philosopher, and may by his discoveries, like another Watt, become a benefactor of the human race. Although the fundamental lessons of science may to many, at first sight, wear a forbidden aspect, because to understand them requires an effort of the mind, somewhat, though certainly not much, greater than is requisite for understanding more ordinary matters; yet it is pleasing to reflect that, in consequence of the increasing enlightenment of the age, and the now general teaching of the elements of science in our schools, its study is regarded as less formidable. The false impressions in regard to it are fast dying away, and a taste for scientific investigation is being diffused among all classes of the community. Thousands in all ranks of life have tasted the gratification which her investigations can impart; and feeling not only that the possession of knowledge gives power, but that the acquisition of it confers an exquisite and elevating pleasure, are studying eagerly her wondrous revelations, and adding by their discoveries to her already multitudinous treasures. Many valuable papers on scientific subjects are furnished to our journals by working men. Some of them are studying in the intervals of labor the higher mathematics, and many of them are constructing as an amusement philosophical

instruments of the highest class. We have seen specula of nine, and even twelve inches diameter, and achromatic lenses of four and six inches aperture, constructed by working men. These things are hopeful in the highest degree, and lead us to believe that such tastes and pursuits will spread, and tend powerfully to wean many of our artisans from those degrading and demoralizing habits by which, unfortunately, too many of them are distinguished. They lead us to believe that the time is approaching when the wondrous works of the Creator will be investigated, not merely, as hitherto, by comparatively few inquirers, but by thousands and tens of thousands of earnest and accomplished students; and consequently every day, through their researches, new illustrations of His wisdom, power, and love will be obtained. Already, in consequence of the taste which exists for science, and the greater acquaintance with its teachings which prevails, any scientific discovery produces a greater impression upon the public mind than it would formerly have done; and not only so, but it confers a far larger measure of public good. If it is a discovery which from its nature is calculated to be of practical benefit, so soon as it is made known, there are thousands of able and accomplished minds which hasten to contemplate it in all its relations and aspects, and to educe from it the practical benefits it is calculated to bestow upon society. If from its nature it be of comparatively small practical advantage, that little is speedily secured, and pleasure and benefit of no mean kind are obtained, by the amount of mind which is exercised and strengthened by the investigation, and so qualified for higher and, it may be, more important researches. An invention, though not in itself of great importance, by setting many minds to reason and inquire in a particular direction, has often led to the most important and valuable discoveries.

The Stereoscope, the subject of this paper, more than any other scientific instrument, is calculated to foster this growing love of science in the public mind, since its wondrous illusions, its life-like creations, are calculated to confer pleasure on men of every class and character. Many, in order to master its principle of operation, have been led into the most recondite branches of optical science, and by their researches have acquired an intimate

knowledge of the physiology of vision. Its invention, and the discussions which have arisen in regard to it, have done more to extend our knowledge of the manner in which external objects are perceived by the mind, than any other discovery in modern times. Its practical applications have not only been perceived by theoretical writers, but have been seized upon by earnest and practical men, and are now carried out on a stupendous scale. So generally is it now employed over the world, that it has been estimated that upward of half a million of these instruments are in use, imparting instruction and amusement to men in all ranks and conditions in life. One commercial company, the London Stereoscopic Company, has already produced upward of 100,000 binocular slides, by which almost every thing grand and beautiful in the world is brought to our firesides:

"Photographers are now employed in every part of the globe in producing pictures for the instrument—among the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum—on the glaciers and in the valleys of Switzerland—among the public monuments in the Old and the New World—amid the shipping of our commercial harbors—in the museums of ancient and modern life—in the sacred precincts of the domestic circle—and among those scenes of the picturesque and the sublime which are so affectionately associated with the recollection of our early days, and amid which, even at the close of life, we repose with loftier sentiments and nobler aspirations for the youth of our being, which, in the world of the future, is to be the commencement of a longer and a happier existence."

The Stereoscope is the invention of Professor Wheatstone, and was first described by him in "A Memoir on some remarkable and hitherto unobserved Phenomena of Binocular Vision." Mr. Wheatstone afterward communicated an important paper on "The Physiology of Vision," to the British Association at Newcastle, and exhibited his instrument, which he called a Stereoscope, (from *στερεος*, solid, and *σκόπειν*, to see,) by which he united two dissimilar pictures of solid bodies, and thus reproduced, as it were, the bodies themselves. At the time he exhibited his instrument, Mr. Wheatstone believed that the dissimilarity of the images of a solid seen by each eye was a fact which had hitherto been unobserved,

* "The Stereoscope," by Sir David Brewster.

and was, consequently, a new discovery. There can be no doubt, however, that this truth was known and published by ancient mathematicians. Euclid knew it more than 2000 years ago, as is manifest from the twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh, and twenty-eighth Theorems of his *Treatise on Optics*. Galen, the celebrated physician, not only knew the fact, but shows by diagrams the manner in which we see a body when we look at it with both eyes, and with each eye alternately. Baptista Porta, the Neapolitan philosopher—Leonardo da Vinci, who united in a remarkable degree a knowledge of art and of science—Francis Aguilion, or Aguilionius, a learned Jesuit—and others among the ancients, not only knew the fact of the dissimilarity, but in their endeavors to explain how two dissimilar pictures, when united, did not give a confused and indistinct picture, were frequently within a hairbreadth of the theory of the stereoscope, and the truth. Mr. Harris, Dr. Smith, and Dr. Porterfield, in recent times, had attentively studied the subject of Binocular vision, and were intimately acquainted with the fact of the dissimilarity of the pictures formed in the right and left eyes. But the gentleman who made the nearest approach to Mr. Wheatstone's discovery was Mr. Elliot, now teacher of mathematics in Edinburgh. Having been led to study the subject of Binocular vision, in order to prepare an essay for the Logic class in the University of Edinburgh, "on the means by which we obtain our knowledge of distance by the eye," that gentleman, so early as 1823, became aware that the relief of solid bodies was produced by the union of the dissimilar pictures of them. In 1839, Mr. Elliot, ignorant of Mr. Wheatstone's discovery, prepared two dissimilar pictures of a landscape, one as seen by the right eye, and the other as seen by the left. Placing them at the end of a box eighteen inches long, and squinting at them from the other end, the pictures were united, and the effect of different distances and of solidity was obtained. This simple stereoscope was shown to several scientific friends, but as photography did not exist, and no method was known of producing good binocular pictures, the contrivance was deemed by Mr. Elliot one that would not be very popular, and was carried no farther. When aware of Mr. Wheat-

stone's discovery, Mr. Elliot made known the result of his previous investigations, without any intention of depriving Professor Wheatstone of the credit which was justly due to him, but merely as a curious piece of scientific history.

When Mr. Wheatstone read his paper, and exhibited his instrument, before the British Association at Newcastle, Sir John Herschell characterized the discovery as "one of the most curious and beautiful for its simplicity in the entire range of experimental optics." As may be supposed, a discussion of great interest took place, in which Sir David Brewster and Professor Whewell took part. Mr. Wheatstone, in his paper, endeavored to explain the rationale of the operation of his instrument, by supposing that the retina in the human eye was possessed of the power of forcing into coalescence pictures and drawings of considerable dissimilarity. In this opinion he was joined by Dr. Whewell, who held, that in uniting or causing to coalesce into a single resultant impression two lines of unequal lengths, the retina had the power either of contracting the longest, or lengthening the shortest—a supposition in every way extraordinary. On the other hand, Sir David Brewster argued that the attributing of such power to the retina was altogether unnecessary, as the most satisfactory explanation of all the stereoscopic phenomena was obtained by the law of visible direction. Without entering upon the interesting but somewhat abstruse controversy which ensued between these philosophers, we may state that the view of Sir David Brewster then stated has been fully borne out; and the law of visible direction is almost universally allowed to explain the striking and beautiful effects which are produced by the stereoscope. The philosophy of the stereoscope has engaged the attention of the most able physiologists and metaphysicians—such as Bucke, Voldman, Morer, Tourtual, etc.; and the fact is now established, that we have the impression of solidity when we look at properly united pictures of a solid, because we see precisely what we would have seen if we had looked at the solid itself.

The original instrument of Professor Wheatstone consisted of two plane mirrors set at right angles to each other upon the middle of a board, and joined together by their common edge. The geometrical

figures or drawings are placed on adjusting supports at the extremities of the board, and the instrument is used by placing the face as close as possible to the mirrors, when the reflected images are seen one by each eye. By a slight adjustment of the pannels on which the pictures are placed, the images can be made to unite or coincide at the intersection of the optic axes, and so produce the stereoscopic effect. The figures to which Professor Wheatstone applied his instrument were pairs of outline representations of objects of three dimensions—such as a cube, a cone, or the frustrum of a square pyramid. These were employed without shading or coloring, lest it might have been imagined that the effect was in any way dependent on these circumstances. Photography being then unable to supply such pictures as were requisite, the instrument of the learned professor never attracted much notice.

As the stereoscope of Professor Wheatstone could not be used conveniently, was far from portable, and required considerable nicety of adjustment, Sir David Brewster was led, in 1848, to construct one on an essentially different principle, viz., by refraction. It is extremely simple in principle, and satisfactory in its performance. It has been called by its distinguished inventor the Lenticular Stereoscope, from its being composed of a convex lens of five or six inches focus, such as the lens of a pair of spectacles, which is cut through the middle, and mounted in a box, with the thick edges outermost, and two and a half inches apart. The operation of the instrument, and the manner in which the pictures are displaced, may be easily illustrated by a simple experiment. If such semi-lenses as we have described be held by the finger and thumb of each hand, and we look through them with both eyes at two wafers laid upon a piece of white paper about two and a half inches apart, two images of the wafers will be seen; by turning either of the semi-lenses, we will perceive that the image of the wafer opposite to it is displaced; by continuing to turn, we perceive that we have the power of making the two images advance to, or retire from each other; and can, when the lenses are in a certain position, make *the one image exactly lie upon and cover the image of the other*. When this result is accomplished, it will be found that the two diameters of bisection are outermost, which is

consequently the position of the lenses of the stereoscope. A stereoscope, it is manifest, therefore, is nothing more than an instrument which enables us to squint without effort or inconvenience, as is proved by the fact that many, by a little practice, can witness the stereoscopic effect from binocular pictures, simply by uniting them with their eyes, or, in other words, by squinting.

The form which has been given to the Lenticular Stereoscope by its distinguished inventor is exceedingly simple and elegant, and need not be particularly described, as every one is familiar with it. It consists of a pyramidal box, blackened inside, and having a lid or door in one of its sides for the admission of light when required. The lenses are mounted in short tubes, which are fastened in the top of the box, and can be slightly separated from each other to suit the eyes of different observers. The tubes can also be drawn out, or pushed in, for the adjustment of focus. At the bottom of the box there is a groove, into which the sides containing the binocular pictures are placed. The ~~inner~~ instruments have a transparent bottom for viewing slides seen by transmitted light. Stereoscopes of the form described are now made in prodigious numbers, of all kinds of materials—wood, papier maché, brass, tin-plate, etc., and may be had at prices ranging from half a crown to five or six guineas.

Sir David Brewster has invented several other stereoscopes, which are of considerable practical utility, though all of them are inferior to that described.

1st. The Tubular Reflecting Stereoscope, which is essentially the instrument of Professor Wheatstone, with small metallic specula instead of the large glass mirrors employed by the professor.

2d. The Single Reflecting Stereoscope, adapted only for symmetrical figures, in which we look at the drawing with one eye, and at its inverted image reflected from a plane mirror with the other.

3d. The Double Reflecting Stereoscope, which is the former instrument in a duplex form.

4th. The Total Reflection Stereoscope, an extremely ingenious instrument, and possessed of valuable properties, since by one diagram or picture of a solid, the other diagram or picture, which is to be combined with it, is created by total reflection from the base of a prism.

5th. The Single Prism Stereoscope, in which one eye looks directly at the picture opposite to it, while the other, looking through the prism, has its picture made to lap upon or coalesce with the first, and to produce the effect.

As we have already stated, the eyes themselves form a stereoscope to those who have the power of converging their axes to points nearer than the objects they contemplate, or, in other words, of squinting. It is obvious that by applying short telescopes to the eyes, and converging their axes to a point nearer than the objects surveyed, a stereoscope is produced. This form has also been suggested by Sir David Brewster. The telescopes may be made either with convex or concave eyelenses, and need not exceed a couple of inches in length. Telescopic Stereoscopes have recently been fitted up by Mr. Bryson, Optician, Edinburgh, on the principle recommended by Sir David, in an exceedingly ingenious and useful form. The joint by which the telescopes are united, and which is Mr. Bryson's invention, can be elongated or contracted in azimuth, so as to suit the distance between the eyes of different individuals, and it can at the same time allow the axes of the telescopes to be directed to any point. If two binocular pictures of large size be placed before an observer at the distance of five or six feet, and be surveyed by this instrument, the observer requires only to adjust the axis of each telescope till the image of the one picture coincides or coalesces with that of the other, when the effect is complete. When the transparent slides now produced are placed in a couple of magic lanterns, and immensely magnified on a white wall or screen, and then united with the telescopic stereoscope, the effect, we believe, is charming beyond all description. So exquisite are many of the pictures, that they admit of being magnified at least fifty diameters, and when united with this amplification are, we are told, strikingly grand and beautiful. We have little doubt of this instrument coming into general use, since it enables us to unite with ease pictures of any size. The only other of the many forms invented by Sir David Brewster which we need notice is, the Microscopic Stereoscope, which, in the words of the inventor, "is admirably fitted for its application to small and microscopic objects, and may be carried in the pocket." It is simply a Lenticular Ste-

reoscope, the lenses of which are of very short focus.

Several other forms of the stereoscope have been recommended, which are not in any way particularly worthy of notice, as they are all modifications of the instrument of Sir David Brewster, and possess no advantage either in form or arrangement over that which he at first produced. None of them has ever come into general use, while the original instrument has found its way into every corner of the globe, and in its simple elegance of form is already stereotyped on the human mind.

Since the invention of Sir David Brewster, various kinds of stereoscopes have been proposed and constructed. Instead of semi-lenses, prisms of small angle have been employed, which of course displace the pictures. This, however, can hardly be called an invention, since the semi-lenses of Sir David are nothing else than prisms, which, while they displace the pictures, at the same time magnify them—a property which we shall see to be absolutely indispensable to the perfection of the illusion produced by the instrument.

A gentleman in Dundee, Mr. E. Scott, has recently patented an instrument which he alleges to be superior in its performance to that of Sir David Brewster; but how it can possibly be superior is a problem we must leave for Mr. Scott himself to solve, as the two instruments are to all intents and purposes the same. Instead of employing semi-lenses or quadrants, Mr. Scott employs two entire lenses of two inches diameter, which have their centers placed more than two and a half inches apart. In this position they displace the pictures in precisely the same way as the semi-lenses of Sir David Brewster, when their diameters of bisection are outermost; but it is manifest that the employment of entire lenses serves no other purpose than to increase the price of the instrument, since only a small portion of a lens, held near the eye, can be seen through at once. Sir David, in his instrument, employs only the portion necessary; Mr. Scott retains the unnecessary part, and calls his retention of it a new invention! By employing quadrants of a lens, one lens can make two complete stereoscopes of precisely the same focus, frequently a great advantage; while Mr. Scott, from two complete lenses, produces only one instrument.

Before proceeding to point out the educational and artistic applications of the stereoscope, we shall give a very brief and popular description of the principle of its operation. To do so, it is necessary to understand the general structure of the eye, and the laws of vision by which we see objects in the position which they occupy. The human eye is an organ by which a small but perfect picture of an external object is formed upon its inner posterior surface, which picture is perceived by the mind in a way that never has been, and probably never will be, explained. All visible objects radiate, or throw out in all directions particles or rays of light, by means of which we see them directly, by the images of them formed in the eye. Now it has been proved by accurate experiments, that in whatever direction a ray falls upon the retina, it gives us the vision of the point from which it proceeded, in a direction perpendicular to the retina at the point on which it falls. This is called the law of visible direction.

Another important fact connected with the theory of vision is, that when we look at an object we can only see one point of it distinctly at any instant, namely, when the focus of the eye is adjusted for the vision of that point, and its image is formed on the point of distinct vision on the retina. But although we can only see one point distinctly at any given instant, we can, with the greatest rapidity, obtain the most correct knowledge of the form and color of an object. This is done by the eye with almost infinite rapidity running over the different points which compose the object, and conveying a clear and definite impression of each to the mind. There is no finer proof of the admirable mechanism of the human eye than this fact which we have stated. So admirably is it adjusted, so rapid are its motions, that it runs over many thousand points of an object, such as the surface of a shilling—has a distinct motion on its axis, and movement of its lens for each point, forms many thousand pictures of the successive points for the contemplation of the mind, and all in a space of time so short that it seems instantaneous. But although we see with one eye the direction in which any object or point of an object is situated, we do not see its position, or the distance from the eye at which it is placed. In monocular vision, we learn from experi-

ence to estimate all distances, but particularly great ones, by various means, called the criteria of distances—such as the interposition of different objects, the variation in the apparent magnitude of known objects, the intensity of color, the distinctness of outline, etc. It is only with both eyes that we can estimate, with accuracy, the distance of objects not far from us. This fact may be proved by any one attempting, with one eye shut, to snuff a candle, when the odds might be taken as ten to one against his doing it. If a small point of light be introduced into a dark room by another person, we have no correct conception of its distance from us. This fact of the inability of one eye to judge correctly of distance, enables us to understand why a painting or a photograph, or any representation on a flat surface, is best seen with one eye. In the painting, different parts are intended to represent objects at different distances; now, as the one eye can not judge correctly of distance, the geometrical perspective, the chiaroscuro, etc., give a beautiful illusion, and a certain amount of apparent solidity, making the different parts seem at distances.

These facts connected with the physiology of vision prepare us for understanding how the beautiful and startling effects of the stereoscope are produced. We have, in treating of the history of the stereoscope, stated what every one must feel to be true, that, in the binocular vision of objects, each eye sees a different picture of the same object. How is it, then, that we do not see objects double? Simply in consequence of the law of visible direction. The axis of each eye is directed to the same point, and consequently the image formed by one eye exactly lies upon, and covers the image formed by the other, and hence a single impression is obtained. The following illustration will make plain this important optical law. If a person, seated in a dark room, direct his eyes to a small hole in the window-shutter, an image of the small luminous aperture will be formed in each eye, but only one hole will be seen, because the axis of both eyes are directed to the same point, namely, the hole; at which the lines of visible direction cross each other, and at which the image formed by one eye exactly covers the image formed by the other—giving a single impression. If the axis of one eye be altered by pressing

the eye-ball with the finger, immediately two images will be seen. If a man had a thousand eyes instead of two, in consequence of this law, although a thousand images were formed, only one object could be seen. Now, when with both eyes we look at any object—say a shilling—the axis of both eyes are directed to a point on its surface, which point is seen singly, in consequence of the law of visible direction. The mind having examined it, the eyes are directed to another and another point, with the utmost rapidity, till the most correct impression in regard to the whole surface is obtained. The most important advantage which we derive from the use of both eyes is to enable us, if we may so speak, to see distance, or a third dimension in space. This power of forming the most correct ideas of distance is not, as in the case of vision with one eye, the result of experience, or by means of the criteria referred to, but is unquestionably in consequence of the successive convergency of the optic axes to points at different distances from us.

If, therefore, two plane pictures of a solid object are prepared, one as seen by the right eye and the other as seen by the left, and their images are united, or made to coalesce, by squinting, or by the stereoscope; it is obvious that when we look at them with both eyes, the mind surveys the successive points in precisely the same way as it would have done if with both eyes we had looked at the solid itself, and consequently the most perfect idea of relief is obtained.

Every one who has looked at proper dissimilar pictures through a good stereoscope, must have been struck with the perfection of the illusion. The idea of a flat surface only being before us is utterly annihilated, every object is felt to be before us in all the roundness and solidity of nature and of truth. It is of the highest importance that the pictures to be combined in the stereoscope should be perfect in their delineation, and properly dissimilar. But for the invention of photography, these desiderata could not have been obtained, and the stereoscope could never have been of great practical value, since no artist could have produced pictures sufficiently perfect to produce the wondrous effect. The simultaneous invention of photography and the stereoscope must, therefore, be regarded as a circumstance in the highest degree for-

tunate. Photography having now reached a very high degree of perfection, pictures possessed of the greatest beauty can now be readily produced by the exquisite pencil of Nature herself. It is, however, greatly to be regretted, that the only method by which absolutely perfect stereoscopic pictures can be produced has not been generally adopted. Photographic artists have sacrificed every thing like truthfulness and accuracy to rapidity of execution. It is obvious that a lens of large aperture and short focus will imprint a picture in a much shorter time than a lens of equal focus but of small aperture. Now artists have clung pertinaciously to the employment of large lenses, simply on account of their rapidity, and the clearness of the pictures they produce, although it has been demonstrated again and again, that large apertures can not possibly give accurate representations of "the human face divine" or of any thing else. Sir David Brewster has shown that a lens of three inches aperture gives no fewer than one hundred and thirty dissimilar pictures of a sitter, which are all huddled and jumbled together in the monstrosity which it produces. When lenses of nine, twelve, and thirteen inches aperture are employed in photography, can we wonder that people are disappointed with the hideous representations which are handed them, or be surprised at the numbers of photographic failures we daily witness? Nature points out to us the simple rule which, in this department of art, ought to be followed. From infancy we have seen every object through an aperture of one quarter of an inch, the diameter of the pupil of the eye; such ought therefore to be the aperture of the lens employed in taking all photographic pictures; for this plain and palpable reason, that if we employ a larger aperture, it produces not such a picture as we have been accustomed to see, but such a picture as we would have seen if possessed of a monstrous eye of the dimensions of the lens employed:

"Photography," says Sir David Brewster, "can not therefore even approximate to perfection till the artist works with a camera furnished with a single quarter of an inch lens of rock crystal, or, what experience may find better, with an achromatic lens of the same aperture. And we may state with equal confidence, that the photographer who has the sagacity to perceive the defects of his instrument, the hon-

esty to avow it, and the skill to remedy them by the applications of modern science, will take a place as high in photographic portraiture as a Reynolds or a Lawrence in the sister art."

If one picture be imperfect from the cause we have stated, it is manifest that the stereoscopic union of two such pictures will not give a pleasing or natural result. The errors can only be increased by the coalescence in the resultant image. When, however, dissimilar pictures taken with proper lenses, and at the proper angle, are combined in a good instrument, the effect is absolutely wonderful. The illusion is so complete that the observer feels certain that he is not looking at a flat surface, but at a living man or an actual scene, in which the different dimensions in space are given with inimitable fidelity. A single glance through a good instrument at a picture taken as we have described, will disgust him ever after with the rubbish which is commonly sold as stereoscopic slides, and which are filled with all manner of exaggerations.

Another point of great importance in the production of stereoscopic pictures is taking them properly dissimilar. Here also great exaggeration and error have crept into general use, from a desire to produce startling effects. Here also nature has given us the rule which ought to be adopted. The separation she employs in giving the solidity and relief which we witness when we contemplate the objects around us, is two and a half inches, the distance between the human eyes. Now if we want to reproduce such a picture when look into the stereoscope, as we would have seen had we stood on the spot where the picture was taken, we must employ such a separation between the centers of the lenses. It is obvious that any separation, greater or less, will produce an exaggeration, of a positive or negative kind. By increasing the separation, the relief is exaggerated, and in many subjects a startling effect is produced; but all such exaggerations are utterly inadmissible in any thing like art. Some artists of the higher class employ a separation of two and a half inches for portraits, or objects taken within eight or ten feet distance, but employ a greater separation for landscapes, and all distant objects. Although in the latter case the error is so slight as scarcely to be perceived, yet there can be no doubt it is better to

follow rigidly the rule which nature points out.

The instrument by which the best stereoscopic pictures is produced is the Binocular Camera of Sir David Brewster, which consists of a single box, with lenses of the same aperture and focus placed in it, at two and a half inches apart; so that the pictures are taken at the same time with the same intensity of lights and shadows, and at the proper angle of separation. To secure the lenses being precisely similar, Sir David bisects a lens of rock crystal or a small achromatic, and having cut the semi-lenses into circles, mounts them in the camera as separate lenses. When stopped down to one quarter of an inch aperture, such an instrument produces binocular pictures in which the most rigid examination can not discern any error.

We come now to consider the applications of the stereoscope.

There are few philosophical instruments which are calculated to be of greater practical value than the stereoscope, or which can afford a purer or more rational pleasure to the mind. The telescope and microscope open up to us worlds of surpassing grandeur and beauty, the one showing us the boundlessness of the universe, and the other unfolding to our view the infinite richness and variety of the works of the Creator. But these wonderful instruments, from their nature, as well as from the difficulty and expense of their construction, can afford pleasure and instruction to but a comparative few. It is only the enthusiast in astronomy who has patience to watch night after night in our treacherous climate, and who has besides a first-rate instrument at his command, who can hope to be rewarded with an occasional glimpse of the wondrous celestial phenomena. And it is only the man whose wealth enables him to indulge in the luxury of an expensive compound microscope, or who can afford to purchase diamond or sapphire lenses, who can successfully prosecute researches into the domains of the microscope. The stereoscope, however, is an instrument which any person of moderate mechanical skill can construct for himself in a few hours, or which can be purchased for a few shillings, and which, in its rudest and simplest form, will perform almost as well as the most beautiful and finished instrument which art can produce, or luxury demand. From this circumstance it is an

instrument calculated to afford instruction and delight to all classes.

The peasant in his humble cottage, who has heard of the wondrous monuments of antiquity, and whose mind soars above his condition, but who, by stern necessity, is chained to the soil on which he was born, can by the savings of a few days, through the wonderful power of this little instrument, cause the monuments of Egypt, and Assyria, and Greece, and Rome, as well as the labors of the most eminent sculptors from Praxiteles to Canova, to stand before him, and can drink into his soul the feeling and the beauty which they so eminently express. Though his life may have been spent in a dreary morass, or on the side of a lonely hill, the richest combinations of wood and water, and mountain, and sky, scenes of surpassing beauty in his own or in other lands, which he can never hope to see, can be made to pass before him, instilling into his mind the most glowing conceptions of the beneficence and power of the Creator of all things. The peer in his elegant saloons, and surrounded by every luxury, can recall the impressions he received, when, in the freshness and vigor of early manhood, he wandered to other lands in search of instruction and pleasure. The Rhine, the Alps, the classic ruins of Italy, and Greece, and Egypt, may successfully arise before his view with little less than their former truthfulness and reality. The poor student, born with a feeling for art, but who, like many before him, had to endure the greatest privations, and struggle with the greatest difficulties ere he could command the means to study the works of the great masters, the study of which he felt to be indispensable to his success, can at the outset of his career, by the creations of the stereoscope, have his taste corrected, his feeling for art refined, and can hope, by diligence and study, to arrive far more speedily at success in his profession. The classical student, too, who has devoted himself to the study of the literature of Greece or Rome, but whose circumstances utterly preclude the idea of his ever visiting the scenes amid which the men whose works he studies thought and spake, can gaze in his study on the Forum or the Acropolis; he can raise up, as if by a magician's power, the very localities in which Demosthenes thundered and Plato taught. Their language will consequently acquire fresh

force, and their metaphors greater beauty. His philological difficulties will diminish, critical perplexities will become fewer, and fresh interest and zest in his studies will be acquired.

Although the stereoscope is only a new instrument, having been invented some nineteen years ago, and although it has as yet been applied to but few practical purposes, it requires a very limited knowledge of its capabilities, and still less imagination, to foresee the many practical purposes to which it will speedily be applied. As an educational instrument, we conceive it is hardly possible to overstate its advantages. The intelligent teacher who aims at something more than imparting to his pupils a dry detail of facts, who makes it his endeavor to educate the mind and develop the affections of his interesting charge, will at once feel that by this instrument he can not only afford high gratification, but, at the same time, convey instruction which no description, however elaborate or eloquent, could impart. Let us suppose such a teacher to be reading with his pupils Livy's beautiful description of the battle between the Romans and the Carthaginians on the banks of the Lake Thrasymene; should he, by the stereoscope in any of its forms, cause that beautiful spot, still unchanged in its grand features, to stand out before them in all its headlands and bays, and with its charming perspectives; could he point out the spot where the Carthaginians lay concealed among the rocks and crevices, and whence they at length rushed with resistless force upon the surprised legions, hurling them into the deep and sullen lake, the scene of that momentous battle, having been actually witnessed, would never be forgotten. It would ever arise clearly and tangibly before the mental view, suggesting the touching and beautiful words in which the accomplished historian relates the disgrace of his country. Every scene interesting in the history of our own or of other countries could be made to arise in all the vividness of reality before the young and ingenuous mind, indelibly fixing on the memory the incidents with which they are associated, and imparting impressions of the most correct and truthful nature. Every one interested in the education of youth must, when visiting educational establishments of no mean pretensions, have been sorry to witness the miserable daubs, or rather the

gross caricatures of nature, which are suspended around their walls, for the ostensible purpose of imparting instruction in astronomy, zoology, or botany. It is not uncommon to see the planet Jupiter represented as a large globe, painted blue with red belts. The various races of the animal kingdom are represented in colors which nature never gave them, and with limbs so proportioned and arranged, that their names under them are indispensably necessary, to give us an idea of the creatures they are intended to represent. Now such pictures, instead of doing good, are positively detrimental, for their constant exhibition before the young and sensitive mind impresses upon it erroneous and ridiculous ideas, which many years of experience, and many opportunities of seeing the living reality, can scarcely efface. Pictures adapted for the stereoscope, painted by the solar ray with inconceivable delicacy and fidelity, can be taken from the living plants and animals, which, when combined by the stereoscope, would make them stand out before the pupils as if alive, and with the most correct proportion and perspective of every part. The graceful and beautiful curves of nature, portrayed by her own exquisite hand, would convey not only deep and abiding impressions, but would awaken becoming emotions of wonder and adoration for the Divine architect. A portfolio containing illustrations of botany, zoology, and geology could be furnished (and we have no doubt will speedily be furnished) at a comparatively small expense, which would be of immense practical value in our educational establishments.

There is one class of schools—schools of design—recently established in this country, which have already exerted a sensible influence on our arts and manufactures, and which are destined to exert a yet greater in refining the national taste, by surrounding us with beautiful forms, not only in works of art, but even in the most ordinary domestic implements, in which it is evident the stereoscope is of the greatest value, and must lead to a new and improved method of tuition. In such schools of design the taste of the student is cultivated, and a correct feeling for art is endeavored to be instilled, by his copying the works of the great masters of design in ancient and in modern times. Having conquered the ele-

mentary difficulties, and having acquired a correct taste, the student is required to express, by various forms and combinations, those ideas of simplicity or beauty which his mind can conceive. To secure the objects which such excellent institutions are designed to gain, it is necessary that the student be furnished with models of the highest excellence, but these to a limited extent only can be placed at his disposal. He can not visit Greece or Italy, he can not enter the halls and galleries of our nobles, or visit the various museums in which many valuable specimens are to be found. He must be content with drawings and modelings, many of them of great excellence, but necessarily inferior to the originals. The stereoscope is eminently qualified to supply what is wanted in such institutions. By it, and at a comparatively trivial expense, the finest works of art from all parts of the world can be accumulated in each of these institutions, not indeed in their actuality, but in a manner of far greater practical utility than if the richest treasures of art were assembled in one school. The student can study, with perfect leisure and convenience, the realities standing out before him in all their perfection and beauty. The temple, the statue, the landscape, can be studied, not from the drawings of masters of the greatest eminence, but from the infinitely perfect drawings of Nature herself; made, when combined by the stereoscope, to stand out in the most perfect relief and perspective in every part. It is easy to see how a single portfolio could, at a small expense, be filled with stereoscopic slides, which would be of equal, or rather of greater, value to the student of such institutions, than a collection of works of art which it would require millions to purchase, and the largest building in existence to contain.

But the greatest advantage of the stereoscope to the student of art is, the property it possesses of presenting for his study a more perfect image in all its roundness, and solidity, and detail, than he could witness though the original object were before him. This property of the instrument is one of its greatest excellences, and can be taken advantage of for the minute and careful study of objects which, from their nature or position, are inaccessible. It is calculated to bring to light beauties which, though they exist,

have never been seen. Statues, ornamental friezes, with many kinds of architectural ornaments, elevated to an immense height from the ground, and which could only be studied by the erection of scaffolding, are brought in all their perfection before the eye of the artist. A number of views of the Sydenham Palace have been published, in which, though but about two and a half inches square, the vast extent of the building, every column, girder, and article exhibited, can be seen standing out in its place, and with as perfect solidity and distinctness as does the palace itself, and the object it contains. It seems no picture which we contemplate, but a model, inimitable in its wonderful accuracy and comprehensiveness of detail. This wonderful effect is owing to the fact, that instead of seeing the object itself, we see a miniature model of it brought close to the eyes—a model not only perfect in every detail, but every part of which is brought within the distance influenced by the angle of the eyes—so that the images surveyed actually surpasses the reality. Hitherto, colossal works of art could only be represented—first, at such a distance as enabled the eye to embrace the whole object, and discover its proportions; and then by studying the component parts at such a distance as that they could be distinctly observed. If the artist desired to study the great Egyptian Temple at Denderah, or the Parthenon, or the winged-bulls from Nineveh, he had to retire to such a distance as enabled him to see the great outline—the proportions of the whole—a distance which rendered the minuter parts of the edifice, or of the statue, invisible. After making his drawings afar off, he had to approach to such a distance as rendered visible the larger ornaments, and make his drawings at this point also. He required to approach still nearer, that the inscription or figures, with the delicate carvings, might be seen and represented. After these frequent drawings, he had to content himself with one or two examples of the multifarious details. Such drawings, even although taken by the most accomplished artists, and even although we could suppose them perfect, (which they are not,) do not contain all that is required for the perfect study of such works; for they do not show the relation that subsists between the ornamental parts and the whole. They are merely pictures at different dis-

tances, at no one of which a perfect view of the object can be obtained; whereas, by the coalescence of the images from properly-taken stereoscopic pictures, a more perfect image is formed for the mind to contemplate, than can be witnessed by the eye at any given point. It is from this circumstance that the representation of an object in the stereoscope must always be superior to the most exquisite calotype picture which can be obtained. The calotype is a picture of the object as seen by one eye from the point where it is taken; whereas, the stereoscopic picture is as if it had been seen by two eyes considerably separated from each other. It must, therefore, exhibit a greater number of parts of the object, be possessed of superior brightness, and show the proportions with greater beauty and fidelity.

But it is not only in the domain of art that the highest advantages are to be derived from the stereoscope. In literature also it may be expected to be of high practical value. The student of antiquities can obtain the most perfect representations of the various monumental inscriptions of his own or other countries, and can study them at leisure. It may be said that such representations can be obtained by photographic pictures, and that stereoscopic pictures are not necessary. But photographic pictures, however excellent, are utterly inadequate in many cases to enable the archæologist to prosecute his researches. Suppose the subject of his investigations should be the monumental stones of the earliest Christian epoch, which are found along the eastern coast of Scotland, in which the symbols and inscriptions are frequently so much effaced by the action of the elements on the soft porous stone of that part of the country; a photographic picture, however sharp and clear, could not serve the student's end, because the elevations and depressions are so small, that the picture would not contain all the elements necessary to guide the mind to a correct idea of the forms and symbols portrayed. Besides, the figures are reversed, a circumstance which might lead the student (if no photographer) astray. In the stereoscope, the object stands out before the observer in all its actuality; he sees it as distinctly as if the real stone were before him. Every elevation and depression, however slight, is given with perfect truth, and he can trace the various forms, and adopt

his conclusions in regard to them, with the most perfect confidence that he can not possibly be deceived by any appearances occasioned by the light falling in a particular direction, which assurance he could not possess by looking at a photographic picture, however excellent. Had the French consul, who found the first Assyrian monument in the mound of Kouyinjik, been possessed of a Binocular camera, and had he taken pictures of the interesting slab, which with immense labor he had dug from the rubbish in which it had lain for ages, that memorial of a mighty people might have been preserved for ever, and its inscriptions might have been read by our future scholars. As it was, he could only make a rude drawing of little practical value, and then witness with regret its rapid dissolution. The slab, consisting of lime which had been subjected to the action of fire, absorbed moisture from the atmosphere, and quickly crumbled to pieces. Layard, in his most interesting researches, could also have preserved many beautiful specimens of Assyrian art, which, being multiplied and scattered over Europe, would have been more effectually preserved than though the originals could have been sent to our National Museum. Some of those which have, alas! perished for ever, might, like the Rosetta-stone, have given some scholar the key to the whole. The multitudinous hieroglyphics of Egypt, the inscriptions in the living rock in the Wadies of Arabia, and the strange cuneiform characters of Babylon and Nineveh, with all the treasures of their art, might be preserved from the injuries of time, and from the ravages of barbarous men, and could be simultaneously studied by the learned throughout the world.

By the stereoscope we have preserved to us (and probably for ever) one great fact, which, having existed, has passed away—the Crystal Palace of 1851. It is preserved to us by the stereoscope in a much more perfect form than by the beautiful drawings which were made at the time by our artists; for, as a whole, or in its different parts, it is seen to stand out before us almost as vividly and truthfully as when, with all the world, we hastened to contemplate it; so that by the wonderful power which, if we may so speak, lies concealed in these stereoscopic slides, our descendants in the next, and in succeeding centuries, will receive al-

most the same impression as we did, when gazing on its wonders. In 1851, the stereoscope was a new instrument, its wonderful properties were not fully understood or appreciated, and the slides which were then produced were not such as could be made now. The still greater Crystal Palace which has arisen from the ruins of the former has been taken by skillful artists; and their pictures, when seen in the stereoscope, cause those who witness them to hold up their hands in wonder and amazement, and to give utterance to expressions of surprise and delight. After it, too, like all earthly things, has passed away, it will exist in these pictures for the gratification and instruction of future ages.

To the physical sciences, the stereoscope has already made many valuable contributions. By it the architect can superintend the progress of an edifice, seated in his office, and give directions to his workmen, though hundreds of miles from them. The geologist can obtain the most perfect idea of the position of the strata, and other circumstances, in which any interesting relic of a former world has been found. The botanist can obtain the most correct conceptions of some rare or curious plant found in some distant country. And the geographer,

“Without the danger and fatigues of travel, can scan the beauties and wonders of the globe, not in the fantastic or deceitful images of a hurried pencil, but in the very picture which would have been formed on his own retina were he magically transported to the scene. The gigantic outline of the Himalaya and the Andes will stand self-depicted before him; the Niagara will pour out before him in panoramic grandeur her mighty cataract of waters; while the flaming volcano will toss into the air before him her clouds of dust and her blazing fragments.”

In the domestic circle, how much pleasure is this beautiful and wonderful instrument calculated to afford! The father, whose thoughts often turn to his darling boy, the pillar of his house and the inheritor of his name, and who, prompted by the calls of duty and of patriotism, has gone forth as the defender of his country's liberty, can see the loved object of his affections as when he stood before him in the fullness of his youthful beauty and strength. The mother can gaze upon the image of her lovely daughter, as she was wont to stand before her in all the charms of opening womanhood,

ere disease, like "a worm i' the bud," had preyed on the dimpled cheek, and death entered her dwelling, and robbed her of her earthly treasure. The dutiful son can gaze with a feeling of holy awe upon the father, sitting before him as when alive, in the mellow beauty of ripening age; and as he gazes upon the well-remembered features, and recollections come thronging upon his mind, he will lay down the instrument, feeling, perhaps, that the lessons of piety, instilled by the beloved lips, have been more deeply impressed upon his heart. By its instrumentality, a father or brother in India can know the changes which time is making on the circle at home, and as he looks on the loved ones, he can feel the ties, which time and distance were relaxing become stronger.

In the social circle, how delightful, how rational, the amusement which the stereoscope can afford! How different from the shifts which are often resorted to for killing time! The grandest productions of nature and art can be exhibited by the intelligent host to his wondering guests, imparting, at the same time, valuable instruction, and elevated and exquisite pleasure. He can show them

"The hallowed remains which faith has consecrated in the land of Palestine, the scene of our Saviour's youth, and pilgrimage, and miracles—the endeared spots where He drew

His first and His latest breath. The hills and valleys of the Holy City—the giant flanks of Horeb, and the awe-inspiring peaks of Mount Sinai, he can display to the Christian's eye in the deep lines of truth, and they will appeal to his heart with all the powerful associations of an immortal interest. With feelings more subdued will the antiquary and the architect study the fragments of Egyptian, Assyrian, Grecian, and Roman grandeur—the pyramids, the temples, the aqueducts, and the obelisks of former ages. Every stone, every inscription, will exhibit to them its outline and its story. The gray moss will lift its hoary frond, and the fading hieroglyphics will utter their faltering voice, and tell their mysterious tale. The fields of ancient and of modern warfare will unfold themselves to the soldier's eye in faithful perspective and unerring outline; while, in his fancy, reanimated squadrons will again form on the plains of Marathon, and occupy the gorge of Thermopylæ."

The instrument we have thus briefly described, and the applications of which are just beginning to be understood, has added not a little to the already world-wide fame of Sir David Brewster. We trust that it is not the last he will give to the world, but that his mind, which still retains all the vigor and buoyancy of his early youth, will discover many others, which will conduce, like all the labors of his active life, to increase the civilization and happiness of his fellow-men.

From the Leisure Hour.

DR. LIVINGSTON AND HIS AFRICAN DISCOVERIES.

WHILE the gentlemen of England sit at ease in their homes, repose on downy beds, or move about in luxurious style upon the rail—passing rapidly over streams, marshes, and moors, without inconvenience—compassing hill and valley with no perceptible change of level, there are fellow-countrymen, gentlemen by birth and education, who have none of these accom-

modations for stationary life and transit. No home is known for months together, sometimes for years; and no facilities for locomotion are enjoyed beyond their own feet, with now and then a canoe, an oft-jaded steed, or a bullock-wagon, though immense distances are accomplished, over plains of untracked sand, or through wilds savage in appearance, difficult in reality,

and dangerous from their brute or human inhabitants. Allusion is of course made to those who are out on exploring tours in various countries beyond the bounds of cultivated society—some actuated by the love of enterprise, others by that of science, and others inspired with the noble ambition of becoming the pioneers of civilization and religion to barbarian races. One of the most adventurous, meritorious, and successful of the latter class is named at the head of this article, the scene of whose journeyings—Africa—has so long excited the curiosity of Europeans, invited attempts at exploration, and still remains with a vast extent of its area which can only be represented by a vacant space upon our maps. We have hitherto intentionally refrained from reference to his remarkable enterprise, the importance of which it is scarcely possible to over-estimate, deeming a sober and comprehensive examination of it preferable to a hurried notice.

The great continent beyond the waters of the Atlantic, the very existence of which was not known to the civilized world four centuries ago, has been traversed from the icy borders of the Polar Ocean to the volcanic cones of the Land of Fire; and from the range of the buffalo on the grassy prairies of the Missouri, to the realm of the condor on the snow-clad head of Chimborazo. But Africa—so comparatively contiguous—so grand in history, with a name which has been stamped for ages upon its page—the cradle of the Jewish legislator, and the asylum of the infant Saviour—the scene of Greek and Roman prowess under an Alexander, a Scipio, and a Cæsar—the prime emporium of oriental commerce after the fall of Tyre, and the great repository of literature under the Ptolemies—is still in its interior regions beyond the bounds of geographical knowledge, a land of mystery to the white man, with millions of square miles of territory which his foot has never pressed, nor his eye seen.

It is curious to connect this ignorance of the near and approachable, with our knowledge of the distant and inaccessible. Though separated from the lunar world by a vast extent of celestial space which mortals can never pass, reliable information has been obtained respecting the contour and scenery of the far-away orb. We are certain that it is not a steppe-like region, but diversified with mountains, crags,

plains, gullies, and abysses—that stupendous heights rise with the abruptness of vertical walls, and stretch away in immense curvilinear chains upon its surface. We are even approximately acquainted with the diameter of the circular inclosures, the altitude of the bounding ramparts, can follow the tapering elongation of their shadows, and mark the sunlight resting upon the towering peaks, while the valleys at their base are immersed in the gloom of sunset. But though thus familiar with definite features in the remote and unapproachable domains of nature, we are profoundly ignorant of the physiognomy of an intertropical portion of our Home-Earth—whether it spreads out as a sandy desert and stony plain, abandoned to the ostrich and the simoon, or has grand elevations mingling with the clouds, skirted with lovely valleys, flowing waters, and luxuriant forests. The case is the more remarkable, as our own ships have sailed along the shores of the mysterious region for three hundred years, while a portion of the northern coast-line is daily overlooked by a British garrison on the rock of Gibraltar, and strips of land in the west and south have long formed a part of our colonial empire.

Attempts have not been wanting to solve the problem of Central Africa; and the solution approaches. They revive painful reminiscences—the memory of gallant-hearted men who have lost their lives in the task of exploration, which, in such a region, requires the courage of a lion and the endurance of a camel. The names of John Ledyard, Frederick Horne-man, Dr. Walter Oudney, Captain Clapperton, Major Denham, John Richardson, and Dr. Overweg, occur in the list of those who have fallen victims either to the climate or the hardships of their pilgrimage. But a more melancholy enumeration may be made. Major Houghton perished, or was murdered, in the basin of the Gambia. The truly admirable Mungo Park was killed in an attack of the natives, at a difficult passage of the Niger. The same fate befel Richard Lander in the lower course of the river. Major Laing was foully slain in his tent, at a halting-place in the Sahara. John Davidson was assassinated soon after passing the fringe of the desert. Dr. Cowan and Captain Donovan disappeared in the wilds of Southern Africa, no doubt by violence, while attempting to penetrate to the Portuguese settlements

on the east coast, successfully reached by Dr. Livingston.* As this is the region which will be henceforth under notice, some preliminary observations may be indulged, referring to its geographical, natural, and religious history.

The grand altar-like mountain, generally capped with clouds, which overlooks Cape Town and Table Bay, near the southern extremity of Africa, was discovered by the Portuguese under Bartholomew Diaz, in the year 1486. Owing to the terrible storms encountered in its neighborhood, he denominated the cape, *Tormentoso*, a name which his sovereign changed to that of *Cabo de Boa Esperanza*, Cape of Good Hope, as of better augury. Ten years later, Vasco-da-Gama passed round the southernly projection of the continent, and opened the maritime highway to the shores of India. In the reign of James I., two commanders of the English East-India Company formally took possession of the country, but no attempt was then made to found a settlement. In 1650, it was colonized by the Dutch, and remained in their hands nearly a century and a half, during which time the boers or farmers spread themselves in the interior. In 1795, the dependency was captured by a British armament. After being restored to the Dutch in 1802, it was retaken by the British in 1806, and permanently annexed to the empire.

The tropic of Capricorn may be regarded as the line of division between Central and Southern Africa. At this point the continent extends east and west about 1300 miles, and stretches nearly 700 miles southward to the Cape. This region includes very varied scenes, but has not been by any means fully explored. There are mountainous ranges, visited at their summits with keen frosts and heavy snow-falls, the gorges of which are river-beds, fringed and largely overgrown with gigantic reeds and creepers; splendid forests of the stately and park-like acacia, in the branches of which the social gross-beaks chiefly rear their interesting and singular nests; monotonous sand-plains, upon which the sun glows hotly, stretching out to an apparently interminable extent, with only a thin sprinkling of grasses,

and no trees, but a few dark-green mimosas struggling along the narrow and often dry water-courses; and levels equally vast, but more stony and wildly sterile,

"A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osier'd sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount
Appears to refresh the aching eye,
But barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon round and round."

But even where the desolation is most complete, the traveler may be brought to a stand, as was Gordon Cumming, by the exquisite air-plant, with its bright scarlet hues, growing in the crevice of a granite block. "In the heat of the chase," says the modern Nimrod, "I paused, spell-bound, to contemplate with admiration its fascinating beauty."

Thinned as the animal races have been by the white man's rifle, and scared northward by his advance from the south, the large quadrupeds—zebras, gnus, gemsboks, quaggas, steinboks, elands, and giraffes—are found in prodigious numbers, especially toward the tropic, and may be encountered migrating in vast swarms, indiscriminately mingled with troops of ostriches in company, when severe drought compels them to quit their customary haunts in search of pasture.

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away, from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt and the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote, where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest
graze,
And the gemsbok and eland unhunted recline,
By the skirts of gray forests o'erhung with wild
vine.

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;
O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively,
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane
As he scours with his troop o'er the ~~desolate~~
plain,
And the timorous guagbra's whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at fall of day,
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste."

The formidable classes also muster in great force on advancing northerly from the long-settled districts—lions, leopards, hyenas, rhinoceroses, elephants, and buffaloes, with hippopotami and crocodiles. Not less prominent among the perils of

* While these pages are passing through the press, intelligence has been received of the assassination of Dr. Vogel, in the country eastward of Lake Chad.

the wilderness are the deadly puff-adders and cobras. Nor must troops of enormous baboons be forgotten, grinning and grunting, ready and able, in a few minutes, to hug and scratch the life out of the unlucky intruder into their domain, who is mad enough single-handed to offer them exasperation. Still, the risk in traveling is not so great as might be imagined, where proper caution is exercised by an exploring party efficiently equipped. But it is difficult to secure constant vigilance in the case of numbers; and hence the fatal casualties have not been few, while the hair-breadth escapes are many, in the records of African adventure. The great hazard and misery connected with journeying arise from causes which are not apparently formidable—exposure to the heats by day and the chills by night, with precarious supplies of absolute necessities; and myriads of insects, some of which, as the bush-tick, take up their quarters beneath the skin, and produce intolerable irritation till they are dislodged.

Remarkably does animal life vary as to the scale on which it is exhibited—from the tiny black mouse, scarcely weighing a quarter of an ounce, to the old bull-elephant of two tons. Enormously, to Europeans, it appears developed in the donder paade, or monster toad, about a foot in length, and nearly three-quarters of a foot in breadth—the fine gentleman of the marshes. This toady, quite a buck, flaunts the gayest colors, showing himself with a spotted green back, set off by a yellow belly, and further variegated with a pair of large red eyes, which the Caffres say spit fire, perhaps “in a fine frenzy rolling.” But however glaring the outward adornment, the voice is not soft and wooing, but a most discordant croak. Report also states that a poisonous fluid is ejected, and tales are told of its deadly effects. Yet, as this has not been certainly verified, that we are aware of, the benefit of the doubt may be awarded to the smart aldermanic batrachian. But by far the most extraordinary object, owing to its mysterious power—the tsetse-fly—is encountered on approaching the tropic, though its range is chiefly beyond it. This insect, small and insignificant in appearance, not so large as our meat-fly, though with longer wings, is armed with a poison equal to that of the most deadly reptile, and is one of the greatest scourges to which the traveler is exposed. On man, indeed,

its bite has no effect, more than that of a flea; but the domesticated animals, horses, cattle and dogs, it surely kills. The strangest circumstance is, that all the wild quadrupeds, however analogous to its victims, as the zebras, buffaloes, and jackalls, either bear its bite with perfect impunity, or are not attacked at all, as they feed undisturbed in the localities of the insect. The problem is at present perfectly inexplicable, what quality exists in domestication which renders domestic animals obnoxious to the poison? and why should man escape its evil influences, being the most domestic of all creatures?

Travelers have lost all their draught-oxen and horses by the tsetse, and have thus not only had their journey marred, but their personal safety endangered from the want of means of conveyance. Gordon Cumming was in this way completely stranded in the wilderness, and was indebted for his rescue to the timely arrival of assistance from Dr. Livingston, who heard of his predicament. The bold hunter referred to thus described the effects of the fly-bite: “One of my steeds,” says he, “died of the tsetse. The head and body of the poor animal swelled up in a most distressing manner; his eyes were so swollen that he could not see; and in darkness he neighed for his comrades who stood feeding beside him.” In some instances, death takes place soon after the bite is inflicted; but more generally, it produces emaciation, blindness, and the animal perishes of exhaustion. The destructive pest is never or rarely found in the open country, but frequents hills, where there are bushes or reeds. It is fortunately confined to particular spots, and is never known to quit its haunts; so that cattle may graze securely on one side of a river, while the opposite bank swarms with the insect. The natives know the localities, and carefully avoid exposing their stock to them. The case of the tsetse-fly reminds us of the poisonous bug of Miana, in Persia. This diminutive plague is not known apart from the town and its immediate neighborhood, and only causes ordinary annoyance to the natives. But its bite is mortal to strangers, sometimes producing speedy death, though more commonly a fatal wasting of the frame results. The Russian embassy of 1817, having occasion to pass Miana, pitched their tents three miles from it, on account of the terrible bugs.

More than four-score years elapsed, after the colonization of South Africa commenced, before any attempt was made to evangelize the natives. At last, in 1736, a Moravian missionary, good George Schmidt, wended his way to the Cape, and established himself at no great distance from it, in the interior. This was in Bavian's Kloof, the "Glen of Baboons," a name which was superseded by that of Genadendal, the "Vale of Grace," which is still retained. Here he addressed the Gospel to the Hottentots through the medium of an interpreter, founded a school for the instruction of their children, built himself a house; planted an orchard, and labored for seven years, till circumstances compelled him to return to Europe. Half a century passed away before the mission was resumed, when three brethren of the same communion visited the spot. They found the house in ruins; yet the fruit-trees were flourishing, and a female convert survived, in age and feebleness, who through fifty long years had preserved the New Testament presented to her by Schmidt. One of his pear-trees remains to this day in the Vale of Grace. Dr. Vanderkemp and his coadjutors followed in 1799, and carried the truth into Caffreland and the Bushmen country. This reference to the beginnings of the Gospel must suffice. We have no space to sketch the extended missionary operations of our own countymen, carried on with a resolution and faith which reminds one of apostolic times, and blessed with signal success. The reader must pass on with us to Kuruman, the missionary metropolis of a race of Bechuanas, situated about one hundred and fifty miles beyond the northern frontier of the Cape colony, founded by Messrs. Hamilton and Moffat of the London Society, in the year 1823.

A copious fountain is a thing of joy in a dry and thirsty land, where a cloud may not be seen for months, and twelve months pass away without a shower. Such a region is the one occupied by the Bechuanas. The early missionaries had to trudge for miles to obtain water for their daily use, and send their heavy linen a hundred miles to be washed. But such a fountain gushes near the Kuruman station, pure and wholesome, issuing from cavities in a rugged limestone rock. It forms one of the sources of a stream which, after a course of some ten miles, is lost by evaporation and absorption in its bed, but formerly flowed

into the Orange river. Near the fountain lies interred Mr. Kok, one of the first Dutch missionaries in the country, who, disheartened by the character of the people, took to sheep-farming, and was murdered by two aggrieved natives in his service, while looking after his flocks. Slowly the premises of the station arose, its founders working with their own hands, as carpenters, masons, thatchers, and smiths, in the midst of many troubles. They consist of a chapel, built of limestone, thatched with reeds and straw, completed in 1839; comfortable cottage residences; a school-house, smithery, and other offices, with walled and well-stocked gardens. A broad grass-walk divides the premises on the one hand from the gardens on the other; and round the latter runs a range of lofty trees, resembling the Babylonian willow. A pleasant-looking place is Kuruman. For upwards of twenty years it has been a center of light in a land of darkness, while often kindly mentioned by way-worn scientific and gentlemen travelers, Mr. Methuen, Dr. Andrew Smith, and others, for the Christian hospitality of its inmates. At this spot Mrs. Livingston, daughter of Mr. Moffat, was nurtured; and here arrived in, 1841, Dr. Livingston, who has opened from this starting-point a new world to the knowledge of his countrymen.

David Livingston was born in the year 1813, at Blantyre, a village in the neighborhood of Glasgow, where his father, Neil Livingston, now deceased, and his mother, Agnes Hunter, who still survives, long resided previous to their marriage. In youth, he exhibited the marks of a resolute and vigorous character; and the parents were frequently congratulated upon the promising conduct of their son. A portion of his time was spent in a cotton-factory, and the remainder in attending classes, both literary and medical, at the University of Glasgow. Much was he interested in the latter study, and such encouragement was given him to prosecute it, as under ordinary circumstances would have led to his establishment as a practitioner in his native country. But the purpose had been previously formed to devote himself to the cause of missions; and in the year 1837 he offered his services to the London Missionary Society. This offer being accepted, he continued his studies, both ministerial and medical, under its auspices; obtained his medical diploma;

was ordained as an evangelist to South Africa; and sailed early in 1841 for his destined sphere of labor, in the ship "George." In the April of that year, the missionary landed at Port Elizabeth, on the west coast of Algoa Bay, with a brave heart and high objects in view, though little appreciating at that time the perils and fatigue to be encountered in penetrating the unknown lands of a region "whose soil is fire, and wind a flame." Dangers from exposure to intense heat, from length of way, from hostile and treacherous natives, from wild animals and venomous snakes, from starvation, from the dire torment of thirst, from miasmatic swamps, and from disease, in various forms, have been confronted by this remarkable man, with a fearlessness which provokes admiration, and with a success in which the blessing of Providence upon his mission is signally apparent. From the coast, Dr. Livingston proceeded to Kuruman.

After spending three months at Kuruman, devoted to preliminary inquiries, Dr. Livingston entered actively upon his mission, and commenced that career of perilous enterprise in which his face has been furrowed with hardships, and blackened by exposure to the fierce sun of tropical latitudes. From the first, he contemplated gazing upon earth and sky which no European had ever seen, and preaching the Gospel to races to whom it had not previously been conveyed. To qualify himself for this task, he sought an accurate acquaintance with the language of the natives — the soft, mellifluous, Italian-like tongue of the Bechuanas — spoken by the numerous sections of the nation, scattered over a vast range of country, extending from the borders of the Orange river far into intertropical Africa. With this object in view, he separated from civilized society to dwell among them; boldly pushed his way northward to the Bamangwato dwelling under the tropic; founded a station with another tribe, at Mabotsa, on returning to the south, to which he brought a missionary from Kuruman in 1843; and, having married a daughter of Mr. Moffat, he took up his own residence, in 1845, with Sichele, the chief of the Bakwains.

These tribes, and many others known by different names, are essentially the same people — Bechuanas — formed into separate communities, independent of each other, dwelling in towns and villages,

under the government of hereditary rulers. Though descended from the same stock as the Caffres, they have an inferior physical development, and are by no means so courageous. While largely despotic, the chiefs submit important affairs to the decision of an aristocracy, composed of elders and braves, who are summoned to a kind of open-air parliament, and who not unfrequently overrule the will of their superior. This is especially the case if he shows any tendency to grow fat, as this symptom is esteemed an infallible indication that cares of state little oppress him; and, not content with seeing that he has a "lean and hungry look," they will sometimes handle him to gain perfect satisfaction. It is curious to find, in other parts of the continent, that obesity is revered as the right royal condition; and the chief is regarded as a model potentate, "every inch a king," in proportion as he waddles like a duck, or grunts like a pig, from overpowering corpulence. Only the Bechuanas of the south have yet come within the sphere of improving European influences. Those who are beyond it, like their brethren formerly in similar circumstances, are the wildest savages, inveterate thieves, the dupes of rain-makers, but occasionally their butchers, when the wizards have raised high expectations of showers which the heavens refuse to fulfill. So far from being given to idolatry, not the least trace of it is found among them, for no notion is entertained of any superior being; and no distinction is known between man and brute, except that man may be the greater rogue of the two. They stretch northward, with their dingy brown complexion, beautified with grease and red ochre, to ebon-colored races, black and bright as jet, the true negroes, with whom they intermingle. With tribes of these two great families of our species, Dr. Livingston was chiefly in contact in his travels; and to the latter, we shall have further occasion to refer.

Having completely won the confidence of Sichele, at the head of the Bakwains, he became the steadfast friend of his teacher, a very useful ally, and a truly enlightened man. Occupying an unfavorable locality, owing to the scarcity of water, the chief was induced to remove his people, in 1847, to Kolenbeng, which then became the most advanced mission-post in the central part of South Africa,

and was the starting-point of Dr. Livingston on his first great excursions. It deserves remark, that, prior to the commencement of these apostolic expeditions, he had made seven journeys, each of which, going and returning, was at least six hundred miles, and had thus passed over more than four thousand miles of barbaric ground without being known to the world as a traveler at all. Two circumstances mainly led him to determine upon the attempt to open country to the northward of his station. On the one hand, he felt it a duty to extend evangelic effort to the benighted inhabitants of the interior; on the other, he wished to secure a retreat for the chief and tribe with whom he resided, in the event of an attack upon them on the Trans-Vaal Dutch boers. These men—a sturdy, brutal, and rapacious class, altogether independent of the British government—constitute a free republic. They compel the natives within reach to do their bidding, assemble in formidable bodies from their homesteads to wreak their vengeance upon the refractory, and are inveterably hostile to the passage of English missionaries to the north, lest English traders should follow in their track, and take the traffic in ivory out of their hands.

FIRST AND SECOND JOURNEYS.

Early in the present century, the rumor of a great lake in the interior of Southern Africa reached the ears of Europeans; but as no information respecting it of a trustworthy nature could be obtained, its existence remained doubtful. The rumor grew stronger with the northerly progress of discovery. Still, travelers and hunters in vain expended their energies and resources in attempts to ascertain the truth or falsity of the report; and in Mr. Moffat's map, of 1842, the lake figures as an undetermined natural feature of the country. The failures were caused by the Kalahari desert—the Sahara of the South—which it was found impossible to cross, owing to the want of water; but the happy thought occurred to Dr. Livingston, that, by skirting the terrible wilderness on the eastern side, instead of attempting the direct passage, he might solve the geographical problem by a circuitous route, and remove the veil from a fertile and populous region, if an extensive fresh-water expanse really exist-

ed. Accordingly, accompanied by Messrs. Murray and Oswell, gentlemen travelers, with wagons, bullocks, and a retinue of native attendants, he started on the expedition. Mr. Oswell, in the service of the East-India Company, at present in London, had a narrow escape from leaving his bones to bleach on the plains of Africa; for more than once he was within an inch of being impaled by the murderous horn of the white rhinoceros, hard as iron, and sharp as a razor. On one occasion, when mounted on a favorite hunter, the rhinoceros charged him, while the horse, as if paralyzed with terror, refused to obey the bridle. Lowering his head, and then thrusting it upward, the huge beast struck his horn through the body of the animal, with such a force that the rider felt its point jerk him on the saddle, and both steed and rider performed a complete somersault in the air. The horse was of course killed, but, fortunately for Mr. Oswell, the rhinoceros walked off without taking advantage of his prostrate condition.

The party left Kolobeng on the first of June, 1849. "I do not wish," wrote the explorer, "to convey hopes of speedily effecting any great work through my own instrumentality; but I hope to be permitted to labor, as long as I live, beyond the line of other men's things, and plant the seed of the Gospel where others have not planted, though every excursion for that purpose will involve separation from my family for periods of four or five months." This was a noble aspiration, and nobly has its sincerity been illustrated, the separation from home, wife, children, and countrymen having been undergone for years, instead of months. For three hundred miles the route lay through a dreary and sterile region, where the principal vegetation consisted of "wait-a-bit" thorns, and no water could be obtained for successive days, causing intense distress to the travelers and their cattle. After proceeding in a northerly direction for upwards of a month, they emerged from this arid waste, and found themselves, on the 4th of July, on the banks of a fine and stately river—the Zouga—flowing to the eastward. A broad belt of reeds and rushes fringed the stream, with timber and fruit trees, among which the enormous baobab, from sixty to seventy feet round the stem, reared its head above the highest giant of the forest, while

beautiful parasitical plants and creepers hung in festoons among the branches. Here and there limestone rocks formed the margin, rendering the scenery charming, and reviving in the mind of the Scotchman the remembrance of his native Clyde. Learning from inhabitants on its borders that the river issued from a distant lake, the adventurers ascended its course, and, after a passage of about three hundred miles, following the windings, early in August they joyfully beheld the oft-reported and long-mysterious expanse, brilliantly reflecting from its surface the bright sky of Africa.

The lake is known locally by a variety of names, as *Inghabé*, the "giraffe," *Noka ea Mokoriòn*, "lake of boats," and *Ngami*, "the waters," the last of which has been adopted by geographers. Though not so large as at first represented, it is a fine sheet of water, perhaps seventy miles in circuit, considerably contracted in the middle, so as to resemble, according to some early native descriptions, the shape of a pair of spectacles. Its feeders are chiefly at the north-western extremity, while the Zouga is the outlet, which, after a long course, is lost in an immense marsh, or sand-flat, a perfect sea of reeds, haunted by vast herds of buffaloes. Both the lake and its rivers are subject to vast changes of level, the cause of which is quite obscure, as it appears to be independent of the seasons. The natives speak of the waters retiring daily to "feed," of course coming back after their meal; and our explorers observed a rise of several feet in the river, which could not be the effect of the rains, as it was the dry season, and the stream was beautifully clear. Numbers of hippopotami, crocodiles, and aquatic birds were seen in connection with the waters; and the country literally swarmed with large wild animals. Not less than nine hundred elephants were killed in the course of three years, after hunters and traders from the south entered it, some of whom made large profits by the sale of ivory at the Cape. Since the introduction of fire-arms, these quadrupeds have rapidly decreased, and what remains are shy and wary.

The aborigines of the lake-region, the Bayeiye, seem to be "the Friends" of the African body politic. They never fight, but submit themselves quietly to the domination of every conquering power, and are now subject to a tribe of Bechuana,

to whom they stand in much the same relation as the Anglo-Saxons to their Norman lords. According to their own account, their forefathers once tried their hands at fighting, but their bows broke in the using, and since that time the practice has been abandoned. The discovery of this new field for the missionary, the geographer, the naturalist, and the trader, excited no little interest in the civilized world; and, appropriately, the Royal Geographical Society of London awarded to Dr. Livingston one half of the royal premium for the year, in the shape of a chronometer watch. Fain would he have gone farther north, especially on learning that he was only about ten days' journey from Sebitoané chief of the Makololo, of whom he had previously heard as anxious to be brought in direct communication with the white men. But as the means of advancing at that time were wanting, the party retraced their steps to Kolobeng.

In April of the following year, 1850, the lake-region was revisited, with the view of penetrating to the indicated country beyond it. Mrs. Livingston accompanied her husband on this journey, with their young children, and Sichele, the Bakwain chief. But the prevalence of marsh-fever and the destructive fly compelled them to return without accomplishing their prime object.

THIRD JOURNEY.

Having carefully prepared for another effort, Dr. Livingston, again accompanied by his family, and also by Mr. Oswell, who had been in the interval to the Cape, started from Kolobeng in the early part of 1851. After crossing the Zouga, a northerly course led them to some great superficial depressions or "salt-pans," coated with saline incrustations, and containing springs of brackish water. Bending round to the north-west, a well-wooded limestone region was traversed, then a dismal swamp, and finally, having struck on the large river Chobe, its channel conducted the travelers to Linyanti, the capital of Makalolo, and residence of Sabitaoné. The chief was manifestly delighted at the visit. Being a Bechuana from the south, little difficulty was experienced in communicating with him. By the fire, before dawn, he recounted the reverses and adventures of a somewhat lengthened career.

For nearly thirty years he had been at war, chiefly with the Matabele, the people of the renowned and terrible Moselekatse. This man, visited by Mr. Moffat in 1830, rose from being an obscure marauder to become the Napoleon of the Desert, and was familiarly known to his subjects as the Elephant and the Lion's Paw, in allusion to his prowess and ferocity. "He dipped his sword in blood, and wrote his name on lands and cities desolate." After crushing many powerful tribes, he conquered Sebitoané, who became a fugitive, and fled, with a remnant of his tribe, from the skirts of the Kalahari desert, to the fastnesses of the northern rivers. Though inferior in point of numbers to the aborigines of the country, the refugees gained for themselves both political and moral ascendancy over the natives; and thus the Makalolo consisted of a mixed race of dusky expatriated Bechuanas, lords of the territory, with jet-black negroes the bulk of the population.

Perhaps an eye to his own safety from his old foes the Matabele, who pressed on his southern border, had led Sebitoané to be anxious for intercourse with Europeans. However this may be, he only lived to see the desire of his heart accomplished, and no more. The chief attended two religious services conducted by his guest the day after his arrival—the first and last at which he was destined to be present, for immediately afterward he was seized with pneumonia, and in a fortnight expired. This event, and apparently calamitous, proved no real disadvantage, for his son and successor, Sekeletu, was similarly disposed to his father; and the people, though the wildest savages, were kind in the extreme to strangers, according to their views of kindness.

The country which had now been entered, presented a totally different aspect to any that had yet been traversed. It was a vast level, rich and fertile, intersected with numberless streams, and hence called, in the language of the natives, "rivers upon rivers." The Chobe was found to flow into a main channel to the eastward—a grand trunk river—which, as afterward traced, finds its way under various names, the Leambye, Secheke, and Zambesi, to the Mozambique Channel and the Indian Ocean. On first visiting its banks at the end of a remarkably dry season, it presented a very large volume of water, about a quarter of mile in

breadth; and though the banks were from fifteen to twenty feet high, evidence appeared of an annual overflow to the distance of fifteen miles from them. "When the wind blows," says Dr. Livingston, "waves of considerable size rise on its surface, and accidents frequently occur in crossing. It was quite calm when I went over in the morning; but as the time for taking an altitude of the sun approached, the waves were running so high that it was only by great persuasion I could induce the people to paddle me back again." But though a fine region, with a large population of blacks, it was evidently unsuitable for the permanent residence of Europeans, owing to the periodical inundations and consequently malarious climate. Impressed with this conviction, yet bent upon bringing the newly-discovered races within the pale of Christian effort, the intrepid missionary returned with his companions to Kolobeng, and determined upon sending his wife and children to England, in order to devote himself to a more extensive scheme of exploration for the benefit of the tribes in the far interior.

With a left arm that wanted "mending," having been broken in a struggle with a lion which he had shot, and with an affection of the throat that required skillful treatment, Dr. Livingston accompanied his family to Cape Town, took leave of them, and returned northward. He designed first to make a bold plunge into the heart of Central Africa, then turn westward to the Portuguese settlements on the coast, and open a new route from the ocean to the interior, which might possibly prove shorter and easier than the one from the Cape. His journey southward was arranged by a merciful Providence. While prosecuting it, the Dutch boers attacked Kolobeng, killed sixty of the Bakwains, destroyed the mission premises, and expressed their disappointment at not capturing the missionary, but vowed to have his life. Meeting with Sichele, the injured chief, on approaching Kuruman, and asking him where he was going, he replied, "I am going to Queen Victoria." He endeavored to dissuade him from the project, stating that he would have no one to interpret for him. "Well," said he, "if I do go to the Queen, will she not listen to me?" Having of course replied in the affirmative: "Then," said he, "I'll go." He proceeded to the Cape with the view

of reaching England, but failed to obtain a passage.

FOURTH JOURNEY.

Attended on this occasion only by natives, Dr. Livingston started from Kuruman, taking with him in a bullock-wagon a pontoon-boat brought from the Cape. Before the close of the year 1852, he had regained his former position, but reached it through almost insuperable difficulties. The whole face of external nature was changed. On his last visit, the waters were at their lowest level. Now the streams were at the highest point, and country was deluged. In addition to this difficulty, sudden illness disabled the whole party, with the exception of the leader and one lad. He was obliged, therefore, to proceed in advance with this lad, in order to obtain help to bring along the invalids and the wagon. Embarking in the pontoon on the inundation, they passed over miles of flooded lands, in search of the Chobe, and at last discovered it tumbling along, after having climbed a high tree to look out. But to reach the stream required no ordinary toil and endurance. A broad *chevaux-de-frise* presented itself, of Nature's workmanship, consisting of tall papyrus reeds, and flags, growing out of the water, the whole interlaced with a convolvulus kind of creeper. Having broke through this barrier with great labor, dragging the pontoon after them, a "horrid sort of grass" was encountered, six feet high, with serrated edges, which cut the hands cruelly, and made havoc with strong moleskin garments. Three days and nights were spent, constantly wet up to the middle, in getting through this miserable jungle. After launching on the river, it soon carried them down to a village of the Makololo, to whom it seemed as if the white man had fallen from the clouds, so unapproachable did they consider themselves from the state of the streams; and yet he had come as if "riding on a hippopotamus," alluding to the pontoon. The necessary force was speedily dispatched to bring along the party left behind.

A welcome reception awaited Dr. Livingston at Linyanti, on his second visit, both from the chief Sekeletu and his subjects. Their imaginations were excited by the thought of possessing the wonderful things of the Europeans, some of which they

saw, in the shape of clothing, arms, and wagons, while of others they heard exaggerated accounts from the Kuruman people. Though eager to pass on, the chief was as anxious to detain his visitor, so that it was not till the close of July, 1853, that any advance was made. Starting from Sekhose, on the Zambesi, an experimental trip was made up the river, in the long narrow canoes of the natives, which they rowed rapidly against a strong current. Thirty-three canoes, manned by a hundred and sixty men, formed the expedition. They found the stream often more than a mile broad, adorned with numerous islands, which, as well as the banks, were covered with forests of banyan-like trees, above which towered the date-palm, and the feathery foliage of the lofty Palmyra palm. Amid scenery of this description, the river, known in this part of its course under the name of the Leambye, was ascended to Nariel, the chief town of the Barotse. These people—a race of industrious blacks—occupy the country for about a hundred miles from north to south, lying between two ranges of hills, and raise large crops of agricultural produce in the intervening valley. As a protection from the inundations, artificial mounds are raised above high-water mark, upon which they place their villages and pasture their cattle. Upon the retirement of the waters, the uncultivated ground is covered with rank grasses, an inch round and twelve feet high, while, with the scantiest husbandry, quantities of grain are raised on the cleared soil.

Often as the profusion of animal life had been remarked by the traveler, he was perfectly astonished at the herds of large game in this region; and, never having heard the sound of a rifle, they were perfectly indifferent to the presence of man. Cowper's lines were remembered, and felt to present a life-like picture:

"The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me."

One evening eighty buffaloes, the most dangerous of all African quadrupeds, when under irritation, slowly defiled before the camp fire, and the lion's roar was heard in close proximity. At such times, when those occupations which divert the mind were over for the day, the wanderer

must have felt powerfully the isolation of his position, cut off completely from the communion of the civilized world, all kindred spirits hundreds of miles away, alone in the midst of savages. Though his companions were most eager to serve him, yet, as barbarians, they could not understand a civilized and Christian man, and inadvertently tried his patience to the utmost by the savagery of their revels and usages. But a conviction of being in the path of duty, which never wavered for a moment, brought freshly to remembrance in the time of need the consoling thought, "Yet I am not alone; for the Father is with me."

From this preliminary examination of the river and the country to the northward, Dr. Livingston returned to Lin-yanti, and having sent back the party from Kuruman to that station, he set out again toward the north, on the 10th of November, accompanied by twenty-seven native attendants. Proceeding as on the recent trip, progress was rapid and easy, so long as river-navigation was available; but it became as slow and toilsome when gliding over the waters had to be exchanged for trudging on foot, or a ride on the back of a bullock. Three hundred miles were made in this uncomfortable manner, while heavy showers fell, as it proved to be the rainy season, and the drenched wayfarers had to wade through flooded plains, subsisting almost entirely upon the manioc root, the chief component of which is starch. Fever and dysentery impaired the strength and wasted the frame of the explorer, yet he manfully struggled with untoward incidents, and found his followers perfectly patient under them, ready to endure every thing with him to the last extremity. Upon reaching the latitude of 12° , he shifted his course from north to north-west, in order to strike the city of Loando on the coast, the capital of the Portuguese province of Angola, about eight hundred miles distant.

Soon after entering upon this new direction, the sorest troubles and greatest dangers of the pilgrimage were experienced. On approaching the bounds of civilization, the extremes of barbarism were encountered; for the native tribes, depraved by the slave-trade, received the advancing party as a spoil and a prey. They offered no food, except at an enormous price; they allowed no passage

through their villages without exacting a heavy fine; they availed themselves of the meanest pretexts to extort a present, and swords and spears were brandished to enforce submission to their rapacity. But for a firm, yet calm bearing, and the care of Providence, the traveler would have lost his life. As it was, he had to part with every thing, and was in extreme distress, when happily a far-inland Portuguese colonist was met with, by whose assistance he reached Cassange. From this point all his wants were liberally supplied by the colonial authorities, and the party entered Loando in May, 1854, where Mr. Gabriel, her Majesty's arbitrator—the only Englishman in the place—hospitably accommodated Dr. Livingston. "I shall never forget," says he, "the delicious pleasure of lying down on his bed, after sleeping six months on the ground." The astonishment of his twenty-seven faithful attendants on beholding the city, the sea, the cruisers in the harbor, and the novel objects of civilized life may readily be imagined. They were duly reported on returning to their countrymen in the interior, and have since formed the topic of many a tale to wondering groups on the banks of their native rivers. "Our fathers," said they, "told us that the world had no end. But they were wrong; for, as we traveled on, all at once we came to the world's end, and the world said to us, 'I'm done—there's no more of me—there's nothing but sea.'"

St. Paul de Loanda, the capital of the Portuguese colony of Angola, a maritime town of some eight thousand inhabitants, was founded in the year 1578. The province extends a considerable distance inland; Cassange, one of the principal settlements, being about three hundred miles from the coast. But some of the colonists have a much more interior location, far indeed beyond the bounds of the Portuguese government, residing at solitary posts, called *feiras*, or fairs, occasionally visited as trading stations by the native tribes. Yet it was not until the adventurous journey of Dr. Livingston, that any direct path was opened between the center of the continent and the seaboard; and his experience of danger and difficulty on the way rendered it sufficiently manifest that his track is not at present an available route. So enfeebled was he by disease, and so exhausted by hardship,

as to be unable, toward the close of the journey, to sit upon his ox for more than a few minutes at a time; and a long confinement from serious illness awaited him at Loanda, which, at one period, seemed likely either to prove fatal, or to incapacitate him for further onerous labors. Happily, by the blessing of God upon rest, the care of friends, and restoration to the comforts and amenities of civilized life, his vigorous constitution rallied; and once more, the task of finding a convenient highway into Central Africa, in a new direction, absorbed his thoughts, and he addressed himself to it with dauntless courage and indefatigable industry.

While the traveler was invalided, his companions from the interior were busily employed in making acquaintance with the wonders of civilization, and obtaining some of its novelties to carry back to their native wilds. Soon after entering the Portuguese province, they had been told by the negroes of every village in their way, that the "white man was taking them to the sea, and would sell them all on board a ship, to be fattened and eaten." Though not really mistrustful of their leader, who had shown himself so much their friend, it was scarcely possible for this suggestion, often repeated, to fail in exciting uneasy feelings. Hence, with no little terror they gazed for the first time on the broad expanse of the ocean, and saw the floating castles on its bosom—so huge and strange to men whose experience of navigation had been confined to paddling in rude canoes over inland streams. On being persuaded to go on board one of the British cruisers, their fears were speedily dissipated by the kindness with which they were received by officers and men; and upon becoming convinced that they were the countrymen of Dr. Livingston, their admiration of the latter knew no bounds. While his high motives were far beyond the range of their comprehension, yet these simple children of nature could now fully appreciate his magnanimous disinterestedness in having visited such an inferior race—brought them forth from the land of their fathers to behold on sea and shore the marvels with which he was perfectly familiar—sharing their lot on the long pilgrimage, and enduring without a murmur its privations. Their respect and gratitude were expressed in an almost idolatrous manner; and he was obliged

promptly to check its manifestations. In order to procure articles to carry to their countrymen, they hired themselves for wages to unload a collier at the port, worked at coal-heaving for a month, and were beyond measure astonished at the prodigious quantity of "stones that burn" in the hold of the vessel.

With the liveliest satisfaction, the news of the traveler's emergence from the *terra incognita* of Africa was received in England; for it would have occasioned no surprise had intelligence arrived of some fatal casualty having befallen him, or had he been added to the number of those who have disappeared mysteriously in countries drear and strange, surely perishing, but under circumstances as to time, place, and manner, which have never been fully ascertained. His friends, in anticipation of the journey, had trembled for his safety, specially on the ground of his going alone. He well knew their fears; and as no letters awaited him at Loanda, it seemed as if they had acted upon the presumption that he would never reach the place. Postal misadventures, occasioning brief intervals of anxiety and vexation, are among the everyday incidents of life; but after a separation of two years from home and kindred, the phrase, "no letters," involves a tax upon feeling which we can not pretend to gauge. This was not the only mishap which befel the correspondence of the far-away wanderer. His own dispatches and maps from Loanda were lost in the wreck of the "Forerunner" off the island of Madeira; and Mr. Moffat had the mortification of overtaking letters, papers, and parcels, while on a journey to the north-east from Kuruman, which, according to prearrangement with his son-in-law, he had been sending after him into the interior for more than eighteen months. They had been detained by a chief who was under promise to forward them on the way to Linyanti, and who stated, after grinning and laughing at remonstrance, that he meant to keep all he could get, till Livingston himself came with a handsome reward to redeem the articles.

The heart of the continent had now been traversed from the south extremity to within 9° of the equator, passing through about 25° of latitude. In honor of this arduous service, the University of Glasgow conferred upon the explorer

the degree of L.L.D.; and in its botanical garden, plants are now flourishing raised from roots and seeds sent home by him, one specimen of which is said to belong to an entirely new genus. The Royal Geographical Society also awarded to him the Queen's Gold Medal—the highest distinction in its power to confer—which Dr. Tidman received as his representative from the hand of the President, the late Earl of Ellesmere. The latter, in presenting it, appropriately remarked: "Within these two days, a volume in the Portuguese language has been placed in my hands, the record of a Portuguese expedition to African exploration from the east coast. I advert to it to point out the contrast between the two. Colonel Monteiro was the leader of a small army—some twenty Portuguese soldiers, and one hundred and twenty Caffres. I find in the volume no reason to believe that this armed and disciplined force was abused to any purpose of outrage or oppression; but still the contrast is as striking between such military array and the solitary grandeur of the missionary's progress, as it is between the actual achievements of the two—between the rough knowledge obtained by the Portuguese of some three hundred leagues of new country, and the scientific precision with which the unarmed and unassisted Englishman has left his mark on so many important stations, of regions hitherto a blank, over which our associate, Mr. Arrowsmith, has sighed in vain."

Though naturally anxious to see his native land and rejoin his family, Dr. Livingston felt bound to decline the favorable opportunity of doing so from the Portuguese port, subordinating private feeling to the demands of public duty. He had to conduct back to their far-off homes the twenty-seven confiding natives who had attended his footsteps; and the prime object of his expedition—that of discovering a practicable route for Christianity and commerce between the interior and the coast, with a salubrious district for a mission-station—had not been effected. He resolved, therefore, to retrace his course to Linyanti, and follow from thence the channel of the Zambesi to Quilimane, one of the Portuguese ports on the opposite or eastern side of Africa. "I return," wrote he, "because I feel that the work to which I set myself is only half accomplished. The way out to the east-

ern coast may be less difficult than I have found that to the west. If I succeed, we shall at least have a choice. I intend, God helping me, to go down the Zambesi or Leambye to Quilimane." This was sketching for himself a journey of more than two thousand miles, completely across the continent, from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. Upon his intention being made known, the Count de Levrado, Portuguese ambassador in London, undertook the charge of letters from his friends, with a view to their safe transmission to Quilimane; and her Majesty's government dispatched orders to the commanders of cruisers on the east coast of Africa to keep a sharp look-out for the heroic missionary.

FIFTH JOURNEY.

Toward the close of the year 1844, Dr. Livingston girded himself for his great undertaking, and bade farewell to the waters of the Atlantic. He was aided in every possible way by the authorities of Angola, the merchants of the capital, and the inhabitants of the colony; and returned the favor, while journeying through the province, by correcting its maps in various particulars, fixing the latitude and longitude of important places, while casting an observant eye upon the pursuits and condition of the people, chiefly blacks and half-breeds. Our readers will remember the poet's reference to the "groves of Angola," and to the dismal deeds there connected with the luxuriance of tropical nature:

"From the thicket the man-hunter sprang,
My cries echoed loud through the air;
There was fury and wrath on his tongue;
He was deaf to the voice of despair."

The abominable slave-trade is still carried on in Angola. But the traveler, since returning to this country, has borne refreshing testimony to the fact that, in comparison with former times, the traffic is so diminished, as to be commonly spoken of in the past, instead of the present tense. Owing to the activity of our cruisers, stationed along the coast to prevent exportation to the transatlantic markets, the foreign slave-trade has been rendered too dangerous and unprofitable for merchants to pursue it, many of whom have turned from slave-dealing to coffee-growing. It is pleasant to learn, upon

the same authority, that the English name has penetrated a long way into the African interior, and that we are known there as the "tribe that likes the black man."

The fifth and last journey, now to be noticed—the most extraordinary trip—may be said to have commenced fairly about the beginning of February, 1855, when Dr. Livingston left Cassange; and including stoppages at Nariel, Linyanti, and Tete, it extended over a period of sixteen months, terminating at Quilimane on the 26th of May, 1856. The former part of it, lying over old ground, may be summarily dispatched.

Upon encountering the tribes beyond the Portuguese frontier, demoralized by contact with them, but independent of their control, the same inhospitable treatment was experienced as on the previous occasion; and it must have been a sore trial to the temper to deal with them, making the most extortionate demands as to the price of food, or for the means of crossing a stream, or for the simple permission to pass on, and get out of their abominable neighborhood. Sorrowfully also must the European have seen his native attendants stripped of the fruit of their hard-won earnings at Loanda to satisfy the rapacity of the miscreants. Yet they made the sacrifice without a murmur; and subsequently, in all reports respecting the expedition, public and private, uniformly expressed themselves in the kindest terms toward their leader. All inhospitality ceased upon entering the country of the unsophisticated African. The party now found themselves at home, were received with enthusiasm in the villages through which they passed, and wanted for nothing the people had to give. From Nariel, in August, a brief letter to Mr. Gabriel, at Loanda, forwarded by a native trader, informed him: "My men are all in high spirits, and quite prepared for another trip, although, as we have had to sell almost every thing for food, they have but little to show after their long absence from home." Having constructed canoes, they embarked upon the Leambye; and with a powerful current in their favor, were rapidly carried down toward Linyanti, where they arrived at the close of the following month. Sekeletu, the chief, received them with every demonstration of delight; and the Makololo welcomed their traveled contrymen as the wise men of the nation. They had visited

the land of the *Wasunga*, or wise men, the term applied throughout Southern Africa in one form or another to the whites; and the tale of their adventures has since, doubtless, formed the staple of many a "long yarn" on the banks of their rivers.

Refreshed by a few weeks' halt, and duly prepared for the prosecution of his journey, Dr. Livingston started for the East-African coast toward the close of October, attended by upward of a hundred natives, picked out of a large batch of volunteers, who were anxious to place themselves under his guidance. He proposed to follow generally the course of the Zambesi, proceeding along the northern bank; and we have to attend him to an island in the river, in the most southerly part of its channel, where one of the most welcome incidents awaited him that could possibly befall the traveler. The spot in question is a few miles above the Mosiotunya Falls. A notice of the event involves a digression respecting the movements of a relative, Mr. Moffat.

Anxious to have supplies forwarded to his son-in-law, Mr. Moffat hoped to accomplish this object through the agency of Moselakatse, the chief of the Matabele, who has been previously named lord of the territory extending to the south bank of the Zambesi. Accordingly, he left Kuruman with the supplies, and reached the town of the chief, situated some four hundred miles to the north-east, starting about the time that Dr. Livingston had arrived at Loanda. Nearly a quarter of century had elapsed since his former visit to the powerful barbarian. He found him changed in appearance—an old and diseased man—but still unchanged in character, as martial and despotic as ever, the terror of his subjects, ruling them with a rod of iron, and revered by them as the "lion of lions," the "king of kings," the "man-eater," and "god of cattle and men." Among other titles ignorantly applied to him by his parasites, that of *schelm sleght* is recorded—words caught from the Dutch boers, answering in their meaning to "great rascal," which the Dutchmen liberally bestow upon his imperial highness. Strange to say, the tyrant, surrounded with his armed myrmidons, was pliant as a child to the wishes of Mr. Moffat. Twenty men under an officer were sent off to the Zambesi, carrying seventeen packages for Dr. Livingston.

Upon reaching the south bank of the river, this Matabele escort communicated with the Makololo on the opposite bank, in order to surrender their charge into their hands. But apprehending treachery from their deadly enemies, the latter declined to cross; and the Matabele retired, leaving the packages by the side of the stream. They were then removed by the Makololo to the island in the river; and more than twelve months afterward, there they were found by the traveler, to his unspeakable comfort and delight. Not a package had been opened; and having been screened from the weather, not an article was damaged. This is, perhaps, no proof of honesty on the part of the custodians, who might be restrained by some fear of witchcraft from meddling with the property.

At this point the party left the river, to avoid a rocky country and hills infested by the tsetse. But before diverging, Dr. Livingston visited the Mosiotunya Falls, and saw the most striking spectacle he had ever beheld—a cataract of a perfectly unique kind. The Zambesi, about a thousand yards broad, is here suddenly compressed between the walls of a basaltic cleft, and precipitates itself upward of a hundred feet into a trough or basin little more than twenty yards wide. It raves for some distance through a narrow channel, and gradually recovers expansion on escaping from its rocky prison. Though seen under unfavorable circumstances, as the stream was at its lowest level, the sight was sublime, and satisfied the observer of its extraordinary grandeur after the periodical rains. The spray and roar of the cataract, seen and heard for miles, originated the designation Mosiotunya—"smoke-resounding" Falls.

Soon after rejoining the river, the explorer was rewarded for all his toils and sufferings. This was by the discovery of a highland region, free from tangled woods and reedy pestilential marshes, with a fertile soil carpeted with short grass, stretching away to the eastward from the confluence of the Kafue with the Zambesi. Filled with thankfulness, and elate with hope at having found a salubrious locality adapted to the site of a mission-station, he pursued his way, meeting with uniform kindness from the natives, and experiencing no difficulty in supplying his party with food. Though daily rations for a hundred and fourteen

men, hungry travelers too, involved no trifling consumption of provender, there was game everywhere at hand in abundance. Zebras supplied roast beef; giraffes, fillets of veal; antelopes, haunches of venison; and if African pork or bacon was wanted, there was plenty to be obtained from the portly hippopotamus. Countless multitudes of the beautiful spring-bok were seen scouring the plains. "I could form no idea of the number of these lovely animals I saw in actual migration. I can compare them to locusts alone; for as far as the eye could reach, they appeared a tremulous mass, sometimes in sprinklings, and at other times in dense crowds, upon a plain six or seven miles long by three or four broad." As for elephants, they were so thick upon the ground, in some parts of the country, that the travelers had often to shout to them to get out of the way.

The first traces of Europeans were encountered at Zumbo, an island at the junction of the Loangua with the Zambesi; but they were the ruins merely of a town long deserted. This was the farthest point from the coast ever reached by the Portuguese in light canoes. On approaching their present settlements, great difficulties were experienced. The natives had to be avoided, being ferocious marauders; all the oxen were killed by the tsetse; no canoes could be procured; and over a country covered with shingle and shrubs, Dr. Livingston had to trudge on foot, while the heat was excessive. When within eight miles of Tete, where he was sure of a hospitable reception, he was so completely overcome as to be unable to move a step farther. Fortunately, while lying on the ground, the governor, Major Sicard, hearing of his proximity, sent out to him the "materials of a civilized breakfast;" and thus refreshed, he entered the town on the morning of March the 2d, 1856.

Though once more within the sphere of civilized life, he was still three hundred miles away from the coast; and as it was the season of the year when the intervening delta of the Zambesi is specially unhealthy, he awaited its termination at Tete, kindly entertained by the governor. In this town Dr. Livingston finally left the band of faithful natives who had accompanied him from the interior, under promise, if spared in life, to return to them in the course of the present year—

a pledge which he is now on the eve of fulfilling. He felt no difficulty in leaving them to their own resources; for besides being capital hunters, they were industrious men, with friendly Portuguese at hand to help them in case of need. Having reached the port of Quilimane on the 26th of May, after an interval, H.M.S. "Frolic" hove in sight, which conveyed him to the Mauritius, on his way to England. A most melancholy incident marked his arrival at the British colony. Deeming it desirable that one of his native attendants should see England, and report of it to his countrymen in Central Africa, as an eye-witness of its wonders, he had selected at Tete the most apparently eligible for the purpose, who descended with him to Quilimane. The sight of the sea, then tossed by a tempest, and of the ship of war, filled the poor Makololo with amazement; and on embarking in a boat to gain the vessel, he turned to Dr. Livingston, with a look of intense excitement, and said, "Is *this* the way you go?" There can be little doubt that the surprise and alarm occasioned by a first contact with such novelties shook to derangement the mind of the untutored native. He made, however, the passage of the Mauritius; but on entering the harbor of St. Louis, he no sooner saw a steamer in motion than he rushed overboard and perished.

From Tait's Magazine.

C A T H E R I N E M E R C I E R .

A TALE OF THE INUNDATIONS IN FRANCE.

LYONS, the second city in France, and the seat of the celebrated manufacture of silks, is built principally upon a tongue of land formed by the confluence of the Saone with the Rhone, a situation of great advantage commercially, as it affords the facility of water communication both with the Mediterranean and the Atlantic; but, from the low level upon which most of the city stands, and from the rapid, and often swollen currents of the rivers, it has frequently been the scene of most terrible inundations. Embankments have been formed at various points to guard the city from its watery foes; but though useful in restraining any ordinary rise, they are totally inadequate to protect the lower parts of the place from the powerful floods which occasionally overwhelm the unprepared inhabitants, causing such loss of life and property as can scarcely be imagined by people at a distance. Lyons has, however, even a more terrible element than even the angry waters running through her streets. In 1794, when Collet d'Herbois and his terrorist associates held their tribunal in the Hotel de Ville, the executions were so numerous that human blood was poured forth like water, and with its crimson current flooded the Place des Terreaux. So horrible was the sight, that the agents of the Convention, fearing lest the inhabitants should rise, gave up the guillotine as too much exposed, and too tardy for their vengeance; they transported their prisoners across the Rhone, and in the open fields on the left bank of that river, with no hearts near them that felt one touch of pity, were the helpless victims slowly mowed down by

discharges of grape and canister, and scenes were enacted, which gave to Lyons a preëminence of suffering, even amongst the many ill-fated cities of France.

But the open fields which witnessed these guilty deeds are open fields no more. Though the city at the time of the Revolution was confined to the narrow tongue of land between the two rivers, and the opposite bank of the Saone, comprising the suburbs of St. Croix and Fourvieres, it has, since the commencement of the present century, extended to the left bank of the Rhone, and the populous and stately districts of Les Brotteaux and La Guillotin are connected with the parent city by several handsome bridges. The faubourg of Les Brotteaux is built upon the very ground on which the revolutionary massacres took place, the memory of which it preserves in a monumental chapel, erected at the end of a street called the "Avenue des Martyrs." Stately buildings are arising on all sides, but, as in the city itself, the more retired streets are narrow and dirty, with tall houses on either hand, making perpetual twilight, containing family above family in their eight, nine, or ten flats, until an almost incredible population dwells upon a very small superficial space of ground.

The sun was setting one evening during the last week in May, 1856. Heavy rains had poured down hopelessly the whole day, and the sky was dark and lowering, except in the west, where the glorious orb had broken through the clouds, after many struggles, to throw his welcome light upon the city for a few minutes. His rays were but feeble, for the same relentless rain which had just ceased had prevailed for many days, and the very atmosphere seemed saturated. New-born rivulets ran down the narrow streets, finding their way to the great swollen, yellow Rhone, which coursed along with accelerated speed to its ocean home. But, as butterflies come forth to the summer sun, so did the gay inhabitants of Lyons pour forth to enjoy for a short time the fresh air unmixed with rain, and the streets were crowded. Amongst the many foot-passengers who were crossing the Point Morand, was a young soldier, walking briskly in the direction of Les Brotteaux. His regimentals were faded and worn, having evidently seen hard service. His face was sunburnt, but a pleasant one withal, to look at, and the smiling mouth,

just overshadowed by a juvenile moustache, and the sparkling, intelligent eyes, seemed to say that he—Victor Chapereau—was in high good humor with himself and all the world. And certainly, if any one had reason to be happy and thankful, it was he; for he had just returned in honor and safety from the Crimea, and was on his way to Les Brotteaux to see Catherine Mercier, who, four years before, when he left Lyons, had almost promised to be his bride.

Victor Chapereau was the son of a soldier who was killed in the riots of the silk weavers at Lyons, in 1834. His mother, previous to her marriage, had been *femme-de-chambre* in a nobleman's family in the country, and when she was left a widow, with an infant in arms, her former mistress showed her great kindness, established her as a "*lingère*"* in the suburb of Fourvieres, introducing her to the notice of several influential families in the neighborhood. Jeannie's industry and skill procured her plenty of customers, and she was thus enabled not only to support her child honestly, but also to give him the advantage of a good education. When Victor reached the age of fifteen, nothing would satisfy him but that he must be a soldier, as his father had been before him; and after many a struggle, and much secret grief, his mother gave her consent. To lose her cheerful companion, her bright and beloved boy, was a hard trial to the poor woman, but she bore it with true resignation, and instead of folding her hands in despair, only worked the more diligently that she might lay by a store for her only child. For three years she saw him frequently, as his regiment was stationed at Lyons, or in some neighboring place; but after that time it was sent to Marseilles; and when, in two years, the war broke out with Russia, she received a hasty line from Victor, to say that he was to embark that day for the Crimea, without the opportunity of bidding her farewell. It was indeed with an anxious and loving heart that the poor mother joined her prayers to the many strong supplications which rose from all parts of the land for the safety of loved ones who were fighting in the far-off East. Occasionally she heard from her son, who wrote whenever he had time; but some-

* *Lingère*. One who makes and gets up all kinds of fine linen.

times the letters were lost, and sometimes they were written on the eve of an assault, and then came the sickening suspense as to the result. But at last all France rang with the glad tidings that Sebastopol was taken—taken, however, with such a loss of life, that many a widow and orphan were the fruits of all the glory; and Jeannie knew that Victor's regiment had been one of the first to rush up the death-hill of the Malakoff, and she dreaded the post, lest, instead of the bold writing of her son, it should bring her a cold official letter, to tell her that her only child had followed his father to a soldier's grave.

But a happier fate was in store for her; she received a letter from Victor full of wondering thankfulness that he had been spared, when his companions on both sides were moved down in their desperate rush upon the Malakoff; and the mother read with pride that he had been one of the first to enter the fort, which had procured for him the special notice of his commanding officer. Some months after, when the welcome peace was proclaimed, Jeannie set herself to work, to prepare the house for his return; and, early in the afternoon on which our story commences, as she was kneeling down on the floor, arranging some linen which she had just ironed, in a basket, she felt two hands laid upon her shoulders, and starting up, found herself in the arms of her soldier son. Four years absence had altered him much; the slight boy was become a firm and active man, and the Eastern climate had browned his fair skin; but there was the same bright, honest expression, and the same loving heart, and the mother rejoiced indeed to find him unchanged in all but personal appearance.

"Home looks very comfortable after the trenches," said Victor, as he glanced round the neat room, with its bright stone, white walls, and well-cared-for furniture; "that old press, and the little table look to me like particular friends, and here is actually my own favorite chair ready for me. But what a superb new cushion it has! why, mother, I saw nothing prettier than this in the Turkish bazaar at Constantinople."

"It was made by Catherine Mercier's nimble fingers," answered she, "in preparation for your return."

This piece of information was evidently very gratifying to the young man, for he

regarded the cushion more carefully and tenderly, and as he bent over the embroidered flowers, said, in a low voice: "How is Catherine, mother?"

"Blooming as a rose, and brisk as a marmotte. Every Sunday she comes across in time to accompany me to mass, and then she spends the rest of the day here. In winter, Pierre comes to fetch his daughter home, but in summer we go to the Promenade, and afterward I sup with them."

"And do you think she remembers me?" asked Victor.

"Pray do you think," said his mother, smiling, "that the prettiest girl in Lyons, who might have been married well twenty times, would come and spend all her Sundays and fête-days with a stupid old woman, if that old woman had not a certain absent soldier son?"

Victor laughed as he seized his bright little mother in his arms, and kissed her again and again. "Ah! but you know," said he, "that she was a sad flirt four years ago, and I have always heard that such a disease increases with age."

"Well, you must remember that Catherine lost her mother when she was an infant, and has been her father's spoiled child; besides, she has many admirers, and it is but natural that a young girl's head should be somewhat turned by all the flattery she has received. Why, I have even been told that her father's employer, the rich M. Lubin, would give his right hand, to say nothing of half his fortune, to marry her."

"And what does Catherine say to such a magnificent proposal?" asked Victor, with a clouded brow.

"It is said that she does not care a pin for him; but he will persist in being at the house every day, and is her very shadow, and there is no knowing what perseverance might not have done if her favored lover had not returned to claim her; but with all her little follies, Catherine is true at heart; she is an excellent daughter, and will be a good wife."

"And how does Pierre get on—is he still a journeyman weaver?"

"Oh, no; he is become a chef d'atelier, lives au troisième in the same house where he formerly lived au neuvième, has the whole flat to himself and his looms, employs several men under him, and is reputed to be the most skillful weaver in Lyons."

"Mother, I see the rain has ceased; I think, if you will give me something to eat, I will just go across to the Merciers to-night. I shall soon return, but I don't think I shall sleep till I have seen Catherine. What weather it is," added he, going to the window, and looking upon the drenched world without, "it looks as if it had been raining for a month."

"We have had ten days' incessant rain, and the lower parts of the city are flooded; it is to be hoped that we shall have fine weather soon, or I am afraid the rivers will be rising much higher."

Bustling about, she soon prepared a meal for her son, and when it was dispatched, she sent him forth with many injunctions to return in good time. "For," said she, "I shall be afraid it's a dream that you are at home again, until I see you back."

Crossing the Saone, Victor passed through the crowded streets of Lyons, and leaving the Place des Terreaux, he reached the Point Morand. When he arrived at the middle of the bridge, he bent over the parapet for a moment. "Strange!" said he to himself, "I well remember a curious stone carved like a dog's head, which projected from that pier many feet above the water, and now I can not see it; the rise must be high indeed."

Upon reaching the other side, he passed through the more stately streets, to the quarter of La Petite Californie, which is situated to the East of Les Brotteaux, and turning into a narrow street, he stopped at the general entrance of the third house on the left-hand side. Like most of the houses in Lyons, it was constructed of wooden framing filled in with bricks, and consisted of nine flats, which rose in dizzy height, though some of the neighboring tenements were even higher. So densely populated was the street, that, though erected within the last forty years, the houses had a stained look, as if they had borne the wear and tear of many generations. Ascending the general staircase, the young soldier stopped at a door au troisième, and tapping lightly, he lifted the latch, and entered a spacious room.

Large logs of wood were blazing merrily upon the hearth-stone, for the continued wet weather rendered a fire an indispensable comfort, notwithstanding the late season. The apartment was likewise lighted by lamps, and at a table in

one corner sat two men, with papers and patterns spread out before them, the one writing from the other's dictation. The elder of the two was dressed in the ordinary garb of a superior Lyonese weaver, but his companion evidently belonged to a very different class. His coat was made of the finest material, cut in the extremity of the fashion, he wore a richly-embroidered waistcoat, and his valuable rings, numerous gold chains, and diamond breast-pin testified to the wealth of the wearer, if not to his taste; and Victor at once decided that he was in the presence of his rival, M. Lubin. But the glance was momentary, for in the center of the room, arranging a table for supper, was Catherine Mercier.

If Victor had carried away with him a pleasant impression of her—if, during the last few months, he had been picturing to himself what he should find her after four years' absence, and had painted his imaginary portrait in lover's colors, he was not destined to be disappointed in her appearance. Rather under the middle height, her figure, though slight, was beautifully rounded, and shown off to the best advantage by her perfectly-fitting dress. Her features were regular and good, her dark-brown eyes were shaded by lashes of a darker hue, but it was in the expression of her countenance that Catherine Mercier's chief attraction lay. There was not one emotion, from the deep tenderness of a true woman to the veriest mischief of an arch coquette, that did not occasionally assert its right to play over her features, changing them as the shadows of the ever-varying clouds alter a sunny landscape. When Victor entered, she turned her head toward him, and her first recognition was all that he could desire; her face lighted up, and she sprang forward to meet him with a delighted exclamation; but suddenly, partly from shyness, partly because she felt that M. Lubin's attention had been attracted, and that great man was watching her with his fishy eyes, and partly, perhaps, from a feminine, but not very amiable desire to tease her lover, she drew back and, giving him her hand, said, coldly:

"So, Maitre Victor, you are come home at last."

"Victor!" exclaimed her father, who had been too much engrossed with his writing to hear the door open, "Victor Chapereau, welcome, my brave fellow! I am very glad to see you safe back again;

we have not been a little anxious about you, I can tell you," said he, advancing, and embracing the young soldier heartily. "He is the son of an old friend of ours, M. Lubin," added he, turning to that gentleman, "and we have known him ever since he was a boy."

M. Lubin bowed very coldly, a young soldier in faded regimentals was not interesting to him; besides, he saw, with true instinct, that Victor was a rival, and therefore he felt hostile to him at once.

"Come, we will all sit down to supper now," said Pierre. "M. Lubin, allow me to have the honor of assisting you—an excellent omelette I can assure you; Catherine's fingers are as successful in the production of made dishes as in embroidery."

"Any thing made by Mademoiselle Catherine must be, like herself, charming," said he, with a complimentary bow.

Catherine replied with some lively badinage, and she and M. Lubin kept up an animated conversation during supper, to which, it must be confessed, the other two did not contribute. Victor was seated near Pierre, and numberless were the questions the kind-hearted old man asked him respecting all that he had seen in the East, to which he replied rather absently, for his eyes were following Catherine's every movement, and marking with jealous ire the officious attentions of the rich merchant, which seemed to him favorably received. "Ah!" thought he, "M. Lubin may be as stout and as selfish as needs be, but women are so bewitched by riches, fine clothes, and flattery, that a poor soldier like me has no chance." At last M. Lubin, excited by affability to which he was not accustomed, gave vent to his dislike to Victor in sarcastic speeches directed at him, and which were the harder to bear, as they often called forth Catherine's merry laugh. Victor was fagged and depressed, and rose to go.

"Do not go yet, my good fellow," said Pierre; "I have not heard about the Malakoff."

"I promised my mother that I would be at home in good time. I only arrived in Lyons this afternoon, and she begged that I would not stay long."

"But it is so early," said Catherine, whose conscience was stinging her, as she looked at his sad face, "do stay."

"I am very sorry, but I can not; I

promised to leave at nine, and I must keep my word."

"Oh! certainly," said Catherine, hastily, "pray do not put yourself out of the way to do me a little favor;" and with an offended air she turned away, and began taking the things from the table.

Victor bit his lip. M. Lubin smiled spitefully; and Pierre, who was blind to all that was going on, bade him good night, after affectionately entreating him to come again soon. The young man bowed haughtily to M. Lubin, then went close to Catherine and held out his hand, looking gravely and sadly in her face. Now, if Catherine had given way to the impulse of the moment, she would have thrown her arms round his neck, confessed herself a little goose, said that she admired and loved him, and that never had M. Lubin been so hateful to her as this evening, and thus sent him away happy; but strong as the inclination was, it was combated by a spice of coquettish pride; so she merely shook hands coldly, and said, "I suppose you will honor us with your company again soon?"

"Not unless our meeting is likely to be a happier one than this has been," said he, hastily, and at once left the room.

We all know how bitter it is when we return after a long absence, full of anticipation of our first meeting with those we love, to find ourselves awakened from our pleasant dreams by some cold and disappointing reality. Often our hearts are too full to utter the many tender speeches we have, as it were, been conning over, and often those we meet, perhaps from the same cause, do not at first welcome us so warmly as our yearning love has expected. and thus these meetings are generally sad ones. So poor Victor felt, as he left La Petite Californie, and struck toward home. If he had not heard the reports about M. Lubin, it is probable he would not have heeded Catherine's coldness; but the slight suspicion which his conversation with his mother aroused had rankled in his mind, and thus he had been too watchful, too ripe to take offense, which had rendered his manner cold and constrained. But he was too much hurt to examine how far he was himself to blame; for, as Coleridge says:

"To be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain;"

so he dashed on, regardless of every thing but his own bitter thoughts. Had he been less engrossed, he would have observed much around him to raise alarm. Already had the Rhone risen several feet since he had crossed it earlier in the evening, and, when he reëntered Lyons, the streets were unusually thronged with people, some transporting furniture and goods from the lower parts of the town, which were flooded, others collecting in shivering groups under arches or any projecting eaves which afforded shelter against the pitiless rain, which was again pouring down. In some streets near the Saone, Victor splashed in water up to his knees, but even this failed to arouse his attention. Ascending the steep hill, he reached home drenched to the skin, and his mother at once perceived that he had been wounded instead of pleased by his visit. But avoiding any painful questions, she only tried by every loving attention to soothe and comfort him. She persuaded him to go to bed, and made him some hot coffee; and when he had drank it, she left him to the sleep he so greatly required. He had been so anxious to reach home that he had not slept for three nights, and was completely exhausted. Even his restless misery could not keep him awake; for, after tossing about for a short time, tired nature asserted her claim, and sealed his senses in a blessed forgetfulness.

He was awakened ere it was light the next morning by his mother, who was obliged to shake him by the shoulder to rouse him from his heavy sleep.

"Why, mother," said he, rubbing his eyes, "what on earth do you want me to get up for? it is not light yet. I thought I was to sleep till noon."

"My son, the floods are out, the Rhone has risen fearfully, and is still rising; they say La Petite Californie is under water to the second story. Pierre Mercier, who came across last night with M. Lubin, to be ready for some orders in the morning, was attempting to return home, when a piece of timber fell upon him and broke his leg. They carried him to his sister's house near here, and he has sent this note to you."

Victor jumped up, and was putting on his clothes; he took the crumbled piece of paper, and read the following note:

"My brave friend—La Petite Californie

is flooded; I am disabled. Save my daughter, if it is not even now too late.

"PIERRE MERCIER."

It took but a few minutes to equip the ready soldier; his mother made him take some food to eat as he went along.

"You will need all your strength," said she, "and you must eat for my sake."

He knelt down for an instant as he used to do when a little boy—

"Bless me, my mother, ere I go forth."

She laid her hand upon his head, and with a choked voice said:

"God preserve you, my own beloved son."

He rose, took her in his arms, gave her one long, long, loving embrace—feeling it might be his last—and then he sped away upon his perilous enterprise.

Descending the hill of Fourvières, Victor saw in the faint light a terrible panorama of destruction before him. Both rivers were rushing madly along, studded with spoils of their expanded and resistless waters. The Rhone, especially, he observed, was dotted over with the objects which were being carried away; and fearing lest, indeed, he was too late, he dashed recklessly on. In his passage through the city, he had nearer and stronger evidence of the extent of the inundations. Though he chose the higher parts, as less likely to impede his headlong career, he had ever and anon glimpses of streets in which the water was rushing like a river, where whole houses were crumbling down; where the roofs were crowded with refugees from the rising floods; where boats were passing to and fro, and hastily constructed rafts, laden with women and children just rescued, some even in their night-clothes, were slowly moving to some place of shelter. In his path were groups who had been landed—children wailing and calling in heart-rending accents for their parents; mothers rushing wildly about seeking for their lost children, and refusing to be comforted. Others were sitting down in hopeless despair, having seen those they loved best crushed in some quick ruin, or carried away by the raging waters.

Victor sickened at the sight of such misery, and dashed across the nearest bridge. On the other side he seized a small boat, and getting a soldier to help him, they transported it through some streets which were protected by an em-

bankment, and then launched it on the flood. Victor found that the rapid current was in his favor; he stood in the prow, guiding the boat with a pole, and guarding it from the various obstacles which were floating about. A turn or two more would bring them in sight of Catherine's dwelling, but a cross current met him, and he had a serious struggle to prevent its carrying him away; but, by a strong effort he turned the boat round the right corner, and then, O heavens! how fearful was the scene that burst upon his sight!

The water which was bearing him on, was up to the third story, and was rapidly rising; but there was a greater danger attending Catherine than the angry flood. The two first houses on the left-hand side of the street, sapped from their foundations, had fallen in one great crash, whilst the next, being the one in which the Merciers dwelt, was swaying to and fro with every impulse of the fierce tide, and seemed as if, in one instant, it would follow its companions. Victor saw all this, though still at a considerable distance, and also observed that Catherine was at the window just above the water, alone, and clasping her hands as if for aid.

With desperate strokes he sent his boat forward, reckless of the broken boards, pieces of furniture, and animals which were thronging in his course. As he neared the place of danger, he came upon a side street, which rose above the water, and on which were assembled a considerable number of people watching the falling house. There were boats moored near, in which they had brought off the rest of the inhabitants; but Catherine had been aroused too late, and did not come to the window till they had steered off. Just afterward, the other houses fell, and now no one would come to rescue the helpless girl. Amidst the group was M. Lubin on horseback, vainly urging the boatmen to make the attempt.

"Ten thousand francs to any one who will save Catherine Mercier," cried he.

There was not a movement, and the sad looks of the boatmen betokened how desperate the case was.

"Twenty thousand—forty thousand shall it be," cried he.

Still no one stirred—life was dearer to them than money.

"Young man," roared the frantic merchant, as Victor's boat shot past; "half

of my fortune shall you have if you save that girl."

"Beware," cried an old sailor, "it will be certain death."

Victor turned his pale face for one instant, and shouted,

"Money can not save her, M. Lubin; perhaps true love may."

A murmur of applause burst from the crowd.

"Here, my brave fellow," cried the old sailor, throwing a rope into the boat. "tie that fast; we shall pull you back more quickly than you can row, and there is no time to be lost; may God speed you."

Victor seized the rope, and knotted it to a seat; gave one desperate stroke, and his boat, released from some stones which had stopped it, shot under the yawning shadow of the trembling house.

Catherine had given up all hope. Life is very sweet to the young; and it was with an agonized heart that she had watched the boatmen—had seen M. Lubin's fruitless gesticulations, and felt that no human aid was to be procured. All the events of her past life flashed across her mind, and bitter was her penitence for every folly which had looked so little till seen under the shadow of death. She felt that she could meet her fate more calmly if she could have said one word to Victor—but where was he? A sudden and more violent movement of the house, convinced her that the time was short, and shutting her eyes, she knelt down and commended herself to God.

A strong hand laid upon her shoulder called her back to life, and starting up, she saw her lover standing in the boat, keeping it close to the window by leaning his whole weight upon the sill.

"Quick, quick," cried he, "jump into the boat. God grant that it may not be too late."

She sprang lightly down; Victor pushed away from the house; the boatmen, who were watching the scene with breathless attention, tightened the rope, and drew them rapidly back. Scarcely were they at a safe distance, when the whole building fell with a terrible crash, and confused heaps of timbers and bricks, round which the water hissed and foamed, were all the remains of what had so lately been her home. Catherine shuddered and hid her face. Victor, who till this instant had been silent, his compressed lips

and frowning brow alone testifying his deep anxiety, exclaimed,

"Thank God! we are safe!"

They were drawn to the bank, and landed amidst the cheers of the spectators. When M. Lubin saw that Catherine was out of danger, saved by his hated rival, he pulled his hat over his brows, and spurred his horse away from the spot. Victor, having thanked the boatmen warmly for their sympathy and help, took the poor girl upon his arm, and winding his way by the more protected streets of Les Brotteaux, got safe across one of the bridges which yet remained unflooded.

But danger still held her naked sword above their heads. Now they were obliged to fly from falling houses, as they passed in a boat through some of the flooded streets. Then, as they pursued their way on foot, they met a fierce current forcing its way in a new channel. Now they had to tread a terror-stricken crowd, so dense and reckless that it required all Victor's strength to guard his companion from being crushed. Misery and confusion were on every side—mutilated sufferers were being carried on stretchers to the hospitals, and sounds of grief and wild despair rang in their ears. At last, weary, faint, and drenched, Victor led the poor girl to her aunt's house, and without waiting to allow her to speak one word of the love and gratitude which her full heart was struggling to express, he left her. And so the cloud still rested between them.

Pierre welcomed his daughter with deep emotion; he had scarcely hoped to see her again, and received her almost as one given him back from the dead. His leg had been set, and Catherine found him as comfortable as under the circumstances could be expected. Again and again he made her relate the tale of her danger and her rescue, and the warm praises he uttered of Victor's bravery were as music to her ears.

The young soldier had gone at once to his mother's home, to relieve her fears, and get some necessary food, but he would not stay to rest.

"No, mother," said he, "I have saved Catherine, and her life has been granted to our prayers; there are thousands of helpless women and children in danger and distress, and in very gratitude I must go and do my best to succor them."

Three days and nights did he labor

amongst the suffering population of his native city. Where danger was the greatest, and misery the deepest, there was Victor, battling with the floods, helping those who seemed to have none to help them; cheering the fearful, repressing the selfish. And awful were the scenes through which he passed; streets in the most densely populated parts of Lyons were flooded, and in many instances the houses washed down, oftentimes carrying in their ruins their wretched inhabitants. Boats containing the rescued were dashed to pieces by the débris which were being carried about by the raging waters; and those who had just begun to taste the sweetness of hope, were, with heart-rending shrieks, hurled to their death. Cemeteries were flooded, and the graves torn up gave forth their dead, whose bodies, in every stage of decay, floated in ghastly guise upon the face of the waters. Even with the blessed consciousness of doing his best to lessen the suffering, Victor's heart sickened within him.

He had not slept the whole time; he only occasionally ran home to assure his anxious mother of his safety, and take some necessary food. But the fourth evening he walked wearily in.

"Mother, dear, I ought to be proud and happy, but somehow," said he putting his hand to his head, "I do not seem to care for any thing. The Emperor has been down to Lyons; I had just been getting some poor woman out of a tottering house when I was called by a gentleman, and obeying the summons, I found myself in the presence of his Majesty, who was standing in the midst of the floods half-way up to his waist in water, and by his side was my commanding officer, and he spoke a few words to the Emperor; and then his Majesty called me to him, and decorated me with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, for what he called my gallantry in saving the *"inondis."** And he farther said, that hearing of my conduct at the Malakoff, he would give me a commission; and so your son, dearest mother, will be Lieutenant Chapereau," said he, smiling; "but somehow I do not seem to care for it as much as I ought to do. My head is so bad," added he, throwing himself on the ground, and laying his head in his mother's lap, "I feel as if I had no strength left."

* *Inondis*—Sufferers from an inundation.

She put her hand upon his head, it was burning hot; she felt his pulse, it was beating wildly. She saw at once what was the matter—over-fatigue, sorrow of mind, the dreadful scenes he had passed through, and the constant exposure to wet and cold, had been too much for him to bear; and her gallant son—her only child—was stricken with a deadly fever.

When Catherine called an hour afterward, she found the anxious mother listening to the minute directions of a physician, who said that it was a very serious case. Though Jeannie was rather disposed to be angry with her, the sight of Catherine's misery, when she heard of Victor's illness, and found that he was already unconscious, touched her heart; and of her own accord she asked the poor girl to come and help her to nurse him, knowing that it was what she was long-ing to do. Catherine thankfully agreed to do so, and went home to tell her father of this new call upon her time. He was progressing favorably, was in no danger, and having his sister to wait upon him, he warmly approved of his daughter's going to nurse her brave preserver.

It is very sad to watch by the sick-bed of a man in the prime of youth and strength—to see the body helpless as a little child—the hands vainly endeavoring to grasp anything—the restless head that tosses from side to side—the parched lips. But it is sadder far when the patient is one whom we love best upon earth—when on the issue depends our happiness or our bitterest sorrow. Very silent was that sick room—few were their words, but constant were their prayers. By turns, Jeannie and Catherine sat up at night; and it was a slight consolation to the latter to try by every loving care to deaden the bitter thoughts which were thronging in her mind, and which, when she feared he might die without hearing her confession of folly, and speaking one word of forgiveness, were well-nigh insupportable. Day succeeded day, and still the unconscious invalid tossed to and fro, every hour becoming weaker; yet the fever did not abate.

At last the night of the crisis came, Victor had fallen into a heavy sleep—that sleep which, when ended, might reveal the worst. Catherine had retired from the bed, lest, on first waking, the sight of her might startle him; Jeannie

knelt by her son. As the morning dawned he opened his eyes, and said,

"Mother, where am I?"

Oh! the joy of that voice; it was his own accent, though weak and trembling. She gave him some nourishment, and with a few loving words he fell asleep again. The danger was passed—her son was spared.

Catherine continued in her office of nurse, for he was very much reduced, and required constant care, and though all excitement was strictly forbidden, and he was scarcely allowed to speak, it seemed to do him good to watch her as she moved lightly about the room.

One afternoon when he had recovered a little strength, he was sitting propped up by pillows. The window was open, and the fresh spring air was blowing in, while the warm sunshine illumined the room. Catherine was arranging a bouquet of flowers which she had just brought in, when Victor called her to him, and said,

"Catherine, I fear this sick-room is but a dull place for you. I shall tell my mother to invite M. Lubin to spend the evening here to cheer you."

"Do not be cruel, Victor; M. Lubin is nothing to me. Did he save my life?"

"And the fact of my having had that great happiness is to weigh down the scale even against M. Lubin and all his advantages."

"Certainly, if the scale had not been weighed down long before by something else."

"And what was that something else?" cried he, drawing her toward him, "what wonderful thing could out-balance M. Lubin—his fashion, his fortune, his jewelry—the carriage he would provide you, the rich dresses you would be enabled to buy—what was it?"

She looked into his eager face, her eyes were filled with tears, and with a trembling voice, as she laid her head upon his shoulder, she said—

"Forgive all my folly, Victor, for it was—*Love*."

"My own Catherine," whispered he, "we have been in great danger, and yet we have been spared to each other. The rain has ceased from the earth, and the clouds have passed away. Oh! let no more shadows ever come again between thee and me."

From Titan.

THE TWO BARONETS.

A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

AMONG the many lovely hamlets of "merrie England," commend us to Woodthorpe! Its very name is suggestive of rural beauty and tranquillity, and never was name better merited. It occupies a sequestered nook on the banks of a river in one of the most picturesque districts of Yorkshire. It is accessible from the public road only by a narrow lane, but, in "leafy June," what sylvan loveliness does that narrow lane exhibit! On one side it is overshadowed by huge walnut-trees, the growth of centuries; on the other, it is bounded by a lofty hedge of hawthorn, beneath which spring up innumerable violets, which yield their fragrant greeting to the passing wayfarer. Beneath the umbrageous canopy of the walnut-trees runs a low wall of extreme antiquity, (for it is entirely covered with mosses and lichens,) and over it (for it is scarcely three feet in height) one may look far into the wood beyond, or contemplate a sparkling rivulet, which murmurs away within its lonely recesses, and at length passes the lane beneath a Gothic bridge, and so hastens away to join the greater stream in the valley below. Woodthorpe, to which this lane leads, is an ancient as well as sequestered place, and contains not a few remnants of the olden time. Its venerable parish church—an edifice of the "decorated Gothic" style—was once an appendage of the great Abbey of Bolton; its almshouse, founded by some pious soul in the reign of Edward VI., is a quaint, ivy-mantled edifice; and its vicarage—in every thing a meet abode for the messenger of peace—is touched with the same old-world aspect. Even the dozen of cottages of which our hamlet is composed are so many antique studies for an artist's pencil; their thatch, their walls,

their latticed windows, all afford unequivocal symptoms of old age; yet of that old age, which Cicero so highly admires, in which there is something of youth—in *quo est aliquid juventutis*—for they are all either rose-embowered or covered with clustering honeysuckle, and their little gardens, visible over low moss-crowned walls, are full of marigolds and stock, and wall-flower and sweet-pea, as if nature, ever youthful, would fain cast the charm of rejuvenescence over the frail and perishing work of human hands.

It was toward the close of a lovely day in June that a traveling-carriage, drawn by four horses, whose jaded appearance indicated that they had performed a long journey, turned from the highway into the sequestered lane we have referred to. The vehicle was covered with traveling-boxes, of various shapes and kinds, and on the rumble was a female servant, whom fatigue had evidently overpowered, and who was fast asleep. The carriage had come from the nearest railway station, some twenty miles off, with the same horses, it having been impossible to obtain any others by the way. Its interior was occupied by two sisters, both young, and, although differing from each other in some respects, possessing no small degree of personal charms. They had come all the way from the great metropolis, and were evidently wearied with so long a journey. As the carriage turned into the lane, one of the young ladies addressed her companion.

"We must be near our destination now, Gertrude," she said, with a tone of weariness, looking at her watch. "We have been three hours upon this interminable road! Heigh-ho! I am really very tired. But where are we going now? Oh! I presume this lane must be the approach to the mansion of our primitive aunt."

"I dare say it is, Elizabeth, but we shall soon know," replied the younger of the two sisters, letting down the carriage window. "Ah!" she continued, "what a pretty road! Do look at those lovely hawthorns in full blossom! Well, I must say, if Woodthorpe be any thing like the promise which this quiet lane gives, I shall not wonder that Aunt Hartley is happy in her seclusion."

"Pooh! nonsense, Gertrude," was the reply, uttered with something not unlike petulance. "How can you talk so? What conceivable happiness can there be in such a condition? No balls, no theater, nothing, absolutely nothing! Why, one might as well be a vegetable, as live in such dismal tranquillity. I really wonder at you!"

"O Elizabeth!" was the only reply to this rhapsody; but it was uttered in a sweet, deprecating tone of voice.

A few minutes more, and the carriage had passed through the hamlet, to the vast wonderment of its simple inhabitants, and entered a gateway leading into a fine avenue, and, after a drive across a beautifully-kept, as well as extensive lawn, pulled up at the door of "Woodthorpe Hall."

"What an unexpected pleasure! And you have really come to see me at last!" exclaimed Mrs. Hartley, after cordially welcoming her fair relatives.

"Indeed we have, dear aunt," said Gertrude Warburton; "and I am sure we should have been glad had we been able to do so before. But how well you look after so long a time. It is quite an age since we saw you last."

"A long time, indeed," said Mrs. Hartley, smiling; "no less than some six years! And what an alteration that 'long time' has made in both of you, my dear girls. You were both quite children when last I saw you. I am sure I should not have known you, had we met by accident. But where is papa? You have not traveled alone surely?"

The young ladies explained that it had been necessary for them to do so, as their father could not possibly accompany them, referring Mrs. Hartley for particulars to a letter which they presented to her. Leaving the ladies to the various and innumerable mutual inquiries and explanations incident to the occasion of such a meeting, we must now present our readers with a few retrospective observations re-

quisite to the comprehension of the course of this narrative.

Woodthorpe Hall—or the "Old Hall," as the villagers were wont to call it—was the manor-house of the fine estate that lay around it. The late proprietor, Mr. Hartley, had left it as the residence of his widow, who, possessed of a comfortable jointure, in addition to the interest of a large fortune of her own, had continued to reside there. She had no family, and, although still in the prime of life, she preferred, to all those scenes of gayety she was so well fitted to adorn, the rural quiet of her beautiful residence, where she devoted her whole time to the labor of doing good. There was not a cottage within many a mile of the benevolent lady's abode the inmates of which had not, in some way or other, been benefited by her ready and active benevolence. Her two nieces, Elizabeth and Gertrude, were the daughters of her only brother, Mr. Warburton. He had married an heiress of large fortune and aristocratic connections, but had not long enjoyed the happiness of domestic life, his wife having died a few years after his marriage, leaving the two infants to his charge. From the period of his becoming a widower, Mrs. Hartley had seen but little of her brother. He had sought relief from the bitter sorrow his bereavement occasioned by plunging into the gayest society of the metropolis, and this was foreign to Mrs. Hartley's inclinations. She had seen her beautiful nieces but once during a visit some years prior to the time we are now referring to; and it was with extreme delight that she beheld them again on their visit to Woodthorpe—a visit of which she had, to her surprise, received no intimation.

Elizabeth and Gertrude Warburton were eighteen and sixteen years of age respectively. They had received an excellent education; they possessed a large share of personal attractions; they were both naturally amiable; but they had not been brought up under the care of a mother; their father was almost always from home; they were, moreover, heiresses, and thus there were many circumstances calculated to render them proud and wayward. Mrs. Hartley had considerable suspicion of this, and had learned to regard Elizabeth especially an *enfant gâté*.

The letter which her nieces presented

to her from her brother conveyed to her some information of a most serious and painful kind. She learned from it that Mr. Warburton's affairs had become much embarrassed, and it had become necessary for him to accept of a foreign appointment, which his interest with the government had enabled him to procure. He was obliged, he stated, to leave England without delay, and, in so doing, he left his daughters to Mrs. Hartley's care, confident that her affection would supply to them, in a great measure, the loss consequent on the painful condition of his affairs, and would make up to them for his own absence. The letter contained many expressions of deep regret at the unhappy turn his affairs had taken, and concluded with the hope, rather faintly uttered, that neither Mrs. Hartley's fortune, which had remained in his hands, nor the fortunes of the two sisters, which they inherited from their mother, but which had also been left in his charge, would be found to suffer by his own private difficulties.

CHAPTER II.

THE tidings communicated by Mr. Warburton's letter appeared to his sister to be of so much moment, that, on the day after her nieces had arrived at Woodthorpe, she took an opportunity of conversing with them on the subject. She was not surprised to find them entirely reconciled to their father's departure, and that they only regretted the loss of the gay society to which they had been accustomed.

"We have seen so little of papa for many a day," said Elizabeth Warburton, "that his absence will scarcely make any difference; but—but—I confess ——"

"Pray, do not hesitate, my dear," said Mrs. Hartley, with a smile; "I can guess what you are about to add."

"You know, aunt," continued the young lady, "we have been so accustomed to see a good deal of company, to go to places, and so forth, and you know that our expectations entitle us to something of the kind, so that ——"

"I am fully aware of it, my dear Elizabeth," observed Mrs. Hartley; "but you must, I am sure, admit that whatever you may, as you say, be entitled to, your happiness is your papa's primary consideration."

"Perhaps so," replied the young lady, with a tone which to Mrs. Hartley's astonished ears sounded like that of vexation; "but how our happiness can be of such moment, I am unable to perceive, unless it consist in our being buried alive in this old place, with the view of a wide common, and a few miserable cottages, to take up our attention."

"O Elizabeth!" said Gertrude, in a soft, deprecating voice; "I am sure it is a lovely place, and for my part ——"

"For your part," interrupted her sister, somewhat pettishly, "you like it of all things. Oh, to be sure! you are so romantic. Nothing but woods, and fields, and meadows, and rivers for you. You must be gratified now, I am sure!"

"My dear girls," observed Mrs. Hartley, without taking any notice of her niece's petulance, "you have both been hitherto entirely unaccustomed to a country life. You can not be expected to pronounce a very accurate judgment on the subject. I must beg you to withhold your opinions till you have had some experience. Meantime, give me the pleasure of your company. I am going to the village, and the distance is very short."

The young ladies cheerfully complied with their aunt's request. The day was charming, and the lane leading to the hamlet would have delighted any admirer of rural scenery. It was almost wholly overshadowed by trees, which on one side formed the boundary of the noble park around the "Old Hall." The roots, in some instances, crept over the pathway, and the huge trunks were covered with moss and many-colored lichens. The lane itself, rarely used except by foot-passengers, was nearly overgrown with grass, and on one side a sloping bank was covered with wild flowers. Gertrude was enchanted with the quiet beauty of the place, but her sister exhibited no disposition to admire the charms of nature so lavishly spread around her. On arriving at the hamlet, Mrs. Hartley, who had been endeavoring to interest and amuse her young friends, stopped before the gate of one of the pretty cottages already referred to, and stated that she was about to visit one of her pensioners, a poor woman, who had long suffered from ill-health, and who required the sympathy of her neighbors—inviting her nieces, at the same time, to accompany her.

"No, I thank you, aunt," replied Eliza-

beth, with considerable haughtiness of manner.

"Well, Gertrude," said Mrs. Hartley, "what say you? Will you not come in?"

"I prefer remaining with Elizabeth, if you please," said Gertrude, with some hesitation.

"Very well," said Mrs. Hartley; "I shall not keep you long waiting."

During Mrs. Hartley's absence, the young ladies walked slowly along the lane, at first in silence, and at length Elizabeth addressed her sister.

"I am sure," she said, in a tone of vexation, "papa could not have considered the situation we should be placed in here, and that for nobody knows how long. Only think, Gertrude, of the dullness of the place! And to be asked, too, to visit the sick and the poor! I shall at once write to papa on the subject."

"Perhaps papa did not consider all these things," observed Gertrude; "but you know, Elizabeth, it is very good and kind of aunt to do what she can for the poor. I think we should have gone into the cottage with her. I wish you had not refused so abruptly."

"It is all very well for old people to occupy themselves with such things, and all very kind, I dare say," said her sister, "but it is too much to expect from us. Besides, I can not bear to see people who are poor and wretched; it makes me ill. But here comes the old lady; she has certainly not detained us long."

Mrs. Hartley advanced toward her nieces, with a face beaming with cheerfulness and benevolence.

"The poor woman is better to-day," she said. "I am sure, had you accompanied me, you would have been charmed with the neatness and cleanliness of her dwelling. I shall now show you a delightful path which leads toward the Hall, after passing through the wood, and along the bank of the river."

Mrs. Hartley had observed with some pain the reluctance of her nieces to accompany her into the poor woman's house, but her good sense led her to refrain from any immediate reference to the subject. Finding, however, that her companions were more than usually silent during the walk, she took occasion to make a few remarks, such as would afford them an opportunity of expressing their sentiments.

"Look at that charming view," she said, as they arrived at an eminence commanding an extensive prospect. "How lovely are those distant fields, with the river shining in the sun! How picturesque! What a blessing is the gift of health, which enables us to contemplate such a scene!"

"Lovely indeed!" replied Gertrude, with enthusiasm; "what a charming picture it would make, with that distant spire peeping from among the trees!"

"What an affliction it is," pursued Mrs. Hartley, "to be deprived of the enjoyment which the fresh air and scenery like this afford! The poor creature whom I have just been visiting has been confined to her bed for several years." The young ladies were silent, and their aunt continued: "You know we are all alike exposed to the evils and sorrows incident to life, and one of the best modes of preparing for them is to learn how to sympathize with those who suffer. You have not been accustomed, I perceive, to visit the poor. I trust you will learn to do so."

"We are not ill-natured, I hope," answered Elizabeth, with some degree of hauteur. "When in London, we have often given our subscriptions in aid of the destitute, but as to visiting their houses, it is a very different thing; it is the business of the clergyman."

"True, it is," replied Mrs. Hartley; "but it is no less true that the possession of the means of doing good by our own personal exertions lays us under a solemn obligation to make the attempt. Moreover, the greatest enjoyment which wealth and prosperity bestow is undoubtedly that of showing kindness and doing good to others. It is, indeed, far 'more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"But at our age, you know, aunt, we are really not to be called on to go into disagreeable scenes, and expose ourselves to disease," observed Elizabeth.

"Whatever our age be," returned her aunt, "we are called upon to do good to those less favorably situated than ourselves. I am not aware that the precepts of divine truth have limited the practice of charity to any period of life. As to 'disagreeable scenes,' it is certainly painful to see others suffer; but by practice this pain is less and less felt; while the habit of expressing sympathy by acts of kindness constitutes a perpetual source of personal happiness to those who have

attained it. As to the exposure to disease of which you speak, it is certainly not our duty willfully to rush into danger; but such danger very rarely occurs, so rarely, indeed, that it can not form any excuse for our neglect of a sacred duty. But I do not mean to read you a lecture my dear girls. I have no doubt you will yet think with me on this subject."

Scarcely a day passed at Woodthorpe Hall without some incident calculated to direct the attention of the sisters to the practical exemplification of the virtue of charity. Mrs. Hartley, however, found her nieces, and particularly Elizabeth, by no means apt pupils. Neither of them, indeed, could be said to be unamiable, and Gertrude, in particular, exhibited much sweetness of disposition, but they were both the spoiled children of fortune, and had learned to give way to the instinct which causes us to shrink from witnessing scenes of wretchedness. The Sunday-school, carried on by the excellent clergyman of the parish, was a great object of Mrs. Hartley's care, and she in vain endeavored to enlist her nieces in the cause, and this not because they were deficient in religious sentiments, but from the same reluctance which operated against their active charity to the poor. The good lady, nevertheless, trusted that in due time her own example, and the kindly feelings of her nieces, would overcome their scruples, and render them willing coadjutors in her work and labor of love.

Thus three months elapsed, when an event took place which exercised an important influence upon the little household at Woodthorpe Hall. Mr. Warburton had visited the Hall prior to his departure from England, and had taken an affectionate leave of his daughters and his sister. The first intelligence they received, after his departure, plunged them in the deepest affliction. Mr. Warburton had taken ill soon after leaving the country, and, notwithstanding every effort, the malady had proved fatal. We shall not attempt to describe the grief of Mrs. Hartley, whose affection for her brother was ardent in the extreme; nor shall we endeavor to depict the sorrow of his bereaved daughters. The melancholy intelligence, however, was speedily followed by information which could hardly fail to aggravate the affliction. The solicitor who had charge of the family business wrote to Mrs. Hartley, stating that Mr.

Warburton's affairs were in irretrievable confusion, and that the large fortunes the young ladies were to possess had been entirely dissipated by his abortive efforts to recover the losses he had sustained. Her brother's property had been burdened with a large sum left to Mrs. Hartley by her father, but great fears were entertained lest that sum also should be entirely lost—the sale of the estates being barely capable of covering the numerous debts which had from time to time been incurred.

Under these painful circumstances, Mrs. Hartley found a change in her arrangements absolutely indispensable, and, as soon as it was possible to speak to them of business, after the great calamity which had occurred, she thought it proper to converse with her nieces as to her future plans. She told them that the loss of so large a part of her means rendered it wholly impossible to keep up her usual establishment, and that she had resolved to dispose of her carriages and horses, to let her residence, and to retire to a distance, in order to live in a manner suited to her altered condition. She endeavored at the same time to encourage her nieces, who were overwhelmed at the thought of the terrible consequences of their father's prodigality, by assuring them that happiness did not depend upon the possession of wealth, and that they should still have what was amply sufficient for all the comforts of life. Mrs. Hartley was remarkable for decision of character; and no sooner did she perceive the line of duty to be adopted, than she took measures to perform what was necessary, without delay.

"Our arrangements will be easily and quickly made, my dear girls," she said, addressing her nieces with the utmost tenderness; "but we shall have time enough, before leaving Woodthorpe, to receive the visitor in whose arrival we take so much interest."

A sudden blush suffused the countenance of Gertrude Warburton as her aunt said this, and she vainly endeavored to conceal her emotion, by turning to the bookcase as if in search of a volume.

"It is next week that Sir Lionel is to come," said Elizabeth. "Poor Sir Lionel! he, too, has lost a father."

Gertrude could now no longer control herself, and burst into tears. "Forgive me, dear aunt," she said, with a faltering

voice ; "you know how intimate we have been ; but I can not, I will not, see Lionel. Every thing is now changed—our relations are all different —"

"Calm yourself, my dear child," said Mrs. Hartley. "We are indeed reduced from a position of wealth to one of comparative poverty, but I am greatly mistaken in the character of Sir Lionel Lydgate, if the circumstance makes the slightest alteration in his sentiments toward us. I must beg you to remember that we are in no way to blame for the occurrences which have taken place ; and although, instead of being rich heiresses, you are now portionless, the native qualities of your hearts have not been carried away with your fortunes, and you may be as happy as ever—perhaps even happier."

Gertrude looked up through her tears, and said, "Perhaps we may. But, dear aunt, do arrange so as to leave Woodthorp within a week. Or write to Sir Lionel—probably he is unaware of what has taken place—and explain matters to him ; but do let us avoid this visit—at least at present."

"What say you to this, Elizabeth?" said Mrs. Hartley, appealing to the elder sister.

"I must say," observed Miss Warburton, "that I am quite inclined to side with Gertrude. Yes, upon the whole, it will be better."

After some further conversation, it was arranged that Mrs. Hartley should write to Sir Lionel Lydgate, in reply to a letter received the day before, stating that she and her nieces were about to leave home for some time, owing to circumstances arising from Mr. Warburton's death, and expressing her regret at being obliged to ask him to postpone his intended visit.

Sir Lionel had but recently entered on the possession of his patrimonial estates. He was a young man of great amiability and excellence of character. He was a few years older than either of her nieces, and, as the son of her old friend, Sir Hargrave Lydgate, Mrs. Hartley had always rejoiced at the intimacy between him and the two sisters. But a new light now dawned upon her, and she discovered—not without anxiety and pain—that the young baronet was the object, to Gertrude Warburton, of an affection much warmer than that of mere youthful friendship.

At first she felt somewhat at a loss to

comprehend why her niece so earnestly desired to avoid meeting with Sir Lionel ; but, on considering the matter, she perceived that the desire was traceable to the same sentiment of pride, the operation of which on the minds of her young relatives she had already so often deplored. On the supposition that a mutual affection subsisted between Gertrude and Sir Lionel, Mrs. Hartley now perceived that she might, in her altered circumstances, shrink from affording any encouragement to her lover, and that, too, from motives of delicacy, lest it should seem that she took advantage of his predilection. It appeared to her, indeed, that her niece was somewhat too sensitive on the subject ; but, altogether, it seemed to her desirable to put the mutual affection she presumed to subsist to the test of a little time and difficulty, which, after all, she felt assured would tend to the good of both parties. Mrs. Hartley therefore acceded to the wishes of her young relatives. Woodthorpe was let to a neighboring family of distinction, who were about to make some extensive alterations on their own mansion ; by the aid of her agent, a residence was secured in a secluded district on the Welsh coast, and Mrs. Hartley, with many tears, bade farewell to her abode, taking care to provide, as far as her reduced circumstances permitted, for the comfort of her various pensioners. In order to secure uninterrupted privacy in her retirement, until the settlement of her brother's and her own affairs should be completed, she thought it desirable to conceal from her acquaintances the place of her future abode, and she arranged that even her letters should be sent to the care of her solicitor, by whom they were to be transmitted to her hands.

CHAPTER III.

THE district in which Mrs. Hartley had thus fixed her residence was beautiful in the extreme. The cottage was within a mile of one of the most picturesque villages on the Welsh coast ; it was separated from the beach only by a single field ; a sparkling river flowed into the sea at a little distance ; behind it was an extensive wood ; and from a neighboring height, close to the sea-shore, on which were the ruins of an ancient fortress, a magnificent view could be obtained, not only to sea-

ward, but toward the Welsh mountains. Mrs. Hartley could not but feel very acutely the great change which had taken place in her circumstances, but her sound sense, and her sterling, but unostentatious piety, checked every disposition to murmur or repine, while her tender interest in her fair nieces prevented her from exhibiting that sadness, which, in her condition, would have been so pardonable, lest by so doing she should depress their spirits more than the sudden and unexpected sorrows and vicissitudes to which they had been subjected rendered unavoidable.

It is the happy peculiarity of youth, that nothing but great and irremediable evils produce permanent depression; and before a year had elapsed, Mrs. Hartley had the satisfaction to find that the course she had taken had been accompanied with great advantage. Thrown so completely upon their own resources, no longer obtaining from others the means of enjoyment, the sisters found that happiness was by no means incompatible with retirement from the world, and that it was much more within their own reach than in their former circumstances they could have believed it to be. Elizabeth, who had been no admirer of rural scenery, now took an enthusiastic delight in it, devoting herself to the art of painting, while her sister cultivated her fine taste for music, which, in more prosperous times, she looked upon with indifference. But the change in their circumstances produced a still more important alteration in their sentiments. Although exposed to no privation—for their aunt's income, although not large, was adequate to their wants—still, their descent from a state of opulence to comparative poverty might, relative to them, be termed adversity, and it did not fail to produce important effects. The experience of evil ourselves is a great source of pity for others; and hence it is that among the poor their exists—to their honor be it spoken—a far larger amount of mutual sympathy for each other's woes than among those whose circumstances place them beyond the reach of adversity. This truth was exemplified in the instance we refer to. The two sisters, who had been unaccustomed to works of charity, devoted themselves, with humble but earnest solicitude, to the performance of many acts of kindness and beneficence to their poorer neighbors, and gladly joined

their aunt in her various benevolent projects, so far as their now limited means permitted them. Thus the trials of life proved to them the source of moral beauty, which added immeasurably to their personal charms; and Mrs. Hartley, rejoicing in the change which had thus occurred, felt inclined to think that the price at which it had been purchased was not too costly.

During the year which had passed since her departure from Woodthorpe, Mrs. Hartley had received her correspondence through her solicitor, in accordance with the arrangement already mentioned. Among her letters were several from Sir Lionel Lydgate. The baronet had, it appeared, visited their former residence, and had vainly endeavored to discover their present abode. In his letters, he earnestly besought Mrs. Hartley to furnish him with her address. He stated, in delicate terms, that he was aware of the circumstances which had induced her to remove from Yorkshire, and which he greatly deplored; and he referred to his long acquaintance with her nieces, and the friendship so long existing between their families, as a reason wherefore she should permit him to pay his respects to her and the young ladies in person. Gertrude, too, had received a letter from Sir Lionel, couched in still warmer and more earnest terms. All this, it can not be denied could hardly fail to prove gratifying, for it afforded no inconsiderable presumption that, notwithstanding the reverses they had experienced, the sentiments of at least kindness and friendship which Sir Lionel had always expressed had undergone no alteration. Their affairs, however, were still in an unsettled and unsatisfactory state, owing to the proverbial tardiness of legal matters; and, after due deliberation, Mrs. Hartley had written in reply, expressing her regret that, owing to the painful circumstances which had taken place, she could not, for the present at least, accede to Sir Lionel's wishes.

During the spring of the year after Mrs. Hartley had taken up her abode at "the Cottage," as her residence was called, an incident took place which, as we shall see, produced important results. Wandering, one charming evening, to the ruins of the fortress already alluded to, to enjoy a view of a magnificent sunset, the ladies perceived an artist busily engaged in making a sketch of the place. This meeting

led to an acquaintance with the stranger whose name, it appeared, was Morgan, and who had been residing for some weeks in the village, occupied in the enthusiastic pursuit of his favorite art. Mr. Morgan was not only eminently gifted by nature, being remarkably prepossessing in appearance, but highly educated. He had been at Oxford; he had been abroad; he was possessed of musical as well as artistic skill, and his manners were amiable and agreeable in a high degree. So much was Mrs. Hartley taken with him, that it was with the highest satisfaction she agreed that Miss Warburton should receive some instructions in drawing which Mr. Morgan proposed to give, and which, from his great proficiency, she felt assured would greatly add to the skill her niece had already attained. This arrangement, however, led to consequences which the good lady did not anticipate. The pursuit of their delightful art led the fair sisters and the accomplished stranger among the loveliest scenery in their vicinity—the lonely sea-shore, the shady woods, the time-worn ruins. It led to an interchange of thought and sentiment; and ere they were aware of it, Mr. Morgan and Miss Warburton had begun to regard each other with a degree of interest which each found to be equally irresistible. This result was not miraculous. Both were young, amiable, and highly intelligent; the circumstances in which they were placed were somewhat romantic, and altogether such as were calculated to give birth to, and to foster, the tender emotions of the heart. Week after week passed rapidly away; Mr. Morgan continued to postpone his departure, and he at last became almost a permanent inmate of “the Cottage.” Mrs. Hartley soon suspected the state of matters; and a little conversation with her niece quickly converted the suspicion into certainty. It was not, however, without deep anxiety that she made the discovery that the amiable stranger was the object of Elizabeth’s affection; for, however otherwise acceptable he might be, his birth, his prospects, his history, were all in a certain degree involved in mystery; and, as her niece admitted, he had said nothing that betrayed an affection for her, such as that which, she could not deny, she had learned to regard him. Time wore on, till spring was at length merging into summer. Mr. Morgan, who had prolonged his residence

in the village much beyond the period he had originally intended, had at length fixed the day of his departure. The intelligence was received by his fair friends at the Cottage in silence, for they felt a natural delicacy in saying how much they must necessarily feel and regret the loss of his society, knowing that they had no claim to urge as a reason for his prolonged stay.

“I can not describe to you, my dear Mrs. Hartley,” said Mr. Morgan, “how deeply I regret the necessity which compels me to go to London.”

“I assure you we shall all miss you very much,” said Mrs. Hartley.

“You will soon forget us, I dare say,” said Gertrude, with a smile, “amid the bustle of the great city.”

“No, no; never!” was the reply. “I have never spent happier days than those I have passed here. I shall soon return; the matters I have to attend to will be speedily settled. But come, this is my last evening; shall we not complete the sketch of the old manor-house?”

“Yes,” said Miss Warburton, who had been hitherto silent; “I should like to do so very much. My sketch requires a few touches only, to render it tolerably perfect.”

As she spoke, she arose; and, having attired herself for the projected walk, she and Mr. Morgan set forth alone, neither Mrs. Hartley nor Gertrude being inclined to accompany them.

The manor-house referred to had been the family residence of the wealthy proprietor of an estate which extended for many miles along the coast, and into the interior of the country. The ladies had frequently visited it, attracted not only by the delightful walks which led to it through the woods, but by the quaint and picturesque appearance of the mansion itself. It was situated on the banks of the stream which fell into the sea near the Cottage, from which it was distant about a mile. It was built in the Elizabethan style of domestic architecture, and was surrounded by an extensive park, dotted here and there with ancient trees. The house, however, had been long untenanted; the present owner of the property having lost his parents when a mere infant, and having been brought up by his relations in the south of England.

Mr. Morgan and his fair companion sauntered slowly along the path which

led through the wood toward the old manor-house, the sketch of which it was their object to complete. Their conversation was less animated than usual, for both felt deeply their approaching separation. Morgan started various topics, but neither seemed to be able to pursue any lengthened discussion.

"How strange it is," said Elizabeth, "that the owner of this noble property should never visit it, and should leave his numerous tenantry to the care of a mere agent!"

"Certainly it is," said Mr. Morgan; "but you know he is said to be young. Indeed, I believe it is not many years since he attained his majority; and, moreover, he has been so much abroad, that perhaps he prefers a foreign residence."

"That would be but indifferent taste," replied Miss Warburton. "What higher happiness than to reside here, in so beautiful a district, and with such obvious appliances and means of usefulness?"

"Let us hope that such advantages may not be willfully thrown away," added Mr. Morgan.

On arriving at the old house, an unusual degree of activity seemed to prevail in its neighborhood, which excited Miss Warburton's surprise; and, meeting the old gate-keeper, Mr. Morgan inquired the reason of it. He was informed that orders had been received by the agent of Sir Frank Ludlow to fit up the house, which was to be immediately furnished; and it was expected the baronet would soon make it his permanent residence. The old man, however, thought it strange that Sir Frank had never paid a visit to his patrimonial mansion; but he supposed it would not be long before he came among them.

"I hope it will not," said Mr. Morgan. "I am sure he would be well received by his tenantry. But come, Miss Warburton," he added; "we must finish our drawing."

Elizabeth seated herself on the trunk of a fallen tree, which was the point from which the drawing had been taken; and, opening her sketch-book, began her work. This, however, was no easy task. Her mind was entirely preoccupied. Mr. Morgan seated himself beside her, and pointed out some defects. Here, a deeper shade was required; there, some hardness on the outline must be removed; and then the foreground required to be worked up—

but the whole business was merely mechanical, so far as the fair artist was concerned. At length she could not endure the irksomeness of a task in which she felt so little interest, and declared that she was tired of it, and that it would do very well.

They resumed their walk, wandering away into the woods, through which the setting sun was now casting his rays. The branches, covered with the new green leaves of spring, were waving gently in the soft breath of the west wind; and the pleasant whispering of the leaves mingled with the murmur of the sea, as the waves broke upon the beach beneath the wood. The lovers (for such they were) wandered on toward the Cottage, each absorbed in thought; and whether it was the beauty of the scene around them, breathing as it did of hope and happiness, or whether it was the solitude of the place, or whether it was the near approach of the hour when they were to part, we can not say; but Mr. Morgan whispered to his fair companion sentiments which found a ready echo in her own heart. He told her in impassioned terms how he loved her; how she alone could render him happy; how he had long wished to say so, and had been checked by the fear lest it should be deemed presumptuous. He spoke of having good prospects; and begged, with all the ardor of sincere affection, to be allowed at least to hope that one day he might call her his own Elizabeth. To all the fervid eloquence with which the artist pleaded his cause, there was but a brief reply—a reply faintly spoken: it was but one little monosyllable—but brief as it was, and faintly as it was uttered, it contained for the enraptured hearer a whole volume, and filled him with joy.

O Love! how wonderful is thy chymic power! It is thy province to touch every thing on which thou lookest with beauty; nay, even to fill with visions of loveliness the soul in which thou takest up thine abode! This was exemplified in Elizabeth Warburton. Never till Morgan had confessed his love for her, had she been aware of the depth of her regard for him; and now that she was assured of his affection, she felt possessed of some priceless treasure, which filled her with a deep and silent joy, and suffused every object with the roseate tints of hope.

Mr. Morgan called next day. Elizabeth, who had seen him approaching, quitted

the little drawing-room, from some instinctive sentiment, we know not what, and he was ushered in. Mrs. Hartley was alone. After some common-place conversation, Mr. Morgan begged she would allow him to mention a subject in which he felt deeply interested. He told the good lady of his love for her beautiful niece; spoke of the presumption he exhibited in thus declaring his affection; and pleaded his cause with the most impassioned earnestness. A long, and to the parties a most interesting, conversation ensued, in which Mrs. Hartley expressed the highest confidence in the principles of her visitor; and although he was aware that he was still much of a stranger to her, he felt unspeakably gratified by the thorough trust in his honor which the lady evinced. In a word, he received the highest encouragement. Mrs. Hartley had become fully aware of Elizabeth's sentiments, and she felt it would be cruel to oppose a barrier to what might be absolutely essential to her niece's happiness. She therefore accepted the youthful artist as the accredited suitor for Elizabeth's hand, only stipulating that both should patiently wait till circumstances enabled them to be united. To this Mr. Morgan gladly assented, and soon after bade a tender adieu to the occupants of the Cottage.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM the coast of Wales and its picturesque scenery, we must now conduct our readers to the metropolis, and into a private dining-room of one of the principal hotels, where two gentlemen—Sir Lionel Lydgate and Sir Francis Ludlow—who had been college companions at Oxford, but had not met for two years, were seated at table, discussing, over a glass of wine, a variety of interesting topics. Their college days, their present occupations, and their future plans, were all reviewed in a manner which evinced that a cordial intimacy subsisted between the companions.

"And you are tired of the Continent at last, Ludlow?" said Sir Lionel. "I scarcely expected, I must confess, that your admiration of the sunny skies of Italy would have been so short-lived."

"A touch of the *maladie du pays*, perhaps," said Sir Francis Ludlow, with a smile. "After all, there is nothing like

old England. Why, the truth is, I am very much disposed to settle down as a quiet country gentleman."

"Well done!" was the reply. "I am heartily glad of your resolution. The truth is, I myself, if not quite wearied with France, am at least tired of London and London life, and have been long tempted to adopt your plan—if plan it be—to go and live among my tenantry, like the 'fine old English gentleman all of the olden time.'"

"I am fitting up my old house in Wales already," observed Sir Francis; "so you see, my boy, I am actually making some arrangements. The fact is, you must make a run down with me, and give me your advice on some points of detail. I can promise you some shooting, you know."

"Most happy! But I say, Ludlow," returned his companion, "do you really mean to become a hermit? How on earth are you to spend your time, so completely isolated from society?"

"My good fellow," replied Sir Francis, "there is no necessity to suppose a condition so very desolate. You know my tastes; I have a capital library; some fine pictures; and I am myself given somewhat to the study and practice of art, so that, with an occasional visit to London, I shall, I dare say, do tolerably well."

"I suspect there may be more in all this than meets the ear," observed the other, archly. "You had better make a merit of necessity, and confess it at once."

"Well! well! replied Sir Francis, laughing, "I suppose I must. I have then the prospect in view of being made 'the happiest of men.'"

"I congratulate you with all my heart," said Sir Lionel. "But come, you must not be permitted to make an imperfect confession, my dear fellow. Let us have a bit of this romance of yours. Knowing you as I do, I feel certain there is some romance in the affair!"

"Why, the truth is," replied Sir Francis, after a hearty laugh, "I dare say there is some romance in it, as you suppose, but you must excuse my being somewhat close at present. I must beg you to exercise your patience, and I promise you shall be fully satisfied with the result."

"Well—well, we shall say no more about it at present, since you will have it so," added Sir Lionel. "Now I think

I am bound to be at least as candid as yourself. What if I make a similar confession?"

"Excellent!" exclaimed Sir Francis. "What! do you mean to say that you intend to marry? Eh? All settled—eh?"

"Yes!—yes! all settled, I assure you; but I am not to be entrapped into any further revelation," was the rejoinder, "but in a day or two I shall unfold to you the mystery."

It was eventually arranged by the two friends that they should journey together to Wales, Sir Lionel having promised to give his advice upon some matters as to the mansion-house on Sir Francis Ludlow's property, to which reference has already been made, as situated in the neighborhood of Mrs. Hartley's abode, and which, as we have seen, was fitting up for the reception of its owner. Some months had already elapsed since the incidents occurred at the Cottage in Wales, which we have related in the preceding chapter. During that period occurrences had taken place of considerable moment to Mrs. Hartley and her nieces. Certain legal arrangements, which the confusion in the affairs of the late Mr. Warburton had rendered necessary, had been completed. It was found that the fortunes of both the young ladies had been entirely dissipated, but Mrs. Hartley's own property, which had been more firmly secured to her than she had been aware, had remained intact; and thus all immediate cause of anxiety was entirely removed, and that lady already contemplated a return, at no distant period, to her favourite Woodthorpe. Meantime it was obvious to her that a vast improvement, as already mentioned, had taken place in the sentiments of her nieces; both of whom had cordially joined her in all those works of charity and beneficence, which had been to herself a source of such unmingled satisfaction. Mrs. Hartley had been unable to resist the importunities of Sir Lionel Lydgate, from whom her residence had been so long effectually concealed, and the youthful baronet had paid a visit to the Cottage, and found it no difficult matter to persuade Mrs. Hartley to consent to his marriage with Gertrude, for whom his early affection had suffered neither change nor diminution. Meantime, also, Elizabeth had been in constant correspondence with Mr. Morgan, and had

received the happy intelligence that his affairs were so prosperous that he would shortly return to Wales and claim the fulfillment of those promises which he declared constituted the happiness of his life.

It was a beautiful evening in the month of August. Sir Lionel Lydgate had accompanied his friend, Sir Francis Ludlow, to his house, where he had arrived in the morning, and he was seated in the pretty drawing-room of the Cottage, discussing with Mrs. Hartley, in the absence of the two sisters, some important preliminaries relating to his approaching marriage. Gertrude and Elizabeth had proceeded to the village, on some mission of benevolence, which their aunt had devised possibly, it may be, to have a private conference with Sir Lionel.

"I can not conceal from you, my dear Sir Lionel," she said, "that I am not without anxiety regarding this singular engagement which has been made with Mr. Morgan. What you yourself said on the occasion of your former visit has not had the effect, as you may suppose, of tranquilizing my mind. The truth is, that amiable and excellent as the young man is, he is really a stranger to us. It is right I should have your opinion on this subject, regarding you, as I now do, as a member of my own family."

"Certainly, my dear madam," said Sir Lionel. "Now, to speak candidly—and I trust you will pardon my doing so—it does appear to me that you were somewhat unguarded, perhaps somewhat precipitate, in so readily giving your sanction to the pretensions of one of whom you knew so little."

"That I quite admit," said Mrs. Hartley, "and I am very much vexed about it. But the truth is, the original evil lay in exposing Elizabeth to the danger of forming an affection for a stranger. Subsequently, I had but little choice; and, in point of fact, I really entertain the very highest opinion of this gentleman, and have no manner of doubt that he is not only tenderly attached to Elizabeth, but that he is eminently qualified to make her happy."

"I am sure he must be a happy man, whoever he is," said Sir Lionel, "to possess the power of gaining so favorable an opinion from you. One thing is plain enough, that the attachment is a most disinterested one, and that circumstance

affords good ground for believing in its depth and sincerity."

"Most assuredly it is," rejoined Mrs. Hartley; "as for ourselves, we have—or rather I myself have—been perfectly unsophisticated; and, to do Mr. Morgan justice, he said he was an artist entertaining those hopes which his enthusiasm for his beautiful art inspired. I took care, too, that he should be fully aware that my niece had not one farthing of her own, and that I myself was scarcely in a better condition. But you must really give me your advice and assistance."

"You may command both most readily," said Sir Lionel; "but what can I do?"

"The truth is, I wish you to institute some suitable inquiries in London about Mr. Morgan," said Mrs. Hartley. "You need not mention this wish of mine to Elizabeth; but for my own satisfaction I really must know something about connections, prospects, and so forth; you understand me?"

"Oh! I can do that easily enough," was the reply; "but do you not expect Mr. Morgan in a day or two?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Hartley; "as I mentioned to you already, he writes that he will be here probably to-morrow. Now you know you are quite entitled to speak with him when he arrives."

"I shall certainly do so," replied Sir Lionel; "and, perhaps, it may be better to delay communicating with my agent on the subject till I have had the opportunity."

"My dear Sir Lionel," resumed Mrs. Hartley, "he has written for my consent to his marriage with Elizabeth, which he wishes to take place soon; and, in fact, he is to ask the dear girl to fix the day."

"I see how it is," rejoined the baronet; "these poets and artists are always sanguine; but we must act with caution. Pray, what reply have you given?"

"Oh! nothing yet. Mr. Morgan is, as he says, to have my answer and dear Elizabeth's from our own lips, so that I have not written. But here are the girls. Do let what I have said be perfectly confidential."

The young ladies now returned from their benevolent mission. The evening passed away in the most delightful manner, and Sir Lionel took his departure at a late hour, and wended his way through

the wood toward the abode of his friend. Sir Francis Ludlow, stating that he would call early next day to escort the ladies to the Hall, in order to pay a visit to their distinguished neighbor, and welcome him to his patrimonial seat. This Mrs. Hartley and her nieces, after some little persuasion, agreed to do, with the greater willingness, as they intended, in a few days, to take their departure to Yorkshire.

CHAPTER V.

NEXT day, Sir Lionel made his appearance at the Cottage, and the ladies accompanied him to the manor-house. They had not visited it for some weeks, but they had not ceased to take a lively interest in the improvements which had been made, both around it and on its interior. As they drew near the house, they were surprised at the alteration which so short a period had effected. The workmen had all disappeared; the timber, the mortar, the workmen's tools, were all cleared away; every thing was in order. The party were shown by a footman into a magnificent drawing-room, newly and elegantly furnished with every thing that wealth and good taste could procure or suggest. Sir Francis, they were informed, was busily engaged inspecting some work in the garden, but would return very shortly. Meantime, Sir Lionel and his fair companions made the tour of the drawing-room, and admired the charming view from the great southern window.

"Look here, Elizabeth!" exclaimed Gertrude, with a voice of extreme surprise; "surely these are your sketches!" and she pointed to some water-color drawings in rich frames hanging on the walls.

The amazement of Miss Warburton was extreme, as she recognized the drawings she had made under Mr. Morgan's instruction, and beheld also others, the work of the artist himself. She looked to Sir Lionel for an explanation, who was heartily laughing at the expression of complete bewilderment which he saw in her beautiful countenance, when suddenly the door opened, and the artist himself entered the apartment. Elizabeth uttered a scream of joy, and, forgetful of every thing but the object of her affection, darted toward him, and received a tender embrace.

"My dear Mrs. Hartley," said Sir Lionel, after the ladies had welcomed their unexpected visitor, "allow me to solve a little mystery, by introducing to you your old friend and mine, not as Mr. Morgan, the unknown artist, but as Sir Francis Ludlow."

"Pardon me, my dear madam," said Sir Francis, now no longer Mr. Morgan; "I have practiced somewhat unintentionally a little piece of deception. Listen to me for one moment!" And seating himself on a sofa beside Miss Warburton, who had burst into tears, he took her hand in his, and continued. "On returning from Italy, a short time before I had the happiness to make your acquaintance, I became aware that the condition of my tenantry had become, in some respects, very uncomfortable during my long minority, and I resolved to inquire into their state personally. I was wholly unknown to any of them, and it occurred to me as desirable to visit my property in Wales under an assumed name, in order that I might obtain accurate information. Adopting my mother's name, therefore, I took up my abode in your vicinity, amusing myself during my leisure in making some sketches, and thus I had the happiness of becoming acquainted with you. You know the rest. As a poor artist, a total stranger to you and my dear Elizabeth, you received me with a degree of kindness I shall never forget; and Elizabeth bestowed on me the priceless treasure of her love. I will not conceal from you that I was unspeakably charmed with the confidence you reposed in me; and that it was to me all the more invaluable, because you knew me but as a poor, and perhaps friendless, artist, and not as the owner of these lands. I did not deceive you; and for this I again entreat your forgiveness. I wished to enjoy for awhile the delight of knowing that I was beloved for my own sake. I wished, too, to prepare for you this surprise. I knew nothing at the time of my friend Sir Lionel's acquaintance with you; but I need not any

how much this enhances the delight I now feel."

Never was there a happier party than that which now met in the old manor-house. Every thing was satisfactorily explained; and, as may be presumed, Mrs. Hartley revoked the commission she had given to Sir Lionel to make inquiries as to the unknown artist in London.

We now transfer the scene of our story to Woodthorpe. A month after this happy meeting, a couple of carriages and four stood at the entrance of the Old Hall; the postillions were decorated with white favors; the bell of the fine old church of the village was ringing a merry peal, for Mrs. Hartley's beautiful nieces had just pronounced their nuptial vows within the walls of the venerable building; the villagers at Woodthorpe were decked out in all their humble finery; and there was a general rejoicing on the glad occasion which restored to them their beloved benefactress, and beheld the happy event which had taken place in her family. At length the bridal party broke up, and as the afternoon sun of a fine October day was shedding his beams on the old woods surrounding Woodthorpe Hall, the happy couples entered their carriages, amid the loud congratulations of the assembled villagers, the vehicles dashed down the avenue through the picturesque hamlet and the shady lane which led from it, and bore away the two baronets and their lovely brides, no one knew whither, leaving the good Mrs. Hartley half blind with tears.

A few years rolled away, and Woodthorpe ceased to be the solitary place it so long had been. Youthful visitors began to frequent the abode of their grand-aunt, and were taught by their happy mothers, Lady Gertrude and Lady Elizabeth, to love and revere the venerable relative whose precepts and example so beautifully illustrated the duty of beneficence, and whose happiness consisted in the only true luxury—that of doing good.

From the Leisure Hour.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

At a time when Persia occupies the attention of the political world, the following narrative, by Sir Robert Kerr Porter, will be found interesting in connection with, and illustration of, the striking portrait of the Shah, which was painted and engraved originally for the royal family of England, and now reengraved by Mr. Sartain for the *Eclectic Magazine*.

"The palace showed a spacious area, shaded with trees and intersected by water. In the center stood the splendid edifice, where his Majesty was to sit to receive the homage of his subjects. We were led toward the southern aspect of this place, the grand saloon fronting that way, where the ceremony of royal presentation was to be performed, and were carefully stationed at the point deemed best for seeing and hearing the great king. Before his Majesty appeared, I had time to observe the disposition of the scene in which this illustrious personage was to act so conspicuous a part.

"Rows of high poplars and of other trees divide this immense court, or rather garden, into several avenues. That which runs along the midst of the garden is the widest, inclosing a narrow piece of still water, stretching from end to end, and animated here and there with a few little *jets d'eau*, the margins of which were spread with oranges, pears, apples, grapes, and dried fruit, all heaped on plates, set close together like a chain. Another slip of water faced diagonally the front of the palace, and its fountains being more direct in the view of the monarch, were of a greater magnificence and power, shooting up to a height of three or four feet—a sublimity of hydraulic art which the Persians suppose can not be equaled in any other country. Along the marble edges of the canal and fountains were also placed fruits of every description, in pyramids; and between each elevated range of plates, with these their glowing contents, stood vases filled with flowers, of a beautiful

fabric, in wax, that seemed to want nothing of nature but its perfume. In a line, beyond these, was set a regular row of the finest china bowls, filled with sherbet. In the parallel files, down the sides of the wide central avenue, stood the khans and other Persians of rank, arrayed in their most costly attire, of gold and silver brocade, some of them wearing in addition the royal *khelat*, which usually consists of a pelisse lined with fine furs, and covered with the richest embroidery, their heads bound with cashmere shawls of ever color and value.

"The royal procession made its appearance. First, the elder sons of the king entered, at the side on which we stood, Abbas Meerza taking the left of the whole, which brought him to the right of the throne. His brothers followed, till they nearly closed upon us. Directly opposite to this elder rank of princes, all grown to manhood, their younger brothers arranged themselves on the other side of the transverse water. They were all superbly habited in the richest brocade vests and shawl-girdles, from the folds of which glittered the jeweled hilts of their daggers. Each wore a robe of gold stuff, lined and deeply collared with the most delicate sables, falling a little below the shoulder, and reaching to the calf of their leg. Around their black caps they also had wound the finest shawls. Every one of them, from the eldest to the youngest, wore bracelets of the most brilliant rubies and emeralds, just above the bend of the elbow.

"At some distance near the front of the palace, appeared another range of highly revered personages—mollahs, astrologers, and other sages of this land of the east—clothed in their more sombre garments of religion and philosophy. There was no noise, no bustle of any kind; every person standing quietly in his place, awaiting the arrival of the monarch. At last, the sudden discharge of the swivels

from the camel corps without, with the clang of trumpets, and I know not what congregation of uproarious sounds beside, announced that his Majesty had entered the gate of the citadel. But the most extraordinary part of the clamor was the appalling roar of two huge elephants, trained for the express purpose of giving this note of the especial movements of the great king.

"He entered the saloon from the left, and advanced to the front of it, with an air and step which belonged entirely to a sovereign. I never before had beheld any thing like such perfect majesty; and he seated himself on his throne with the same indescribable, unaffected dignity. Had there been any assumption in his manner, I could not have been so impressed. He was one blaze of jewels, which dazzled the sight on first looking at him; but the details of his dress were these: A lofty tiara of three elevations was on his head, which shape appears to have been long peculiar to the crown of the great king. It was entirely composed of thickly-set diamonds, pearls, rubies, and emeralds, so exquisitely disposed as to form a mixture of the most beautiful colors in the brilliant light reflected from its surface. Several black feathers, like the heron plume, were intermixed with the resplendent aigrettes of this truly imperial diadem, whose bending points were finished with pear-formed pearls of an immense size. The vesture was of gold tissue, nearly covered with a similar disposition of jewelry; and crossing the shoulders were two strings of pearls, probably the largest in the world. I call his dress a vesture, because it sat close to his person, from the neck to the bottom of the waist, showing a shape as noble as his air. At that point it devolved downward in loose drapery, like the usual Persian garment, and was of the same costly materials with the vest. But for splendor, nothing could exceed the broad bracelet round his arms, and the belt which encircled his waist; they actually blazed like fire when the rays of the sun met them; and when we know the names derived from such excessive lustre, we can not be surprised at seeing such an effect. The jeweled band on the right arm was called 'the mountain of light,' and that on the left 'the sea of light.'

"The throne was of pure white marble, raised a few steps from the ground, and

carpeted with shawls and cloth of gold, on which the king sat in the fashion of his country, his back supported by a large cushion. While the great king was approaching his throne, the whole assembly continued bowing their heads to the ground, till he had taken his place. A dead silence had ensued. In the midst of this solemn stillness, while all eyes were fixed on the bright object before them, a sort of volley of words, bursting at one impulse from the mouths of the mollahs and astrologers, made me start, and interrupted my gaze. This strange oratory was a kind of heraldic enumeration of the great king's titles, dominions, and glorious acts, with an appropriate panegyric on his courage, liberality, and extended power. When this was ended, all heads still bowing to the ground, and the air had ceased to vibrate with the sounds, there was a pause for about half a minute, and then his majesty spoke. The effect was even more startling than the sudden bursting forth of the mollahs; for this was like a voice from the tombs—so deep, so hollow, and at the same time so penetratingly loud. Having thus addressed his people, he looked toward the British *chargé d'affaires*, with whom I stood, and then we moved forward to the front of the throne. The same awful voice, though in a lowered tone, spoke to him, and honored me with a gracious welcome to his dominions. After his Majesty had put a few questions to me, and received my answers, we fell back in our places, and were instantly served with bowls of most delicious sherbet, which very grateful refreshment was followed by an attendant presenting to us a large silver tray, on which lay a heap of small coin, called a *shahi*, of the same metal, mixed with a few pieces of gold. I imitated my friend in all these ceremonies, and held out both my hands to be filled with the royal largess, which, with no little difficulty, we passed through our festal trappings into our pockets.

"When the rest of the gratulatory compliments of the day had been uttered between the monarch and his assembled nobles, the chief executioner, our former herald, gave us the signal that all was over for that morning. We then retired, as we came, under his auspices; but, if possible, with still more pressure and heat than we had battled through on our approach."

Here the thought occurs, that if frail human glory—the glory of a man that

shall die, arrayed in vestures wrought by man's toil—can thus strike and overpower the sense, what must it be to witness “the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ?” It was, doubtless, the consciousness of the strong impression which even human glory may make which caused the ancient belief that no man could look upon the Divine glory, and yet live. So when, in the year that king Uzziah died, the prophet “saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up,” and heard the hovering seraphim cry one unto another: “Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory!” he at once cried out: “Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in

the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts.” But when a seraph had touched his lips with a live coal from the altar, and said: “Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged,” he beheld that glorious vision undisturbed. So shall all who believe the Gospel, redeemed by the precious blood of the Lamb of God, and sanctified by the gracious operations of the Holy Spirit, behold, with undazzled and admiring eye, that unutterable glory in which our Lord abides, and in which he shall reappear—that glory a mere glimpse of which struck the persecuting Saul, on his way to Damascus, blinded to the ground.

CAN YOU AFFORD TO MARRY?

A CORRESPONDENT signing himself “The ophrastus” called attention very properly a day or two ago to another side of that unfortunate subject which we have lately discussed. We pointed out a mistake in our system with respect to young women—an important defect in their training. But there are men as well as women in the world. Is every thing right in our system as regards its effect upon *men*? We say in our system. We know, of course, that natural passion is strong, and that it never will completely obey reason and conscience on this subject as long as the world lasts. But, over and above nature, is there not something in our system, in our conventional standard of what is necessary to support married life, which throws enormous and gratuitous hindrances in the way of marriage, and so gives a great gratuitous stimulus to vice? Do we not make difficulties for ourselves here, even where nature makes none, and create by our system a huge mass of artificial temptation which need never have

existed? It is thought impossible in a large class of society now to marry unless you have £1,000 or £1,500 a-year. This is considered the rule. A person who dares to contemplate this step upon a more scanty basis is told that he does so on his own responsibility. The collective wisdom of society is against him. The horrors of poverty are before him, famine stares him in the face, and, what is still worse, he, his wife, and family will all be a burden upon their friends. In fact, it is wrong, plainly wrong, a positive sin, to marry upon less; you are seeking your own selfish happiness at the expense of the comfort, and probably the purse, of your relations, on whom you will very likely have to fall back soon, and to whom, at any rate, it will be a positive pain to see you struggling on in a wretched way, hardly keeping your head above water, and, in fact, having only—dreadful to think of!—enough to eat, and drink, and be merry with. In studied language you are told that you must consult your posi-

tion in society in taking this step, that you are accustomed to a certain style of living, and that you must not think of being happy without it.

Now, we are not going to cry up "love in a cottage;" we know that a certain income is necessary for comfort and happiness. But, when a whole class is completely scared from marriage by maxims of this kind, we must draw the distinction between a natural and a conventional standard of what a married man requires. It is not necessary for happiness that a man should live in a house near the Parks, or that he should even keep a man-servant or a Brougham, or that he should ride in Rotten-row, or that he should rush down with his family every three months by railway to Brighton, or Hastings, or Dover, for the benefit of his health. We assert this with confidence. Our opponents have a vast array of social authorities on their side of the question. They can bring an imposing muster of club sages; they can quote conventional rules and *dicta* from the oracles of Piccadilly, Pall-mall and St. James's street. We, too, are not wholly without maxims and saws on our side of the question with respect to what constitutes human happiness, for we have at our command the collective experience which has spoken, from the days of the Seven Wise Men to Dr. Johnson, and from the Proverbs of Solomon to the Proverbs of Martin Tupper.

But conventional maxims and authorities would not have so much influence as they have upon our young men on this subject were there not something to aid them in the attractions of the bachelor life itself. A man is asked out ten times as much before he is married as he is afterward. That is a great difference, and the man of 30, who has enjoyed three or four years of exuberant hospitality, has felt his value as a *convenient* member of the social system, and that, as an unencumbered man, he is in great request, is rather loth to exchange the importance and rank of the young bachelor for the homely position of the married man. How pleasant it is to receive several notes of invitation every post, to be asked to a great many more places than you can go to! What a sense of social dignity rises at the thought! All the world going after you and humbly soliciting your countenance, while you have only to pick the best out of the number for your patronage,

and to endure the bore of accepting their attentions! All this is very pleasant. It is true that amid all the glory and gayety of the bachelor life the heart will occasionally betray a gentle sadness, and a sigh will escape as a vision of a home and that which it implies crosses the mind of our much-solicited young bachelor. But he shakes it off, and rushes into the blaze of society again. If he is not really married, he can at any rate console himself with being married, in imagination, or, as the scholastic phrase was, *in potentia*, to twenty young ladies, and twenty fresh ones every day. What is marriage to such a person as this but monasticism? It is retirement to a cloister, to a hermitage in the desert, and a cell in the rock.

But, whichever of these causes has most share in the undue postponement of marriage by a large class among us—whether it is that young men are frightened by the imposing show of conventional authorities and the prophecies of poverty that they hear on all sides, or whether it is that they want to enjoy longer the freedom and popularity of the bachelor estate, the result is the same in either case. A great law of Providence can not be neglected with impunity, and this undue, artificial, and unnatural postponement of marriage ends in a great blot upon our social system. Vice is the result, and vice creates a class of victims to indulge it. If Providence has ordained that man should not live alone, and if conventional maxims or mere empty fashion and the artificial attractions of society lead to overlooking, or superseding, or tampering with this law, the neglect of a Providential law will surely avenge itself in social disease and corruption in one or other part of the system. It is not, then, because we wish for a moment to encourage improvident marriages, but because we feel convinced that our modern caution here has outstepped all reasonable limits, has become extravagant, has, from being a dictate of natural common sense, become a mere conventional and artificial rule, the voice of empty fashion, and a gratuitous hindrance to social happiness and the designs of Providence, that we call serious attention to the subject.

The fear of poverty has become morbid, and men cry out not only before they are hurt, but before there is any reasonable prospect of it. They must see in married life a perfectly guaranteed and

undisturbed vista of the amplest pecuniary resources before they will enter upon it. They forget that married men can *work*, and that marriage is a stimulus to work, and again and again elicits those latent activities of mind which produce not only competency, but affluence. Let us take the case of two great lawyers. Lord Cottenham formed in early life the resolution not to marry till his practice was £4,000 a-year, and he married at forty. Lord Eldon married upon nothing

at twenty-one. We do not recommend the latter case for general adoption, but the two examples taken together show how absurd it is to lay down such stringent rules as are now fashionable on the subject of marriage. The issue is the same, under the most opposite circumstances, because both men were workers. And Lord Cottenham was not aided by his late marriage, and Lord Eldon was certainly not impeded by his early one.

L A D Y F R A N K L I N ' S P L A N S .

THE plan of Lady Franklin's Arctic Expedition is now arranged. A glance at any recent map of the Arctic regions shows that nearly the whole area east and west of the outlet of the Fish River has been swept by Government searching expeditions. Apart, then, from the fact that the Esquimaux reports point to a very limited locality where the great Arctic mystery lies concealed, we are warranted in hoping that a search, within an area embracing not more than 370 miles of coast, may be rewarded by the discovery of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. Capt. M'Clintock proposes to make his way down Prince Regent's Inlet, and thence through Bellot's Strait to the field of search; or, should the ice permit, to proceed direct to it by going down Peel Sound, which he has good reasons for believing to be a strait. If prevented by the ice from passing through Bellot's Strait, or going down Peel's Sound, he will abandon the idea of taking his ship through these channels, and, leaving her in safety in Prince Regent's Inlet, will proceed to search for the *Erebus* and *Terror* by sledging parties, so successfully used in the late Expedition, in conducting which Capt. M'Clintock particularly distinguished himself.

We regret to say, that a strong memorial, recently transmitted from the United States, praying our Admiralty to send the *Resolute* out on a final searching expedition, has failed to arouse official sympathy with a cause now stirring all England. This is the more surprising as the work which remains to be done is extremely small, and Arctic experience shows that the probable risk is slight. The rate of mortality of all the Arctic Expeditions since 1818 (exclusive of that of the missing Expedition) is less than 1½ per cent. Sir Charles Wood, therefore, as the oracle of the Admiralty, has no foundation for saying that "he does not feel justified in exposing to the risks inseparable from such explorations the lives of further officers and men." Previous searching expeditions, which were necessarily dispatched to unknown regions, have, as we have seen, been singularly fortunate in regard to the slight mortality, and the proposed Expedition, which will have the advantage of being within easy reach of the large depots of stores and provisions at Beechey Island and Port Leopold, will certainly not be attended with greater risk than those which have preceded it. Great scientific interest attaches, moreover, to Lady Franklin's final search, as it will be

carried on in the neighborhood of the North Magnetic Pole. Let us then hope that the appeal of Lady Franklin will meet a ready response. "I have cherished the hope," says Lady Franklin, in her letter to Lord Palmerston, "in common with others, that we are not waiting in vain. Should, however, that decision unfortunately throw upon me the responsibility and the cost of sending out a vessel myself, I beg to assure your lordship that I shall not shrink either from that weighty responsibility, or from the sacrifice of my entire available fortune, for the purpose, supported as I am in my convictions by such high authorities as those whose opinions are on record in your lordship's hands, and by the hearty sympathy of many more." "Surely, then, I may plead that

a careful search be made for any possible survivor; that the bones of the dead be sought for; that their buried records be unearthed, or recovered from the hands of the Esquimaux; and above all, that their last written words, so precious to their bereaved families and friends, be saved from destruction. A mission so sacred is worthy of a Government which has grudged and spared nothing for its heroic solders and sailors in other fields of warfare, and will surely be approved by our gracious queen, who overlooks none of her loyal subjects, suffering and dying for their country's honor." "This final and exhausting search is all I seek in behalf of the first and only martyrs to Arctic discovery in modern times, and it is all I ever intend to ask."

L O O K I N G A N D L E A P I N G .

It was a bitterly cold winter's evening, and our little party nestled closer and closer round the blazing fire. No one felt inclined for reading; we all declared we were by far too cozy for that; and all seemed too happy to talk, or felt too much real joy at heart to laugh. So the question was started, as we rubbed our hands before the fire, and gave a pretty little shudder now and then, "What shall we do?" A mixed party of old and young, of both sexes, must necessarily be rather varied in tastes and inclinations, and ours proved no exception; so it was not till some time had elapsed that we all agreed in one thing, to submit our several plans to the patriarch of our circle, who had hitherto kept aloof from the discussion.

Mr. Simpson smiled at our appeal, and bent his dear old silvered head to listen to our suggestions as, one by one, they were urged on him by their ardent proposers. At last it was agreed that a game of proverbs should be played, with this

improvement, that the proverbs should furnish us matter for useful and entertaining talk rather than for idle questions. Accordingly, proverbs and names were written on slips of card, and the great delight and, in some cases, relief: "Look before you leap" came forth with Mr. Simpson's name. Never shall I forget the venerable old gentleman, as, raising his head, and collecting his thoughts for a minute, he began:

"My dear young friends, it is strange that Providence has given me this little duty to-night? Truly in my lifetime I have seen many a leap and some few looks. The pleasures of a green memory almost repay the other disadvantages of age, and make one bless God for being one of his sheaves near harvest-time. Let us look into the subject a little"—mentally, I suppose, for our expositor took off his spectacles: "it seems to divide mankind into three classes—those who continually look and never leap; those who leap and never

look ; and the few who look well and often *before* they leap.

"He who leaps before he looks often involuntarily looks back *after*, and then, just in time to be too late, sees his own folly and feels its effects. The rash and inconsiderate, if they have any feelings at all, are always habitual, and, what is worse, useless penitents. The die is cast ; they have taken an irrevocable step, and that without thought. It is a sad sight to see a man grieving without hope for an event which a momentary glance beforehand might have obviated.

"Equally bad is the part of those who are for ever looking, but never leaping. Going to perform some tremendous feat, thinking on some unheard-of exploit, they spend life like Johnson's famous character, 'fearing to go forward lest he should go wrong.' Alas, for the instability and indecision of human nature ! Leaping in this life, my friends, is quite as necessary as looking ; we must :

' Act in the living present ;
Heart within, and God o'erhead.'

Death will at last surprise these do-nothings, and then they will see how worthless an existence of mere looking is. They have been the world's lumber, useless to themselves, and a stumbling-block in other people's way."

"But the third set, Mr. Simpson ? don't be so dismal, please."

"Well, the third set certainly does brighten the picture, which makes me re-

gret the deeper that there are not more of them. The man who looks carefully, deliberately, and, above all, conscientiously before he leaps, will preserve himself from numerous troubles, and will afford a valuable example to the world around him. I do not refer to a mere worldly-wise glance about him, but to the habit of weighing his future actions by the only standard of right—God's revealed will. That man who ponders the influence, for good or evil, of his doings, and invokes his Maker's blessing upon them, will spend a happy life ; and when called to take a solemn look at the dread leap of death before him—when preparing earnestly and prayerfully for the great chance that is ever impending, guided by God's good's Spirit, he can not but experience a safe and happy transition into the eternal world.

"Our proverb recommends a medium course between rashness and over-caution. It pictures neither the character of the man who rushes at a chasm, and desperately flings himself over or down it ; nor yet him who swings his body to and fro on the brink, who ponders and intends, intends and ponders, till the curtain of night falls, and he finds himself not an inch nearer his destination than he was at sunrise ; but it pictures the man who looks thoughtfully, measures distance and force, and leaps with a brave heart and steady eye.

"Remember, my friends, the leaping ; but above all things, never forget the looking."

DIMENSIONS OF THE AMERICAN LAKES.
—The latest measurements of these fresh water seas are as follows : The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles ; the greatest breadth is 160 miles ; mean depth, 988 feet ; elevation, 627 feet ; area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 360 miles ; its greatest breadth, 108 miles ; mean depth, 900 feet ; elevation, 687 feet ; area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 200 miles ; the greatest breadth is 160

miles ; mean depth, 800 feet ; elevation, 474 feet ; area, 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles ; its greatest breadth is 80 miles ; its mean depth, 200 feet ; elevation, 555 feet ; area, 6000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles ; its greatest breadth is 65 miles ; its mean depth is 500 feet ; elevation, 262 feet ; area, 6000 square miles. The total length of all five is 1584 miles, covering an area altogether of upward of 90,000 square miles.

T H E S H A H O F P E R S I A .

THE present number of our journal is embellished with a portrait of his Majesty, the Shah of Persia. It was originally painted and engraved for the royal family of England. Mr. Sartain has copied it very accurately and beautifully, from a London print. He appears on a state occasion, wearing his triple crown, radiant and sparkling with precious gems and innumerable diamonds of the purest water, and of immense value, which blaze around his neck, shoulders, and arms; thus exhibiting and illustrating the splendor of oriental magnificence. As an oriental monarch, over the empire of Persia, and recently at war with England, whose ambassador was received, a few months since, with great consideration at the imperial court of France, his portrait in the splendor of Eastern costume is an object of interest and curiosity, with which we trust our readers will be pleased. We only add a brief biographical sketch of this illustrious personage.

The present Sovereign, Mohammed Nassr-ed-din-Shah, ascended the throne in April, 1849. He was then sixteen years of age, and lived away from the court with one of his uncles, the governor of Tabriz. He succeeded to the throne in virtue of his being the nearest of kin in the collateral line of the celebrated Feth ali-Shah, or Baba-khan. Nassr-ed-din-Shah is the fourth sovereign of the Turcoman dynasty of the Kadjars, the origin of whom is curious. The dynasty which preceded that of the Kadjars was founded in the following manner: Under the reign of the Sophis there lived a camel-driver whose bravery procured for him the obedience of a number of his companions, who formed themselves into a band, and under his direction crowned several most successful expeditions with the conquest of the province of Khorasan. Their leader, Nadir, usurped the throne of Persia on the death of Abas III., and caused himself to be proclaimed Shah, or Sovereign of Persia. Nadir Shah brought under

subjection Candahar, Cabul, and several provinces of the Mogul Empire. He was killed, in 1747, by his first lieutenant, whose eyes he had the intention of putting out. His successor, Thamasp-Kouli Khan II., reigned only a few years. Fearful disorders broke out at his death in Persia, and several pretenders to the throne arose. Amongst these was a member of the tribe of Kadjars, which signifies fugitives, named Mohammed Macan-Khan, who conquered Mazandaran and other provinces, and captured Ispahan; he was on the point of conquering all Persia when he fell into the hands of a rival, who beheaded him in 1758. His son, Aga Mohammed Khan, succeeded in proclaiming himself Shah of Persia, in 1794, and he founded the present dynasty. Since 1705, the Court of Persia resides at Teheran; formerly Ispahan had been the capital of the kingdom. In summer the court is driven away from Teheran by the heat, and encamps from June 1 to September 30 at the foot of the Elboorz mountains, in the valley of Goolahek. The ambassadors and great authorities, with the richest inhabitants of the town, accompany the court, and form a magnificent canvas town. The present Shah is of a very mild disposition, and is deeply attached to his mother, who governs his private household. She is only about forty years of age, and is still very beautiful. She has for a secretary a French woman, who married, in Paris, a Persian nobleman, and accompanied her husband to his native home, after having embraced his religion. The Shah has five children, to whom he is greatly attached. His eldest son died a few weeks ago.

THE PERSIAN EMBASSADOR IN PARIS.—His Excellency Feroukh Khan, ambassador for Persia, received a public audience on the 24th from the Emperor, in the throne-room at the Tuileries, and presented the letters accrediting him to his imperial Majesty.

Feroukh Khan, after having presented to their Majesties the persons attached to his suit, handed to the Emperor, in the name and on the part of his sovereign, the Royal Order of Persia, and presents for the Empress and the Imperial Prince.

The ambassador wore a magnificent cashmere gown, trimmed with fur, and ornamented with diamond clasps, white kerseymere pantaloons with gold stripes, and the Astrakan cap. Two of his suite wore the same costume. The rest were in military uniform.

The *Times* correspondent, speaking of the ambassador, says: "He promises to be the admired of all admirers, and to completely efface the traces left in our memories by the majestic proportions of Count Orloff and the brilliancy of his diamonds. In personal advantages, Feroukh Khan may fairly bear a comparison with the other foreign diplomatists. He appears to be a man about forty years of age, or a little more. He wears a beard, black and rich, such as few diplomatic chins could grow, and which excites the envy and despair of the unfledged *attachés* of the older missions, who gaze on him with admiration. His eyes are black and

piercing, and his figure graceful. Among those who accompany him are said to be two cousins of the Sovereign of Persia; and they wear a white scarf over their rich uniforms, no doubt as a sign of their being 'born in the purple chamber.'" The ambassador was, doubtless, ignorant of the simple grandeur of the Imperial Court, and in the indifference for show and splendor which characterizes our courtiers, otherwise he would not have come laden, as he is said to be, with many and rich gifts. He has brought, it seems, a whole cargo of Cashmere shawls and other such articles for presents, so that among an influential portion of the Persian population his *beaux yeux* are not the only charms which will insure him a welcome. Among his *attachés* are one or two literary gentlemen. It would be curious to hear their opinions of men and things in this capital of European civilization, and we may yet be gratified with another series of "Persian letters," surpassing in interest the genuine correspondence which bears the name of Montesquieu. We have an Usbeck and a Ricon on the spot, and they must have left many a Roustan and an Ibben in Teheran, to whom they can confide their thoughts.

THE SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

I

LIST to the song of the mountain stream,
From its old rocky chamber springing;
Hailing the earliest morning gleam,
With its frolic—sparkling—singing!
"Oh! 'tis a glorious thing to bound
Through a world of such wondrous beauty;
The flowers are breathing sweet odors around,
And hark! the old woods with gay music resound:
Pleasure is glancing,
Sunbeams are dancing,
Life is a boon, and enjoyment a duty!"

LIST to the song of the mountain stream,
As its murmurs are gently swelling,
Bounding along with its noontide theme,
Of the glory of labor telling.
"I'll water the land, and cool the breeze,
And set the young grass-blades growing;

I'll creep round the roots of the old oak-trees,
And call to the cattle their thirst to appease.
Lambs shall come skipping,
Birds shall stoop sipping;
All shall be glad for my pure limpid flowing."

LIST to the song of the mountain stream,
As it rolls with its heaving motion,
Calmly reflecting the sun's last beam,
Ere it loses itself in the ocean.
"No more through the beautiful vale I'll wend;
I have finished life's changeful story;
Peacefully—thankfully seeking the end,
Where, with the main, my small tribute shall
blend,
Mingling—not dying,
Smiling—not sighing,
Singing for ever His greatness and glory."

L I T E R A R Y M I S C E L L A N I E S .

THE AMERICAN BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY. Containing an Account of the Lives, Character, and Writings of the most Eminent Persons deceased in North America, from its First Settlement. By William Allen, D.D. Third edition. Boston: Published by John P. Jewett & Company; Cleveland, Ohio: Henry P. B. Jewett. 1857. Pp. 905.

This is a work of immense labor and great value, placing in one volume, and within reach, as it does, such an amount of biographical information concerning American celebrities.

The work contains the biographies of over six thousand seven hundred eminent deceased Americans, including statesmen, warriors, patriots, poets, clergymen, lawyers, physicians, merchants, mechanics, and others distinguished in the various walks of life. The compiler, in his preface, says: "I can truly say of my book, that it is my own labor of half a century, during which period, I have been gleaning from the wide field of American history, and from an immense multitude of journals, papers, and memorials of the dead, aided also by the contribution of facts from the friends of the deceased. I have introduced many anecdotes; for they often combine useful and important instruction with amusement. I have attempted truly to describe all characters; and, in following the pathway of truth, I have not invested men with excellencies that do not belong to them, nor regarded with equal favor contradictory systems of faith and irreconcilable principles of conduct. As an honest man, not deprived of intelligence nor void of benevolence, I have, as I think, known how to censure, as well as praise. . . . Intelligent patriotic inquirers concerning the lives of their predecessors may here obtain the information which, unaided by this book, it might be impossible for them to procure; and which they certainly will not find in the books, whether called dictionaries or cyclopedias, containing abridgments of my condensed biography."

PULPIT ELOQUENCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Containing Discourses of eminent living Ministers in Europe and America, with Sketches, Biographical and Descriptive. By Rev. Henry C. Fish. With an Introductory Essay, by Edwards A. Park, D.D., Abbott Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. 8vo., pp. 815. M. W. Dodd.

We welcome this additional volume to the great treasure-house of sacred literature. We could have almost wished that it had been numbered Vol. III. of so admirable a work, instead of an isolated supplementary volume, as it purports to be, though it is in entire unity with the two preceding volumes. Its aim and object is well expressed by the compiler, who says: "the publication of this volume completes the original design of the 'HISTORY AND REPOSITORY OF PULPIT ELOQUENCE.' That design was, in brief, to treasure up the acknowledged MASTERPIECES of the great pulpit orators of other ages, and, by means of historical sketches of preaching, and biographical and critical notices of eminent men, and the introduction of their discourses, to furnish a view of the Christian pulpit, in all ages and countries. The two preceding volumes, reaching back to the earliest of the 'fathers,' brought forward a some-

what connected view of preachers and preaching up to the beginning of the present century.

The whole plan and purpose of this and the two preceding volumes was well conceived and admirably executed, in good taste, judgment, and skill, presenting as they do, in one connected and consecutive view, the history and character of pulpit eloquence, preachers, and preaching, through many ages and centuries, down to the present time. The pulpit and its appropriate themes infinitely surpass all others in their interest and importance to human well-being, and therefore such volumes as this and its predecessors can hardly fail of a cordial reception and due appreciation by all lovers of sacred eloquence. They will form a rich addition to the library of the Christian, or the Christian student, and will be regarded as a valuable and standard work in all choice collections. We bespeak for it an extensive sale. The work is embellished with several portraits, and the letter-press is in the usual good style of the publisher.

WILEY & HALSTED have published "Thoughts, Feelings, and Fancies," by C. Nestell Bovee, very elegantly gotten-up in square duodecimo style, and bound in blue and gold. In the preface, the author informs us, that "This book is the result of a habit, early adopted by its author, and long adhered to, of jotting down, from time to time, as occasions served and convenience permitted, such impressions deemed worthy to be noted as occurred to him in the intervals of active professional business. It is now presented to the public, with somewhat of the hope that he may be able, later in life, partly through the suggestions of friends, and in part from the addition of new matter, and the excision of portions of the old, to make it ultimately worthy of a more enduring favor than he is entitled to expect for it in its present form."

D. APPLETON & Co. have published, in three duodecimo volumes, an English translation of Alphonse de Lamartine's "History of Turkey." In the preface are given the titles of over thirty historical works consulted by the author, who further says in his preface, that "The study, in the localities as well as in books, of the things of the East, which have charmed, without intention of writing this history, over ten years of our life, and which, in familiarizing us with those delicious countries, have inspired us insensibly with, not indeed the faculty, but at least the passion to reproduce them. Such are our titles to credence with the reader. In verifying them with the original documents he may find them not sufficient, but he will find them strictly true and authentic. In recitals so marvelous it is not the historian that is poetic, but the subject." The same firm has also published a new edition of the "American Angler's Guide," containing numerous additions and improvements, with a new second part, that has not appeared in any previous editions. The work is copiously illustrated.

IRON CHURCHES IN THE METROPOLIS.—The iron churches recently erected in London are found to answer every purpose for which they were designed. There are now five of them, one in each of the following districts: Kennington, Kentish Town, Newington Butts, St. George's East, and Holloway. The

Holloway church cost £1000, and is capable of accommodating 700 people. The Rev. J. Rodgers describes it as "a most comfortable place of worship, well ventilated, warm in winter, cool in summer," and adds, "that it can be easily taken down when no longer needed in the district." It is 90 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 20 feet high, lined with wood, which is covered with canvas, and papered. The same clergyman remarks that these churches are exactly adapted to the peculiar wants of the day in respect to church accommodation.

HOW TO IMPART ODOR TO FLOWERS.—Every day man is extending his empire over external nature. Flowers, more especially, spring at his bidding, in forms and colors so much richer and more beautiful than the original type, that he might almost boast them for his own. He has now gone a step further: he has acquired the art of imparting odor to the most scentless—thus constraining those beautiful things to delight the sense of smell as well as sight. A florist of Aricia, as we are informed by the *Emporio Italiano*, has made completely successful experiments of this kind in heaping over the roots of flowers an odoriferous compost, and thus producing the required scent. By means, for instance, of a decoction of roses, he has given to the rhododendron the perfect odor of the rose. "To insure success, however, the seeds themselves of the plant to which it is desired to impart fragrance should be acted upon. Let them be immersed for two or three days in any essence that may be preferred, and then thoroughly dry them in the shade, and shortly after sow them. This operation is to give scent to those plants which have none whatever. But if it is required to substitute one scent for another natural to the plant, it is necessary to double or triple the quantity of the essence; and besides preparing the seed, it will be well to modify the nutritive substance. In order to retain the perfume, it will be necessary to repeat the moistening with the odorous substance several days during the spring-season, for two or three consecutive years. Fragrance may be given at the will of the horticulturist to any plant or tree, by boring a hole from one side of the stem to the other, or through the roots, and introducing the odoriferous ingredients into the hole."

SCHOOL OF PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.—Among Mr. Spurgeon's congregation on Sunday morning were the Duchess of St. Alban's, Lady Coote, Lady Craven, Lady Mowbray, Mr. Baron Bramwell, and between sixty and seventy members of Parliament. The Rev. gentleman preached from Hebrews 4: 9, "There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God." Respecting this young Baptist minister the *Patriot* says: "His success is indicative of two important things, in both of which Congregationalists, especially, ought to rejoice: 1. That the same sensitiveness of the popular mind to powerful preaching which was present in the days of Bunyan, Whitefield, and Wesley, still lives among our countrymen. 2. That the great body of the laity still prefer the savor of sound doctrine. For, it will soon be evident, whether to those who read or to those who hear Mr. Spurgeon, that, young as he is, he has drank deeply, and still drinks, first at the pure spring of revealed truth; and then, that he delights himself in the study of the elder Puritan and Nonconformist divines. His theology belongs to the school of Usher and Bunyan, unpolluted by the muddy waters of German philosophy or German neology."—*London Paper*.

An important work is now in course of publication at Gratz. It is a complete history of the literature of the Austrian empire, and contains notices of from sixty to seventy thousand works. There are two hundred alone on the origin and rise of the House of Hapsburg. The author, Dr. Schmidt, has visited all the important public and private libraries of the kingdom to make this valuable history as complete as possible. The first volume, which alone has as yet appeared, reaches down to the time of Charles the Fifth, and the second volume, which is shortly expected, is to commence with his reign.

MONSTER DRUM.—Amongst other appliances which have been sought to augment the musical effects at the approaching Handel festival (at the Sydenham Palace) is a monster drum, the largest of its kind, as we are informed, that has been constructed. The committee having heard that a skin fit for a drum-head, of unparalleled size, was in the possession of Mr. Distin, the musical instrument maker, at once commissioned its construction, more as an experiment than with any certain conviction of its utility in the orchestra. The result exceeds their most sanguine expectations. The tone is full and resounding, and more resembles that of a deep bourdon organ pipe, both in equality and continuance, than that generally obtained from an instrument of percussion. The vibration continues after the drum has been struck for nearly a minute, and for a longer period its pulsations are distinctly perceptible at a short distance. The diameter is between six and seven feet, the frame is said to contain 300 pieces of mahogany, adroitly joined in a manner best adapted to secure strength and freedom from warping. The instrument is as much under tuning control as a smaller drum. It more resembles a tambourine in its external form than an ordinary drum, having but one head, this form being said to allow greater freedom of vibration. The maker is Mr. Distin, of Melbourne street.—*London paper*.

RUSSIAN POST-OFFICE ESPIONAGE.—It may be assumed confidently that every letter before it leaves the Russian Post-Office, if it be not stamped with the seal of a well-known and unsuspected house, or marked with the name of an unsuspected person as the writer, will infallibly be opened and read. The process observed is this: Where the impression of the seal is bold, it is laid on a piece of soft metal, and a sharp blow administered to it from the front side of the letter with a mallet; the wax is broken into fragments and dust, but the impression remains sunk in *intaglio* on the metal, which thus forms a die, with an effigy that is a perfect counterpart of the writer's seal, ready for use. A letter fastened with a wafer previous to sealing it gives a good deal more trouble; in this case a fine jet of gas is directed by means of a blow-pipe against the wax in a circle all round the wafer and the impression, and the wax being melted and the paper being burnt through in that circular line, there is no further impediment to the letter being opened, while the impression remains uninjured on the back. When the latter has been read and closed again, the gas jet is again put in requisition to fill up the perforation of the wax by fusing the neighboring parts, and the whole seal looks as if nothing had happened it. This system of letter espionage is carried on still to as great an extent as under the old *régime* of the Emperor Nicholas.

It has been determined to separate the office of Keeper of the Archives of Cologne from another situation which has been hitherto held with it, and to appoint to the post a man of high literary character, whose duty will be, not merely to be answerable for the safety of the records intrusted to him, but to prepare for publication the most valuable and interesting of the manuscripts. The archives of the ancient city of Cologne are replete with historical interest, and are amongst the most valuable of the old German records. There are already several candidates for the office, of high literary reputation, in the field, amongst the best known of whom, are Herr Müller of Königswinter, and Dr. Springer of Bonn.

THE Natural History Society of Canada have determined upon republishing, under a committee of scientific members, the "Canadian Naturalist and Geologist." The first number of the new volume has just been received in England, and will be continued regularly to subscribers every alternate month.

THE Correspondence of the Emperor Charles VI. (Charles III. of Spain) has recently been published, and conveys new and valuable information respecting the war of the Spanish Succession.

THE DEATH-WATCH.—This name evidently has its origin from dark and superstitious times. It is nothing more nor less than a diminutive beetle, the little creature that perforates the round holes in old worm-eaten furniture and wood-work. "The ticking," says an eminent naturalist, "is produced by striking its head against the wood," in the progress of these perforations; and how yet often has it struck terror in the minds of the attendants of the sick, and, from communicating the omen to the patient, the skill of the physician has been completely baffled? Even yet, in isolated rural districts, the belief that it is the harbinger of death remains unshaken.

LAST WORDS OF MARIA THERESA.—To her son Joseph, who was persuading her to try and sleep, she said, "Joseph, when God is calling, who dares sleep?"

TEACHING THE EYE.—The great majority of mankind do not and can not see one fraction of what they might see. "None are so blind as those that will not see," is as true of physical as moral vision. By neglect and carelessness we have made ourselves unable to discern hundred of things which are before us to be seen. A powerful modern writer has summed this up in one pregnant sentence: "The eye sees what it brings the power to see." How true is this! The sailor on the look-out can see a ship where the landsman sees nothing; the Esquimaux can distinguish a white fox amidst the white snow; the American backwoodsman will fire a rifle ball so as to strike a nut out of the mouth of a squirrel without hurting it; the Red Indian boys hold their hands up as marks to each other, certain that the unerring arrow will be shot between the spread-out fingers; the astronomer can see a star in the sky, when to others the blue expanse is unbroken; the shepherd can distinguish the face of every sheep in his flock; the mosaic worker can detect distinctions of color where others see none; and multitudes of additional examples might be given of what education does for the eye.

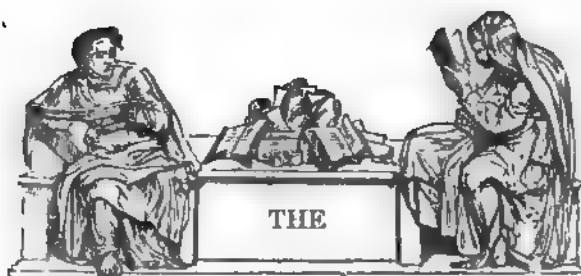
A LITERARY ANTIQUITY.—Among the literary treasures in Durham Cathedral, is a book with the cover executed in needle-work by Lady Arabella Stuart, niece of Mary, Queen of Scots, and granddaughter of Henry the Seventh, who died a lunatic in the Tower. She was a well-educated woman, and worked the cover to show her respect for Greek and Hebrew learning. Her handiwork is now a little tattered, and one day a lady-visitor to the cathedral, being admitted to the library, with a young woman's kindness and love of neatness, offered to "mend the cover"—an offer which, of course, was declined.

THE INSECT WORLD.—Professor Agassiz says, that more than a lifetime would be necessary to enumerate the various species of insects and describe their appearance. Meiger, a German, collected and described six hundred species of flies, which he collected in a district of ten miles circumference. There have been collected in Europe twenty thousand species of insects preying on wheat. In Berlin, two professors are engaged in collecting, observing, and describing insects and their habits, and already have published five large volumes upon the insects which attack forest trees.

INDUSTRIAL APPLICATIONS OF CASTOR OIL.—M. Bouis, a French chemist, has made some important discoveries respecting castor oil, especially when it is found that a piece of ground in Algiers will yield three times as much castor oil as olive oil, and twice as much as palm oil; and that his investigations will enable castor oil to be applied to industrial purposes, to which it was not applicable formerly. By distilling castor oil upon concentrated potash, the sebacic acid and caprylic alcohol are extracted as separate products, which may be turned to good account. The sebacic acid, having a high melting-point, may be employed instead of stearic acid in the manufacture of candles; and if it be mixed with stearic acid, the hardness and quality of the candles are greatly improved, and in appearance they resemble porcelain. It is possible to use caprylic alcohol in all the purposes to which ordinary alcohol is put, particularly in illumination, and in the composition of varnishes; and from it certain compound ethers may be derived, of remarkable odor, similar to those which are at present largely used in commerce.—*Medical Times*.

THE "Quarterly Review" contains an anecdote of Lord Raglan, when his arm was amputated. The authority is the Prince of Orange. The Prince, we are told, used to recount that not a word announced the entry of a new patient, nor was he conscious of the presence of Lord Raglan (then Lord F. Somerset) till he heard him call out in the usual way: "Hallo! don't carry away that arm till I have taken off my ring." Neither the wound nor the operation had extorted a groan from the wounded soldier.

BEES.—A swarm of bees in the natural state contains from 10,000 to 20,000 of the insects, whilst in hives they number from 30,000 to 40,000. In a square foot of honeycomb there are about 9000 cells. A queen-bee lays her eggs for 50 or 60 consecutive days, laying about 500 daily. It takes three days to hatch each egg. In one season a single queen-bee hatches about 100,000 bees. It takes 5000 bees to weigh a pound.



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AUGUST, 1857.

From the Westminster Review.

PROGRESS: ITS LAW AND CAUSE.*

THE current conception of Progress is somewhat shifting and indefinite. Sometimes it comprehends little more than simple growth—as of a nation in the number of its members, and the extent of territory over which it has spread. Sometimes it has reference to quantity of material products—as when the advance of agriculture and manufactures is the topic. Sometimes the superior quality of these products is contemplated; and sometimes the new or improved appliances by which they are produced. When, again, we speak of moral or intellectual progress, we refer to the state of the individual or people exhibiting it; whilst, when the progress of Knowledge, of Science, of Art, is commented upon, we have in view certain

abstract results of human thought or action. Not only, however, is the current conception of Progress more or less vague, but it is in great measure erroneous. It takes in not so much the reality of Progress as its accompaniments—not so much the substance as the shadow. That progress in intelligence which takes place during the evolution of the child into the man, or the savage into the philosopher, is commonly regarded as consisting in the greater number of facts known and laws understood: whereas the actual progress consists in those internal modifications of which this increased knowledge is the expression. Social progress is supposed to consist in the produce of a greater quantity and variety of the articles required for the satisfaction of men's wants, in the increasing security of person and property, in the widening freedom of action enjoyed; whereas, rightly understood, social progress consists in those changes of structure in the social organism which have entailed these consequences. The current conception is a teleological one. The phenomena are contemplated solely as bearing on human happiness. Only those changes are held to constitute progress

* *Cosmos. a Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe.* By Alexander von Humboldt. Translated from the German, by E. C. Otté. 4 vols. London: H. G. Bohn.

Principles of Geology: or the Modern Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants, considered as illustrative of Geology. By Sir Charles Lyell, M.A., F.R.S. Ninth Edition. London: John Murray.

Principles of Comparative Physiology. By William B. Carpenter, M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S. Fourth Edition. London: John Churchill.

which directly or indirectly tend to heighten human happiness. And they are thought to constitute progress simply *because* they tend to heighten human happiness. But rightly to understand Progress, we must inquire what is the nature of these changes, considered apart from our interests. Ceasing, for example, to regard the successive geological modifications that have taken place in the Earth, as modifications that have gradually fitted it for the habitation of Man, and as *therefore* a geological progress, we must seek to determine the character common to these modifications—the law to which they all conform. And similarly in every other case. Leaving out of sight concomitants and beneficial consequences, let us ask what Progress is in itself.

In respect to that progress which individual organisms display in the course of their evolution, this question has been answered by the Germans. The investigations of Wolff, Goethe, and Von Baer, have established the truth that the series of changes gone through during the development of a seed in a tree, or an ovum into an animal, constitute an advance from homogeneity of structure to heterogeneity of structure. In its primary stage, every germ consists of a substance that is uniform throughout, both in texture and chemical composition. The first step in its development is the appearance of a difference between two parts of this substance; or, as the phenomenon is described in physiological language—a differentiation. Each of these differentiated divisions presently begins itself to exhibit some contrast of parts; and by and by these secondary differentiations become as definite as the original one. This process is continuously repeated—is simultaneously going on in all parts of the growing embryo; and by endless multiplication of these differentiations there is ultimately produced that complex combination of tissues and organs constituting the adult animal or plant. This is the course of evolution followed by all organisms whatever. It is settled beyond dispute that organic progress consists in a change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous.

Now, we propose in the first place to show, that this law of organic progress is the law of all progress. Whether it be in the development of the Earth, in the development of Life upon its surface, in the development of Society, of Government,

of Manufactures, of Commerce, of Language, Literature, Science, Art, this same evolution of the simple into the complex, through a process of continuous differentiation, holds throughout. From the earliest traceable cosmical changes down to the latest results of civilization, we shall find that the transformation of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous is that in which Progress essentially consists.

With the view of showing that *if* the Nebular Hypothesis be true, the genesis of the solar system supplies one illustration of this law; let us assume that the matter of which the sun and planets consist once existed in a diffused form; and that from the gravitation of its atoms there resulted a gradual concentration. By the hypothesis, the solar system, in its nascent state, existed as an indefinitely extended and nearly homogeneous medium—a medium almost homogeneous in density, in temperature, and in other physical attributes. The first advance towards consolidation resulted in a differentiation between the occupied space which the nebulous mass still filled, and the unoccupied space which it previously filled. There simultaneously resulted a contrast in density and a contrast in temperature, between the interior and the exterior of this mass. And at the same time there arose throughout it rotatory movements, whose velocities varied according to their distances from its center. These differentiations increased in number and degree until there was evolved the organized group of sun, planets, and satellites, which we now know—a group which presents numerous contrasts of structure and action among its members. There are the immense contrasts between the sun and the planets, in bulk and in weight; as well as the subordinate contrasts between one planet and another, and between the planets and their satellites. There is the similarly marked contrast between the sun as almost stationary, and the planets, as moving round him with great velocity; whilst there are the secondary contrasts between the velocities and periods of the several planets, and between their simple revolutions and the double ones of their satellites, which have to move round their primaries whilst moving round the sun. There is the yet further strong contrast between the sun and the planets in respect of temperature; and there is reason to

suppose that the planets and satellites differ from each other in their proper heat, as well as in the heat they receive from the sun. When we bear in mind that, in addition to these various contrasts, the planets and satellites also differ in respect to their distances from each other and their primary; in respect to the inclinations of their orbits, the inclinations of their axes, their times of rotation on their axes, their specific gravities, and their physical constitutions; we see what a high degree of heterogeneity the solar system exhibits, when compared with the almost complete homogeneity of the nebulous mass out of which it is supposed to have originated.

Passing from this hypothetical illustration, which must be taken for what it is worth without prejudice to the general argument, let us descend to a more certain order of evidence. It is now generally agreed among geologists that the Earth was at first a mass of molten matter; and that it is still fluid and incandescent at the distance of a few miles beneath its surface. Originally, then, it was homogeneous in consistence, and, in virtue of the circulation that takes place in heated fluids, must have been comparatively homogeneous in temperature; and it must have been surrounded by an atmosphere consisting partly of the elements of air and water, and partly of those various other elements which assume a gaseous form at high temperatures. That slow cooling by radiation, which is still going on at an inappreciable rate, and which, though originally far more rapid than now, necessarily required an immense time to produce any decided change, must ultimately have resulted in the solidification of the portion most able to part with its heat—namely, the surface. In the thin crust thus formed we have the first marked differentiation. A still further cooling, a consequent thickening of this crust, and an accompanying deposition of all solidifiable elements contained in the atmosphere, must ultimately have been followed by the condensation of the water previously existing in a gaseous state. A second marked differentiation must thus have arisen: and as the condensation must have taken place on the coolest parts of the surface—namely, about the poles—there must simultaneously have resulted the first geographical distinction of parts. To these illustrations of increasing heterogen-

ity, which, though deduced from the known laws of matter, will perhaps be regarded as more or less hypothetical, Geology adds an extensive series that have been inductively established. Its investigations show that the Earth has been continually becoming more heterogeneous, in virtue of the multiplication of the strata constituting its crust; further, that it has been becoming more heterogeneous in respect of the composition of these strata, the latter of which, as being formed from the detritus of the older ones, are many of them rendered highly complex by the mixture of materials they contain; that the heterogeneity has been further increased by the action of the Earth's still molten nucleus upon its envelope, whence have resulted not only a great variety of igneous rocks, but the tilting up of sedimentary strata at all angles, the formation of faults and metallic veins, the production of endless dislocations and irregularities. Yet again, geologists teach us that the Earth's surface has been becoming more varied in elevation—that the most ancient mountain systems are the smallest, and the Andes and Himalayas the most modern; whilst in all probability there have been corresponding changes in the bed of the ocean. As a consequence of these ceaseless differentiations, we now find that no considerable portion of the Earth's exposed surface is like any other portion, either in contour, in geologic structure, or in chemical composition; and that in most parts it changes, from mile to mile, in all these characteristics. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that there has been simultaneously going on a gradual differentiation of climates. As fast as the Earth cooled and its crust solidified, there arose appreciable differences in temperature between those parts of its surface most exposed to the sun and those less exposed. Gradually, as the cooling progressed, these differences became more pronounced; until there finally resulted those marked contrasts between regions of perpetual ice and snow, regions where winter and summer alternately reign for periods varying according to the latitude, and regions where summer follows summer with scarcely an appreciable variation. At the same time, the successive elevations and subsidences of different portions of the Earth's crust, tending as they have done to the present irregular distribution of land and sea, have entailed various

modifications of climate beyond those dependent on latitude; while a yet further series of such modifications have been produced by increasing differences of elevation in the land, which have in sundry places brought arctic, temperate, and tropical climates to within a few miles of each other. And the general result of these changes is, that not only has every extensive region its own meteorologic conditions, but that every locality in each region differs more or less from others in those conditions, as in its structure, its contour, its soil. Thus, between our existing Earth, the phenomena of whose varied crust neither geographers, geologists, mineralogists, nor meteorologists have yet enumerated, and the molten globe out of which it was evolved, the contrast in heterogeneity is sufficiently striking.

When from the Earth itself we turn to the planets and animals that have lived, or still live, upon its surface, we find ourselves in some difficulty from lack of facts. That every existing organism has been developed out of the simple into the complex, is indeed the first established truth of all; and that every organism that has existed was similarly developed, is an inference which no physiologist will for a moment hesitate to draw. But when we pass from individual forms of life to Life in general, and inquire whether the same law is seen in the *ensemble* of its manifestations—whether modern plants and animals are of more heterogeneous structure than ancient ones, and whether the Earth's present Flora and Fauna are more heterogeneous than the Flora and Fauna of the past—we find evidence so fragmentary, that every conclusion is open to dispute. Two thirds of the earth's surface being covered by water; a great part of the exposed land being inaccessible to, or untraveled by, the geologist; the greater part of the remainder having been scarcely more than glanced at; and even the most familiar portions, as England, having been so imperfectly explored that a new series of strata has been added within these four years—it is manifestly impossible for us to say with any certainty what creatures have, and what have not, existed at any particular period. Considering the perishable nature of many of the lower organic forms, the metamorphosis of many sedimentary strata, and the gaps that occur among the rest, we shall see

further reason for distrusting our deductions. On the one hand, the repeated discovery of the vertebrate remains in strata previously supposed to contain none—of reptiles where only fish were thought to exist—of mammals where it was believed there were no creatures higher than reptiles—renders it daily more manifest how small is the value of negative evidence. On the other hand, the worthlessness of the assumption that we have discovered the earliest, or anything like the earliest, organic remains, is becoming equally clear. That the oldest known sedimentary rocks have been greatly changed by igneous action, and that still older ones have been totally transformed by it, is becoming undeniable. And the fact that sedimentary strata, earlier than any we know, have been melted up, being admitted, it must also be admitted that we can not say how far back in time this destruction of sedimentary strata has been going on. Thus it becomes manifest that the title *Palæozoic*, as applied to the earliest known fossiliferous strata, involves a *petitio principii*; and that, for aught we know to the contrary, only the last few chapters of the Earth's biological history may have come down to us. On neither side, therefore, is the evidence conclusive. Nevertheless we can not but think that, scanty as they are, the facts, viewed in their *ensemble*, tend to show both that the more heterogeneous organisms have been evolved in the later geologic periods, and that Life in general has been more heterogeneously manifested as time has advanced. Let us take, in illustration, the one case of the *vertebrata*. The earliest known vertebrate remains are those of fishes; and fishes are the homogeneous of the *vertebrata*. Later and more heterogeneous are reptiles. Later still, and more heterogeneous still, are mammals and birds. If it be said, as it may fairly be said, that the Palæozoic deposits, not being estuary deposits, are not likely to contain the remains of terrestrial vertebrata, which may nevertheless have existed at that era, we reply that we are merely pointing to the leading facts, *such as they are*. But to avoid any such criticism, let us take the mammalian subdivision only. The earliest known remains of mammals are those of small marsupials, which are the lowest of the mammalian type; whilst, conversely, the highest of the mammalian type—Man—is the most

recent. The evidence that the vertebrate fauna, as a whole, has become more heterogeneous, is considerably stronger. To the argument that the vertebrate fauna of the Palæozoic period, consisting, as far as we know, entirely of fishes, was less heterogeneous than the modern vertebrate fauna, which includes reptiles, birds, and mammals of multitudinous genera, it may be replied, as before, that estuary deposits of the Palæozoic period, could we find them, might contain other orders of vertebrata. But no such reply can be made to the argument that, whereas the marine vertebrata of the Palæozoic period consisted entirely of cartilaginous fishes, the marine vertebrata of later periods include numerous genera of osseous fishes; and that, therefore, the later marine vertebrate faunas are more heterogeneous than the oldest known one. Nor, again, can any such reply be made to the fact that there are far more numerous orders and genera of mammalian remains in the tertiary formations than in the secondary formations. Did we wish merely to make out the best case, we might dwell upon the opinion of Dr. Carpenter, who says, that "the general facts of Palæontology appear to sanction the belief, that *the same plan* may be traced out in what may be called *the general life of the globe*, as in *the individual life* of every one of the forms of organized being which now people it." Or we may cite, as decisive, the judgment of Professor Owen, who holds that the earlier examples of each group of creatures severally departed less widely from archetypal generality than the later ones—were severally less unlike the fundamental form common to the group as a whole; that is to say—constituted a less heterogeneous group of creatures; and who further upholds the doctrine of a biological progression. But in deference to an authority for whom we have the highest respect, who considers that the evidence at present obtained does not justify a verdict either way, we are content to leave the question open.

Whether an advance from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous is or is not displayed in the biological history of the globe, it is clearly enough displayed in the progress of the latest and most heterogeneous creature—man. It is alike true that, during the period in which the earth has been peopled, the human organism has become more heterogeneous

among the civilized divisions of the species; and that the species, as a whole, has been growing more heterogeneous in virtue of the multiplication of races and the differentiation of these races from each other. In proof of the first of these positions, we may cite the fact that, in the relative development of the limbs, the civilized man departs more widely from the general type of the placental mammalia than do the lower human races. Whilst often possessing well-developed body and arms, the papuan has extremely small legs: reminding us in this respect of the quadrumana, in which there is no great contrast in size between the hind and fore limbs. But in the European, the greater length and massiveness of the legs has become very marked—the fore and hind limbs are relatively more heterogeneous. Again, in the greater ratio which the cranial bones bear to the facial bones, we may see the same truth. Among the vertebrata in general, progress is marked by an increasing heterogeneity in the vertebral column, and more especially in the vertebræ constituting the skull; the higher forms being distinguished by the relatively larger size of the bones which cover the brain, and the relatively smaller size of those which cover the jaws, etc. Now, this characteristic, which is more marked in man than in any other creature, is more marked in the European than in the savage. Judging from the greater extent and variety of faculty he exhibits, we may infer that the civilized man has also a more complex or heterogeneous nervous system than the uncivilized man: and indeed the fact is in part visible in the increased ratio which his cerebrum bears to the subjacent ganglia. If farther elucidation be needed, we may find it in every nursery. The infant European has sundry marked points of resemblance to the lower human races; as in the flatness of the alæ of the nose, the depression of its bridge, the divergence and forward opening of the nostrils, the form of the lips, the absence of a frontal sinus, the width between the eyes, the smallness of the legs. Now, as the developmental process by which these characteristics are changed into those of the adult European is a continuation of that change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous exhibited during the previous evolution of the embryo, which every physiologist will admit, it follows that the parallel developmental process by

which the like characteristics of the barbarous races have been changed into those of the civilized races, has also been a continuation of the change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous. The truth of the second position—that mankind, as a whole, have become more heterogeneous—is so obvious as scarcely to need illustration. Every work on Ethnology, by its divisions and subdivisions of races, bears testimony to it. Even were we to admit the hypothesis that mankind originated from several separate stocks, it would still remain true, that as, from each of these stocks, there have sprung many now widely different tribes, which are proved by philological evidence to have had a common origin, the race, as a whole, is far less homogeneous than it was at first. Add to which, that we have, in the Anglo-Americans, an example of a new variety arising within these few generations; and that, if we may trust to the descriptions of observers, we are likely soon to have another such example in Australia.

On passing from humanity under its individual form to humanity as socially embodied, we find the general law still more variously exemplified. The change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous is displayed equally in the evolution of civilization as a whole, and in the progress of every tribe or nation; and is still going on with increasing rapidity. As we see in still existing barbarous tribes, society in its first and lowest form is a homogeneous aggregation of individuals having like powers and performing like functions: the only marked differentiation of function being that which accompanies difference of sex. Every man is warrior, hunter, fisherman, toolmaker, builder; every woman performs the same drudgeries; every family is self-sufficing, and, save for purposes of aggression and defense, might as well live apart from the rest. Very early, however, in the process of social evolution, we find an incipient differentiation between the governing and the governed. Some kind of chieftainship seems almost coördinate with the first advance from the state of separate wandering families to that of a nomadic tribe. The authority of the strongest makes itself felt among a body of savages as in a herd of animals, or a posse of schoolboys. At first, however, it is indefinite, uncertain—is shared by others of

scarcely inferior power, and is unaccompanied by any difference in occupation or style of living: the first ruler kills his own game, makes his own weapons, builds his own hut, and, economically considered, does not differ from others of his tribe. Gradually, as the tribe progresses, the contrast between the governing and the governed grows more marked. Supreme power becomes hereditary in one family; the head of that family ceasing to provide for his own wants, is served by others; and he begins to assume the sole office of ruling. At the same time there has been arising a coördinate species of government—that of Religion. As all ancient records and traditions prove, the earliest rulers are regarded as divine personages. The maxims and commands they uttered during their lives are held sacred after their deaths, and are enforced by their divinely-descended successors; who in their turns are promoted to the pantheon of the race, there to be worshiped and propitiated along with their predecessors: the most ancient of whom is the supreme god, and the rest subordinate gods. For a long time these connate forms of government—civil and religious—continue closely associated. For many generations the king continues to be the chief priest, and the priesthood to be members of the royal race. For many ages, religious law continues to contain more or less of civil regulation, and civil law to possess more or less of religious sanction; and even among the most advanced civilized nations these two controlling agencies are by no means completely differentiated from each other. Having a common root with these, and becoming gradually separate from them, we find yet another controlling agency—that of manners or ceremonial usages. All titles of honor are originally the names of the god-king; afterward, of God and the king; still later, of persons of high rank; and finally come, some of them, to be used between man and man. All forms of complimentary address were primarily the expressions of submission from prisoners to their conqueror, or from subjects to their ruler, either human or divine—expressions that were afterward used to propitiate subordinate authorities, and gradually descended into ordinary intercourse. All mode of salutation were originally obeisances made before the monarch, and used in worship of him after his death. Presently others of the god-

descended race were similarly saluted; and by degrees, some of the salutations have become the due of all.* Thus, no sooner does the originally homogeneous social mass become definitely differentiated into the governed and the governing parts, than this last exhibits an incipient differentiation into religious and secular—Church and State; while, at the same time, there begins to be differentiated from both that less concrete species of government which rules the daily intercourse of individuals—a species of government which, as we may see in heralds' colleges, in books of the peerage, in masters of ceremonies, is not without a certain embodiment of its own. Each of these is itself subject to successive differentiations. In the course of ages, there arises, as among ourselves, a highly complex political organization of monarch, ministers, lords and commons, with their subordinate administrative departments, courts of justice, revenue offices, etc., supplemented in the provinces by municipal governments, county governments, parish or union governments—all of them more or less elaborated. By its side there grows up a highly complex religious organization, with its various grades of officials, from archbishops down to sextons, its colleges, convocations, ecclesiastical courts, etc.; to all which must be added the ever-multiplying independent sects, each with its general and local authorities. And, at the same time, there is developed a highly complex aggregation of customs, manners, and temporary fashions, enforced by society at large, and serving to control those minor transactions between man and man which are not regulated by civil and religious law. Moreover, it is to be observed that this ever-increasing heterogeneity in the governmental appliances of each nation has been accompanied by an increasing heterogeneity in the governmental appliances of different nations: all of which are more or less unlike in their political systems and legislation, in their creeds and religious institutions, in their customs and ceremonial usages.

Simultaneously, there has been going on a second differentiation of a still more familiar kind; that, namely, by which the mass of the community has become

segregated into distinct classes and orders of workers. While the governing part has been undergoing the complex development above described, the governed part has been undergoing an equally complex development, which has resulted in that minute division of labor characterizing advanced nations. It is needless to trace out this progress from its first stages, up through the caste divisions of the East and the incorporated guilds of Europe, to the elaborate producing and distributing organization existing among ourselves. Political economists have made familiar to all the evolution which, beginning with a tribe whose members severally perform the same actions for himself, ends with a civilized community whose members severally perform different actions for each other; and they have further explained the evolution through which the solitary producer of any one commodity is transformed into a combination of producers who, united under a master, take separate parts in the manufacture of such commodity. But there are yet other and higher phases of this advance from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous in the industrial structure of the social organism. Long after considerable progress has been made in the division of labor among different classes of workers, there is still little or no division of labor among the widely separated parts of the community: the nation continues comparatively homogeneous in the respect that in each district the same occupations are pursued. But when roads and other means of transit become numerous and good, the different districts begin to assume different functions, and to become mutually dependent. The calico manufacture locates itself in this country, the woollen-cloth manufacture in that; silks are produced here, lace there; stockings in one place, shoes in another; pottery, hardware, cutlery, come to have their special towns; and ultimately every locality becomes more or less distinguished from the rest by the leading occupation carried on in it. Nay, more, this subdivision of functions shows itself not only among different nations. That exchange of commodities which free-trade promises so greatly to increase, will ultimately have the effect of specializing, in a greater or less degree, the industry of each people. So that beginning with a barbarous tribe, almost if not quite

* For detailed proof of these assertions, the reader is referred to an article on *Manners and Fashion*, published in No. X. of this Journal, for April, 1854.

homogeneous in the functions of its members, the progress has been, and still is, toward an economic aggregation of the whole human race, growing ever more heterogeneous in respect of the separate functions assumed by separate nations, the separate functions assumed by the local sections of each nation, the separate functions assumed by the many kinds of makers and traders in each town, and the separate functions assumed by the workers united in producing each commodity.

Not only is the law thus clearly exemplified in the evolution of the social organism, but it is exemplified with equal clearness in the evolution of all products of human thought and action; whether concrete or abstract, real or ideal. Let us take Language as our first illustration.

The lowest form of language is the exclamation by which an entire idea is vaguely conveyed through a single sound; as among the lower animals. That human language ever consisted solely of exclamations, and so was strictly homogeneous in respect of its parts of speech, we have no evidence. But that language can be traced down to a form in which nouns and verbs are its only elements, is an established fact. In the gradual multiplication of parts of speech out of these primary ones—in the differentiation of verbs into active and passive, of nouns into abstract and concrete—in the rise of distinctions of mood, tense, person, of number and case—in the formation of auxiliary verbs, of adjectives, adverbs, pronouns, prepositions, articles—in the evolution of those orders, genera, species, and varieties of parts of speech by which civilized races express minute modifications of meaning—we see a change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous. And it may be remarked, in passing, that it is more especially in virtue of having carried this subdivision of function to a greater extent and completeness, that the English language is superior to all others. Another phase under which we may contemplate the development of language is the differentiation of words of allied meanings. Philology early disclosed the truth that in all languages words may be grouped into families having a common ancestry. An aboriginal name, applied indiscriminately to each of an extensive and ill-defined class of things or actions, presently undergoes modifications by which the chief divisions of the class are expressed.

These several names, springing from the primitive root, themselves become the parents of other names still further modified. And by the aid of those systematic modes which presently arise, of making derivatives and forming compound terms expressing still smaller distinctions and qualifications, there is ultimately developed a tribe of words so heterogeneous in character and meaning, that to the uninitiated it seems incredible they should have had a common origin. Meanwhile, from other roots there are being evolved other such tribes, until there results a language of some sixty thousand or more unlike words, signifying as many unlike objects, qualities, acts. Yet another way in which language in general exhibits advance from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, is in the multiplication of languages. Whether, as Max Müller and Bunsen think, all languages have grown from one stock, or whether, as some philologists say, they have grown from two or more stocks, it is clear that since large families of languages, as the Indo-European, are of one parentage, they have become distinct through a process of continuous divergence. The same diffusion over the earth's surface which has led to the differentiation of the race, has simultaneously led to a differentiation of their speech: a truth which we see further illustrated in each nation by the peculiarities of dialect found in separate districts. Thus the progress of Language conforms to the general law alike in the evolution of languages, in the evolution of families of words, and in the evolution of parts of speech.

On passing from spoken to written language, we come upon several classes of facts, all having similar implications. Written language is connate with Painting and Sculpture; and, at first, all three are appendages of Architecture, and have a direct connection with the primary form of all government—the Theocratic. Merely noting by the way the fact that sundry wild races as, for example, the Australians and the tribes of South Africa are given to depicting personages and events upon the walls of caves, which are probably regarded as sacred places, let us pass to the case of the Egyptians. Among them, as also among the Assyrians, we find mural paintings used to decorate the temple of the god and the palace of the king, (which were indeed originally iden-

tical;) and as such they were governmental appliances in the same sense that state-pageants and religious feasts were. Further, they were governmental appliances in virtue of representing the worship of the god, the triumphs of the god-king, the submission of subjects, and the punishment of the rebellious. And yet again they were governmental, as being the products of an art revered by the people as a sacred mystery. From the habitual use of this pictorial representation there naturally grew up the but slightly modified practice of picture-writing—a practice which was found still extant among the Mexicans at the time they were discovered. By a process of abbreviation, analogous to that which has been abundantly exemplified in our own written and spoken language, the most familiar of these pictured figures were successively simplified; and ultimately there grew up a system of symbols, most of which had but a distant resemblance to the things for which they stood. The interference that the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians were thus evolved is confirmed by the fact that the picture-writing of the Mexicans was found to have given birth to a like family of ideographic forms; and among them, as among the Egyptians, these had been partially differentiated into the *kuriological* or imitative, and the *tropical* or symbolic: which were, however, used together in the same record. In Egypt, written language underwent a further differentiation; whence resulted the *hieratic* and the *epistolographic* or *enchorial*: both of which can be clearly affiliated upon the original hieroglyphic. At the same time, we find that, for the expression of proper names which could not be otherwise conveyed, phonetic symbols were employed; and though it is alleged that the Egyptians never actually achieved complete alphabetic writing, yet it can scarcely be doubted that these phonetic symbols, occasionally used in aid of their ideographic ones, were the germs out of which alphabetic writing grew. Once having become separate from hieroglyphics, alphabetic writing itself underwent numerous differentiations—multiplied alphabets were produced; between most of which, however, more or less connection can still be traced. And in each civilized nation there has now grown up, for the representation of one set of sounds, several sets of written signs

used for distinct purposes. Finally, through a yet more important differentiation, came printing; which, uniform in kind as it was at first, has since become multi-form.

While written language was passing through its earlier stages of development, the mural decoration which formed its root was being differentiated into Painting and Sculpture. The gods, kings, men, and animals represented, were originally marked by indented outlines and colored. In most cases these outlines were of such depth, and the object they circumscribed so far rounded and marked out in its leading parts, as to form a species of work intermediate between intaglio and bas-relief. In other cases, we see an advance upon this: the raised spaces between the figures being chiseled off, and the figures themselves appropriately tinted, a painted bas-relief was produced. The restored Assyrian architecture at Sydenham exhibits this style of art carried to greater perfection—the persons and things represented, though still barbarously colored, are carved out with more truth and in the winged lions and bulls used for the angels of gateways, we may see a considerable advance toward a completely sculptured figure; which nevertheless, is still colored, and still forms part of the building. But while in Assyria the production of a statue proper seems to have been little, if at all, attempted, we may trace in Egyptian art the gradual separation of the sculptured figure from the wall. A walk through the collection in the British Museum will clearly show this: while it will, at the same time, afford an opportunity of observing the evident traces which the independent statues bear of their derivation from bas-relief: seeing that nearly all of them not only display that union of the limbs with the body which is the characteristic of bas-relief, but have the back of the statue united from head to foot with a block which stands in place of the original wall. Greece repeated the leading stages of this progress. As in Egypt and Assyria, these twin arts were at first united with their parent Architecture, and were the aids of Religion and Government. On the friezes of Greek temples we see colored bas-reliefs representing sacrifices, battles, processions, games—all in some sort religious. On the pediments we see painted sculptures more or less united with the tym-

panum, and having for subjects the triumphs of gods or heroes. Even when we come to statues that are definitely separated from the buildings to which they pertain, we still find them colored; and only in the later periods of Greek civilization does differentiation of sculpture from painting appear to have become complete. In Christian art, we may clearly trace a parallel re-genesis. All early paintings and sculptures throughout Europe were religious in subject—represented Christs, Crucifixions, Virgins, Holy Families, apostles, saints. They formed integral parts of church architecture, and were among the means of exciting worship; as in Roman Catholic countries they still are. Moreover, the early sculptures of Christ on the cross, of Virgins, of saints, were colored: and it needs but to call to mind the painted Madonnas and crucifixes still abundant in Continental churches and highways, to perceive the significant fact that painting and sculpture continue in closest connection with each other, where they continue in closest connection with their parent. Even when Christian sculpture was pretty clearly differentiated from painting, it was still religious and governmental in its subjects—was used for tombs in churches and statues of kings: while, at the same time painting, where not purely ecclesiastical, was applied to the decoration of palaces, and besides representing royal personages, occupied itself almost wholly with sacred legends. Only in quite recent times have painting and sculpture become entirely secular arts. Only within these few centuries has painting been divided into historical, landscape, marine, architectural, genre, animal, still-life, etc.; and sculpture grown heterogeneous in respect of the variety of real and ideal subjects with which it occupies itself.

Strange as it seems, then, we find it no less true, that all forms of written language, of painting, and of sculpture, have a common root in the politico-religious decorations of ancient temples and palaces. Little resemblance as they now have, the bust that stands on the console, the landscape that hangs against the wall, and the copy of the *Times* lying upon the table, are remotely akin, not only in nature, but by extraction. The brazen face of the knocker which the postman has just lifted, is related not only to the woodcuts of the *Illustrated Lon-*

don News which he is delivering, but to the characters of the *billet-doux* which accompanies it. Between the painted window, the prayer-book on which its light falls, and the adjacent monument, there is consanguinity. The effigies on our coins, the signs over shops, the figures that fill every ledger, the coat of arms outside the carriage panel, and the placards inside the omnibus, are, in common with polls, blue-books, paper-hangings, lineally descend from the rude sculpture-paintings in which the Egyptians represented the triumphs and worship of their god-kings. Perhaps no example can be given which more vividly illustrates the multiplicity and heterogeneity of the products that in course of time may arise by successive differentiations from a common stock.

Before passing to other classes of facts, it should be observed that the evolution of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous is displayed not only in the differentiation of Painting and Sculpture from Architecture and from each other, and in the increased variety and specialty of the subjects they embody, but it is further shown in the structure of each separate work. A modern picture or statue is far more heterogeneous in its constitution than an ancient one. An Egyptian sculpture-fresco represents all its figures as one plane—that is, at the same distance from the eye; and so is less heterogeneous than a painting that represents them at various distances from the eye. It exhibits all objects as exposed to the same degree of light; and so is less heterogeneous than a painting which exhibits its different objects and different parts of each object as in different degrees of light. It uses scarcely any but the primary colors, and these in their full intensity; and so is less heterogeneous than a painting which, introducing the primary colors but sparingly, employs an endless variety of intermediate tints, each of heterogeneous composition, and differing from the others not only in quality, but in intensity. Moreover, we see in these aboriginal works a great uniformity of conception. The same arrangement of figures is continually represented—the same actions, attitudes, faces, dresses. In Egypt, the modes of representation were so fixed that it was sacrilege to introduce a novelty; and indeed it could have been only in virtue of a fixed mode of representation that a system of hiero-

glyphics became possible. The Assyrian bas-reliefs display parallel characters. Deities, kings, attendants, winged-figures, and animals, are severally depicted in like positions, holding like implements, doing like things, and with like expression or non-expression of face. If a palm grove is introduced, all the trees are of the same height, have the same number of leaves, and are equidistant. When water is represented, each wave is a counterpart of the rest; and the fish, almost always of one kind, are evenly distributed over the surface. The beards of the kings, the gods, and the winged-figures, ere everywhere similar; as are the manes of the lions, and equally so those of the horses. Hair is represented throughout by one one form of curl. The king's beard is quite architecturally built up of compound tiers of uniform colors, alternating with twisted tiers placed in a transverse direction, and arranged with perfect regularity; and the terminal tufts of the bulls' tails are represented in exactly the same manner. Without tracing out the like traits in early Christian art, in which, though less striking, they are still visible, the advance in heterogeneity will be sufficiently manifest on remembering that in the pictures of our own day the composition is endlessly varied; the attitudes, faces, expressions unlike; the subordinate objects different in size, form, position, texture; and more or less of contrast even in the smallest details. Or, if we compare an Egyptian statue, seated bolt upright on a block, with hands on knees, fingers outspread and parallel, eyes looking straight forward, and the two sides perfectly symmetrical in every particular, with a statue of the advanced Greek or the modern school, which is asymmetrical in respect of the position of the head, the body, the limbs, the arrangement of the hair, dress, appendages, and its relations to neighboring objects, we shall see the change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous clearly manifested.

The coördinate origin and gradual differentiation of poetry, music, and dancing, supply a series of facts of analogous character. Rhythm in speech, rhythm in sound, and rhythm in motion were, in the beginning, but different elements of the same thing, and have only in process of time become separate things. Among various existing barbarous tribes we find them still united. The dances of savages

are accompanied by some kind of monotonous chant, the clapping of hands, the striking of rude instruments: there are measured movements, measured words, and measured tones; and the whole ceremony, usually having reference to war or sacrifice, is of governmental character. In the early records of the historic races we similarly find these three forms of metrical action united in religious festivals. In the Hebrew writings, we read that the triumphal ode composed by Moses on the defeat of the Egyptians was sung to an accompaniment of dancing and timbrels. The Israelites danced and sung "at the inauguration of the golden calf. And as it is generally agreed that this representation of the Deity was borrowed from the mysteries of Apis, it is probable that the dancing was copied from that of the Egyptians on these occasions." There was an annual dance in Shiloh on the sacred festival; and David danced before the ark. Again, in Greece, the like relation is everywhere seen: the original type being there, as probably in other cases, a simultaneous chanting and mimetic representation of the life and adventures of the god. The Spartan dances were accompanied by hymns and songs; and in general the Greeks had "no festivals or religious assemblies but what were accompanied with songs and dances"—both of them being forms of worship used before the altars. Among the Romans, too, there were sacred dances: the Salian and Lupercalian being named as of that kind. And even in Christian countries, as at Limoges, in comparatively recent times, the people have danced in the choir in honor of a saint. The incipient separation of these once united arts from each other and from religion, was early visible in Greece. Probably diverging from dances, partly religious partly warlike, as the Corybantic, came the war dances proper, of which there were various kinds; and from these resulted secular dances. Meanwhile, music and poetry, though still united, came to have an existence separate from dancing. The aboriginal Greek poems, religious in their subject matter, were not recited, but chanted; and though at first the chant of the poet was accompanied by the dance of the chorus, it ultimately grew into independence. Later still, when the poem had been differentiated into epic and lyric—when it became the custom to sing the lyric and recite the

epic—poetry proper was born. As during the same period musical instruments were being multiplied, we may presume that music came to have an existence apart from words. And both of them were simultaneously assuming other forms besides the religious. Facts having like implications might be cited from the histories of later times and peoples: as the practices of our own early minstrels, who sang to the harp heroic narratives versified by themselves to music of their own composition: thus uniting the now separate offices of poet, composer, vocalist, and instrumentalist. But, without further illustration, the common origin and gradual differentiation of dancing, poetry, and music would sufficiently manifest.

The advance from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous is displayed not only in the separation of these arts from each other and from religion, but also in the multiplied differentiations which each of them afterward undergoes. Not to dwell upon the numberless kinds of dancing that have, in course of time, come into use—and not to occupy space in detailing the progress of poetry, as seen in the development of the various forms of meter, of rhyme, and of general organization—let us confine our attention to music as a type of the group. As argued by Dr. Burney, and as implied by the customs of still extant barbarous races, the first musical instruments were, without doubt, percussive—sticks, calabashes, tom-toms—and were used simply to mark the time of the dance; and in this constant repetition of the same sound, we see music in its most homogeneous form. The Egyptians had a lyre with three strings; the early lyre of the Greeks had four, constituting their tetrachord; in course of some centuries, lyres of some seven or eight strings were employed; and, by the expiration of a thousand years, they had advanced to their “great system” of the double octave; through all which changes there of course arose a greater heterogeneity of melody. Simultaneously, there came into use the different modes—Dorian, Ionian, Phrygian, Æolian, and Lydian—answering to our keys: and of these there were ultimately fifteen. As yet, however, there was but little heterogeneity in the time of their music. Instrumental music during this period being merely the accompaniment of vocal music, and vocal music being completely subordinated to

words—the singer being also the poet, chanting his own compositions and making the lengths of his notes agree with the feet of his verses—there necessarily resulted a tiresome uniformity of measure, which, as Dr. Burney says, “no resources of melody could disguise.” Lacking the complex rhythm obtained by our equal bars and unequal notes, the only rhythm was that produced by the quantity of the syllables, and was of necessity comparatively monotonous. And further, it may be observed that the chant thus resulting, being like recitative, was much less clearly differentiated from ordinary speech than is our modern song. Nevertheless, in virtue of the extended range of notes in use, the variety of modes, the occasional variations of time consequent on changes of meter, and the multiplication of instruments, music had, toward the close of Greek civilization, attained to considerable heterogeneity—not indeed as compared with that which preceded it. As yet, however, there existed nothing but melody: harmony was unknown. It was not until Christian church-music had reached some development, that music in parts was evolved; and then it came into existence through a very unobtrusive differentiation. Difficult as it may be to conceive *a priori* how the advance from melody to harmony could take place without a sudden leap, it is none the less true that it did so. The circumstance which prepared the way for it, was the employment of two choirs singing alternately the same air. Afterward it became the practice—very possibly first suggested by a mistake—for the second choir to commence before the first had ceased; thus producing a fugue: and with the simple airs then in use, a harmonious fugue might not improbably thus result. The idea having once been given, the composing of airs productive of fugal harmony would naturally grow up, as in some way it *did* grow up, out of this alternate choir-singing. And from the fugue to concerted music of two, three, four, and more parts, the transition was easy. Without tracing in detail the increasing complexity that resulted from introducing notes of various lengths, from the multiplication of keys, from the use of accidentals, from varieties of time, and so forth, it needs but to contrast music as it is, with music as it was, to see how immense is the increase of heterogeneity. We see this if, looking at

music in its *ensemble*, we enumerate its many different genera and species—if we consider the divisions into vocal, instrumental, and mixed; and their subdivisions into different music for different voices and different instruments: if we observe the many forms of sacred music, from the simple hymn, the chant, the canon, motet, anthem, etc., up to the oratorio; and the still more numerous forms of secular music, from the ballad up to the serenata, from the instrumental solo up to the symphony. Again, the same thing is seen on comparing any one sample of aboriginal music with a sample of modern music—even an ordinary song for the piano; which we find to be relatively highly heterogeneous, not only in respect of the varieties of pitch and length of the notes, the number of different notes sounding at the same instant in company with the voice, and the variations of strength with which they are sounded and sung, but in respect of the changes of key, the changes of time, the changes of *timbre* of the voice, and the many other modifications of expression. While between the old monotonous dance-chant and a grand opera of our own day, with its endless orchestral complexities and vocal combinations, the contrast in heterogeneity is so extreme that it seems scarcely credible that the one should have been the ancestor of the other.

Were they needed, many further illustrations might be cited. Going back to the early time when the deeds of the god-king, chanted and mimetically represented in dances round his altar, were further narrated in picture-writings on the walls of temples and palaces, and so constituted a rude literature, we might trace the development of literature through phases in which, as in the Hebrew Scriptures, it presented, in one work, theology, cosmogony, history, biography, civil law, ethics, poetry; through other phases in which, as in the *Iliad*, the religious, martial, historical, the epic, dramatic, and lyric elements are similarly commingled; down to its present heterogeneous development, in which its divisions and subdivisions are so numerous and varied as to defy complete classification. Or we might trace out the evolution of science; beginning with the era in which it was not yet differentiated from art, and was, in union with art, the handmaid of religion; passing through the era in which the sciences were so few and rudimentary, as to be simultaneously cul-

tivated by the same philosophers; and ending with the era in which the genera and species are so numerous that few can enumerate them, and no one can adequately grasp even one genus. Or we might do the like with architecture, with the drama, with dress. But doubtless the reader is already weary of illustrations; and our promise has been amply fulfilled. We believe we have shown, beyond question, that that which the German physiologists have found to be the law of organic development is the law of all development. The advance from the simple to the complex, through a process of successive differentiations, is seen alike in the earliest changes of the universe to which we can reason our way back, and in the earliest changes which we can inductively establish; it is seen in the geologic and climatic evolution of the earth, and of every single organism on its surface; it is seen in the evolution of humanity, whether contemplated in the civilized individual, or in the aggregation of races; it is seen in the evolution of society, in respect both of its political and economical organization; and it is seen in the evolution of all those endless concrete and abstract products of human activity which constitute the environment of our daily life. From the remotest past which science can fathom, down to the novelties of yesterday, that in which progress essentially consists is the transformation of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous.

And now, from this uniformity of procedure, may we not infer some fundamental necessity whence it results? May we not rationally seek for some all-pervading principle which determines this all-pervading process of things? Does not the universality of the *law* imply a universal *cause*?

That we can fathom such cause, noumenally considered, is not to be supposed. To do this would be to solve that ultimate mystery which must ever transcend human intelligence. But it still may be possible for us to reduce the law of all Progress, above established, from the condition of an empirical generalization to the condition of a rational generalization. Just as it was possible to interpret Kepler's laws as necessary consequences of the law of gravitation; so it may be possible to interpret this law of Progress, in its multiform manifestations, as the

necessary consequence of some similarly universal principle. As gravitation was assignable as the *cause* of each of the groups of phenomena which Kepler formulated; so may some equally simple attribute of things be assignable as the cause of each of the groups of phenomena formulated in the foregoing pages. We may be able to affiliate all these varied and complex evolutions of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous, upon certain simple facts of immediate experience, which, in virtue of endless repetition, we regard as necessary.

The probability of a common cause, and the possibility of formulating it, being granted, it will be well, before going further, to consider what must be the general characteristics of such cause, and in what direction we ought to look for it. We can with certainty predict that it has a high degree of generality; seeing that it is common to such infinitely varied phenomena: just in proportion to the universality of its application must be the abstractness of its character. We need not expect to see in it an obvious solution of this or that form of Progress; because it equally refers to forms of Progress bearing little apparent resemblance to them: its association with multiform orders of facts, involves its dissociation from any particular order of facts. Being that which determines Progress of every kind—astronomic, geologic, organic, ethnologic, social, economic, artistic, etc.—it must be concerned with some fundamental attribute possessed in common by all these; and must be expressible in terms of this fundamental attribute. The only obvious respect in which all kinds of Progress are alike, is, that they are modes of *change*; and hence, in some characteristic of changes in general, the desired solution will probably be found. We may suspect *à priori* that in some law of change lies the explanation of this universal transformation of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous.

Thus much premised, we pass at once to the statement of the law, which is this: *Every active force produces more than one change—every cause produces more than one effect.*

Before this law can be duly comprehended, a few examples must be contemplated. When we strike one body against another, that which we usually regard as the effect is a change of position or motion in one

or both bodies. But a moment's thought shows us that this is a careless and very incomplete view of the matter. Besides the visible mechanical result, sound is produced; or, to speak accurately—a vibration in one or both bodies, and in the surrounding air: and under some circumstances we call this the effect. Moreover, the air has not only been made to vibrate, but has had sundry currents caused in it by the transit of the bodies. Further, there is a disarrangement of the particles of the two bodies in the neighborhood of their point of collision; amounting in some cases to a visible condensation. Yet more, this condensation is accompanied by the evolution of a certain amount of heat. In some cases a spark—that is, light—results, from the incandescence of a portion struck off; and sometimes this incandescence is associated with chemical combination. Thus, by the original mechanical force expanded in the collision, at least five, and often more, different kinds of changes have been produced. Take, again, the lighting of a candle. Primarily, this is a chemical change consequent on a rise of temperature. The process of combination having once been set going by extraneous heat, there is a continued evolution of carbonic acid, water, etc.—in itself a result more complex than the extraneous heat that first caused it. But accompanying this process of combination there is a production of heat; there is a production of light; there is an ascending column of hot gases generated; there are currents established in the surrounding air. Moreover, the decomposition of one force into many forces does not end here: each of the several changes produced becomes the parent of further changes. The carbonic acid given off will by and by enter into combination with some base; or under the influence of sunshine give up its carbon to the leaf of a plant. The water will modify the hygrometric condition of the surrounding air; or, if the current of hot gases containing it come against a cold body, will be condensed: altering the temperature, and perhaps the chemical state, of the surface it covers. The heat evolved melts the subjacent tallow, and expands the neighboring air. The light, falling on various substances, calls forth from them reactions by which it is modified; and so various colors are produced. Similarly even with these secon-

dary actions, which may be traced out into ever-multiplying ramifications, until they become too minute to be appreciated. And thus it is with all changes whatever. No case can be named in which an active force does not evolve forces of several kinds, and each of these, other groups of forces. Universally the effect is more complex than the cause.

Doubtless the reader already foresees the course of our argument. This multiplication of results, which is displayed in every event of to-day, has been going on from the beginning, and is true of the grandest phenomena of the universe as of the most insignificant. From the law that every active force produces more than one change, it is an inevitable corollary, that throughout all time there has been an ever-growing complication of things. Starting with the ultimate fact that every cause produces more than one effect, we may readily see that throughout creation there must necessarily have gone on, and must still go on, a never-ceasing transformation of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous. But let us trace out this truth in detail.

Without committing ourselves to it as more than a speculation, though a highly probable one, let us again commence with the evolution of the solar system out of a nebulous medium.* From the mutual attraction of the atoms of a diffused mass whose form is unsymmetrical, there results not only condensation but rotation—gravitation simultaneously generates both the centripetal and the centrifugal forces. While the condensation and the rate of rotation are progressively increasing, the approximation of the atoms necessarily generates a progressively increasing temperature. As this temperature rises to incandescence, light begins to be evolved; and ultimately there results a revolving sphere of fluid matter radiating intense heat and light—a sun. There are good reasons for believing that, in consequence of the high tangential velocity, and consequent centrifugal force acquired by the peripheral portions of the

condensing nebulous mass, the periodical detachment of rotating rings is a necessary result; and that, from the breaking up of these nebulous rings, there must arise masses which, in the course of their condensation, repeat the actions of the parent mass, and so produce planets and their satellites—an inference strongly supported by the still extant rings of Saturn. Should it hereafter be satisfactorily demonstrated that planets and satellites were thus generated, a striking illustration will be afforded of the highly heterogeneous effects resulting from the primary homogeneous cause; but it will sufficiently serve our present purpose to point to the fact, that from the mutual attraction of the particles of an irregular nebulous mass there result condensation, rotation, heat, and light.

It follows as a corollary from the nebular hypothesis, that the earth must originally have been in a state of incandescence; and whether the nebular hypothesis be true or not, this original incandescence of the earth is now inductively established—or, if not established, at least rendered so highly probable that it is a generally admitted geological doctrine. Let us look first at the astronomical attributes of this once molten globe. From its rotation there result the oblateness of its form, the alternations of day and night, and (under the influence of the moon) the tides, aqueous and atmospheric. From the inclination of its axis of rotation, there result the precession of the equinoxes and the many differences of the seasons, both simultaneous and successive, that pervade its surface. Thus the multiplication of effects is obvious. Several of the differentiations consequent on the gradual cooling of the earth have been already noticed—as the formation of a crust, the solidification of sublimed elements, the precipitation of water, etc.—and we here again refer to them merely to point out that they are simultaneous results of the one cause—diminishing temperature. Let us now, however, observe the multiplied changes subsequently arising from the continuance of this one cause. The cooling of the earth necessarily involves its contraction. Hence the solid crust first formed is presently too large for the shrinking nucleus; and as it can not support itself, inevitably follows the nucleus. But a spheroidal envelope can not sink down into contact with a smaller internal spheroid, without

* The idea that the Nebular Hypothesis has been disproved because what were thought to be existing nebulae have been resolved into clusters of stars, is almost beneath notice. *A priori* it was highly improbable, if not impossible, that nebulous masses should still remain uncondensed, while others have been condensed millions of years ago.

undergoing disruption: it must run into wrinkles as the rind of an apple does when the bulk of its interior decreases from evaporation. As the cooling progresses and the envelope thickens, the ridges consequent on these contractions necessarily become greater, rising ultimately into hills and mountains; and the later systems of mountains thus produced must not only be higher, as we find them to be, but they must be longer, as we also find them to be. Thus, leaving out of view other modifying forces, we see what immense heterogeneity of surface has resulted from the one cause, loss of heat—a heterogeneity which the telescope shows us to be paralleled on the face of the moon, where aqueous and atmospheric agencies have been absent. But we have yet to notice another species of heterogeneity of surface similarly and simultaneously caused. While the earth's crust was still thin, the ridges consequent on its contraction must not only have been small, but the spaces between these ridges must have rested with great evenness upon the subjacent liquid spheroid; and the water in those arctic and antarctic regions, in which it first condensed, must have been evenly distributed. But as fast as the crust grew thicker, and gained corresponding strength, the lines of fracture from time to time caused in it, must have occurred at greater distances apart; the intermediate surfaces must have followed the contracting nucleus with less uniformity; and there must have resulted larger areas of land and water. If any one, after wrapping up an orange in wet tissue paper, and observing not only how comparatively small are the wrinkles, but how evenly the intervening spaces lie upon the surface of the orange, will then wrap it up in thick cartridge-paper, and note both the greater height of the ridges and the much larger spaces throughout which the paper does not touch the orange, he will be able to realize the fact that, as the earth's solid envelope grew thicker, the areas of elevation and depression must have become greater. In place of islands more or less homogeneously scattered over an all-embracing sea, there must have gradually arisen heterogeneous arrangements of continent and ocean, such as we now know. Yet further, this double change in the extent and in the elevation of the exposed lands, involved yet another species of heterogeneity—that of coast-line.

A tolerably even surface raised out of the ocean must have a simple, regular sea-margin; but a surface varied by table-lands and intersected by mountain-chains of different heights must, when raised out of the ocean, have an outline extremely irregular, both in its leading features and in its details. Thus we see how enormous is the accumulation of geological and geographical results slowly brought about by the one cause—contraction of the earth.

When we pass from the agency which geologists term igneous to aqueous and atmospheric agencies, we see the like ever-growing complications of effects. The denuding actions of air and water have, from the beginning, been modifying every exposed surface; everywhere simultaneously producing many different changes. Oxidation, heat, wind, frost, rain, glaciers, rivers, tides, waves, have been unceasingly producing disintegration; varying in kind and amount according to local circumstances. Acting upon a simple tract of granite, they here work scarcely an appreciable effect; there cause exfoliations of the surface, and a consequent accumulation of *débris* and boulders; and elsewhere, after decomposing the feldspar into a white clay, carry away this and the accompanying quartz and mica, and deposit them in separate beds, fluvial and marine. When the exposed land consists of several different formations, sedimentary and igneous, the denudation produces changes proportionably more heterogeneous. The formations being disintegrable in different degrees, an increased irregularity of surface is produced. The areas drained by different rivers being differently constituted, these rivers carry down to the sea different combinations of ingredients; and so sundry new strata of distinct composition are formed. And here indeed we may see very simply illustrated the truth, which we shall presently have to trace out in its more complex manifestations, that in proportion to the heterogeneity of the object or objects on which any force expends itself, is the heterogeneity of the results. A continent of complex structure, exposing numerous strata irregularly distributed, raised to various levels, tilted up at all angles, must, under the same denuding influences, give origin to immensely multiplied results: each district must be differently modified; each river must carry down a different kind of

detritus; each deposit must be differently distributed by the involved currents, tidal and other, which wash the contorted shores; and this multiplication of results must manifestly be greatest where the complexity of the surface is greatest.

It is out of the question here to trace in detail the genesis of those endless complications described by Geology and Physical Geography: else we might show how the general truth, that every active force produces more than one change, is exemplified in the highly involved flow of the tides, in the ocean currents, in the winds, in the distribution of rain, in the distribution of heat, and so forth. But not to dwell upon these, let us, for the fuller elucidation of this truth in relation to the inorganic world, consider what would be the consequences of some extensive cosmical revolution—say the subsidence of Central America. The immediate results of the disturbance would themselves be sufficiently complex. Besides the numberless dislocations of strata, the ejections of igneous matter, the propagation of earthquake vibrations thousands of miles around, the loud explosions, and the escape of gases; there would be the rush of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans to supply the vacant space, the subsequent recoil of enormous waves which would traverse both these oceans and produce myriads of changes along their shores, the corresponding atmospheric waves complicated by the currents surrounding each volcanic vent, and the extensive electrical discharges with which such disturbances are accompanied. But these temporary effects would be insignificant compared with the permanent ones. The complex currents of the Atlantic and Pacific would be altered in direction and amount. The distribution of heat achieved by these ocean currents would be different from what it is. The arrangement of the isothermal lines, not only on the neighboring continents, but even throughout Europe, would be changed. The tides would flow differently from what they do now. There would be more or less modification of the winds in their periods, strengths, qualities. Rain would fall scarcely any where at the same times and in the same quantities as at present. In short, the meteorological conditions thousands of miles off, on all sides, would be more or less revolutionized. Thus, without taking into account the infinitude of

modifications which these changes of climate would produce upon the flora and fauna, both of land and sea, the reader will sufficiently realize the immense heterogeneity of the results wrought out by one force, when that force expends itself upon a previously complicated area; and he will readily draw the unavoidable corollary, that from the beginning the complication has advanced at an increasing rate.

Before going on to show how organic progress also depends upon the universal law that every force produces more than one change, we have to notice the manifestation of this law in yet another species of inorganic progress—namely, chemical. The same general causes that have wrought out the heterogeneity of the Earth, physically considered, have simultaneously wrought out its chemical heterogeneity. Without dwelling upon the general fact that the forces which have been increasing the variety and complexity of geological formations, have, at the same time, been bringing into contact elements not previously exposed to each other under conditions favorable to union, and so have been adding to the number of chemical compounds, let us pass to the more important complications that have resulted from the cooling of the Earth. There is every reason to believe that at an extreme heat the elements can not exist in combination at all. Even under such heat as can be artificially produced, some extremely powerful affinities yield, as, for instance, that of oxygen for hydrogen; and the great majority of chemical compounds are decomposed at much lower temperatures. But without insisting upon the highly probable inference, that when the Earth was in its first state of incandescence there were no chemical combinations at all, it will suffice our purpose to point to the unquestionable fact that the compounds that can exist at the highest temperatures, and which must, therefore, have been the first to make their appearance as the Earth cooled, are those of the simplest constitutions. The protoxides—including under that head the alkalies, earths, etc.—are, as a class, the most stable compounds we know: most of them resisting decomposition by any heat we can generate. These, consisting severally of one atom of each component element, are combinations of the simplest order—are but one degree less homogeneous than the

elements themselves. More heterogeneous than these, less stable, and therefore later in the Earth's history, are the deutoxides, tritoxides, peroxides, etc.; in which two, three, four, or more atoms of oxygen are united with one atom of metal or other element. Higher than these in heterogeneity are the hydrates; in which an oxide of hydrogen, united with an oxide of some other element, forms a combination whose atoms severally contain at least four ultimate atoms of three different kinds. Yet more heterogeneous, and less stable still, are the salts; which present us with compound atoms each made up of five, six, seven, eight, ten, twelve, or more atoms, of three, if not more, kinds. Then there are the hydrated salts, of a yet greater heterogeneity, which undergo partial decomposition at much lower temperatures. After them come the further-complicated supersalts and double salts, having a stability again decreased; and so throughout. Without entering into qualifications for which we lack space, we believe no chemist will deny it to be a general law of these inorganic combinations that, *other things equal*, the stability decreases as the complexity increases. And then when we pass to the compounds of organic chemistry, we find this general law still further exemplified: we find much greater complexity and much less stability. An atom of albumen, for instance, consists of 482 ultimate atoms of five different kinds. Fibrine, still more intricate in constitution, contains, in each atom, 298 atoms of carbon, 49 of nitrogen, 2 of sulphur, 228 of hydrogen, and 92 of oxygen—in all, 660 atoms; or, more strictly speaking—equivalents. And these two substances are so unstable as to decompose at quite ordinary temperatures; as that to which the outside of a joint of roast-meat is exposed. Thus it becomes manifest that the present chemical heterogeneity of the Earth's surface has arisen by degrees, as the progressive refrigeration has permitted; and that it has exhibited itself in three forms—first, in the multiplication of chemical compounds; second, in the greater number of different elements contained in the more modern of these compounds; and third, in the higher and more varied multiples in which these more numerous elements combine.

To say that this advance in chemical heterogeneity is due to the one cause,

diminution of the Earth's temperature, would be to say too much; for it is clear that aqueous and atmospheric agencies have been concerned; and, further, that the affinities of the elements themselves are implied. The cause has all along been a composite one: the cooling of the Earth having been simply the most general of the concurrent causes, or assemblage of conditions. And here, indeed, it may be remarked that in the several classes of facts already dealt with (excepting perhaps the first,) and still more in those with which we shall presently deal, the causes are more or less compound; as indeed are nearly all causes with which we are acquainted. Scarcely any change can with logical accuracy be wholly ascribed to one agency, to the neglect of the permanent or temporary conditions under which only this agency produces the change. But as it does not materially affect our argument, we prefer, for simplicity's sake, to use throughout the popular mode of expression. Perhaps it will be further objected, that to assign loss of heat as the cause of any changes, is to attribute these changes not to a force, but the absence of a force. And this is true. Strictly speaking, the changes should be attributed to that force, or those forces, which come into action when the antagonist force is withdrawn. But though there is an inaccuracy in saying that the freezing of water is due to the loss of its heat, no practical error arises from it; nor will a parallel laxity of expression vitiate our statements respecting the multiplication of effects. Indeed, the objection serves but to draw attention to the general fact, that not only does the exertion of a force produce more than one change, but the withdrawal of a force produces more than one change. And this suggests that perhaps the most correct statement of the general principle would be its most abstract statement—every change is followed by more than one other change.

Returning to the thread of our exposition, we have next to trace out, in organic progress, this same all-pervading principle. And here, where the evolution of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous was first observed, the production of many changes by one cause is most difficult to demonstrate. The development of a seed into a plant, or an ovum into an animal, is so gradual, while the forces which determine it are so involved, and

at the same time so unobtrusive, that it is scarcely possible to detect that multiplication of effects which is elsewhere so obvious. Nevertheless, guided by indirect evidence, we may pretty safely reach the conclusion that here, too, the law holds. Observe, first, how numerous are the effects which any marked change will produce upon an adult organism—a human being, for instance. An alarming sound or sight, besides the immediate impressions on the organs of sense and the nerves, may produce a muscular start, a scream, a distortion of the face, a trembling consequent upon a general relaxation, a burst of perspiration, an excited action of the heart, a rush of blood to the brain, followed, possibly, by arrest of the heart's action by syncope; and if the system be feeble, an indisposition, with its long train of complicated symptoms, may set in. Similarly in cases of disease. A minute portion of the small-pox virus introduced into the system will, in a severe case, cause, during the first stage, rigors, heat of skin, accelerated pulse, furred tongue, loss of appetite, thirst, epigastric uneasiness, vomiting, headache, pains in the back and limbs, muscular weakness, convulsions, delirium, etc.; in the second stage, cutaneous eruption, itching, tingling, sore throat, swelled fauces, salivation, cough, hoarseness, dyspnoea, etc.; and in the third stage, cedematous inflammations, pneumonia, pleurisy, diarrhoea, inflammation of the brain, ophthalmia, erysipelas, etc.: each of which enumerated symptoms is itself more or less complex. Medicines, special foods, better air, might in like manner be instanced as producing multiplied results. Now it needs only to consider that the heterogeneity of change thus wrought by a simple force upon an adult organism will be, in part, parallel in an embryo organism to understand how here also the evolution of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous may be consequent upon the production of many effects by one cause. The external heat and other agencies which determine the first complications of the germ may, by acting upon these, superinduce further complications upon these still higher and more numerous ones; and so on continually—each organ as it is developed, serving by its actions and reactions upon the rest, to initiate further complexities. The first pulsations of the foetal heart must simultaneously affect the nutrition of all the

tissues. The growth of each tissue, involving as it does the abstraction from the blood of special proportions of elements, must modify the constitution of the blood; and so must modify the nutrition of all the other tissues. The action of the heart, implying as it does a certain waste, necessitates the addition to the blood of effete matters, which must influence the rest of the system, and perhaps, as some think, themselves determine the formation of excretory organs. The nervous connections established among the viscera must further multiply their mutual influences: and so continually. Indeed, we may find *à priori* reason to think that the evolution proceeds after this manner. For since it is now known that no germ, animal or vegetable, contains the slightest rudiment, trace, or indication of the future organism—now that the microscope has shown us that the process first set up in every fertilized germ, is a process of repeated spontaneous fissions ending in the production of a mass of seemingly homogeneous cells, not one of which exhibits any special character; there seems no alternative but to suppose that the incipient or partial organization at any moment subsisting in a growing embryo, is itself transformed by enviroing influences into the succeeding phase of organization, and this into the next, until, through ever-increasing complexities, the ultimate form is reached. Thus, though the subtlety of the forces and the slowness of the results render it impossible for us directly to show that the successive stages of increasing heterogeneity, through which every growing embryo passes, are severally consequent upon the production of many changes by one force, yet, *indirectly*, we have strong evidence that they are so. We have observed how multitudinous are the effects which one cause may generate in an adult organism; the abstract necessity that an analogous multiplication of effects must happen in the unfolding organism, we have contemplated in sundry illustrative cases; and we have seen that, structureless as every germ originally is, the development of an organism out of it is otherwise incomprehensible. Not indeed that we are thus enabled really to explain the production of any plant or animal. We are still in the dark respecting those mysterious properties in virtue of which the germ, when subjected to fit influences, undergoes the special changes initiating the

series of developmental transformations. All which we aim to show is, that given a germ possessing these mysterious properties, the evolution of a heterogeneous organism from it probably depends upon that multiplication of effects which we have seen to be the cause of progress in general, so far as we have yet traced it.

When leaving the development of single plants and animals, we pass to that of the earth's flora and fauna, the course of our argument again becomes clear and simple. Though, as was admitted in the first part of this article, the fragmentary facts of palæontology at present accumulated, do not clearly warrant us in saying that, in the lapse of geologic time, there have been evolved more heterogeneous individual organisms, and more heterogeneous assemblages of organisms, yet we shall now see that there *must* ever have been a tendency toward these results. We shall find that the production of many effects by one cause, which, as already shown, has been all along increasing the physical heterogeneity of the earth, has further involved an increasing heterogeneity in its flora and fauna, individually and collectively. An illustration will make this clear. Suppose that by a succession of upheavals, occurring, as they are now known to do, at long intervals, the East India Archipelago were to be step by step, raised into a continent, and a chain of mountains formed along the axis of elevation. By the first of these changes, the plants and animals inhabiting Borneo, Sumatra, New-Guinea, and the rest, would be subjected to slightly modified sets of conditions. The climate in general would be altered in temperature, in humidity, and in its periodical variations; whilst the local differences would be multiplied. These modifications would affect, perhaps inappreciably, the entire flora and fauna of the region. The change of level would produce additional modifications; varying in different species, and also in different members of the same species, according to their proximity to the axis of elevation. Certain kinds of plants, growing only on the sea-shore in special localities, might disappear entirely. Others, living only in swamps of a certain humidity, would, if they survived at all, probably undergo visible changes of appearance. While still greater alterations would occur in the plants gradually spreading over the lands

newly raised above the sea. The animals and insects living upon these modified plants, would themselves be, in some degree, modified by change of food, as well as by change of climate; and the modification would be more marked where, from the dwindling or disappearance of one species of plant, an allied species was eaten. In the lapse of many generations arising before the next upheaval, the sensible or insensible alteration thus produced in each species would become organized — there would be a more or less complete adaptation to the new conditions. The next upheaval would superinduce additional organic changes, involving more distinct divergences from the primary structures: and so repeatedly. But, now, let it be observed that the revolution thus resulting would not be a substitution of a thousand more or less modified species for the thousand original species; but in place of the thousand original species there would arise several thousand species, or varieties, or changed forms. Each species being distributed over an area of some extent, and tending continually to colonize the new area exposed, its different members would be subject to different sets of changes. Plants and animals spreading toward the equator would not be affected in the same way with others spreading from it. Those spreading toward the new shores would undergo changes unlike the changes undergone by those spreading into the mountains. Thus, each original race of organisms that survived would become the root from which diverged several races, differing more or less from it and from each other; and while some of these might subsequently disappear, probably more than one would survive into the next geologic period: the very dispersion itself increasing the chances of survival. Not only would there be thus caused certain modifications consequent on change of physical conditions and kind of nutriment, but also, in some cases, other modifications consequent upon change of habits. The fauna of each island, peopling, step by step, the newly elevated tracts, would eventually come in contact with the faunas of other islands; and some members of the other faunas would differ more or less from any creatures before seen. Herbivores meeting with new beasts of prey, would, in some cases, be led into modes of defense or escape somewhat dif-

fering from those previously used; and simultaneously, the beasts of prey would modify their modes of pursuit and attack. We know that, when circumstances demand it, such changes of habit *do* take place in animals; and we know that if the new habits become the dominant ones, they must eventually in some degree alter the organization. Observe now, however, a further consequence. The process involves not simply a tendency towards the differentiation of each race of organisms into several races; but it involves a tendency to the occasional production of a somewhat higher organism. These divergent varieties of any species which have been caused by fresh physical conditions and habits of life, will exhibit changes quite indefinite in kind and degree; and changes that do not necessarily constitute an advance. Probably in most cases the modified type will neither be more nor less heterogeneous than the original one. In some cases, the habits of life adopted being simpler than before, a less heterogeneous structure will result; there will be a retrogradation. But it *must* now and then occur, that some divergent branch of a species, falling into circumstances which give it somewhat more complex experiences, and demand actions somewhat more involved, will have certain of its organs further differentiated in proportionately small degrees—will become slightly heterogeneous. Thus, in the natural course of things, there will from time to time arise an increased heterogeneity both of the earth's flora and fauna, and of individual races included in them. Omitting detailed explanations, and allowing for the qualifications which can not here be specified, we think it is clear that the geological mutations have all along tended to complicate the forms of life, whether regarded separately or collectively. The same general causes which have determined the evolution of the earth's crust from the simple into the complex, have simultaneously determined a parallel evolution of the life upon its surface. In this case, as in previous ones, we see that the transformation of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous is consequent upon the universal principle, that every active force produces more than one change.

The deduction which we have here drawn from the established truths of geology and the general laws of life gains im-

mensely in weight on finding it to be in perfect harmony with an induction drawn from direct experience. Just that divergence of many races from one race, which we inferred must have been continually occurring during geologic time, we know to have taken place during the pre-historic and historic periods, in man and domestic animals. And just that multiplication of effects which we concluded must have produced the first, we see has produced the last. Single causes, as famine, pressure of population, war, have periodically led to further dispersions of mankind and of dependent creatures: each such dispersion initiating new modifications, new varieties of type. Whether all the human races be or be not derived from one stock, philological evidence makes it clear that whole groups of races, now easily distinguishable from each other, were originally one race—that the diffusion of one race in sundry directions into different climates and conditions of existence, has simultaneously produced many modified forms of it. Similarly with domestic animals. Though in some cases—as that of dogs—community of origin will perhaps be disputed, yet in other cases—as that of the sheep or the cattle of our country—it will not be questioned that local differences of climate, food, and treatment, have transformed one original breed into numerous breeds, now become so far distinct as to produce unstable hybrids. Moreover, through the complication of flowing from single causes, we here find, what we before inferred, not only an increase of general heterogeneity but also of special heterogeneity. While of the divergent divisions and subdivisions of the human race, many have undergone modifications of detail not constituting an advance; while in some the type may have degraded; in others, it has become decidedly more heterogeneous. The civilized European departs more widely from the vertebrate archetype than does the savage. Thus, both the law and the cause of progress, which, from lack of evidence, can be but hypothetically substantiated in respect of the earlier forms of life on our globe, can be actually substantiated in respect of the latest forms.

If the advance of man toward greater heterogeneity is traceable to the production of many effects by one cause, still more clearly may the advance of society toward greater heterogeneity be similarly

explained. Consider the growth of an industrial organization. When, as must occasionally happen, some individual of a tribe displays unusual aptitude for making a particular article for general use—a weapon, for instance—which was before made by each man for himself, there arises an inevitable tendency toward the differentiation of that individual into a maker of such article. His companions—warriors and hunters all of them—severally feel the importance of having the best weapons that can be made; and are therefore certain to offer strong inducements to the skilled individual to make weapons for them. He, on the other hand, having not only unusual faculty, but an unusual liking for making such weapons, (the talent and the desire for any special occupation being usually associated,) is predisposed to fulfill these commissions on the offer of an adequate reward; especially as his love of distinction is also gratified. This first specialization of function, once commenced, tends ever to become more decided. On the side of the weapon-maker, continued practice gives increased skill—increased superiority to his products; on the side of his clients, cessation of practice entails decreased skill. Thus the influences that determine this division of labor grow stronger in both ways; and the incipient heterogeneity is, on the average of cases, likely to become permanent for that generation, if no longer. Observe now, however, that this process not only differentiates the social mass into two parts, the one monopolizing, or almost monopolizing, the performance of a certain function, and the other having lost the habit, and in some measure the power, of performing that function; but it tends to initiate other differentiations. The advance we have described implies the introduction of barter—the maker of weapons has, on each occasion, to be paid in such other articles as he agrees to take in exchange. But he will not habitually take in exchange one kind of article, but many kinds. He does not want mats only, or skins, or fishing gear, but he wants all these; and on each occasion will bargain for the particular articles he most needs. What follows? If among the several members of the tribe there exist any slight differences of skill in the manufacture of these various things, as there are almost sure to do, the weapon-maker will take from each one the thing which that one excels in making;

will exchange for mats with him whose mats are superior, and will bargain for fishing-gear of whoever has the best. But he who has bartered away his mats or his fishing-gear, must make other mats or fishing-gear for himself; and in so doing must, in some degree, further develop his aptitude. Thus it necessarily results that the small specialities of faculty possessed by various members of the tribe will tend to become more decided. If such transactions are from time to time repeated, the increased specializations may become appreciable. And whether or not there ensues a distinct differentiation of one or more other individuals into makers of particular articles, it is clear that incipient differentiations take place throughout the tribe: the one original cause produces not only the first dual effect, but a number of secondary dual effects analogous in kind, but minor in degree. This process, of which traces may be seen among groups of schoolboys, can not well produce any permanent effects in an unsettled tribe; but where there grows up a fixed and multiplying community, these differentiations become established, and increase with each generation. A larger population, involving a greater demand for every commodity, intensifies the functional activity of each specialized person or class; and this renders the specialization more definite where it already exists, and establishes it where it is but incipient. By increasing the pressure on the means of subsistence, a larger population again augments these results; seeing that each person is forced more and more to confine himself to that which he can do best, and by which he can gain most. This industrial progress, facilitating future production, opens the way for a further growth of population, which reacts as before: in all which the multiplication of effects is manifest. Presently, under these same stimuli, new occupations arise. Competing workers, ever aiming to produce improved articles, occasionally discover better processes or raw materials. In weapons and cutting tools, the substitution of bronze for stone entails it upon him who first makes it a great increase of demand—so great an increase that he presently finds all his time occupied in making bronze for the articles he sells, and is obliged to depute the fashioning of these articles to others: and, eventually, the making of bronze, thus gradually differentiated from a pre-

existing occupation, becomes an occupation by itself. But now mark the ramified changes which follow this change. Bronze soon replaces stone, not only in the particular articles in which it was first used, but in many others—in arms, tools, and utensils of various kinds; and so affects the manufacture of these things. Further, it affects the processes which these utensils subserve, and the resulting products — modifies buildings, carvings, dress, personal decorations. Yet, again, it initiates sundry manufactures, which were before impossible, from lack of a material fit for the requisite tools. And all the alterations react on the people—increase their manipulative skill, their intelligence, their comfort — refine their habits and tastes. Thus the evolution of a homogeneous society into a heterogeneous one is very clearly consequent on the general principle, that many effects are produced by one cause.

Our limits will not allow us to trace out this process in its higher complications; else might we shew how the localization of special industries in special parts of a kingdom, as well as the minute subdivision of labor in the production of each commodity, are similarly determined. Or, turning to a somewhat different order of illustrations, we might dwell on the multitudinous changes — material, intellectual, moral — caused by printing; or the further extensive series of changes wrought by gunpowder. But leaving the intermediate phases of social development, let us take a few illustrations from its most recent and its passing phases. To trace out the effects of steam-power in its manifold applications to mining, navigation, and manufactures of all kinds, would carry us into unmanageable detail. Let us confine ourselves to the latest embodiment of steam-power—the locomotive engine. This, as the proximate cause of our railway system, has changed the face of the country, the course of trade, and the habits of the people. Consider, first, the complicated sets of changes that precede the making of every railway—their provisional arrangements, the meetings, the registration, the trial section, the parliamentary survey, the lithographed plans, the books of reference, the local deposits and notices, the application to Parliament, the passing Standing-Orders Committee, the first, second, and third readings: each of which brief heads indicates a multiplicity

of transactions, and the development of sundry occupations—as those of engineers, surveyors, lithographers, parliamentary agents, share-brokers; and the creation of sundry others—as those of traffic-takers, reference-takers. Consider, next, the yet more marked changes implied in railway construction — the cuttings, embankings, tunnelings, diversions of roads; the building of bridges and stations; the laying down of ballast, sleepers, and rails; the making of engines, tenders, carriages, and wagons: which processes, acting upon numerous trades, increase the importation of timber, the quarrying of stone, the manufacture of iron, the mining of coal, the burning of bricks; institute a variety of special manufactures weekly advertised in the *Railway Times*; and, finally, open the way to sundry new occupations, as those of drivers, stokers, cleaners, plate-layers, etc., etc. And then consider the changes, more numerous and involved still, which railways in action produce upon the community at large. The organization of every business is more or less modified: facility of communication makes it better to do directly what was before done by proxy; agencies are established where previously they would not have paid; goods are obtained from distant wholesale houses instead of near retail ones; and commodities are used which distance previously rendered inaccessible. Again, the rapidity and small cost of carriage tend to specialize more than ever the industries of different districts—to confine each manufacture to the parts in which, from local advantages, it can be best carried on. Further, the diminished carriage facilitating distribution, equalizes prices, and also, on the average, lowers prices: thus bringing sundry articles within the means of those before unable to buy them, and so increasing their comforts and improving their habits. At the same time the practice of traveling is immensely extended. Classes who never before thought of it take annual trips to the sea, visit their distant relations, make tours; and so we are benefited in body, feelings, and intellect. Moreover, the more prompt transmission of letters and of news produces further changes—makes the pulse of the nation faster. Yet more, there arises an extensive dissemination of cheap literature through railway book-stalls, and of advertisements in railway carriages: both

of them aiding ulterior progress. And all the innumerable changes here briefly indicated are consequent on the invention of the locomotive engine. The social organism has been rendered more heterogeneous in virtue of the various new occupations introduced, and the many old ones further specialized; prices in every place have been altered; each trader has, more or less, modified his way of doing business; and almost every member of the community has been affected in his actions, thoughts, emotions.

Illustrations to the same effect might be indefinitely accumulated. That every influence brought to bear upon society works multiplied effects; and that increase of heterogeneity is a consequence of this multiplication of effects; may be seen in the history of every trade, every custom, every belief. But it is needless to give any additional evidence of this. The only further fact demanding notice, is, that we here see still more clearly than ever, the truth before pointed out, that in proportion as the area on which any force expends itself becomes heterogeneous, the results are in a still higher degree multiplied in number and kind. While among the primitive tribes to whom it was first known, caoutchouc initiated but few changes, among ourselves the changes have been so many and varied that the history of them occupies a volume.* Upon the small, homogeneous community inhabiting one of the Hebrides, the electric telegraph would produce, were it used, scarcely any results; but in England the result it produces are multitudinous. The comparatively simple organization under which our ancestors lived five centuries ago could have undergone but few modifications from an event like the recent one at Canton; but now, the legislative decision respecting it sets up many hundred of complex modifications, each of which will be the parent of numerous future ones.

Space permitting, we could willingly have pursued the argument in relation to all the subtler results of civilization. As before, we showed that the law of progress to which the organic and inorganic worlds conform, is also conformed to by language, sculpture, music, etc.; so might we here

show that the cause which we have hitherto found to determine progress holds in these cases also. We could demonstrate in detail how, in science, an advance in one division presently advances other divisions—how astronomy has been immensely developed through discoveries in optics, whilst other optical discoveries have initiated microscopic anatomy, and greatly aided the growth of physiology—how chemistry has simultaneously opened the way to advance in our knowledge of electricity, magnetism, biology, geology—how electricity has reacted on chemistry and magnetism, developed our views of light and heat, and disclosed sundry laws of nervous action. In literature, the same truth might be exhibited in the manifold effects resulting from the primitive mystery-play, not only as originating the modern drama, but as affecting through it other kinds of poetry and fiction; or in the continually multiplied forms of periodical literature that have descended from the first newspaper, and which have severally acted and reacted on other forms of literature and on each other. The influence which a new school of painting—as that of the pre-Raphaelites—exercises upon other schools; the hints which all kinds of pictorial art are deriving from photography; the complex results of new critical doctrines, as those of Mr. Ruskin, might severally be dwelt upon as displaying the like multiplication of effects. But it would needlessly tax the reader's patience to pursue, in their many ramifications, these various changes; here become so involved and subtle as to be followed out with some difficulty.

Without further accumulation of evidence, we venture to think our case is made out. The many imperfections of statement which brevity has necessitated, do not, we believe, militate against the truth of the propositions enunciated. The qualifications here and there demanded would not, if made, affect the inferences. Though in one instance, in which sufficient evidence is not attainable, we have been unable to show that the law of progress applies; yet there is high probability that the same generalization holds which holds throughout the rest of creation. Though, in tracing the genesis of progress, we have frequently spoken of very complex causes as if they were simple ones, it still remains true that such causes are far less complex than their results. Detailed cri-

* "Personal Narrative of the Origin of the Caoutchouc, or India-Rubber Manufacture in England." By Thomas Hancock.

ticisms can not affect our main position. Endless facts go to show that every kind of progress is from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous; and that it is so because each change is followed by many changes. And it is significant that where the facts are most accessible and abundant, there are these truths most manifest.

However, to avoid committing ourselves to more than is yet proved, we must be content with saying that such are the law and the cause of all progress that is known to us. Should the nebular hypothesis ever be established, then it will become manifest that the universe at large, like every organism, was once homogeneous; that as a whole, and in every detail, it has unceasingly progressed toward greater heterogeneity; and that its heterogeneity is still increasing. It will be seen that as in each phenomenon of to-day, so from the beginning, the decomposition of every expended force into several forces has been perpetually producing a higher complication; that the increase of heterogeneity so brought about is still going on, and must continue to go on; and that thus progress is not an accident, not a thing within human control, but a beneficent necessity.

A few words must be added on the ontological bearings of our argument. Probably not a few will conclude that here is an attempted solution of the great questions with which philosophy in all ages has perplexed itself. Let none thus deceive themselves. Only such as know not the scope and the limits of science can fall into so grave an error. After all that has been said, the ultimate mystery of things remains just as it was. The explanation of that which is explicable does but bring out into greater clearness the inexplicableness of that which remains behind. However we may succeed in reducing the equation to its lowest terms, we are not thereby enabled to determine the unknown quantity: on the contrary, it only becomes more manifest that the unknown quantity can never be found. We feel ever more and more certain that fearless inquiry tends continually to give a firmer basis to all true religion. The timid sectarian, alarmed at the progress of knowledge, obliged to abandon one by one the superstitions of his ancestors, and daily finding sundry of his cherished be-

liefs more and more shaken, secretly fears that all things may some day be explained; and has a corresponding dread of science: thus evincing the profoundest of all infidelity—the fear lest the truth be bad. On the other hand, the sincere man of science, content fearlessly to follow wherever the evidence leads him, becomes by each new inquiry more convinced that the universe is an insoluble problem. Alike in the external and the internal worlds, he sees himself in the midst of perpetual changes, of which he can discover neither the beginning nor the end. If, tracing back the genesis of things, he allows himself to entertain the still unproved hypothesis that all matter once existed in a diffused form, he finds it utterly impossible to conceive how this came to be so; and equally, if he speculates on the future, he can assign no limit to the grand succession of phenomena ever evolving themselves before him. On the other hand, if he looks inward, he perceives that both terminations of the thread of consciousness are beyond his grasp: he can not remember when or how consciousness commenced, and he can not examine the consciousness that at any moment exists; for only a state of consciousness that is already past can become the object of thought, and never one which is passing. When, again, he turns from the succession of phenomena, external or internal, to their essential nature, he is equally at fault. Though he may succeed in resolving all properties of objects into manifestations of force, he is not thereby enabled to realize what force is; but finds, on the contrary, that the more he thinks about it the more he is baffled. Similarly, though analysis of mental actions may finally bring him down to sensations as the original materials out of which all thought is woven, he is none the forwarder; for he can not in the least comprehend sensation—can not even conceive how sensation is possible. Inward and outward things he thus discovers to be alike inscrutable in their ultimate genesis and nature. He sees that the materialist and spiritualist controversy is a mere war of words; the disputants being equally absurd—each believing he understands that which it is impossible for any human being to understand. In all directions his investigations eventually bring him face to face with the unknowable; and he ever more clearly perceives it to be the unknowable. He

learns at once the greatness and the littleness of human intellect—its power in dealing with all that comes within the range of experience; its importance in dealing with all that transcends experience. He feels, with a vividness which no others can, the utter incomprehensibleness of the simplest fact, considered in itself. He alone truly *sees* that absolute knowledge is impossible. He alone *knows* that under all things there lies an impenetrable mystery.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

WHEWELL'S HISTORY OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY IN ENGLAND.*

WE have heard of a young officer in country-quarters, who, feeling his time hang heavy upon his hands, took down Bishop Butler's *Analogy* or *Sermons* to read. Having devoted to his task the time between a late dinner and tea, our philosopher flung down the volume with disgust, observing that it was "slow," and that he did not think that there was much in it after all. The heading of this article may induce our fairer or younger readers to class us with that hopeful young gentleman. We are quietly inviting the myriad admirers of our *Maga* to discuss the moralists of England, in the witching and dreamy post-prandial hour, when a periodical is so often taken up. We are pitching a ton of lead upon the elastic lightness of Mr. Lever, upon the exquisite pathos and subtle satire of Mr. Jerrold. Dr. Whewell's writing is hardly so entertaining as the "*Fortunes of Glencore*," or so full of brilliant contrast as "*Somebody and Nobody*."

We can assure our readers, however, that we shall treat of moral philosophy rather under the form of literature than of philosophy. And here we shall con-

fine ourselves within very narrow limits. We had, perhaps, proposed to ourselves to follow our author through the successive eras of English morality. But we soon felt the hopelessness of attempting an outline which to the initiated would appear contemptibly meagre; to the uninitiated, hopelessly obscure. On the present occasion, therefore, we shall content ourselves with a species of literary review of three eminent writers on morality who flourished in the 17th century, their principal writings ranging between the years 1625 and 1651. These writers are Hugo Grotius, (whose great influence upon English theology and morality entitles him to a place in a review of English moral philosophy,) Robert Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, and Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmesbury. We select these three, because in their works we find the seminal principles of those moral speculations which blossomed out so richly in Shaftesbury, Hutcheson, and Butler, in Locke and Paley—the wool which was spun out into varying textures, according to the fancy or necessity of successive generations. We shall endeavor to prove that these abstract speculations have not been, and are not likely to be, without the most important practical effect upon our position as members of a civilized community, and even of a Christian Church. But we owe Dr. Whewell

* Lectures on the History of Moral Philosophy in England. By William Whewell, D.D., Master of Trinity College, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand; Cambridge: John Deighton. 1852.

the courtesy of a special notice at the outset.

I. The name of Whewell must ever be mentioned with respect and gratitude in any history of moral philosophy that may hereafter be published in the English language. To him the University of Cambridge owes her Moral Science Tripos. In the multifarious range of his authorship—including theology, the higher mathematics, mechanics, architecture, the theory of education, and, it is whispered, conundrums, charades, elegant original and translated verses, and essays upon *Chinese music*!—are included one of the most complete systems of morality and polity in any language; a volume of lectures on Systematic Morality; two selections from Bishop Butler's Sermons, with prefaces; an edition of Mackintosh; of Sanderson, *De Obligatione Conscientiæ*; and, finally, one of Grotius, *De Jure Belli et Pacis*. It is no light achievement, no inconsiderable service, to have superseded the low morality of Paley for one of a finer texture. Shall we be considered ungrateful for these eminent services if we say that they are not without some intermixture of alloy?

Dr. Whewell's style is rather disagreeably egotistical and dogmatic. He writes as he might be supposed to lecture some over-musical undergraduate, whose French-horn or flute should too rudely disturb the learned echoes of Trinity, and to whom he should declaim, *ore rotundo*, how, "if the college were to continue as as a college, and rules as rules," he must infallibly be rusticated. It is very provoking to be told so often that he has arrived at conclusions more satisfactory than those of preceding moralists. Our eminent author is something wanting in imagination; and when his style swells into the rhetorical grandeur, we can fancy the sneer which plays upon the lips of the fastidious Greek. We have, in one passage of the work now under review, a comparison between "the Lockeian theory, rushing on before the prosperous wind, with expanded sails and flying colors, and the system of Cudworth, ill-suited for such a rivalry." Then follows much about the "surrounding flood, ever ready to overwhelm such adventurers in its unfathomable depths," and "the intellectual globe," and "navigators rejoicing together in the bright sunshine of the unknown Islands of the Blest, which they sought so long in

mist and twilight, ever mistaking each other, and *missing of* (?) their aims." The whole passage is about the finest specimen of the "King Cambyzes' vein" which we remember. This want of imagination has led the Professor into one curious and enormous mistake. In the "Dissertation on the Nature of Virtue," Butler says of conscience, "whether it be considered as a sentiment of the understanding, or a perception of the heart." Surely the meaning is obvious. The Bishop alludes to the mingled phenomena of conscience, partly intellectual, partly moral:

"bred
In the heart *and* in the head."

Exactly parallel is the psychology of Scripture: "the *thoughts* of many *hearts*," the eyes of your understanding," (literally, "the *eyes* of your *heart*,") are just "the sentiment of the understanding, the perception of the heart." But Dr. Whewell cannot understand this, and takes credit to himself for altering a long-standing misprint; and so it appears in his edition of the "Sermons," in this flat, not to say unmeaning shape, "a sentiment of the heart, or a perception of the understanding."

There is a graver fault, as we conceive, about Dr. Whewell's morality. It is too systematic. It exhibits the geometric spirit rather than the "*esprit de finesse*." This is the fault of your matter-of-fact Englishman, when he becomes a theologian or a moralist. We can not, indeed, agree with Tholuck, when he says that Bishop Butler speaks of the moral government of the universe as he would of the arrangements of a London police-court. But the learned and excellent Waterland describes and classifies the secrets of sacramental grace as one would label the drawers of a cabinet. The road to the heavenly Jerusalem, in some of our standard divines, is not a wonderful path, irradiated with supernatural light, and with shadows of mystery chequering its fullest sunshine, but a straight macadamized highway. They forget that to comprehend the counsels of the Eternal, the finite mind must be expended into infinity, or the Infinite be contracted to the finite. So in prophecy. Your Englishman insists on a map of the new heavens, a plan of the new earth, a Pinnock's Catechism of the Apocalyptic Dates, a Chart of the River of

the Life, a Bradshaw of the celestial kingdom. He must be satisfied how they who have, "every one of them, harps and golden vials full of odors," can manage to strike the instruments while they hold the vials; forgetting that he is in a region where nothing is sharp or defined, but all floating in a sunlit mist. So in morality. He must have just so many virtues and duties, so many rights and obligations, and no more. And he is as impatient of any less definite numerical arrangement as if you suggested to him that he should start on a journey with an ill-packed carpet-bag, or pursue his weary path through life with confused or inadequate conception of the number of his shirts. Yet it seems to us that moral systems are suspicious just in proportion as they "gender acquiescence" in the vulgar, by their "assumption of universal knowledge." Every moral system should leave a chair vacant for the unknown, a margin on the page for the unclassified. When the astronomer surveys the heavens through his glass, he requires a line to divide the enormous map which is expanded before him. None suits his purpose so well as a single thread of the spider's web. And this slight line, with the light of a lamp thrown upon it, looks like a great golden band sundering the heavens into compartments. Such a spider's web is the moralist's system, or point of view—most valuable and indispensable for his survey; but he must not mistake it for an integral part of the wonderful worlds upon which he is gazing. Surely Dr. Whewell's *pentagonal* morality—his five elements of our nature, five classes of rights, five virtues, five branches of the general trunk of morality, and we know not what other fives—postulates its own failure. It is a sort of Philistine superstition, reproducing the five golden emerods, the five golden mice, the five lords, the five cities.

II. We now proceed with our literary review of those three writers whom we specified at the outset.

Dr. Whewell well points out that the causistry of the Roman Church was the precursor of moral philosophy. Causistry, according to him, is the doctrine of cases of conscience—that is, cases in which an apparent conflict of duties renders it necessary to eliminate all but purely moral elements from the matter in question. Causistry was based upon authority, and dealt in a multiplicity of details. It is the

nature of every such system to split into a thousand subtle questionings. Thus, in the Mussulman code, no less than 75,000 traditional precepts have been promulgated. Under the title of Dharmashastra, the Hindoos place all their authorized works on law and jurisprudence, personal, domestic, and public, civil and sacred. Every act of human life connected with every individual man, and every relation of society, they profess to regulate by divine institution. The Dharmashastra of Christendom was subverted by the Reformation. Moral theology was the transition state between causistry and moral philosophy. It still remains on the dusty shelves of our libraries. We can see it, quaint and subtle as it is, in the stiff symmetric outlines, in the interminable divisions and subdivisions of some of the elder Reformed divines. It took the pulpit in ruff and gown, and shook the sand-glass in the face of the wearied auditory. When it had graduated in Geneva, it loved to expatiate on those tremendous themes—the will and the power of God; and when the heart of man sank quailing before the conclusions of his intellect, it took refuge in a cloud of words, through which it still flattered itself that it saw a benevolent Deity. It taught that the predetermined vessel of wrath stood forth in a twofold capacity. He was a creature of God in whom there was some remnant of the divine image; he was also a sinner. God hates sinful creatures so far as they are sinful, and loves them so far as they are creatures. This hatred answers to *volition*, this love to *velleity* in man; and the latter is nothing else than the natural affection of God to His natural creatures, even to those who shall be lost, by which He would wish that they should not perish, if it might be so in consistence with His justice; and of this natural affection Scripture speaks, when it says that God will have all men to be saved. The logic of love and of our moral nature soon rends these cobwebs of the schools; to say that this *velleity* or natural affection is weaker than this *volition*, is simply to say that God's hate is stronger than His love. It is but just to say that while these distinctions between the Divine *velleity* and the Divine *volition* are utterly forgotten, moral theology is the quarry from which are hewn some of the stones which, when shaped and polished, look best in our modern sermons. Causistry, after leaving

the Romish confessional and the Protestant pulpit, brought out into the light of general principles and transfigured into a philosophy, becomes moral science.

The Prolegomena to the great work of Grotius, *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, contains, says Mackintosh, the most clear and authentic statement of the general principles of morals in Christendom, after the close of the schools, and before the writings of Hobbes had given rise to those ethical controversies which more peculiarly belong to modern times." His philosophy is based on our social nature. In Sanderson, (who is utterly overlooked by Mackintosh and Stewart,) we have the theory of conscience, not indeed laid out in the shape which the advance of moral and psychological science afterward required. In the writings of Hobbes, we have the first circles made upon the face of the waters of morality, which have kept widening on ever since; we have also the method which has since been impressed upon these studies. In Grotius and Sanderson, we have the echoes of the past; in Hobbes, the voices of the future. In the study of these writers, we have obtained the key to the history of moral philosophy in England.

The Dedication of the great work of Grotius to Louis XIII. is a specimen of the most splendid flattery. He hands the monarch a bumper of the heady champagne, in the delicate glass of his fine Latin. At last he ventures to say of France: "When heaven shall have promoted your majesty to that kingdom which alone is better than your own." This is but a little behind the frightful audacity of Lacardaire, who, at a conference in Notre Dame, ventured to predict that redeemed Frenchmen would be of the highest rank of the redeemed, and perhaps distinguished by some peculiar recognizance. Of a truth, kings of those days enjoyed that which Sir Epicure Mammon anticipated in the possession of the philosopher's stone:

"My flatterers
Shall be the pure and gravest of divines
That I can get for money."

The ends of the Prolegomena are *first*, to prove that *jus* exists; *secondly*, that it exists in war. Under the first head, in order to give definiteness and personality to the objections against the existence of

jus, Grotius introduces Carneades. This philosopher—the third founder of the new academy—was sent from Athens to Rome, and disputed of justice before Galba, and Cato the censor, arguing for it one day, against it the next. His arguments against it were: "that the powerful have contrived it for their own advantage; that law and morality are various in various places, that men, like all other animals, are borne by a resistless impulse to their own utilities alone; that, therefore, there is no such thing as justice, or that, if there be, it is but a specious name for folly." Thus a dreary and hideous divorce is made between wisdom and goodness, whereas wisdom is goodness with a thoughtful face, and goodness is but regenerated wisdom.

Upon the arguments of Grotius we need not dwell at length. But there is one portion of his answer which the moral student should carefully note. Simple and common-place as it may sound, it had never before been so precisely stated; or, at least, never before been so lucidly developed into its consequences. Man is an animal, different in kind from others. He has social affections, an appetite for society, ordered and intellectual, with his fellow men. He has speech, a peculiar social instrument. The veriest hermit, in his solitary musings against society, is compelled to exercise the faculty which proclaims him to be a member of society. Establish this matter of fact with regard to man's constitution—that he is as truly a social as he is a selfish being—and we have at once the basis of *jus*, strictly so so called—security to the property of others, restitution, reparation, obligation of promises, punishment of offenses against society. For, be it remembered, the punishment of vices destructive to society, as being so, is necessary to its very existence, and is "therefore as natural as society," according to Butler; and the magistrate deals with transgression as crime, not sin—as socially prejudicial, not morally enormous. Mark, then, the train of consequences. The obligation of compacts is founded on this natural *jus*. Civil society is founded upon the obligation of compacts. Therefore, in the last analysis, it is based upon natural *jus*. The great branch of justice grows greenly from the living stock of human nature, and has its sap running down through every fibre of its minutest leaf. The Founder and Builder of man's nature has so constituted

him that, without any selfish or utilitarian aim whatever, he has an irresistible tendency to society. We can not see how this doctrine deserves the patronizing sneer of Mackintosh about its "prudence and purity, laxity and confusion."

We must follow the speculations of Grotius into two of their practical results, although they rather belong to the last division of our subject.

As Grotius rises from the conception of our social nature to the conception of society and of a state, so, from the conception of the state, he rises to that of the family or community of states. To this great universal society the law of nations bears the same relation which civil law bears to one particular commonwealth. It was, indeed, basely and stupidly contended by some, that justice is not required in a nation or its rulers, however necessary for individuals. But Grotius replies that there is no state which does not need alliance with others, and if alliance, then *jus*. And if no community can permanently exist without this, neither can the greatest of all. The chief causes of his undertaking his work were an observation of the readiness of men to make war, and of their savageness in conducting it; and the hope of laying down principles which should be received, at least tacitly, by all civilized nations.

That glorious enterprise of exalted humanity has not been unsuccessful. It is now admitted that the law of nations is founded upon the principle so well expressed by Montesquieu, "That in peace nations ought to do each other the greatest good; in war, the least evil consistent with their necessary interests." Here is the principle which is the master-key to the chief treaties of modern Europe, which runs, like a golden thread, even through the dark tissue of the web of the history of war. It is now admitted, with Burke, that "Justice is itself the great standing policy of civil society; and that any eminent departure from it, under any circumstances, lies under the suspicion of being no policy at all." Hence, in war itself, the profound moral feeling that we are men, engaged in a great act of stern necessity, not maddened devils, not brutes giving full swing to a brutal desperation, or to a not less brutal cunning. If before Sebastopol itself the roar of artillery was ever and anon exchanged for a truce, which might well be called a truce of God, that

either party might bury with Christian burial the shattered corpses which were left in the fiery track of war—if the rude cross, hurriedly carved in such intervals, rises through the lank grass and thickly studded anemones of the luxuriant soil—if the hospital, over which the yellow flag floated to mark that it was the asylum of the wounded, was, in the intention of the besiegers, as safe from the fire which surged and roared around, like the spring-tide of hell, as if it had been the pavilion of the English queen—if the non-combatants who lay upon the field were comparatively safe, and the savage who spared them not was considered by his own comrades worthy of the death of a ferocious dog—if any direct promise or covenant, made between the enemies, was observed as the promise of a gentleman with the faith of a Christian—all this was due to recognized laws. The genius of the poet personifies war:

"Lo! where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
With death-bolts glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorches all it glares upon."

To Grotius and to his school we owe it that this picture may occasionally be drawn in less terrific colors. We have occasionally seen the giant drop the bolt, even when he could have launched it with the deadliest effect. There is sometimes a touch of pity which makes him raise that fiery hand to wipe away a natural tear. And if it be too much to hope that this weary earth shall ever cease to sound with the tramp of armies, at least we may hope to find the asperities of war gradually softened; we may hope that nations will learn the lesson contained in that single touch, in which the Incarnate Wisdom of God alludes to the Roman legions, "He sent forth His armies." The Huns and Vandals; the hosts of Napoleon and of Nicholas, are, in a sense, the armies of God. Their captain is the captain of the Lord's host; they march to the music of heaven; they charge to a trumpet-blast that is blown upon the eternal hills; they obey a word of command, which, though unheard by their ears, sways the rocking and the reeling of the battle. "The book of the wars of the Lord" is the motto of modern history, as truly as of the Hebrew history, though the sun shall never again stand still, nor the hailstone assist the

avenging sword. With this high commission of the Christian soldier, licensed drunkenness and ravishing are utterly inconsistent. One injury at least there is, inflicted upon non-combatants in a captured city by the usage of Christendom, so hideous and so unmanly, that every man who has a wife, a sister, or a mother, recoils in horror from the contemplation of it. In that preëminently wicked book, *Don Juan*, there are some things which we can palliate, if not excuse. We can half forgive the dreamy voluptuousness of the scene where the yellow moon lights the bower of Juan, for the delicious verses that mingle an almost religious sentiment with the evening hour; we can pardon the passionate Haidee, as she lies with her marble face and jet-black tresses in the light of the Grecian summer; and the tear that the boy sheds over "the beauty of the Cyclades" may tend to wash away some of the filth which has fallen upon his soul, as he tracks the career of Juan. But who can forgive the fiendish unbelief in female purity—the brutal sympathy with triumphant lust which prompted the description of the horrors that followed the storming of Ismail? Arnold, in latter days, has spoken with noble severity of the license to which we allude—a license, be it remembered, which, at Badajoz and elsewhere, has stamped on the British soldier the infamous brand of ruffianism. Grotius speaks of this in few but weighty words: "It pertains neither to *security* nor to *punishment*, and, therefore, ought no more to escape without condign chastisement in war than in peace." This we may expect to see one day classed with the poisoned fountain, and the lie, and the murder of prisoners. We have heard on credible au-

* We can not resist the pleasure of quoting these lines, which have *never before* been published. They were written by the late Samuel Rogers in a volume of Byron, which we happened to observe in a private collection.

"When I beheld thee, light and gay,
The idol of the passing day;
The god of fools who never knew
The worth of him they cringed to—
When I beheld thee, proud and young,
Despise the tribute due thy song,
While thy high spirit kept away
Sages from converse, souls astray—
When nature showed the bitter mind,
Fraught with ill-will to all mankind,
I wept that genius had been given
To one who thus could lead so far from heaven!"

thority that the great Duke had a strong feeling on this subject. Indeed, his wish to spare the inhabitants of an invaded country from outrage once led to a singular tragedy, which was related to us by one who was intimately acquainted with it. When the English army marched into France, in 1814, an order was given that pillage or violence should be immediately punished by hanging the culprit. In the knapsack of a sergeant, who had distinguished himself in the Peninsula, there was found some valuable lace, which had been taken from a Frenchwoman. The provost-marshal seized the sergeant; the captain of his company went to Lord Wellington and implored the man's life—Lord Wellington was inexorable. The shock to the officer was so severe that he sickened and died, as he himself said, "of a broken heart."

To these we may add another instance, which has occurred almost while we are tracing these lines. The scene is the House of Commons, on the night of Monday, March 2d, 1857. The strangers' gallery is crowded even to suffocation; the dresses of the ladies show like the wings of butterflies, or the gaudy leaves of tulips under glass, from behind their barriers. The house is crowded with flushed and eager faces. Speech after speech awakes the rolling thunder of the opposition cheers. But it may be questioned whether the British manliness of Lord John Russell—the oily smoothness of Sir James Graham—the flowing, yet polished readiness of Mr. Gladstone—the compressed sarcasm of Mr. Sidney Herbert, which rolled up a mile of argument in the compass of a lady's ring, and every sentence of which had a sting in its tail—produced a deeper impression upon the house than the address of Dr. Robert Phillimore. No political or party hits pointed his periods; one allusion, indeed, there was to the bishops, which drew down loud and continued cheering. But the staple of his argument was drawn from the law of nations; the distinction between *reprisal* and *war*—the assertion that, while there was a difference as to *comity* between Christian and Heathen nations, China could yet claim to be dealt with upon principles of international law—the appeal to Montesquieu and Bacon told powerfully upon the house.

This topic may appear to have carried us far from our course. But we were

anxious to show that morality has been carried from the library to the camp, the court, and the congress. The speculations of Grotius and his successors have not been imprisoned in musty volumes; they are still upon occasions the watchwords of high ministers of state, of Lord Clarendon, Drouhyn de L'Huys, and Nesselrode. It has been said by rough soldiers, with a pardonable sentiment of exaggeration, that the shadow of Florence Nightingale, flitting through the ward of the hospital with her lamp in her hand, fell upon their beds like the shadow of a passing angel. Does not the shadow of old Hugo fall upon the pages of the history of war with an analogous effect?

We must notice a *second* important result of the speculations of Grotius. We can hardly over-estimate the importance of the clearness and force with which he pronounces against *religious wars*. He decides the sole case where religion can be made a *casus belli* to be that where Christians are persecuted, not merely *being* Christians, but *as being* Christians. At our stage of progress, we can scarcely estimate the difficulty which there must have been at that date in grasping this principle strongly.

With these enlightened views, it is interesting to contrast the sentiments of a contemporary writer—a Jesuit, who was professor, first at Louvain, afterwards in the Roman College—Cornelius à Lapide. The preface to his commentary on the Twelve Prophets is not the sober composition of a Biblical critic, of a Hammond or Hengstenberg, a Tholuck or Alford. It is a modern prose song of Deborah; it is written as with the sword-point of the Maccabees. The glories of Pope Urban, on whose monument was inscribed, "Author expeditionis in infideles"—the taking of Jerusalem by Godfrey—the holy trio, Eugenius III., King Louis, and Saint Bernard, are commemorated by him. He softly laments that the saintly Abbot of Clairvaux, the author of those sermons on the Song of Songs, which are echoes of the voice of "the dove that is in the clefts of the rocks," burning love-hymns to Him that "feedeth among the lillies," was confined by the sovereign pontiff to the sacerdotal trumpet. "And would," he says, "that even from the halls of heaven, Saint Bernard would again make the trumpet peal in the ears of the faithful." We have visions of the princes of Catholic

Christendom, and especially of the heir of Saint Louis, turning their arms from the Saracens to the heretics; we have the burning words of Catherine of Sienna, the Saviour's spouse, who had been borne on angels' pinions over the dark blue sea—she wakes from her ecstatic dream of virgins and saints, crowned with silver lillies in Paradise, and of One mightier and purer far than any in that great array, betrothing her to Himself, and looking on her with awful love, while a storm of golden hallelujahs swept from all the harps of heaven—to urge Urban VI. to prevail upon faithful kings that they should compose their differences, and make common cause against the foes of Christ. Then we have the shouts of Lepanto; we have the prospect of the world made one fold, after the subjugation of Mohammedanism, (upon the expiration of its millennium,) with its twin sisters—paganism and heresy; we have the mixture of the wild watchwords of military enthusiasm, with the holy accents of David, Isaiah, and St. John; we have the adoration of the eternal Trinity and the Virgin Mother, traced with the same ink which had just written a summons to the bloodiest of wars; we have the Christian priest and theologian, with the spirit of Samson and the Maccabees throbbing under his stole and surplice. All this forms the most extraordinary mixture which we have ever encountered. In Grotius and Cornelius, writing at the same time, one can hardly avoid seeing the representatives of the Reformed and Roman Ethical schools.

One word more of Grotius before we part from him. In his address to the princes and free people of Christendom, prefixed to the treatise entitled "*Mare Liberum*," he speaks in a lofty strain of the punishment of those who violated the rights of nations. He reminds them that there are two punishments which they can not escape, "*conscientiam cuique suam, et famam sive existimationem alienam*." The former element had often before pointed the moral of common-place invective or warning. But it will be remarked how definitely he brings out another element. He does not leave fame to the vague and faint generality of the current opinion of posterity; he means that public opinion of a man's own contemporaries which, by the constitution of our own nature, is a punishment only second to the reproaches of conscience. Hence the

power of the press; many men would rather be quietly hanged than afford a subject for a "slasher" or a "tickler" in the *Times*. But in the *suam cuique* and *alienam*, Grotius emphasizes the social and the rightly-selfish part of our nature. And it is striking that the philosopher who was the first to contemplate steadily, and to express distinctly the great fact of our *appetitus societatis*, should have been among the first to appeal so pointedly and emphatically to that of which we now hear so much—public opinion.

III. Having found in Grotius a view of human nature which recognizes man's sociality as the fundamental truth of morality and law, we should look at the great ethical work of Sanderson, in order to gain some conception of the farthest advance made by the morality of conscience, previous to the rise of the distinctively modern school of ethics.

To theologians, Robert Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, is known as the author of some admirable sermons, of the Preface to the Prayer Book—we are afraid, since the publication of Mr. Procter's accurate work on the Prayer Book, we can not add of the General Thanksgiving. The logician will probably recognize him as the author of a treatise of much learning and acuteness. To the general reader he may be better known by that exquisite life which "gentle Isaac Walton" has bequeathed as a legacy to our language. Well writes Wordsworth:

"There are no colors in the fairest sky
So fair as these; the feather whence the pen
Was shaped, that traced the lives of these good
men,
Dropped from an angel's wing; with moisten'd
eye
We read of faith and purest charity
In statesman, priest, and humble citizen.
Methinks their very names shine still and
bright;
Apart like glow-worms in a summer-night,
—— Or seen, like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring,
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory!"

By the moralist, Sanderson is chiefly remembered as the author of Lectures on the Obligation of Conscience, delivered at Oxford in 1646. These, as we have seen, have exercised a marked influence upon Dr. Whewell's system of morality, and are, we believe, at the present moment read in the Cambridge Moral Science

Tripes. They were delivered in the Divinity School at Oxford. As the visitor at this day lionizes that fairest of English cities, he will doubtless walk down the old lane, with the great chestnut-tree hanging its ivory-white cones of blossom over the dark wall of the garden of Exeter College; he will turn the corner; he will wheel round for some moments to admire the contrast between the Radcliffe, like a dark leviathan ship of stone, and the spire of St. Mary's, like a fairy mast of marble, tapering up to the blue summer sky; he will enter the quadrangle of the schools. If it be the time of public examination, he will find all bustle and movement. But the stir and progress of years hardly yet have flung a wave over the threshold of the old divinity-school. A place of undusted cushions, and groined roofs full of echoes, of pulpits and benches only fit for ghosts to preach from and ghosts to listen on, and damp sepulchral smells—a spot where every thing speaks of the past, and too little of the present or of the future! It is not so difficult to recall the scene which was passing there in those days. The reader is a book speaking, the book is a mute reader. But the uniformity of a continuous discourse is often somewhat languid. The concatenation of uniformly-constructed sentences provokes to sleep. Of the reader on this occasion it was said, that "the best sermons in the world were never preached;" and his sole attempt at extemporaneous discourse was closed by his saying, in a little village church to Dr. Hammond: "Good doctor, by Heaven's help I have once preached without my papers; but, good doctor, by Heaven's help without my papers I will never preach again!" So on went that calm, grave Professor of Divinity—a sounder and riper divine his university and his Church have never bred—with his quiet, unimpassioned voice; the stern soldiers of the Commonwealth, during the delivery of some of these prelections, striding outside, and humming their surly hymns. Yet the lectures made a considerable impression even at that time, when (to use words once recited in the Sheldonian Theater) Oxford's

"Groves were full of warlike stirs,
The student's heart was with the merry spears,
Or keeping measure to the clanking spurs
Of Rupert's cavaliers."

Sanderson has two great merits—a

wonderful mastery of the technicalities of the school logic, and sound good sense. The former sometimes, perhaps, leads him away; at least, it perplexes the modern student. The latter fails him when he gets upon the defense of established usages, which he maintains with the first weapon that comes to hand, be it bad or good. For instance, in defending advowsons, he attempts to convince those who asserted the people's consent to the pastoral call as a necessary preliminary, by arguing that advowsons have been secured to patrons by parliament, that is, the full consent of the people. We must here briefly state what Sanderson has to say of conscience. He remarks that the word is not to be found in the Old Testament, *heart* or *spirit* appearing instead. He investigates the meaning of the term. The *con* implies a knowledge on the part of a plurality of subjects, or of a plurality of objects. If the former, conscience signifies a joint knowledge on the part of God and the moral agent. If the latter, it indicates the junction of knowledge to knowledge—the knowledge of the universal principle to that of the special fact, by applying the former to the latter. He then defines conscience, pursuing the analytic method; giving out his definition like a theorem, and discussing and establishing it point by point. "Conscience is a habit, or faculty of the practical intellect, whereby the mind doth, by discourse of reason, apply the light that is in it to its own particular moral acts."

IV. It may be questioned whether the writings of Hobbes have been much studied by some of those who have undertaken to criticize them. Indeed, a certain set of sayings have become current about him, which every one repeats upon occasion. Thus even M. Cousin says: "Hobbes does not invoke revelation," an assertion which may be tested by any one who opens his works at random. Thus again the authority of Mackintosh has made it fashionable to speak of him as an eminent instance of "one of the late writers, and *late learners*." The truth is, that he began Latin and Greek at *six*, went to a grammar-school at *eight*, and translated the Medea of Euripides into Latin verse before he was matriculated at Oxford, in the fifteenth year of his age. At the age of twenty, he was recommended as tutor to Lord Cavendish. It would certainly appear that he suspended his classic-

al studies for a season; but on returning from the Continent he resumed them; and to him we owe the Latin version of some of Lord Bacon's writings. Hobbes, indeed, always affected an ignorance of books, saying, that if he had read as much as other men, he had been as pudding-headed and as dull of wit as they. Archbishop Tenison, however, clearly traced those political speculations of his, which have been considered most audaciously original, to the original, to the oration of Euphemus the Athenian, in the sixth book of Thucydides, of which Hobbes himself had published a translation. So true is Ben Jonson's saying, that "some, by a cunning protestation against all reading, and false venditation of their own naturals, think to direct the sagacity of their readers from themselves, and cool the scent of their own fox-like thefts."

The name of Hobbes is, unquestionably, one of the most remarkable in the annals of mental and moral philosophy. The influence which he exercised is marked by the few complimentary addresses which were offered to him by some of his bolder admirers. It was felt that a new Prometheus had, indeed, arisen—that a first advance towards a satisfactory mental analysis had, at last, been made—that a glass had been fitted to the human breast, through which that marvellous organization might be traced, each thread of whose intricate woof is the living link that knits the mysterious whole to reason, to virtue, to society, to God. Mr. Bathurst, a young M.A. of Trinity, afterward Dean of Bath, expressed all this in some fine Latin lines, a very few of which we shall quote:

"Nec si fenestram pectori humanæ suam
Aptasset ipse Momus, inspiceret magis—
Consulter audax, et Promethei potius
Facinoris anima!—

Divinum est opus
Mentem creare—proximum huic, ostendere."

Cowley exhausted his imperial fancy on so inviting a theme. Men, he said, were turning over and over an effete soil with fruitless assiduity. They were like treasure hunters, searching with divining-wands among the dead, while rich fields were lying round them which only required common sense and common industry to reward them with the richest harvests. Rising as he goes, he hails Hobbes as the

"Great Columbus of the golden land
Of new philosophies. Thy learn'd America is
Not only first found out by thee
And rudely left to future industry,
But thy eloquence and thy wit,
Have planted, peopled, built, and civilized it!"

Of Sheffield's verses Mackintosh contemptuously observes, "One line is good enough to be quoted." Old Sam Johnson, with some justice, remarks that, apart from the *prestige* of the strawberry-leaves, he is "a writer that sometimes glimmers, but rarely shines; feebly laborious, and at best but pretty." Yet his description of Hobbes' English we take the liberty of considering to be exceedingly happy:

"Such a choice, yet unaffected style,
As must both knowledge and delight impart,
The force of reason with the flowers of art.
Clear as a beautiful transparent skin,
Which never hides the blood, yet holds it in;
Like a delicious stream it ever ran,
As smooth as woman, but as strong as man."

We may be allowed to wish that Hobbes had had his Boswell. The friend of Bacon, Herbert of Cherbury, Mersenne, Galileo, Descartes, Gassendi, Harvey, Selden, and Cowley, can have been no common man. The caustic irritable old fellow, impatient of contradiction—puffing up the nearest hill, or running up and down the noble galleries of Chatsworth, while ancestors of "Russell and Co.," gartered and doublet, with feathered hats and high-heeled shoes, and high-born ladies, fresh from the brush of Lely, looked down with astonishment on the gambols of the plebeian philosopher, trying to expel moisture by a breathing sweat, devouring his simple dinner 'at twelve, and sitting down to study with barred windows, and tables covered with tobacco-pipes, hurrying out of church before prayers were ended, to escape the sermon, saying: "The parsons can teach me nothing," would make a remarkable picture. It might, perhaps, partly dispel the painful impression of gigantic powers perverted, and a life prolonged without repentance or serious thought. It is some comfort to know that in an illness, supposed to be fatal, after stoutly declining the kind offers of Father Mersenne, he was visited by the pious Bishop Cosin, and that he became a habitual communicant. Let us remember this, as we stand by the grave in the aisle of the little church of Hault-Hacknell,

where the aching head of the philosopher of Malmesbury reposes.

Let us give a brief and rapid, but we hope not inaccurate sketch of some of Hobbes' doctrines.

His view of our intellectual nature seems to be this. The steps of our knowledge are four. We have such and such *conceptions*, gained from material objects through the senses. We christen these conceptions, or, rather, *name* the things of which they are conceptions. We join these names so as to form *true propositions*. We join those propositions in such manner that they be conclusive.

Thus our knowledge is a pyramid, of which *sense* is the base, *science* the apex. It may appear to be a starry-pointing pyramid, raised by the spirit of man. We do not pause to show that the names of *cause, time, number, space*, and others, the auguster names of virtue, duty, conscience, God, can not be painted upon its walls with pigments which are so imperfectly compounded. But we do ask, is it built for immortality? The base is constructed solely of a perishable material, whose particles are in a continual flux, which wastes with the cold of winter, and melts with the summer suns; which is shaken by the volcanic passions of youth, and covered with the dreary snow of old age, shrinking into

"The lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
Sans eye, sans tooth, sans taste, sans every
thing;"

and which at last crumbles away into slime and dust. "Faugh, it stinks!" As we read the speculations of Hobbes and the ultra-sensualist school, we see over their pyramid of science that "the light is darkened in the heavens thereof," and that there are "darkness and sorrow" in the land around it. We see an intellectual being that exchanges its freedom for the chains of fatalism, a moral nature without dignity, a heaven without a God. Where shall be the thoughts that wander through eternity, when that which renders thought possible is withdrawn? Where shall this fabric be found when death has battered the walls, and shaken the foundations of the house of clay? A palpable mist of rottenness, and darkness of annihilation gather round this pyramid of science.

We need hardly remind our readers of

Hobbes' way of resolving all our passions into selfish affections. Thus pity, as every student of Butler so well remembers, is "the conception of future calamity to ourselves from the sense of another's calamity." Laughter is "the sudden conception of our own eminence by comparison with another's inferiority or absurdity, or our own at a former period." Weeping is a sudden conception of defect. The tears that burst from the eyes of reconciled friends are the fountains through which nature pours her regrets for frustrated revenge. Charity is the pleasing conception of exuberant power, which not only compasses our own desires, but is able to assist others. The bestowal of charity on strangers is not properly charity, but *contract* to purchase friendship, or *fear* to purchase peace.

Hobbes' mental philosophy is a structure built upon one principle—that conception is derived from sense, and passion from conception. His moral and political philosophy also rises from one principle—"Men are by nature in a state of war." To desire this state is a self-contradiction in a reasonable being. Hence the primary law of sociality, to observe the rules which keep us in peace. But another primary law of our nature is pure, unmixed selfishness. From these two elements virtue is framed. To be virtuous is to be sociable to those who will be so, to be formidable to those who will not—a definition which would make a turn for conviviality and pugilism a sign of the virtuous man.

Hobbes proceeds to strengthen his position by Scripture. It is needless to follow him here. But, strange to say, not Origen, or a mediæval preacher in his most mysticizing vein, not Vitringa when he refers Isaiah to the Dutch Remonstrants, not Ephraim Macbriar in his application of Ezekiel to Claverhouse and the Covenant, are more fanciful, or more inconsequential. Thus that his "law of nature" is unalterable, is intimated by this, that "the priesthood of Melchizedec is everlasting!"

But the structure reared upon the foundation of "the state of nature" is not yet complete. The hands which laid in England the foundation of the house of scientific sensualism did not finish it. But of the other house of social and political science, Hobbes himself brought forth the head-stone, and that head-stone, *slavery!*

The appearance of Hobbes and Descartes

simultaneously is of great importance. Though the former was the leader of the ultra-sensualist, the latter of the ultra-idealist school, the soldier of Britany and the philosopher of Malmesbury mark the progress of thought which was leaving its debateable ground; and taking its stand on the soil of modern philosophy. Hobbes, though one great end of his philosophy was to defend ancient errors in government, did so by weapons which were destined to overthrow the ancient, and hasten on the new. Every civil war is emphatically a war of ideas. The English civil war was the struggle between the spirit of the middle ages and that of modern civilization. In Hobbes, a cavalier, we find the principles which embody the new drawn to a conclusion which embodies the old, even to extravagance. The hands are Esau's hands, but the voice is Jacob's voice, and the spirit of olden times might well doubt whether it should not curse him who presented himself for a son.

Perhaps we may liken the philosophy of Hobbes to the Pool Hole Cave near Buxton, as described by himself at such length in his favorite Latin poem, entitled "The Wonders of the Peak." As the traveler enters it, after his ascent, he seems to be introduced into a habitation, human at once in its homeliness and its magnificence. Flitches of bacon seems to be suspended from a roof, which is illuminated with the many-colored play, with the starry cressets of its stalactites. All, however, is merely an imitation in stone of familiar objects, a lustrous mockery of human workmanship. The scintillating spars that hang over one's heads; the gigantic flitch; the grotesque figure of the blind old man, cowering down with his gaunt elbows upon the unheaving coverlet of the bed; are all but stone. The very drop of dew, that seems to be wrung from the rock, is in process of petrification.

But if Hobbes plays an important part in moral philosophy, chiefly because he is the devil's advocate who ventures to assert monstrous plausibilities which true moralists have taxed their wits to answer; it is right to say that he has unintentionally done the morality of conscience eminent service. For the knowledge of our nature he refers us to the "Know thyself." It is his glory, like that of Socrates, to have put a method

into the modern world, or at least, into modern England—to have laid down *psychology* as the basis of all true metaphysics. “For the similitude of my thoughts and passions to another man’s (says Hobbes) I must look into myself, and consider what I do, and on what grounds; when I think, fear, hope; thus I shall know what are the thoughts and passions of other men upon the like occasions.” Again, “Men may read one another if they will take the pains, and that by *nosce teipsum*.” There are two modes of arguing analogically to the principles of actions; one founded upon psychology, the other upon a guess from the action to the motive. It is the province of art to correct the uncertainty of experience by the certainty of laws; the first mode is as superior to the last as the stability of art to the instability of a random sagacity. It was this method which laid the premises of morality deep and strong; and overthrew, ultimately, every conclusion which Hobbes had drawn from it.

We can not proceed further upon this track. An attempt to crowd other theories into our narrow limits could only produce confusion. For, in this science, theory presses upon theory, as wave shoulders wave. The student at first appears to himself to be walking in a dream-land, tenanted with incongruous shapes, and haunted by discordant voices. “Boniform faculty,” “moral sense,” “moral approving and disapproving faculty,” “principle of reflection,” are the watchwords of one side; “utility,” “consequences of actions,” “transference of approval from end to means,” “greatest happiness principle,” are the watchwords of the other. The laced ruffles and the peach-colored breeches of the infidel Shaftesbury combine in some strange way to make up one figure with the shovel-hat and broad-bottomed wig of good Bishop Butler; the pale face, lit up with a sacred glow, as the chant swells through the aisles of Durham, seems inexplicably to look on us from the pages of the fashionable author of “the Characteristics” and “the Miscellanies,”

“Justly vain
Of the nice conduct of a clouded cane.”

The shrewd, earthly brow of canny David Hume hangs over the visionary eye of Berkeley, gazing by faith into the in-

visible; like Mr. Scadder in Martin Chuzzlewit, who has two sides to his face—one good, the other villainous in the extreme. Jeremy Bentham, accompanying the Hon. Miss Pratt on the violin in the splendid drawing-room of Bowood, goes masquerading in Dr. Parley’s academic gown. Or we may illustrate the first feelings of the moral student by a comparison. We have read of a beautiful old experiment, the Palingenesis. There is placed before the eyes a vase of transparent crystal, which appears to contain nothing but water, with a sediment of ashes. But, upon the application of heat, the particles of the ashes move in wavy lines of the most delicate tints, until the idea of a perfect flower is produced—a fairy creation, which, when the heat is withdrawn, collapses as quickly as it has blossomed. Something in this way the successive theories of virtue and duty seem to the student to be but the ingenious playthings of superior intellects—which have no substantial shapes and no permanent colors—which are excited by the warm touch of genius, and, when that is removed, subside into a worthless sediment.

Yet even what we have now written may give the student a hint for arrangement. Take Hobbes’ lanthorn in hand; we mean not his odious conclusions, but his principle that all questions of the kind resolve themselves into one of psychological fact. Indeed the science of morals (so far as it excludes the consideration of the Divine Will and of Revelation) might more properly be termed, “moral psychology.” We may develope the doctrine of Grotius into the conclusion that there are “passions or appetites, whose primary use and intention is the good of society.” We may improve and expand Sanderson’s statement of conscience by the help of Butler and of Whewell. We may describe moralists by this. The one school declares that right and wrong are positive qualities, discernible by a peculiar faculty; that without such a faculty we could no more create the idea of moral good or evil, than we could create a particle of matter. The other school denies this, and makes the distinction between right and wrong to lie, not in the acts themselves, but their consequences, according as they finally lead to a greater amount of happiness or misery, pleasure or pain.

V. From the earlier literature of mo-

ality, we hasten on to its general practical results.

We have little sympathy with that spirit which is perpetually asking, "Of what use are such and such studies?" Subtleties which do not improve the breed of bullocks or the growth of turnips, which do not teach us how the "ox tallows in the cawl or on the kidneys," often rub off the rust of ignorance from the mind, and sharpen it for battle which we have all to wage. The Soldan, who could cut with his Damascan blade the cushion that he threw into the air, might seem to be wasting good cloth and precious time in practicing such a feat; but we suspect that the spectator of his dexterity felt that Saladin, in learning to cleave a cushion, had learned to cleave a helmet, with a head in it. Morality has had its results upon character and domestic virtue. Take two ladies, Madame Dudeffand and Lady Mary Wortley Montague. The Frenchwoman writes of Helvetius, who resolved all the determining motives of our actions into selfishness: "The success of his book is not surprising; he is the man who has told the secret of the world." Lady Mary writes to a great lady at home of some curious practices in the high society of Vienna—"Thus you see that gallantry and good breeding are as different in different climates as morality and religion." Her ladyship may have been the most charming of women; her smile may have been the sunshine of the saloon; her dress may have been the envy of the ladies; her conversation may have been a salient fountain. To have met her

"With champagne and a chicken, at last,
Whene'er the long hours of the public are
past,"

may have been the most delightful of rendezvous; to have sat by her side at Vauxhall, while she dressed a chicken's wing with cream upon a china-plate, may have been a very feast of reason. But remember those few words which have slipped so glibly from her pen. Let us ask whether this smart lady, with the hoof of Hobbes thrust into her satin slipper, is the sort of person who would teach her sons a masculine morality, or pour her daughters into the mold of Christianity? We ask, whether an age when such sentiments were received as

morality must not have been an age of selfishness, dead to virtue and to God?

In the revolutions of society, the speculations of moralists are ever playing an active part. Education and religious instruction, it must fairly be owned, owe more to the moralists than to the theologians of England. The question of excuses for crime, of the reformation of criminals, indeed the whole of criminal jurisprudence, *abuts* upon morality. Theology is always deriving important contributions from moral philosophy. It assists us in rightly limiting the doctrine of human corruption. We wish that every clergyman had in his hands that manly and noble sermon on the "Connection between Morality and Religion," in which Bishop Fitzgerald turns his favorite study to such admirable account. It enables us to hold the balance with an even hand between the attributes of God and the attributes of man, and saves us from fatalism. We believe that many persons have been lured over to Rome by a want of knowledge of moral philosophy. There is, to ardent minds, an appearance of superior piety in a view which pervades many devotional writers of the Church of Rome, which, under the guise of "adaptations," has been largely circulated among ourselves. It is asserted that all natural affections must be crushed, and even annihilated—a view which resolves itself into that of Hobbes, that they are *selfish*. Gibbon, in his fifteenth chapter, resolves all our mental desires into two—the desire of pleasure and the desire of action; and he argues that Christianity is false, because it promotes neither one nor the other. The moral student is not likely to be shaken by this mutilated analysis. The speculations of moralists, even more than the lessons of theologians, have taught us to disentangle the positive from the moral, the Jewish from the universal, in the Old Testament. Take the simple question of the lawfulness of receiving interest. In Mohammedan nations usury is utterly forbidden, on the foot of the Mosaic law. In England, Dr. Henry Hammond, in his *Practical Catechism*, mentions it as a matter of doubt in his day, though he decides in favor of taking it, with his usual sound sense. Bacon, whose prejudices were against the lawfulness of receiving interest, assigned the strange reason that it was a breach of the Sabbath, inasmuch as the interest ran on during that day equally. Moral philo-

sophers were the first to draw the line here. No one now scruples to take moderate interest for his money. But had this not been so, Christianity would have come into collision with the march of progress; it would have strangled commerce, or commerce would have been alienated from it. Sismondi remarks that one great cause of the inferiority of Southern to Northern Europe, arises from the fact, that the laws, based on a mistaken scruple, prevent lending on interest. The capital of persons not in business is thus lost to productive purposes; interest is limited to the capital of the undertaker. Hence exorbitant interest by subterfuge. In Mussulman countries, lenders are Americans, Hindoos, or Jews. A character like Shylock in the Merchant of Venice is the natural result of this prejudice; and the reader will recollect how hard Shylock is pressed for Scriptural precedent, and how he is driven to admit that taking interest is not "directly" sanctioned. In truth, the grandest practical applications in this, as in other sciences, have always followed from theories pursued with a simple love of truth. More than two thousand years ago, the rough sailor of the Mediterranean would have brushed by the Greek mathematician, tracing his figures upon the sand. He would have smiled contemptuously had he been told that these speculations of the absent and abstracted philosopher would enable the seaman to traverse an ocean darker and drearier than his own "wine-dark and harvestless sea;" to hear the barking of the waves in the starless midnight, and feel that he was comparatively safe from their fury. Let the moral, not less than the mathematical student, follow truth for what she is, not for what she gives — for her beauty, not for her dower; let him be, as Aristotle says of the mathematician, "a spectator of truth;" and he will find her no niggard mistress.

VI. Morality, we would further remark, in proportion as it is more thoroughly understood, is ever increasing the evidence of Christianity, ever exhibiting new depths of moral beauty in the character of our Lord, which could not have been the invention of those simple, earnest men who wrote the Gospels. Few men have ever read the masterpiece of ancient ethics without feeling how its finest strokes of moral delineation live and glow in the character of our Lord. Thus many of the

philosophers of old, had they been called upon to portray a faultless man, would have represented a cold, impassive being. Their map of human nature would have wanted the boldly colored lines of anger and desire. Humanity, in their representation, would have been a tree of majestic girth indeed, but without the beautiful leaves of love and sorrow; a sea without the noble swell of moral indignation. Contrast with this school the immortal words of Aristotle: "The emotional part of our nature is not less purely human than the natural." "It is morally right to be angry at some things, to desire some things." "There are things which it is right and honorable to fear, such as dishonor." And then read of One who bowed in anguish beneath the sunlit olives of Gethsemane; who "looked round about Him with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts;" of whose "human resentment, and quick sense of disgrace, may we not," asks Barrow, "observe a touch in that expostulation: 'Be ye come out as against a thief, with swords and staves?'"

In truth, it is our deep conviction that moral philosophy points us both to the *character* and to the *work* of our Saviour. It seems to us that moralists in general have been much too feeble in their assertions of this. Let us weakly, but reverently, make our attempt.

Moral philosophy, we say, points to the character of the sinless man. The statue may be beautiful; but it is cold and hard compared with the idea of perfect loveliness that hung invisibly before the sculptor's spirit. The chisel is not fine enough to cut the breath of his thought, nor the marble pliant enough to express that delicate vision. The poem may be beautiful; but its lines are "monotony in wire" compared with the music of thought of which it is the echo. The sculptor could not make his statue, nor the poet his song, correspond with his ideal, in that his genius is weak in its materials, in the marble and human language. And even so the moral law, as it is written on the page of the moralist, is the expression of that moral nature which is itself the feeble image of the moral attributes of its Creator. But when it comes to do its work, the most excellent human character is but a coarse draft of that ideal virtue. Like God's other law, it can not do it, because it is weak through the flesh. Surely the

moralist should point oftener to that one perfect moral character, in which the ideal and the actual exactly coincide.

Again. The life and death of our Lord embody the truest solution to the chief difficulty, as to the moral character of the government under which we are placed. True; our moral nature is a proof—perhaps the only irresistible proof—of the moral character of God. The author of a moral nature can not be immoral; the imposer of a law of righteousness, which is about our paths and about our beds, can not be unrighteous. Prove with Kant that “the physico-theological proof,” the argument from designer to design, which is practically so potent, is yet theoretically invalid. Let it be granted that there is a flaw in the analogy—that intelligent designers with whom we are acquainted are not *creators* of the non-existent, but *molders* of the existent, so that the element of *creation* is totally wanting to the comparison—that finite mundane phenomena can never give the infinite. Go further. Reduce the universe around us to a chaos of confusion. Untune the laws which entwine the whole fabric of matter with their net-work. Let an ocean of darkness roll over every indication of design. We can yet stand upon that dreary shore; yet lift up our eyes to that starless heaven; yet exclaim in faith, “There is an architect of our nature. There is a God whose law is virtue, and who is therefore holy, and just, and good.”

Morality supplies this proof. But still a difficulty occurs. The material order of things seems to override the moral. Not only is there more suffering than happiness in this life, but suffering fastens upon virtue, which is yet, if our proof be valid, well pleasing to God. We are not yet in a position to insist upon another state of existence, where the ways of God to man shall be justified.

The nature of virtue seems to supply us with solid footing in this shaking quagmire. Under what climate does virtue put forth her rarest blossoms? Is she a tender exotic which can only be reared in the hothouse? Or, is she like the Alpine rose of the Andes? The blasts from the region of perpetual snow only add grace to her form; the chill breath that mingles with the vapors which float warmly over the forest only adds a richer purple to the zone of blossoms that girdles the spiry peak. If that graceful flower be dearer

in the eyes of the Spirit of the mountain than all the wilderness of beetling crags, and all the clouds of sombre forest, shall we deem it strange that He unlooses His storms, and scatters His frosts like ashes? The illustration explains itself. If virtue be dearest to God, and if virtue require suffering and trial, we have a Theodicea lying to our hands. Take away suffering, and there is no more resignation, “the greater part of piety”—no more of the painful virtues—no more patience—no more of the heroism of endurance. The musical glass of our moral nature must be wetted with tears before it sends forth its finest tones. The willow must be shaken with the wind, before its leaves glitter like plumes of silver.

Let this argument of the moral philosopher—it has been traced by M. Cousin—find its confirmation in the Man of sorrows. The title of the King who rode upon the ass, as proclaimed by the style of His herald, the prophet, is that He is *πραῦς*, meek. (The word of contempt of the heathen, who could only appreciate military virtue, and who detested the quality as unsoldierly; so that the beautiful title of our Redeemer comes to us under the odious disguise of *depravity*.) Round the august person of the model of humanity there hang the very outward symbols of those sublime virtues—resignation, meekness, patience, moral heroism—in the cross, the nails, the spear, the sponge dipped in the bitter gall of the tears of our suffering nature.*

The morality of conscience, as traced by a Christian, should point even beyond the Saviour's character to His work; for, mark this: “Transgression,” says Dr. Whewell, “reverses rather than undoes moral progress.” Conscience in itself, conscience as such, never forgives. Lay the ear of your soul to your beating heart. Listen to the sea that is for ever tumbling on the shores of memory. Listen to the winds that are for ever rustling in the leaves of the garden of your spirit, while you strive to hide yourself from the presence of God. What are those voices say-

* Isaac Barrow, in one of his finest sermons, writes: “It is a passable notion among the most eminent pagan sages, that no exemplary virtue can well appear otherwise than in misfortune.” Then, after quoting the famous passage from Plato's Republic, in which the just man is said to be “impaled,” and some fine sentences from Seneca, he applies this to Christ.—Sermon 31.

ing? What is the burden that goes forth upon that stormy ocean? What is the whisper that is multiplied among those myriad leaves? It is not only Fagan in his condemned cell—it is not only William Palmer, for all his wretched bravery, shrinking and cowering in the loneliness of the night. We too, perhaps, know something of an accusing conscience. We, too, have heard the voices that are telling over the stories of our past life, and which, unless they are silenced, will tell them on for ever. Butler never wrote more truly than when he termed “the efficacy of repentance,” one of the revelations which Christianity has made, over and above natural religion. We have said that conscience never pardons. Nay, the more you instruct her, the severer she grows, the less she can pardon. Conscience says: “You have stained your robe of innocence, and stained it must be ever. The hosts of the redeemed are round the throne, in their vesture whiter than the lily; and all sinless spirits are swelling the anthem of His praises. But in all their shining ranks there is no room for one like you in filthy raiment; a discord would pass across all the music of heaven, if a sinner’s hand struck the harp of God, and a sinner’s foot stood on the sea of glass.” It is not conscience which promises, “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.” Conscience says: “There is a city far away. There are gathered all the children of God in one glorious company. They walk on the golden streets. They are safe within the gates of pearl, engirdled by the jasper battlements. They

hold high communion with others like themselves. They turn their hearts to God, as plants turn to light, and drink in the sunbeam of His presence. Desire has passed away, and love is united to its object for ever.” But conscience also sees this legend over every gate. “There shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth.” Conscience says: “There is such a thing as friendship with God. There are those to whom the snowdrop of the spring is a token of a father’s affection, and to whom the sunset is burning with manifestations of paternal Deity. But you are like a prodigal, wandering in a far land — like a harlot walking through the streets and weeping, as if her heart would break, when the gas-light falls upon some poor token of her former innocence.”

And then, it is not conscience which finishes the parable of the Prodigal—which tells us of the haggard and outcast Magdalen, folded in the everlasting arm, hushed on the everlasting heart, comforted as one whom her mother comforteth, when she parts the outcast’s hair with her thin hands, and drops down tears upon her poor, sullied face. As conscience is more completely educated by moral philosophy—as her chemistry grows more subtle, and her tests more refined—as she realizes more fully the consequences of transgression—as she gazes helplessly up into the great abyss between her and the purity of God—she longs for a ladder from earth to heaven. The work of moral philosophy is over when conscience takes to her wings like a dove, and lights at last upon the cross.

H O W C H I N A I S P E O P L E D .

LETTER FROM SIR JOHN BOWRING, JULY, 1857.

THERE has been no official census taken since the time of Kia King, forty-three years ago. Much doubt has been thrown upon the accuracy of these returns, which gave 362,447,183 as the total number of

the inhabitants of China. I think our greater knowledge of the country increases the evidence in favor of the approximate correctness of the official document, and that we may with tolerable safety

estimate the present population of the Chinese empire as between 350,000,000 and 400,000,000 of human beings. The penal laws of China make provision for a general system of registration; and corporal punishments, generally amounting to 100 blows of the bamboo, are to be inflicted on those who neglect to make the proper returns. The machinery is confided to the elders of the district, and the census is required to be annually taken; but I have no reason to believe that the law is obeyed, or the neglect of it punished.

In the English translation of Father Alvares Semedo's *History of China*, published in London, A.D. 1655, is the following passage:

"This kingdom is so exceedingly populous, that, having lived there twenty-two years, I was in no less amazement at my coming away than in the beginning at the multitude of the people. Certainly the truth exceedeth all hyperboles; not only in the cities, towns, and public places, but also in the high-way, there is as great a concourse as is usual in Europe on some great festival. And if we will refer ourselves to the general register-book wherein only the common men are enrolled, leaving out women, children, eunuchs, professors of letters and arms, there are reckoned of them to be fifty-eight millions, fifty-five thousand, one hundred, and four score."

The minuteness of the enumeration would seem to show that the father quoted some official document.

I forward herewith two tabular statements which I have copied from Dr. Williams's *Middle Kingdom*, one of the best books on China. The first, (No. 1,) gives a list of the various estimates, from A.D. 1393 to 1812, with the authorities quoted. The second is a re-arranged statement of censuses taken at different periods, (No. 2.)

As there are few men in China more diligent or better instructed than Dr. Williams, I thought it desirable to communicate with him in order to ascertain his present views as to the credit which may properly be attached to the official statistics of China. I send a copy of his letter, (No. 3.)

I do not know that there is any safer course than to reason from details to generals, from the known to the unknown; and I have taken every opportunity which my intercourse with the Chinese has afforded me, to obtain, if not correct, at least approximate information as to the

true statistics of the country. It may be affirmed without any hesitation that, as regards the Five Ports and the adjacent districts, to which we have access, the population is so numerous as to furnish arguments that the number of inhabitants of the entire empire is very much greater than is represented by the official returns. These localities can not be taken as fair averages; for, naturally enough, increased commercial activity has brought with it a flow of new settlers, and there can be no doubt that some of the ancient seats of commerce have lost much of their population in losing their trade; but whether all the causes of decline in particular spots have much counteracted the fecundity of the Chinese races, considered as a whole, may well be questioned.

Some years ago, I had an opportunity of discussing the subject of Chinese population with the Mandarin at Ningpo, who was charged with making the returns from that district. Ningpo can scarcely be called a progressive place—it is decidedly the least so of the five treaty ports; but I found, generally speaking, that the real returns were considerably in excess of the official estimates.

And I would remark that, in taking the eighteen provinces of China at 1,348,870 square miles, the census of 1812 would give 268 persons to a square mile, which is considerably less than the population of the densely-peopled countries of Europe.

According to ancient usage, the population in China is grouped under four heads—1, Scholars; 2, Husbandmen; 3, Mechanics; 4, Merchants. There is a numerous class who are considered as social outcasts, such as stage-players, professional gamblers, beggars, convicts, outlaws, and others; and these probably form no part of the population returns. In the more remote rural districts, on the other hand, the returning officer most probably contents himself with giving the average of more accessible and better peopled localities.

I have no means of obtaining any satisfactory tables to show the proportions which different ages bear to one another in China, or the average mortality at different periods of human life; yet to every decade of life the Chinese apply some special designation: the age of 10 is called "the Opening Degree;" 20, "Youth Expired;" 30, "Strength and Marriage;" 40, "Officially Apt;" 50, "Error-know-

ing;" 60, "Cycle-closing;" 70, "Rare Bird of Age;" 80, "Rusty-visaged;" 90, "Delayed;" 100, "Age's Extremity." Among the Chinese the amount of reverence grows with the number of years. I made some years ago the acquaintance of a Buddhist priest living in the convent of Tien Tung, near Ningpo, who was more than a century old, and whom people of rank were in the habit of visiting, in order to show their respect, and to obtain his autograph. He had the civility to give me a fair specimen of his handwriting. There are not only many establishments for the reception of the aged, but the penal code provides severe punishments for those who refuse to relieve the poor in their declining years. Age may also be pleaded in extenuation of crime and in mitigation of punishment. Imperial decrees sometimes order presents to be given to all indigent old people in the empire. I am not aware of any detailed statistics giving the number of such recipients since a return published in the time of Kanghi, (1657.) Kienlung (1785) directed that all those claimants whose age exceeded 60 should receive five bushels of rice and a piece of linen; those above 80, ten bushels of rice and two pieces of linen; those above 90, thirty bushels of rice and two pieces of common silk; and those above 100, fifty bushels of rice and two pieces—one of fine, and one of common silk. He ordered all the elders to be enumerated who were at the head of five generations, of whom there was 192, and, "in gratitude to heaven," summoned 3000 of the oldest men of the empire to receive imperial presents, which consisted principally of embroidered purses, and badges bearing the character *shou*, meaning "longevity."

The Kanghi tables show the number of those who enjoyed the benefit of the edict; but as the returns bear no proportion to the general population of the country, or to the relative extent of the various provinces, many fortuitous and local circumstances must have caused the obvious incongruities. For example, in the adjacent provinces of Kwangtung and Kwangse, in which the whole mass of population is in the proportion of two to one, the recipients are as 46 to 1; and as regards age, while the proportion of those above 80 is represented at 19 to 1, those above 90 are only a little more than 5 to 1. In all these matters the greater or less coöpera-

tion of the local authorities is one of the most important elements in producing a result. Kwangse is extremely mountainous, and bordered on the north-west by the country of the Meaou-tsz, or aborigines, the districts adjoining which are but in a half-reclaimed state, and governed by officers of a character and denomination distinct from those of the provinces. But it is inexplicable that the province of Pechile, in which Peking is situated, should exhibit but a small proportional return, especially as compared with the adjacent province of Shantung. Hookwang, with a population of 26,250,000, has 37,354 indigent persons above 70, while Szechuen, the population of which is 21,500,000, presents only 176 persons in that category.

I think there is abundant evidence of redundant population pressing more and more heavily upon, and suffering more and more severely from an inadequate supply of food. Though there are periods when extraordinary harvests enable the Chinese to transport rice, the principal food of the people, from one province to another, and sometimes even to foreign countries, yet of late the importations from foreign countries have been enormous, and China has drawn largely on the Straits, the Philippines, Siam, and other places, to fill up a vast deficiency in supply. Famine has, notwithstanding, committed dreadful ravages, and the provisions of the Imperial granaries have been wholly inadequate to provide for the public wants. It is true that cultivation has been greatly interfered with by intestinal disorders, and that there has been much destruction by inundations, incendiarism, and other accidental or transitory causes; but without reference to these, I am disposed to believe that there is a greater increase in the numbers of the population than in the home production of food for their use. It must be remembered, too, that while the race is thus augmenting, the causes which lead to the destruction of food—such as the overflow of rivers, fires, ravages of locusts, bad seasons, and other calamities—are to a great extent beyond the control of human prudence or human exertion. It would be difficult to show what new element could be introduced which would raise up the native supply of food beyond its present productiveness, considering that hand husbandry has given to cultivation more of a horticultural than an agricultural character.

The constant flow of emigration from China, contrasted with the complete absence of emigration into China, is striking evidence of the redundancy of the population; for though that emigration is almost wholly confined to two provinces, namely, Kwangtung and Fookien, representing together a population of probably from 34,000,000 to 35,000,000, I am disposed to think that a number nearer 3,000,000 than 2,000,000, from these provinces alone, are located in foreign countries. In the kingdom of Siam it is estimated that there are at least 1,500,000 Chinese, of which 200,000 are in the capital (Bangkok.) They crowd all the islands of the Indian Archipelago. In Java, we know by a correct census there are 136,000. Cochin China teems with Chinese. In this colony we are seldom without one, two, or three vessels taking Chinese emigrants to California and other places. Multitudes go to Australia, to the Philippines, to the Sandwich Islands, to the western coast of Central and Southern America; some have made their way to British India. The emigration to the British West Indies has been considerable—to the Havannah greater still. The annual arrivals at Singapore are estimated at an average of 10,000, and 2000 is the number that are said annually to return to China.

There is not only this enormous maritime emigration, but a considerable inland efflux of Chinese toward Mantchouria and Thibet; and it may be added, that the large and fertile islands of Formosa and Hainan have been, to a great extent, won from the aborigines by successive inroads of Chinese settlers. Now, these are all males; there is not a woman to 10,000 men; hence, perhaps, the small social value of the female infant. Yet this perpetual outflowing of people seems in no respect to diminish the number of those who are left behind. Few Chinese men leave their country without a fixed purpose to return to worship in the ancestral hall—to bring sacrifices to the tombs of their fathers; but it may be doubted if one in ten revisits his native land. The loss of life from disease, from bad arrangements, from shipwreck, and other casualties, amounts to a frightful percentage on those who emigrate.

The multitudes of persons who live by the fisheries in China afford evidence not only that the land is cultivated to the

greatest possible extent, but that it is insufficient to supply the necessities of the overflowing population; for agriculture is held in high honor in China, and the husbandman stands next in rank to the sage or literary man in the social hierarchy. It has been supposed that nearly a tenth of the population derive their means of support from fisheries. Hundreds and thousands of boats crowd the whole coast of China—sometimes acting in communities, sometimes independent and isolated. There is no species of craft by which a fish can be inveigled which is not practiced with success in China—every variety of net, from vast seines, embracing miles, to the smallest handfilet in the care of a child. Fishing by night and fishing by day—fishing by moonlight, by torchlight, and in utter darkness—fishing in boats of all sizes—fishing by those who are stationary on the rock by the sea-side, and by those who are absent for weeks on the wildest of seas—fishing by cormorants—fishing by divers, fishing with lines, with baskets—by every imaginable decoy and device. There is no river which is not staked to assist the fisherman in his craft. There is no lake, no pond, which is not crowded with fish. A piece of water is nearly as valuable as field of fertile land. At daybreak every city is crowded with sellers of live fish, who carry their commodity in buckets of water, saving all they do not sell to be returned to the pond, or kept for another day's service. And the lakes and ponds of China not only supply large provisions of fish—they produce considerable quantities of edible roots and seeds, which are largely consumed by the people. Among these the esculent arum, the water chestnut, (*scirpus tuberosus*), and the lotus (*nelumbium*) are the most remarkable.

The enormous river population of China, who live only in boats, who are born and educated, who marry, rear their families, and die—who, in a word, begin and end their existence on the water, and never have or dream of any shelter other than the roof, and who seldom tread except on the deck or boards, of their sampans—show to what extent the land is crowded, and how inadequate it is to maintain the cumberers of the soil. In the city of Canton alone it is estimated that 300,000 persons dwell upon the surface of the river; the boats, sometimes 20 or 30 deep, cover some miles, and have their

wants supplied by ambulatory salesmen, who vend their way through every accessible passage. Of this vast population, some dwell in decorated river boats used for every purpose of license and festivity—for theaters—for concerts—for feasts—for gambling—for lust—for solitary and social recreations; some crafts are employed in conveying goods and passengers, and are in a state of constant activity; others are moored, and their owners are engaged as servants or laborers on shore. Indeed, their pursuits are probably nearly as various as those of the land population. The immense variety of boats which are found in Chinese waters has never been adequately described. Some are of enormous size, and are used as magazines for salt or rice—others have all domestic accommodations, and are employed for the transfer of whole families, with all their domestic attendants and accommodations, from one place to another—some called *centipedes*, from their being supposed to have 100 rowers, convey with extraordinary rapidity the more valuable cargoes from the inner warehouses to the foreign shipping in the ports—all these, from the huge and cumbrous junks—which remind one of Noah's ark, and which represent the rude and coarse constructions of the remotest ages—to the fragile planks upon which a solitary leper hangs upon the outskirts of society—boats of every form and applied to every purpose—exhibit an incalculable amount of population, which may be called amphibious, if not aquatic.

Not only are land and water crowded with Chinese, but many dwell on artificial islands which float upon the lakes—lands with gardens and houses raised upon the rafters which the occupiers have bound together, and on which they cultivate what is needful for the supply of life's daily wants. They have their poultry and their vegetables for us their flowers and their scrolls for ornament, their household gods for protection and worship.

In all parts of China to which we have access we find not only that every foot of ground is cultivated which is capable of producing any thing, but that, from the value of land and the surplus of labor, cultivation is rather that of gardeners than of husbandmen. The sides of hills, in their natural declivity often unavailable, are, by a succession of artificial terraces, turned to profitable account. Every

little bit of soil, though it be only a few feet in length and breadth, is turned to account; and not only is the surface of the land thus cared for, but every device is employed for the gathering together of every article that can serve for manure. Scavengers are constantly clearing the streets of the stercoraceous filth; the cloacæ are farmed by speculators in human ordures; the most populous places are often made offensive by the means taken to prevent the precious deposits from being lost. The fields in China have almost always large earthenware vessels for the reception of the contributions of the peasant or the traveler. You can not enter any of their great cities without meeting multitudes of men, women, and children conveying liquid manure into the fields and gardens around. The stimulants to production are applied with most untiring industry. In this colony of Hongkong, I scarcely ever ride out without finding some little bit of ground either newly cultivated or clearing for cultivation.

Attention to the soil—not only to make it productive, but as much productive as possible—is inculcated as a political and social duty. One of the most admired sages of China (Young-chin) says: "Let there be no uncultivated spot in the country—no unemployed person in the city; and the fourth maxim of the sacred edict of Kang-hi, which is required to be read through the empire on the 1st and 15th day of every moon, in the presence of all the officers of State, is to the following effect: 'Let husbandry occupy the principal place, and the culture of the mulberry-tree, so that there may be sufficient supply of food and clothing.' Shin Nung, the name of one of the most ancient and honored of the Chinese Emperors, means 'the Divine Husbandman.'"

The arts of draining and irrigating—of preserving, preparing, and applying manure in a great variety of shapes, of fertilizing seeds, indeed, all the details of Chinese agriculture, are well deserving of note, and all display evidence of the inadequate proportion which the produce of the soil bears to the demands for the consumption of the people.*

The Chinese, again, have no prejudice whatever as regards food; they eat any thing and every thing from which they

* See a valuable paper in Chinese Agriculture in the "Chinese Repository," vol. 3: pp. 121, 127.

can derive nutrition. Dogs, especially puppies, are habitually sold for food; and I have seen in the butchers' shops, large dogs skinned and hanging with their viscera by the side of pigs and goats. Even to rats and mice the Chinese have no objection—neither to the flesh of monkeys and snakes; the sea-slug is an aristocratical and costly delicacy which is never wanting, any more than the edible birds' nests, at a feast where honor is intended to be done to the guests. Unhatched ducks and chickens are a favorite dish. Nor do the early stages of putrefaction create any disgust; rotten eggs are by no means condemned to perdition; fish is the more acceptable when it has a strong fragrance and flavor to give more gusto to the rice.

As the food the Chinese eat is for the most part hard, coarse, and of little cost, so their beverages are singularly economical. Drunkenness is a rare vice in China, and fermented spirits or strong drinks are seldom used. Tea may be said to be the national, the universal beverage; and though that employed by the multitude does not cost more than from 3d. to 6d. per pound, an infusion of less costly leaves is commonly employed, especially in localities remote from the tea districts. Both in eating and drinking the Chinese are temperate, and are satisfied with two daily meals—"the morning rice" about 10 A.M., and "the evening rice" at 5 P. M. The only repugnance I have observed in China is to the use of milk—an extraordinary prejudice, especially considering the Tartar influences which have been long dominant in the land; but I never saw or heard of butter, cream, milk, or whey, being introduced at any native Chinese table.

While so many elements of vitality are in a state of activity for the reproduction and sustenance of the human race, there is probably no part of the world in which the harvests of mortality are more sweeping and destructive than in China, producing voids which require no ordinary appliances to fill up. Multitudes perish absolutely from want of the means of existence—inundations destroy towns and villages and all their inhabitants; it would not be easy to calculate the loss of life by the typhoons or hurricanes which visit the coasts of China, in which boats and junks are sometimes sacrificed by hundreds and by thousands. The late civil wars

in China must have led to the loss of millions of lives. The sacrifices of human beings by executions alone are frightful. At the moment at which I write it is believed that from 400 to 500 victims fall daily by the hands of the headsmen in the province of Kwangtung alone. Reverence for life there is none, as life exists in superfluous abundance. A dead body is an object of so little concern that it is sometimes not thought worth while to remove it from the spot, where it putrefies on the surface of the earth. Often have I seen a corpse under the table of gamblers; often have I trod over a putrid body at the threshold of a door. In many parts of China there are towers of brick or stone where toothless—principally female—children are thrown by their parents into a hole made in the side of the wall. There are various opinions as to the extent of infanticide in China, but that it is a common practice in many provinces admits of no doubt. One of the most eloquent Chinese writers against infanticide, Kwei Chung Fu, professes to have been especially inspired by "the god of literature" to call upon the Chinese people to refrain from the inhuman practice, and declares, that "the god" had filled his house with honors, and given him literary descendants as the recompense for his exertions. Yet his denunciations scarcely go further than to pronounce it wicked in those to destroy their female children who have the means of bringing them up; and some of his arguments are strange enough: "To destroy daughters," he says, "is to make war upon Heaven's harmony" in the equal number of the sexes; "the more daughters you drown, the more daughters you will have; and never was it known that the drowning of daughters led to the birth of sons." He recommends abandoning children to their fate "on the wayside" as preferable to drowning them, and then says: "There are instances of children so exposed having been nursed and reared by tigers." "Where should we have been," he asks, "if our grandmothers had been drowned in their infancy?" And he quotes two instances of the punishment of mothers who had destroyed their infants, one of whom had a blood-red serpent fastened to her thigh, and the other her four extremities turned into cow's feet!* Father Ripa

* Doubt has been sometimes expressed as to the

mentions, that of abandoned children the Jesuits baptized, in Peking alone, not less than 3000 yearly. I have seen ponds which are the habitual receptacle of female infants, whose bodies lie floating about on their surface.

It is by no means unusual to carry persons in a state of exhaustion a little distance from the cities, to give them a pot of rice, and to leave them to perish of starvation when the little store is exhausted. Life and death in China, beyond any other region, seems in a state of perpetual activity. The habits of the people, their traditions, the teachings of the sages—all give a wonderful impulse to the procreative affections. A childless person is deemed an unhappy, not to say a degraded man. The Chinese moralists set it down as a law, that if a wife give no children to her husband, she is bound by every duty to encourage and to patronize a concubine, through whom his name may be preserved, and provision made that when he leaves the world honors will be

practice of infanticide in China on any great scale; but abundance of evidence of the extent of the usage may be found in Chinese books. The following is a translation of a decree of the Emperor Kanghi, entitled:

"Edict prohibiting the drowning of Children.—When a mother mercilessly plunges beneath the water the tender offspring to which she has given birth, can it be said that it owes its life to her who thus takes away what it has just begun to enjoy. The poverty of the parents is the cause of this wrong-doing; they have difficulty in earning subsistence for themselves, still less can they pay nurses, and undertake all the necessary expenses for their children. Thus driven to despair, and unwilling to cause the death of two persons to preserve the life of one, it comes to pass that a mother, to save her husband's life, consents to destroy her children. Their natural tenderness suffers; but they at length determine to take this part, thinking themselves at liberty to dispose of the life of their children, in order to prolong their own. If they exposed these children in some unfrequented spot their cries would move the hearts of the parents. What, then, do they? They cast the unfortunate babe into the current of a river, that they may at once lose sight of it, and in an instant deprive it of life. You have given me the name of Father of the People. Though I can not feel for these infants the tenderness of the parents to whom they owe their being, I can not refrain from declaring to you with the most painful feelings that I absolutely forbid such homicides. The tiger, says one of our books, though it be a tiger, does not rend its own young; toward them it has a feeling breast, and continually cares for them. Poor as you may be, is it possible that you should become the murderers of your own children? It is to show yourselves more unnatural than the very beasts of prey."—*Lettres Edifiantes*, vol. 19: pp. 101, 2.

done to his manes. One of the most popular of Chinese writers says: "There are in the world wives who, never having borne boys, nor nourished girls even when the husband had reached the age of forty, prohibit his bringing home a concubine or entertaining a hand-maid for the purpose of continuing his posterity—they look upon such a person with jealous hatred and malignant ill-will. Alas! do you not know how fleet is time? Stretch as you may your months and your years, they fly like arrows; and when your husband's animal spirits and vigorous blood shall be exhausted—then, indeed, he can never beget children, and you, his wife, will have stopped the ancestral sacrifices, and you will have cut off his generation—repentance, though you may exhibit it in a hundred ways, will indeed come too late—his mortal body will die—his property, which you, husband and wife, have sought to keep together, will not descend to his children, but be fought for by multitudes of kindred and relations; and you will have injured not one person—not your husband only—but even yourself; for who shall take charge of your coffin and your tomb? Who shall bury you or offer sacrifices? Alas! your orphaned spirit shall pass nights in tears. It is sorrowful to think of. There are some wives who do control their jealousies, and allow their husbands to take concubines to themselves; but they do so (ungenerously) as if they were drinking vinegar, and eating acids—they beat Betty by way of scolding Belinda*—there is no peace in the inner house. But I beseech you to act as a prudent and virtuous woman. If you have no children, provide with openness and honesty a concubine† for your husband. If she bear him children, to you he will owe that the arteries and veins of his ancestral line are continued; his children will honor you as your mother, and will not this comfort you? Give not way to the malignant jealousy of a wicked woman! Prepare not a bitterness which you yourself must swallow."‡

Generally, however, the wife willingly coincides with the husband in introducing into the household any number of concubines whom he is able to maintain, since

* Chang for Lee, that is, they punish the concubine's servants to be revenged on the concubine.

† Genesis 30: 1-13.

‡ From the Perfect Collection of Household Gems.

she exercises over them an undoubted authority, and the child of a concubine is bound to pay higher respect to the first wife than to its own mother. The Chinese illustrate all the domestic relations by imagery, and are wont to say, that as the husband is the sun, and the wife the moon, so the concubines are the planets and stars of the domestic firmament.

And it has been often truly observed that, though the Chinese may be called sensualists, there is no deification of the grosser sensualities such as is found in the classical pantheons, and in many of the oriental forms of faith. Tales of the amours of their gods and heroes seldom figure in their historical books or traditional legends. The dresses and external habits of the women in China are invariably modest; and, on the whole, the social arrangements must be considered friendly to an augmentation of the human race. The domestic affections are strong. Parents are generally fond and proud of their children, and children obedient to their parents. Order is, indeed, the first law of Confucius—authority and submission the apex and basis of the social pyramid.

The sentiment of dishonor attached to the extinction of a race by the want of descendants through whom the whole line of reverential services (which some have called religious worship) rendered to ancestors is to be perpetual is by no means confined to the privileged classes in China. One of our female servants—a nominal Christian—expressed her earnest desire that her husband should have another wife in her absence, and seemed quite surprised that any one should suppose such an arrangement to be in any respect improper.

The marriage of children is one of the great concern of families. Scarcely is a child born in the higher ranks of life ere the question of its future espousal becomes a frequent topic of discussion. There is a large body of professional match-makers, whose business it is to put all the prelimin-

ary arrangements in train, to settle questions of dowry, to accommodate differences, to report on the pros and cons of suggested alliances. There being no hereditary honors in China—except those which reckon upward from the distinguished son to the father, the grandfather, and the whole line of ancestry, which may be ennobled by the literary or martial genius of a descendant—the distinctions of caste are unknown, and a successful student even of the lowest origin would be deemed a fit match for the most opulent and distinguished female in the community. The severe laws which prohibit marriages within certain degrees of affinity (they do not, however, interdict it with a deceased wife's sister) tend to make marriages more prolific, and to produce a healthier race of children. So strong is the objection to the marriage of blood-relations, that a man and woman of the same Sing, or family-name, can not lawfully wed.

Soldiers and sailors are in no respect prevented from marrying. I expect there is, from the number of male emigrants—from the greater loss of men by the various accidents of life, and their abstraction in many circumstances from intercourse with women—a great disproportion between the sexes, tending naturally enough to the lower appreciation of women; but correct statistics are wanting in this, as indeed in every other part of the field of inquiry.

The proportion of unmarried to married people is (as would be deduced from the foregoing observations) exceedingly small. To promote marriages seems every body's affair. Matches and betrothals naturally enough occupy the attention of the young, but not less that of the middle-aged and the old. A marriage is the great event in the life of man or woman, and in China is associated with more of preliminary negotiations, written correspondence, visitings, protocols, conventions, than in any other part of the world.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE GENIUS OF THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE Parsonage is awake to day; the breeze of the May morning is piping down the lea; the blackbird is whistling in the laurel; the bursting woods are alive with song; a thin frost is lying on the meadows; and in the East, now mounting all fresh and glorious from his bath in the southern seas, rises the great sun. But the parson is up already, and out among the airs and mysteries of the young dawn. He is not there to discover analogies for his own mental phenomena in nature, nor to expand in description, nor to see his own feelings in every thing; but he stands there bravely on his feet, to receive and to be strengthened, in the midst of the dewy lane, with the golden green of the risen buds about him; and beneath his feet the dust still compact with the damp of night, and from the mosses of the ashen stumps the violet and the primrose look on him approvingly, and above his head the big clouds are flying from the face of day in marshaled folds immense, and, in the kindling East, between the bars of dark purple and glancing gold, the dying sheen of phosphor.

He is gaining strength for the coming work—and when the poor have been encouraged, and vice rebuked, and infidelity, it may be, charmed into faith by the word of truth spoken bravely—what matter if by the gentle river he whips the evening pool, or rides boldly across a twilight country, with an eye to see the hand of God in the sheen of every trout, or with a heart to feel his fatherhood and love in the thrill of the secret of great Nature?

This is the Rev. Charles Kingsley, according to our fancy, for we know him not—a man who has the boldness to declare his opinions freely, openly, without sham, and who has, perhaps, gained the widest popularity which an English writer of his class has ever enjoyed. With the works of this man we shall detain the notice of our readers, only premising that

our object will be, not to criticise, but to get at the principles on which Mr. Kingsley writes, and those reasons for which his books were written.

As Mr. Kingsley's genius has developed itself chiefly in fiction, let us speak of it first in connection with his so-called novels.

Great has been the change in novel-writing since "Evelina" took England by surprise. Little Burney, by the quickness of her genius, her geniality, her keen perception of the oddities and contrasts of life, and her clear judgment, did not let England altogether forget the vigor of Fielding, the grace of Richardson, the keenness of Smollett, and the wit of all three. She was the echo of these men; faint, fading, but still a sharer of their spirit. But it was the last echo which we have heard. Shortly after the sound of "Evelina" failed, fiction was dragged through the depths of degradation. While the immorality of Fielding and Smollett found readers everywhere for their wit, the increasing tone of outward morality forbade that coarse and licentious writing which had been so broadly indulged in. To minister, then, to a taste for fiction, which, by losing the real painting of Fielding, had added weakness to immorality—to minister, we say, to this, there appeared novels whose plots are marvels of folly and incapacity, maudlin and miserable in conception and expression, and even more pernicious in their influence on the minds of the people than the healthy painting, however immoral, of our old English novelists. The latter, at least, were true to real life and human nature. The former were dyed deep in the dullest and falsest falsehood.

For some time this continued; but England was too innately true and brave and real in life to endure it long; and fiction would have perished, had not Mrs. Radcliffe made the first step. Mrs. Radcliffe was not a novelist of a high order, but

she was the instrument whereby English fiction was first enabled to struggle out painfully from the mire and mephitic vapor in which it had slept the sleep of apoplexy. As the thunder makes the sensualist spring up terrified, so the tales of Mrs. Radcliffe at least put the other side of human life before the abject crew. Murder, revenge, appalling scenery and scenes were, at least, strong contrasts to the effeminate wretchednesses of the former school. Dr. Moore, in "Zeluco," told to the world of England that there was such a thing as *real* jealousy. "Caleb Williams" was a powerful record of acute sensitiveness and delicacy of feeling co-existing with crime, and producing persecution and the agony of suspicion. The horrible reached its climax, we had almost said, in the "Monk," did not the romance of "Frankenstein" close the list with a story which was chaster in style and thought, and more imaginative in its terror. The extreme which these novelists went into had the effect not only of redeeming English fiction from the dregs of Sterne, and the inauties of the circulating libraries, but also produced a reaction which has been of infinite service to novel writing. In the works of Mrs. Opie—Miss Austin—we can not but recognize the shrinking of the quiet English mind from all the melo-dramatic horrors of Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe—simplicity—earnestness—quiet true love—stories remarkable for no startling incidents, but flowing gently to the end, with here and there a curve, and perhaps a dark pool beneath some shadowy rock, or a passionate little cataract.

To this advance, Miss Edgeworth added the delineation of national character, much satire, and a very cold morality.

There would seem to be some truth in the idea of Helvetius, that great men are the produce only of their predecessors, when we consider the genius of Scott. In him the horrible no longer expatiated on tempted monks or created demons, on ghostliness or ghastliness, but was turned into more legitimate channels; and the cellar of Front-de-bœuf, and the murder of Amy Robsart, not only excite our indignation and pity, but enable us to look on the movements which underlie the bare facts of the history of those times, not as lifeless learners, but as living and feeling with the actors and the actions.

The influence of the quiet gentleness of Miss Austin's novels expanded itself not

in her peculiar line—that Scott declared himself unequal to—but most characteristically in the story of "Mid Lothian;" and the quiet sorrow and unpretending love, the humble nobleness and the quaint prudence, of Jeanie Deans, almost form a happy comment on Miss Austin's title, "Sense and Sensibility."

Above all, we must thank Scott for having brought the novel *home*. His rare powers of invention enabled him to draw to the life characters which we shall love for ever, for we feel them akin closely to our common being. The long-winded and benevolent Antiquary, the acute and humorous Pleydell, the bluff breadth and hardheadedness of the heartsome Dandie, and a hundred others, show us how wide a sympathy Walter Scott had with the heart of humanity.

Not only this, but he took the simple materials which lay about him in the common doings and sayings of the nation he belonged to and loved, and showed that the Scotchman would write Scotch stories best, and the English, English. He told the world plainly, by what he wrote, that where the novelist's heart was, there was the home of his inspiration—and this principle can be applied to his other works. Of all men, Scott was the most imbued with the spirit of ancient chivalry. When he walked abroad, with his dependants and his mighty hound Maida at his heels, and visited the cottages of the simple Scotch around him, or trod the Highlands, there "was simmering" all the time in his heart "Rob Roy," or "Old Mortality," or "Guy Mannering." But when he returned home, and sat down among his shields, and spears, and faded banners, then the other chamber of his heart opened its doors, and Scott saw pass by the Saracenic chivalry, and among them the axe of Richard smiting fierce and fell; or he watched the lists at Ashby, and heard the solitary trumpet, or felt his blood tingling as he recognized the spear of Dunois, or heard the thundering avalanche of the Swiss break on the horsemen of the bold Burgundian Duke. He wrote what he felt. He did not make his novels, but created them from his own heart—alike at home among his Scottish hills, or in the glancing days of chivalry. We thank Sir Walter, then, for the impulse, an impulse which has not ceased, which has found expression in Lever, Lover, Carleton in Ireland, in many in Scotland, and

which, more or less, has influenced all our English novelists. We thank him, too, that he taught men to write on what their heart was in. So Maryatt wrote on the sea-life which he knew and loved, and the hunter wrote on his hunting, and the warrior on his battle, the camp, and the bivouac.

But here broke in on the life of fiction the age of materialism, and men rejected novels; but as poetry sprang from this triumphant, to reassert the spirit, so fiction reasserted the heart in works of deep human passion—at the head of which stands, as the representative of its class, the wondrous novel of “Jane Eyre.” Alas! she whose heart throbbed so wildly and so deeply is no more. Charlotte Brontë is dead, and yet, why should we sorrow? Her long pilgrimage is over—her restless spirit is at peace. Calm at last—poor, passionate heart:

“Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.”

The materialistic tendency had another reflex influence on novel writing. It has imparted a practical element to it. It has wedded usefulness to fiction, but in doing so it has destroyed art in the narration. We shall see how this has happened afterward. The highest representatives we have now of practical fiction are: Dickens, Thackeray, and Kingsley. Among these men, the novel proper does not exist at all. No one can read their books, and suppose for a moment that the fate of the hero and heroine at the end is the main object of the story. This is the practical element of fiction—opposition to evil, and exaltation of good, as no abstract unreal things, but living, real, what we may see with our own eyes and hear with our own ears, and which the design of the work is to urge us either to support or overthrow. On this account, the characters are often seemingly left to shift for themselves, and the hero, from this forgetfulness, gets into a state of Gordian difficulty, knotted up so closely, and so unconsciously to the novelist, that, “nisi Deus intersit,” nothing can help him. But there is none of the artistic progression, none of the restraint on the introduction of personages who do not advance the denouement, none of the intertwined links of action, nor of the mutual play of charac-

ters and difficulties which all tend to the ultimate rejoicement of the hero. None of this, and so these novels of ours are very inartistic, yet still we question whether they are not more true.

Sir Walter Scott himself is almost totally destitute of art in his works. They are in general graphic, loving, healthful, human delineations; each one more like a succession of anecdotes than a connected story; and we do believe that had Scott attempted what has been done now, he would have succeeded almost more than any novelist who has ever lived in influencing his time and future time for good. But in his books of fiction we find no trace of the time he lived in. His love for chivalry and the past deadened his mind to the movements of the age and the social problems and wrongs of the time. It is unfair, however, to demand what this decade requires from one who lived several years back in progress. We only mention it to show the vast difference between our present fictions and his. Ours are written to denounce wrong, to awake to good, to urge to progressive and religious excellence, to expose evils, physical and intellectual; his to amuse his readers, and, as we said above, through a love of the people and history of that Caledonia to which his heart “turned with rapture,” and through an antiquarian’s and a poet’s pleasure in the ringing life of chivalry. Now when Dickens writes a book—we speak chiefly of his later works—it is not primarily to make us weep over the tragedy of Ada and Richard, or to rejoice in the happiness of Dame Durden, but to expose the evils of chancery, and to exalt the detective force! It is the same in almost all his works. When Thackeray writes the “Newcomes,” though he is artistic at times, the main point of the story is not to marry Clive and Ethel, and to bring them to this through much difficulty and intrigue; but it is to lay bare and shivering the falsehood of society, and to bring it to the light, that its deeds may be reprov’d. Indeed we know not any novel which so fully, as the “Newcomes,” leaves on the mind of the reader the idea that God is directing all things in the story, and not the novelist—and this we think to be the highest truth of the novel. Now art, as generally understood, pre-suppose the mind of the writer directing, planning, ordaining, as it were, the Providence of

the book. The question is—is it not the highest art, an art not understood before, to make the reader feel that the novel is the mirror of the world, with all its mystery and difficulty, and not a perfectly comprehensible and artistic story? This is to us the great charm of “*The Newcomes*.” In his former books, Mr. Thackeray seemed to us too bitter, and sometimes too flippant; but this is said to be true painting of the world. Why, so were Dryden’s plays, so are “*Larochefoucault’s Maxims*,” and yet there are few who will say that they represent the whole of humanity. It is only one side, and that the darkest; so we were glad when we read Mr. Thackeray’s last novel, to find that he had advanced, and hopeless, wicked, frivolous, hard-hearted as his pictures must be, yet in the East there is now a gleam of sunshine which makes a luster in the very darkest spot. He sees the mysteries of good which are hidden in our humanity. But in proportion to Mr. Thackeray’s advance is Mr. Dickens’ retrogression. Men may extol the delicate etching, the pre-Raphaelitism of character; but his studies of life, in his two latter works especially, appear to us not realities, but caricatures. As the diseased predominance of one idea is madness, so the unnatural representation of peculiarities of action or speech, to the unconscious exclusion of all the rest of the man, is caricature. If but one of Mr. Dickens’ heroes snaps his fingers, he is very seldom seen to do any thing else. If at one period of his life an unoffending person happens to resemble a steam-tug, for ever afterward he is always puffing, or whistling, or bearing down, or mooring, or towing something out of sight. He is lost to us as a man, and becomes a human steam-boat. The chief conception we have of Carker is his teeth—the chief idea of Uriah Heep is the word ‘umble and a fishy hand. Now we say this is not true to human nature. Thought is mutable as a cloud, and the body responds to every change of those many wandering imaginations. We can not feel that many of Mr. Dickens’ characters are flesh and blood as we are. They are not the representatives of a class, but the embodiment of a peculiarity, and for these peculiarities he has the same appetite as the French have for the horrible and strange. Still, all honor to Mr. Dickens for the wondrous beauty and tenderness of his true characters, and all

honor to him for his manly declarations against huge and crying wrongs. This latter object, we said already, was that also of our other novelists, and chiefly of Mr. Kingsley.

Of all men Kingsley has, in his novels, least pretension to art. “*Yeast*,” “*Hypatia*,” “*Westward Ho!*” “*Two Years Ago*,” are not written as novels, but as writings to and against the age.

With Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton we have little to do. He is not one of this protesting class. He is still the artistic novelist. But the false metaphysics, and the falser views of morality and life, which disfigured his former novels, all those who admired, but did not love his genius, have forgiven and forgotten in the loving admiration with which they regard his two last works. That the same man should have written “*Ernest Maltravers*,” and “*The Caxtons*,” is a phenomenon almost unequalled in literature. Yet, artistic, well worked out as these last two novels are, they share more or less in the protesting idea we have spoken of. For the first is an assertion of the nobility of true honor, and the restoring power of healthy life; and the second, a vindication, clear and beautiful, of the position and influence of woman, to exalt and to console—most wanted now, when the domestic and social relations of the two sexes are so miserably misunderstood, neglected, ignored, and, we fear, so nationally corrupted.

Thus the novelist does not now write a mere story of the affections and passions of humanity, with interleaved descriptions, in which accessories the hero and heroine stand, the figures to which all the rest refer; but he either holds up his glass to the Present, that it may see its reflection there, and so amend its own evil and increase its good, or collects the distant rays of the Past into a focus on the Present, that he may consume the wrong, or kindle into higher life the right. For the same evil and good come round again; yet there is a progress—for we see the evil in a more hideous light, and we are slowly gaining a deeper knowledge of the old truths—our course is not onward in a straight line, but upward, in a spiral curve—higher and higher, yet still on the ancient foundation, and at every step a wider and clearer view. We have thus reached the Kingsley point of our delineation, and that point is more or less the point of our own time.

To enter, then, on this land of Buelah.

Mr. Kingsley has published at various times a number of works with great rapidity. Two volumes of sermons, five fictions, so called, whose titles are "Yeast," "Hypatia," "Alton Locke," "Westward Ho!" and "Two Years Ago." "A Drama of the Middle Ages, or The Saint's Tragedy," a large pamphlet called "Phaethon, or Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers," a Dialogue on the Difference between Objective and Subjective Truth, "Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore," "Greek Hero Tales," and "Four Lectures on Alexandria and her Schools," which are, we regret to say, not known well in Ireland.

The first thing which strikes us on reading this list is, the marvelous versatility of Mr. Kingsley's genius. Poetry, theology, metaphysics, fiction, natural philosophy, are all written and discussed with a picturesqueness of words, and a close and crystalline clearness. The style is peculiarly Mr. Kingsley's own—no epicene incongruities leap up as we turn the page—no old familiar face looks at us from the lattice of a sentence—no sentiment irritates our memory by a clipped and spoiled resemblance, the archetype of which we can not recollect. We feel that Mr. Kingsley must have written every line straight from the impulse of the heart, and that none else could have possibly indited a single word.

There is also such a light freshness and healthy animalism in the style, that we can never conceive any of these works being written in the house, but sitting by the river, or on the side of some breezy hill, with the wind ruffling his manuscript, and the bubbling of the river in his ears. The structure of the sentences is seldom faulty, except in some of the dialogues, where the truthfulness of the reality of conversation of the broken and short expressions would have made Addison's hair to stand on end, and shortened the sober existence of Blair. The rhythm of his most masterly descriptions is at times so perfect that it is like reading music. What can be more sweet and clear than the following chant of these words:

THE SPEECH OF BLIND AMYAS LEIGH.

"When you left me there upon the rocks, lads, I looked away and out to sea, to get one last snuff of the merry sea breeze which will never sail me again. And as I looked, I tell you truth, I could see the water and the sky as plain

as ever I saw them, till I thought my sight was come again. But soon I knew it was not so—for I saw more than man could see, right over the ocean, as I live, and away to the Spanish main. Then I saw the cliffs beneath me, and the Gull Rock, and the Shutter, and the Ledge, and I saw them, William Cary, and the weeds beneath the merry blue sea. And I saw the grand old galleon, Will—she has righted with the sweeping of the tide. She lies in fifteen fathoms, at the edge of the rocks upon the sand, and her men are all lying round her, asleep until the judgment day."

To balance by some defect this beauty and this clearness, Mr. Kingsley has not been given repose of style. We must go forth with him,

"Away, away, his style and we,
Upon the pinions of the wind,"

and never draw bridle till the close of the book, where we pull up so thoroughly exhausted, that it is said, on credible authority, that even physical weariness ensues from the continued excitement. "Westward Ho!" for example, is like the magnificent joy of the trumpet-song in Samson, which, always grand and beautiful, delights though it should continue the whole night, but leaves us exhausted at the close. There is not sufficient provision made for the passive enjoyment of our contemplative nature. We would give much for the repose of one quiet sentence. So when travelers have passed the thrilling day among alps succeeding alps, and in deep gorges heard no soothing sound, but only the war of the cataract, or the crash of the avalanche, and only seen the gentian and the fern, the lowliness of nature, among the foam and echoes of those high mountain solitudes—it is pleasant and most grateful to lie in some greenlit meadow, beneath a hawthorn hedge, with no mightiness and noise to oppress the heart, and be refreshed and consoled with the humbleness of beauty. So tears would more often start to the eyes from excitement than from the tenderness of Mr. Kingsley's style. In painting Turner was a true artist. No one can look over a volume of his studies without being impressed by the succession of calm and storm, with the feelings of terror and repose, without being refreshed by the one when we have been made to tremble by the other. It was nature herself that taught Turner this deep lesson. For the foundations of the everlasting moun-

tains are rooted in the soft slope of the pasture, and the tender foliage of the glade. The cataract and the rapid, and the yellow swirls of the fierce stream find peace, and calm, and color, and loveliness in the deep bosom of the thinking lake. Our very passions, even at their height, partake of quiet. But even when Mr. Kingsley does allow us to rest in a calm scene, the change from excitement to quietude, and then again to excitement, is so rapid in succession, that our mental constitution suffers as much as our physical would, were the climate to alter every half hour. Now, if Mr. Kingsley would submit the climate of his style to the rules which prevail in nature, we should be much happier as readers.

Leaving the question of style, there is one thing in which Mr. Kingsley excels all our novelists. Though these are called days of sham, yet there are men found to come forward and testify to truth, to call falsehood false, and cruelty and crime by their fitting names. Thackeray and Dickens have done this well, but not so well as Kingsley. We can not read the works of the two first without feeling that they are simply sufferant of revealed religion. "It is very good this form," say they, "for other men, and affords vast stores of pathetic and graceful symbolism; but it has little to do with us." We will adore benevolence and sympathy, and state the evils plainly. That is all. These doctrines are nothing to us. But Christianity does not consist in doctrines; its essence in practice is the inward reception of principles which work out in life, and are of universal application. Christianity says, with old Chremes, *Nihil humani a me alienum puto*. Now to omit this element in a novel which purports to reflect this time, condemns its claims to truth at once. Again, to introduce religious scruples, which, however true to existing characters they may be, are not the offspring of the genuine tendencies, but of the perversions of Christianity, is gross dishonesty and unfairness. We do not deny the truth of such delineations as Chadband, and Stiggins, and Mrs. Clennam, but we do most emphatically contradict the conclusion which, whether the author meant it or no, is drawn by numbers from them, that they are the representatives of any class. We do not object to their introduction; it is but fitting that they should be held up to the abhorrence of all true men; but we

do object to the insinuation (which their introduction, without any hint of their being untrue representatives of the class they say they belong to, makes) that these montrosities are real types of the religious sects. That novelist, that writer is false in character, who willfully conceals half the truth, and exaggerates error, when he knows, too, that every thing he says will be taken as the accurate results of accurate observation. We must have, and will require from our novelists, now that they have taken the place of the drama, no half-prejudiced representations. Their deepest maxim should be: There is no error which is not the perversion of a truth, and men who hold the error will often unconsciously act on the truth. Let us not, then, drive them far from us by indiscriminate abuse or ridicule, but bring them close by manifesting the truth which their error conceals. In these points, Mr. Kingsley has proved himself true and just. There is no problem of the day which he does not trace the origin of to the neglect of Christianity, or for which he does not hope, if he can not point out a solution of in the same. The main element of his books is the application of the principles of Christianity, living principles as derived from a living God, to the social, political, commercial, and mental difficulties of this age. In the other case, Mr. Kingsley, in treating of the various sects, displays a tolerance and a clear-sightedness which all parties in the Church would do well to imitate. We can scarcely mention a single instance of complete prejudice in his writings. If the materials for the diamond are there, he sees it, however dark the carbon may appear. There is no character which has not its saving clause, which does not seem to look on us with an eloquent, beseeching, human glance. But there are a few which border on the ludicrous.

"Effutire leves indigna tragedia versus
Ut festis matrona moveri jussa diebus.

Mr. Kingsley's eloquence and earnestness have descended to the patronizing of the Irish clergy. The tragedy is not only relieved by comedy, but it is followed by a farce. Enter, with flourish of trumpets, the Rev. Panurgus O'Blareaway. Now, without being over national, we venture to assert that this clergyman is a gentleman whose existence is as problematical

as the phenix. The natural collocation of his place of residence and his party plunges us still deeper in mystery. He comes from the West of Ireland, and is an Orangeman! We do not deny what men may call the powerful conception of the character, nor the great and versatile invention shown in the language of this myth. But the plentiful manner in which this Irish clergyman, "*par excellence*," asperses his conversation with such delicate expletives as "Faix," and "Bedad," is a joy to see, and we can scarcely believe that he became the leader of a fashionable congregation in London. We can not believe that England is so destitute in her metropolis, that she can afford to admit the offscourings of an Irish hedge-school.

But Mr. Kingsley did not mean all this; it is enough to say that he is an incompetent judge of the Irish clergy. He who writes so truly on what he is acquainted with, is sure to exaggerate into very gross untruth when he speaks of facts of which he knows nothing but distortions. We give him one word of old advice:

"Tene te tuis, Damasippe."

But the deep appreciation and belief which Mr. Kingsley shows of godliness, in whatsoever sect it may appear, are cheering in these intolerant times, when men are too easily led into calling good, evil, and truth, falsehood, if it be found in another party, or appear in a different form. The Wesleyans must thank Mr. Kingsley for Tregarva; the Tractarians for Frank Headley; and many of the Low Church party for his forcible and attractive portrait of Augustine.

Of one thing we may be allowed to write, before we enter on the particular consideration of the books themselves. It is of the old Norse element in this man. Not only does this display itself in his style, rising into a fine Berserk madness at times, half song, half wrath, but his genius is the reflection of the Scandinavian Heart. The peculiarities of the Norse characters were wonder, valor, a certain noble unconsciousness, healthiness, imagination, humor, tenderness, and a deep realization of truth.

As the love of the wonderful displayed itself in the Viking nation in the deification of the powers of nature, and the exaltation of their heroes into Gods, so

(with the addition of the Christian element, which transforms this wonder into loving reverence for the Highest) does Mr. Kingsley look on nature and humanity. He can not see the evening stream, nor the opening flower, nor the lake and mountain, without being conscious of the ever-living miracle of nature—the abiding effluence of Him, the wonderful one. In that solemn temple of the sky and earth most fittingly does he teach the lessons of love and worship. All is secret round us, but an eye filled with the light of a submissive, loving child-like heart will see the mysteries break into flowers beneath its glance.

We shall see hereafter how Mr. Kingsley exalts humanity. He has his Odin in every book, and his great aim is to show how all this perfection of manliness, and strength, and vigor, and firmness, and reason is incomplete, till it has been refined by suffering, taught by its own weakness in the hour almost of triumph, that a higher will has been guiding it—not its own, but a loving Father's. Neither, from this feeling of reverence, does Mr. Kingsley dare to rush lightly into the sacred precincts of a human conscience. He can not rashly uplift the vail which covers his brother's heart. This is the old Scandinavian gentlemanliness—the Norse silver transmuted into the gold of Christianity.

Further, no one can have failed to remark in the history of the childhood of great nations, what he sees in his own child—an unconsciousness of its own power, a complete thoughtlessness of self. Of the ancient world children of Scandinavia this is deeply true, and was the chief element of their success in war; and it is this unconsciousness of Mr. Kingsley's writings which gives them their charm of youth, and strength, and freshness, and onwardness. In them we can detect no morbid self-consciousness, no catering for praise, no false shame—we can discover no sense of solitary superiority—the pride which shuts one man from his fellows, through dread of a smile, a laugh, or a misunderstanding. It is this unconsciousness, the source of valor and healthiness, which is the fountain from whence flows Mr. Kingsley's brave, free, manly expression of opinion; and the delight and thoroughness with which he describes a man like Amyas Leigh or the mighty Amal; the source of that rapture with

which he tells alike the story of a fox-hunt, or the playing of the last salmon, as well as the terrible fight of Amyas Leigh with the three galleons beneath the pitiless burning sky, when the seas of South America were hushed by the war cannon. The source of his hatred of Manicheism in every shape, from the asceticism which shuts men from the world, and the celibacy which bids them deny the oldest law of God and crush their noblest and purest passion, to the false spiritualism which, like the Corinthians of old, avers that the resurrection is past already, and to that fair-seeming religion which, always dreaming of a future state of spiritual bliss, forgets that we are living in a world sufficiently material in its sufferings and joys to claim our deepest help and sympathy. Tenderness and humor are the offspring of valor and healthy life, but as in the Norsemen, so in Mr. Kingsley, they are sometimes too rude in health for us, dwellers in cities. There is scarcely enough of the feminine (not the effeminate) in his writings. The passive tenderness of our nature is not supplied sufficiently. But his tenderness is capable of a strong passion of tears, such tears as once in a life will make the will and heart of man tremble almost to death; and than this nothing can be truer Gothic—nothing can be more completely Norse.

So, also, in Mr. Kingsley's imagination; chiefly in his powers of description. It is like an ancient Saga to read the deeds of "Westward Ho!" We live, and breathe, and fight, with the heroes. This is Mr. Kingsley's imagination; not combining the materials afforded by fancy, as Dugald Stewart says, but getting into the heart of the time he writes of—no mere work of the understanding, but of the transcendental reason. Now we are in the theater, thrilled with the most delicate delight of the senses, as we watch Pelagia dancing; now in the Cæsareum, trembling with our utter helplessness to succour; trembling more with the fury of an indignation which renders us more helpless still; shutting our ear from those shrieks, closing our eyes against the image of the "Great Calm Christ," which speaks not, moves not—but silently permits the ghastly murder. Again, in the tailors' garret, with the unutterable horrors of stench and fever; and then away, to calm our great horror, down among the Needles and abutting cliffs of Devonshire, and on

the sands where the sea is running joyously, and the rock-pools are starred with the glory of the actinæ. Again, in the glade of the deep tropic forest with the deserters, where we feel the voluptuous fear begin to creep around us, or on the still bayou where the flamingo stands on shallows, or the crocodile rises sharply from the river. In each and all at home himself, he makes us at home there also. Mr. Kingsley goes through the surface of description into its very core.

Above all, we remark Mr. Kingsley's love of truth. It is not merely veracious men whom he paints as his heroes for us, not men whose words only answer to the facts, but men whose deepest heart, whose life and character are true to things, who at least would rather die than live falsely, whose words may be often strange, paradoxical, unveracious, but whose whole souls are steeped in the love of, and in the prayerful hope that they may attain to truth.

Here, too, it is fitting that we should state an accusation which has been brought against Mr. Kingsley, that he holds the doctrine that whatever a man believes is true to him, and is sufficient for his peace of mind and final salvation. This objection can only arise from complete ignorance of Mr. Kingsley's writings. There is not a more masterly nor elegant refutation of this said doctrine, than that contained in the Socratic dialogue entitled "Phaethon;" nor is it possible, in English, to represent more completely the Platonic style of writing than he has done by that peculiar power of imagination which he possesses.

In all this Mr. Kingsley is true to the old Norse element of England, that element which, combining with the Saxon temperament, is like the iron which chemists say enters so largely into the composition of our blood, and which gives to the English constitution its freedom, lifehood, and sense of law, and to the Englishman his undaunted bravery, conquering endurance, and truth.

These are the characteristics of Mr. Kingsley's thought, and writing, and style; and as the evil of the old Scandinavian character was the perversion into their extremes of these qualities, *e. g.*, wonder into superstition, so when we meet with what we believe to be faults in Mr. Kingsley's writings, they generally arise from one of these attributes of mind passing

into its distortion, great or slight as the case may be.

The first then of his fictions was, we imagine, "Yeast." This appeared in the pages of our contemporary, *Frazer's Magazine*. It was a strange medley, but like the "Princess," the world is beginning to see meaning therein. Some few men have arisen who have boldness sufficient to state to Englishmen and English statemen the problems which are waiting for solution. Mr. Kingsley has devoted "Yeast" to the discussion of the opinions which are rife among the youth of this time, and has shown, as far as may be, their solution in a closer and deeper application of Cristian principles; in a teaching which does not shrink from owning that such difficulties do exist, but which takes young men on their own ground, and declares that the truths they are longing for are to be found, not in a self-willed distortion, but in a steady humble sacrifice of will to the higher teaching, which is absolute truth. To give up, in a few words, the *à priori* method of investigating religious truth, and to apply the inductive method thereto. To realize the wise saying of Bacon, in a spiritual sense, "We conquer nature by obeying her."

He has embodied the skepticism of the youthful genius in the character of Lancelot Smith, a fox-hunting, ugly, strong, deep-hearted, intellectual hero—a man in whom physical materialism is so mingled with spiritual and intellectual instincts and powers, that we recognize at once the capabilities of enormous influence. The object of the book is the *καθάρισις* of this man. We have said that, in the novelist's sense, there is no art in Mr. Kingsley's works. But if we may so characterize it, there is an epic art in these novels. As the "Iliad" is wound into a harmonious whole by the relation which every thing bears to the purification of Achilles, so in all these books the unity consists in the bearing which each character and each event has on the Christianizing of the heroes of Lancelot, Alton Locke, Raphael, Amyas Leigh, and Tom Thurnall—always men, they are to grow into Christian men. This is the art of Mr. Kingsley; in this alone do we see the directing skill of the novelist.

So in "Yeast," the deep belief of Tregarva, the beauty and pureness of Argemone, the terrible condition of the Whitford poor, the neglect of the squire, the re-

morse of Bracebridge, the workings of the mind of his cousin Luke, and his secession to Romanism, the loss of wealth and of Argemone, the suffering, and, at the right moment, the saving influence of the inexplicable Barnakill, are all media through which Lancelot passes on to the acknowledgment of a God and Saviour who had been with him, though he knew it not, through his whole life.

This principle is the head and front of Mr. Kingsley's religious opinions: that each man has a Father in heaven who is directing, calling, drawing him to Himself, taking a personal, loving interest in him, though he may be ignorant of it. That this same Fatherhood and Kinghood is exercised over nations; and in proportion as individual or nation rejects this loving government, so they lose themselves; for apart from Him the light of action and right are gone, and the life of individuals and nations is death.

But this Fatherhood and Kinghood were lifeless and comfortless, were they not understood as belonging to a personal Father and King; a Person like ourselves with a will, a character, not subdivided into lifeless attributes and unreal abstractions, but a living, loving Person. But we are flesh and blood, and we can not altogether realize to ourselves a spiritual personality; so it became necessary that once the Godhead should take on him flesh and blood and become a human Son of God, the realization of the ideal of humanity making man God-like to God, and God human to man; the realization of all the noble dreams of all mythology; the divine in the human; the accomplishment of all the vague yearnings of all ages.

And so from this to teach the everliving sympathy of One with all. In all stations of life, in all difficulties of mind, in all sorrows, to have One who was tried like unto us, and through suffering overcame, and triumphed. To know that he has established the kingdom of God on earth—that for ever exclusiveness has been done away—that the Epiphany—the manifestation of God as the Father of all men—has been proclaimed now and for ever. And to the light of this principle, Mr. Kingsley brings the Chartism of the workmen of England. Listen to himself, speaking, in the mouth of Elinor, of the idea of the charter, to two working men:

"Keep, keep your faith," she cried, "for it

is not yours, but God's who gave it! But not seek to realize that idea for yourselves."

"Why, then, in the name of reason and mercy?"

"Because it is realized already for you. You are free; God has made you free. You are equals—you are brothers; for He is your King who is no respecter of persons. He is your king who has bought for you the rights of Sons of God. He is your king to whom all power is given in heaven and earth; who reigns and will reign till he has put all enemies under His feet. That was Luther's charter; with that alone he freed half Europe. That is your charter and mine; the everlasting ground of our rights, our might, our duties, of ever-gathering storm for the oppressor—of ever-brightening sunshine for the oppressed—own no other. Claim your investiture as freemen from none but God. His will, His love is a stronger ground surely than abstract rights, and ethnological opinions. Abstract rights? What ground, what root have they but the ever-changing opinions of men, born anew and dying anew with each fresh generation? While the word of God stands sure—'You are mine and I am yours'—bound to each in an everlasting covenant.

"If henceforth you claim political enfranchisement, claim it not as mere men who may be villains, savages, animals, slaves of their own prejudices and passions; but as members of Christ, children of God, inheritors of the kingdom of heaven, and therefore bound to realize it on earth. All other rights are mere mights—mere selfish demands to become tyrants in your turn. If you wish to justify your charter, do it on that ground. Claim your share in national life, only because the nation is a spiritual body whose king is the Son of God; whose work, whose national character and powers are allotted to it by the spirit of Christ. Claim universal suffrage only on the ground of the universal redemption of mankind—the universal priesthood of Christians. That argument will conquer when all have failed, for God will make it conquer. Claim the disenfranchisement of every man, rich or poor, who breaks the laws of God and man, not merely because he is an obstacle to you, but because he is a traitor to your common King in heaven and to the spiritual kingdom of which he is a citizen. But claim these and all else for which you long, not from man, but from God, the King of men. And, therefore, before you attempt to obtain them, make yourselves worthy of them; perhaps by that process you will find some of them have become less needful."

To know further, that as redemption was made ours by the voluntary obedience of the Son of man to the law of the universe, (that salvation is to be purchased by a willing sacrifice of life for others,) so we should, in the help of a personal Spirit akin to our spirits, make self-sacrifice the

law of our existence, and willing suffering for others the medium of our perfection. For so we take up the cross of Christ and become transformed into his image—the image of a perfect God and a perfect man, and so become truly the children of one Father; for what is it to be a child of God, but to be like him in character?

And from this idea of loving self-sacrifice for others being the law of life, to hate the Manicheism which shrinks from the battle of existence into the convent, which overthrows all manliness, and vigor, and truth; to despise the distorted principles of asceticism and maceration, though recognizing the truth which lies beneath them all, and loving and pitying the persons who seek for rest in them in vain—as he has written so truly and so well in his "Saint's Tragedy."

To protest against the shrinking from responsibility of action in life, and agony of thought in mind; to fight the battle bravely, and to "face the specters of the mind," and gather strength; to feel "a power with us in the night;" to protest against the despair which forces men into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church to find something to repose on, because they will not feel the ever-loving, living Presence of the Invisible yet Ever Near; and to oppose this faithlessness, Mr. Kingsley wrote, as we conceive, "Westward Ho!" But of that work in its own place; we have not done with "Yeast."

Not only does he state the religious problem of the day—how Christianity is to be reconciled with added knowledge, the old strife of science and faith over again; but it states the terrible social difficulty—the conflict between the rights of labor and the rights of property, and what, in the present circumstances, are the duties of rich to poor, and poor to rich. Since the publication of "Yeast," and "Alton Locke," much has been done to amend the condition of the workmen; but much, a seemingly endless quantity—remains to do. Those who wish to know what these abuses were, let them read "Alton Locke," the autobiography of a tailor and poet, supposed to be one of the people, and one of that dispirited band who broke up amid the rain on Kensington Common, on the memorable tenth of April, 1848.

Leaving the question of the state of the working classes, which can only be learned by personal investigation, let us

look as far as we can at the principles which Mr. Kingsley, in common with many now, holds upon the subject.

"Yeast" states the evils in the country—"Alton Locke" in the town.

And First—Personal sympathy—not alms-giving, a useless thing at best. Too often do the rich offer money, clothes, refuge to the poor, with far less love of them or knowledge of their lot than they have of the social condition of their horses, or the breeding of their pointers. It is not that they are not generous, but they do not know how to be generous. Among others, relief is offered, merely, we fear, because that delicate sensibility which Coleridge so well denounces in the "Aids to Reflection" is offended. For their workmen are sometimes scarcely recognized as human. But He who was a working man Himself has taught us the Brotherhood of Humanity. The only bridge which will unite the gulf which yawns between the poor and rich is that personal love and sympathy which He felt towards poor, despised, rejected Zaccheus, when he identified himself with the outcast of society, and said: "Zaccheus, come down, for to-day I must *abide at thy house*." Go home with the poor man, make his trials, his sorrows, his doubts, yours; and you will have done more to close the pit which gapes between you, than if you were to heap alms, even riches upon him. Give him all this wealth, and he is the same tabooed being still. This brings us to the second point. Do you do away with charities? an objector may say. No; but we teach the workman to help himself; we tell him that he is the son of the same Father; that his struggles and sorrows are ours by the right of brotherhood; that we have a claim to help him by the same right; that we will not heap money on him, for the idle it will only plunge deeper in guilt and sensualism, and the proud and independent will either reject it with scorn, or take it with a burning sense of unfair distinctions; but we will help him to help himself, for we are all children of one Father. We will educate his intellect, educate his heart; for our knowledge, our good breeding, our taste are only ours to impart them.

All advantages, all talents turned to the uses of self, react for evil; but given, spent on others, bless the possessor. Like mercy, they "bless him that gives

and him that takes," and to do this with humility, forbearance, as the servant of all, is the grandest object in this age of the Christian priest who lives in the great centers of labor. It is his duty to band these men together into associate bodies, not as Chartists for the destruction of existing law, but for mutual support, encouragement, and the reformation of abuses among themselves, for mutual education, that their intellect may be trained as far as the capabilities of each may go, and their heart led to that gentle manliness of feeling which, in all positions, will maintain its humble dignity. It is his duty to tell them there is a kingdom where all are equal, and where the handmaid and the bondman share in the disposition of the Free-spirit, the republic of the great God and Father, and that their charter fell because it was based on selfishness, violence, and wrong; but that there is the charter of a truer freedom, and a more beautiful and less ideal right which can be theirs for ever; that it is through obedience they command, through self-sacrifice that they save, through suffering that they triumph. For the paradox of the cross is the truth of life.

This for moral evil; and for the physical ill, the misery of dirt and stench, and their demon offspring, Cholera and Fever, what is their remedy? To obey the sanitary laws of God's universe. It is well to preach on the cholera as a judgment, for it is the sentence of His laws of health inevitably following on the sin of filthiness. It is not an arbitrary condemnation, not a special judgment on the grant to Maynooth, or on the insults of Protestants to the doctrines and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church, but the stern working out of the laws of the universe. Pestilence follows dirt; health, cleanliness. Be clean, and the laws of God are on your side. Live in miasma—filth—and you are against the law, and as surely as the lightning strikes the steel, so surely you will suffer. Can any one doubt, then, with regard to our duty to the poor, who live in places which to breathe in is a rapid death? It is not to level the sties of Bermondsey and St. Giles to build fine houses in, and to drive the wretched inhabitants to places fouler and more hideous still; but it is to supply baths, water, to clean, and clean, and clean, to purify the rivers, to dig the sewers deep and roof them well, to provide sewerage for

the poor, to urge government to obey the sanitary laws of God, to tell the rich to give, and give till they can cleanse the poor; and what is science for but this? Even here was pagan Rome beyond us. The farthing baths, the mighty aqueducts, the cloaca maxima. In proportion to our additional scientific knowledge, where are results like these? They are bringing Loch Katrine into Glasgow; why not distribute it to every corner of that smoke-canopied town? Why not purify the dens of London? In an age when we put a girdle round the earth, is this impossible? The curse of pestilence and death will never be removed till science is less selfish. To tell this plainly to the

world, boldly, without concealment, is as much the duty of Christian ministers as to preach spiritual religion; for how can morality exist in dirt and disease, and horrors which make the blood curdle even to hear, which to live in is destruction, body and soul? These are Kingsley's views—inadequately, curtly, simply stated. The perusal of "Yeast," and "Alton Locke," will be sufficient for those of our readers who wish to verify them.

The warning of "Westward Ho," and the statement of our present condition in "Two Years Ago," and the natural growth of these fictions from Mr. Kingsley's genius will more fittingly be reserved for another number.

From the Quarterly Review.

LUNATIC ASYLUMS.*

HORACE WALPOLE, whose pen has graven so deeply the social characteristics of his age, in describing to his friend Mann the terrors excited by the Lord George Gordon mob, says, "they threaten to let the lions out of the Tower, and the madmen out of Bedlam." In this short sentence we have a clear view of the opinion which our forefathers entertained of lunatics—an opinion which the pictures of Hogarth's Madhouse Cells have impressed on the popular mind even to this day.

* 1. *Reports of the Commissioners in Lunacy to the Lord Chancellor.*

2. *The Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology.* 9 vols. 1828 to 1857. Edited by Forbes Winslow, M.D., D.C.L., Oxon.

3. *The Treatment of the Insane without Mechanical Restraint.* By John Conolly, M.D. London, 1856.

4. *The Fifth Annual Report of the Committee of Visitors of the County Lunatic Asylum at Colney Hatch.*

5. *The Eleventh Report of the Committee of Visitors of the County Lunatic Asylum at Hamwell.*

And, in truth, it is not fifty years since the state of things which now exists only in the imagination of the ignorant was both general and approved. The interior of Bethlehem at that date could furnish pictures more terrible than Hogarth ever conceived. It is not our purpose, however, to dwell upon these horrors of former days. Through the instrumentality of the Tukes, Gardner Hill, Charlesworth, Winslow, and Conolly, the old method of treatment, with its whips, chains, and manacles, has passed away for ever, and as a true emblem of the revolution which has taken place, we may mention, that some years since a governor, in passing through the laundry of Bethlehem, perceived a wrist-manacle, which had been converted by one of the women into a stand for a flat-iron.

In spite of the ameliorations in the condition of the insane, many among the higher, and nearly all among the lower

classes, still look upon the County Asylum as the Bluebeard's cupboard of the neighborhood. These unfounded ideas act as a powerful drawback to the successful treatment of insanity, for as the vast majority of cures are effected within three months of the original attack, whatever deters the friends of the patient from bringing him under regimen at the earliest possible moment, probably insures the perpetuation of the disease. We can well imagine the undefined awe and tribulation of spirit with which the unhappy creatures who are stricken in mind enter the gates of an abode in which they are supposed to be given over to a durance worse than death; but so mistaken is the impression, that the feelings of desperation are almost immediately succeeded by the inspiriting dawns of hope. The furious maniac who arrives at Colney Hatch or Hanwell in a cart, or a hand-barrow, bound with ropes like a frantic animal, the terror of his friends and himself, is no sooner within the building, which imagination invests with such terrors, than half his miseries cease. The ropes cut, he stands up once more free from restraint, kind words are spoken to him, he is soothed by a bath, and, if still violent, the padded room, which offers no aggravating mechanical or personal resistance, calms his fury, and sleep, which has so long been a stranger to him, visits him the first night which he spends in the dreaded asylum. An old lady—a relapsed patient—whose silver locks hung dishevelled on her shoulders, was, when we visited Hanwell, waiting in a cab in a state of the wildest excitement. Immediately she was admitted, and recognized the faces of the nurses who had formerly been kind to her, her whole countenance changed. "What, you Burke and you Thomson again!" she exclaimed, delighted at renewing former friendships; and settling herself down peaceably in the ward, she appeared as comfortable as at her own fireside.

Not only have the old methods of treatment been abandoned, but many changes have been made to render the houses for the insane less repulsive to the eye. Thousands of pounds have been spent in replacing the dungeon-like apertures (often without glass) with light-framed windows, undarkened by dismal bars; the gratings have been removed from the fire-places; and that all the other associations may be in harmony with the improved appear-

ance of the building, the harsh title of keeper has given place to that of attendant, and the madhouse has become the asylum. In the old plan, the entire treatment seemed to consist in secluding the patient from every sight which renders life sweet, and in wrenching him violently from all the conditions which formerly surrounded him; the new idea is to bring within the walls as much of the outside world as possible. Here the artisan finds employment in various handicrafts, the agricultural laborer renews his commerce with the soil, and the female plies her needle or pursues her accustomed occupations in the laundry or the kitchen. Amusement takes its turn, and those who travel by the Great Western train on winter evenings are surprised to see the lights streaming from the great hall of Hanwell, and to hear, perchance, the sounds of music. These issue from the ball-room of the establishment! In place of the dark dungeon, the bonds and the blows which once added outward to inward woe, the inmates are realizing the poetic picture of Gray:

"With antic Sport and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet."

Mental aberration is not of necessity the bane of mental enjoyment. There are many sweets by which its bitterness may be diluted and diminished; though our ancestors were so ignorant of the fact, as to believe that the best thing to be done for a mind o'erthrown was to pour vinegar to gall.

Dr. Conolly, in his lately published volume on "The Treatment of the Insane without Mechanical Restraint," looks upon the banishment of the strait-waistcoat with a just pride, for to him we owe the abolition of the last mechanical means of coercing temporary violence; but we can not participate in his fear that the selfishness and ignorance of human nature will ever be able to restore the gloomy reign which has at last been brought to a close. We can no more go back to the days of hobbles and handcuffs, chains and stripes, than we can go back to the days of the rack and thumbscrew. We may have, it is true, lamentable exposures, such as took place at Bethlehem in 1851,

but the depth of the public outcry, and the promptness with which the irregularities were remedied, is of itself an evidence that general opinion will prove the corrective of occasional abuses. Nor can we, from a fancied apprehension of the return to obsolete practices, join in the fanaticism which forbids the use of the strait-jacket as a means of coercion under all circumstances. There can be no doubt that the treatment which requires its frequent use is a bad one; but to deny that there are cases which call for its restraints would be to deny the evidence of our senses. Dr. Wilkes, the late medical officer to the Stafford County Lunatic Asylum, and now Commissioner in Lunacy, in answer to a series of questions issued by the Commissioners on Lunacy upon the subject, makes the following remarks:

“With every disposition to advocate the disuse of restraint to the utmost extent, I am compelled to admit, that the result of my experience in this asylum, up to the present time, leads me to the conclusion that cases may occur in which its temporary employment may be both necessary and justifiable. Besides the occasional use of some means of confining the hands when feeding patients by means of the stomach-pump, a more prolonged use of restraint was necessary in two cases which occurred some years since. One of these was a man of so determined a suicidal disposition, that on more than one occasion he nearly effected his purpose by trying to beat his head and face against the walls, to throw himself from tables and chairs, and thrust spoons and other articles down his throat. When first admitted, he was not suspected of having any suicidal tendency, and for some weeks did not show any; as a matter of precaution he slept in a padded room, and one night he so battered his head with a tin vessel that he was found nearly dead from loss of blood, and his life was subsequently in much danger from extensive sloughing of the scalp. In this case it was absolutely necessary to confine the hands to keep any dressings on the head, and after the wounds had healed, and the confinement of the hands had been discontinued, he wore a thickly-padded cap for many months. Several years after this, he bit both his little fingers off, and though the suicidal disposition has in a great measure subsided, he is still at times much excited, but does not require any restraint. The second case was one of acute mania. A powerful young man refused all food under the impression that it was poisoned, and imagined that every one who went near him intended to murder him. Every inducement to get him to take food was in vain, and though a sufficient body of attendants, under my own inspection, attempted to do what was necessary for him, he became so much bruised in holding

him in his struggles to assail the attendants, when it was urgently requisite that food should be administered into the stomach, that I decided upon confining his hands, and both food and medicine were then readily administered. The result certainly justified the means employed, as the excitement subsided, and he soon recovered.”

So much for the experience of the medical attendant of a public asylum; now let us hear the testimony of Dr. Forbes Winslow, whose experience in his private asylum at Hammersmith has been as great perhaps as that of any man, since he has lived with his family for ten years in the very midst of his patients, and who is surpassed by no one in his enlightened and gentle treatment of the insane.

“Patients,” he says, in his Report to the Commissioners, “have often expressed a wish to be placed under mechanical restraint, should I, in my judgment, believe that they would, when much excited, commit overt acts of violence, and be dangerous to themselves and others. In cases like these, mechanical restraint may for a short period be applied, not only without detriment, but with positive advantage as a curative process. Several instances relative of this fact have come under my observation. I have seen cases where no food or medicine could be administered without subjecting the patient to restraint. In these cases, if all idea of cure had been abandoned, and I could have reconciled it to my conscience to allow the disease to take its uninterrupted course, and have permitted the patient to exist upon the minimum amount of nutriment, and take no medicine, all restraint might easily be dispensed with; but considering the cure of my patient paramount to every other consideration, I had no hesitation as to the humane and right mode of procedure.”

In a case which came under our knowledge, a patient imagined that the text, “If thine eye offend thee pluck it out,” was literally intended, and after various attempts to comply with the command, he succeeded in destroying the sight of one orbit. Such instances are rare, but the medical man should at all times be prepared to meet them, instead of folding his arms and looking helplessly on whilst the mischief is being done, through a craven fear of the non-restraint cry. The strait-waistcoat is certainly liable to great abuse, but less than the padded room, which may be converted into a cruel means of coercion in the hands of unwatched attendants.

There yet remains a vast amount of re-

straint, which is almost as irritating, if not so strongly reprobated, as the implements which bind the limbs of the suicidal or violent. Restraint is only comparative. The strait-waistcoat is the narrowest zone of confinement, and the padded room but a little wider. Next to these comes the locked gallery for a class, then the encircling high wall for the entire lunatic community; and lastly, that aerial barrier, the parole, for those who can be trusted to go beyond the asylum. The efforts of philanthropists will not, we are convinced, cease, until all the methods of confinement, down to the parole, are removed; or at least so disguised as to hinder their present irritating action upon the inmates. As long as the chief idea in connection with these establishments is that they are receptacles for the *detention* of the insane, so long perhaps the means taken to prevent flight will obtain; but when they are simply regarded as hospitals for the cure of mental disease, we shall witness the abandonment of many arrangements which are as barbarous and ineffectual as the cruelties practiced in the last century. The asylums where the restraint is greatest are precisely those from which the largest number of patients contrive to escape; whereas, when restrictions of all kinds are abolished, as at the insane pauper colony of Gheel, in Belgium, but few persons ever attempt to get away.

In former days, the public were admitted to perambulate Bedlam on the payment of two pence. A writer in *The World* gives a narrative of a visit to it in Easter-week, 1753, when he found there a hundred holiday-makers, who "were suffered unattended to run rioting up and down the wards, making sport of the miserable inhabitants." Richardson, the novelist, had, a few years earlier, depicted the scene in the assumed character of a young lady from the country, describing to her friends the sights of London.

"I have this afternoon been with my cousins to gratify the old curiosity most people have to see Bethlehem, or Bedlam Hospital. A more affecting scene my eyes never beheld. I had the shock of seeing the late polite and ingenious Mr. — in one of these woful chambers. No sooner did I put my face to the grate, but he leaped from his bed, and called me, with frightful fervency, to come into his room. The surprise affected me pretty much, and my confu-

sion being observed by a crowd of strangers, I heard it presently whispered that I was his sweetheart, and the cause of his misfortune. My cousin assured me such fancies were frequent upon these occasions; but this accident drew so many eyes upon me as obliged me soon to quit the place. I was much at a loss to account for the behavior of the generality of people who were looking at these melancholy objects. Instead of the concern I think unavoidable at such a sight, a sort of mirth appeared on their countenances, and the distempered fancies of the miserable patients provoked mirth and loud laughter in the unthinking auditors; and the many hideous roarings and wild motions of others seemed equally entertaining to them. Nay, so shamefully inhuman were some, among whom, I am sorry to say it, were several of my own sex, as to endeavor to provoke the patients into rage to make them sport."

Supposed to be degraded to the level of beasts, as wild beasts they were treated. Like them they were were shut up in dens littered with straw, exhibited for money, and made to growl and roar for the diversion of the spectators who had paid their fee. No wonder that Bedlam should have become a word of fear—no wonder that, in popular estimation, the bad odor of centuries should still cling to its walls—and that the stranger, tempted by curiosity to pass beneath the shadow of its dome, should enter with sickening trepidation. But now, instead of the howling madhouse his imagination may have painted it, he sees prim galleries filled with orderly persons. Scenes of cheerfulness and content meet the eye of the visitor as he is conducted along well-lit corridors, from which the bars and gratings of old have vanished. He stops, surprised and delighted, to look at the engravings of Landseer's pictures on the walls, or to admire the busts upon the brackets; he beholds tranquil persons walking around him, or watches them feeding the birds which abound in the aviaries fitted up in the depths of the ample windows. Indeed, the pet animals, such as rabbits, squirrels, etc., with the verdant ferneries, render the convalescent wards of this hospital more cheerful than any we have seen in similar institutions. At intervals, the monotony of the long-drawn corridors is broken by ample-sized rooms, carpeted and furnished like the better class of dwellings. If we pass along the female side of the hospital, we find the apartments occupied by a score

of busy workers, the majority of whom appear to be gentlewomen. Every conceivable kind of needlework is dividing their attention with the young lady who reads aloud "David Copperfield," or "Dred;" while beside the fire, perhaps, an old lady with silver locks gives a touch of domesticity to the scene, which we should little have expected to meet within these walls. In traversing the male side, instead of the workroom we find a library, in which the patients, reclining upon the sofas or lolling in arm-chairs round the fire, beguile the hours with books or the *Illustrated News*. Many a scholar, the silver chord of whose brain jingles for the moment out of tune, here finds a congenial atmosphere, and such materials for study as he often could not obtain out-of-doors; and here many an artist, clergyman, officer, and broken-down gentleman, meets with social converse, which the world does not dream could exist in Bedlam.*

No cases of more than twelve months' standing are admitted within the walls of Bedlam, and only ninety persons termed incurables are allowed to remain beyond that period. These regulations exclude the idiotic and epileptic patients, who form such distressing groups in other establishments, and the interest required to obtain admission into this amply-endowed charity insures, at the same time, a much higher class of inmates. Clergymen, barristers, governesses, literary men, artists, and military and naval officers make up the staple of the assembly. The representatives of the lower orders are also present, but the educated element prevails, and the tone of dress and manners is vastly above that to be found in the pauper-swarmling county asylums. There is a ball on the first Monday in every month, and the company that gathers in the crystal chamber at the extreme end of the south wing would not disgrace in behavior and appearance any sane and well-bred community. The polka, the waltz, and the mazurka, performed with grace and ease, declare the social standing of

the assembly; and many a pedestrian who sees the dark silhouettes of the dancers as they whirl across the light, is astonished at the festivities of the inmates. In the summer evenings, the spacious courts are crowded with the patients, not gloomily walking between four dismal walls in which the very air seemed placed under restraint, but enjoying themselves in the bowling-green or in the skittle-alley. The garden is at hand for those who love the culture of flowers. When we contrast the condition of the Bethlehem of fifty years ago with the Bethlehem of to-day, we see at a glance what a gulf has been leaped in half a century—a gulf on one side of which we see man like a demon torturing his unfortunate fellows; on the other, like a ministering angel, carrying out the all-powerful law of love. Can this be the same Bethlehem where, in 1808, Mr. Westerton, Mr. Calvert, and Mr. Wakefield saw ten patients in the woman's gallery, each fastened by one arm or leg to the wall, with a length of chain that only allowed them to stand up by their bench, and dressed in a filthy blanket thrown poncho-like over their otherwise naked bodies? Can this be the same institution in which poor Norris, like a fierce hound in a kennel, was favored with a long chain that passed through the wall into the next room, and which, while permitting him a little extra tether, enabled the keeper to haul him up to the side of the cell when it was necessary to approach him? But this indulgence did not last, and from the pages of Esquirol we learn the infernal torture which was finally put upon him.

"A stout iron ring was riveted round his neck, from which a short chain passed to a ring made to slide upward or downward on an upright massive iron bar, more than six feet high, inserted into the wall. Round his body a strong iron bar, about two inches wide, was riveted; on each side of the bar was a circular projection, which being fastened to and inclosing each of his arms, pinioned them close to his side."

In this position, in which he could only stand upright or lie upon his back, he lived for twelve years!

The skeleton cupboards of Bethlehem are the male criminal lunatic wards. These dens, for we can call them by no softer name, are the only remaining representatives of old Bedlam. They consist of dismal,

* In a comfortable little apartment, which looked quite domestic in comparison with the workhouse wards of ordinary lunatic asylums, we saw, on our last visit, a young musician playing on a violoncello to an admiring audience. Touches of similar enjoyment continually meet the visitor, lighting up the moral atmosphere of the building with a cheerfulness totally at variance with his pre-conceived notions of this notorious madhouse.

arched corridors, feebly lit at either end by a single window in double irons, and divided in the middle by gratings more like those which inclose the fiercer carnivora at the Zoological Gardens than any thing we have elsewhere seen employed for the detention of afflicted humanity. Here fifty male lunatics are herded together without regard to their previous social or moral condition. Thus the unfortunate clergyman, the Rev. Hugh Wiloughby, who fired a pistol two years since at the judge at the Central Criminal Court, is herded with the plebeian perpetrator of some horrible murder. Side by side with the unfortunate Captain Johnson, of the ship "Tory," who, in a fit of extraordinary excitement during a mutiny on board his vessel, cut down some of his crew, but is now perfectly sane, sits, perhaps, the ruffian who murdered the warder in cold blood at Coldbath Fields—a villain brought in mad by a tender-hearted jury, who shrunk from the responsibility of hanging him. Here also poor Dad, the artist who killed his father whilst laboring under a sudden paroxysm of insanity, is obliged to weave his fine fancies on the canvas amidst the most revolting conversation and the most brutal behavior. Those who contend that all criminal lunatics should be treated alike, do not consider the vast difference between the tone of mind in an abandoned wretch who has lived a life of villainy, and the gentleman who has committed a casual offence. As the former advances toward sanity, the brutal disposition which early training in vice and dissipation has engraved upon his nature, comes into strong relief, whilst the good-breeding which is natural to the latter, and which was but temporarily eclipsed in him, resumes its sway. Nay, nothing is more certain than that the previous habits and manners of the lunatic are to a great extent unaffected by his unfortunate malady, even when it is at its height. The disgrace of thus caging up together the coarse and the gentle, the virtuous and the abandoned, rests wholly upon the shoulders of the Home Secretary. The governors of the hospitals, the medical officers, and the lunacy commissioners, have over and over again remonstrated against the enormity, and to our national shame have remonstrated in vain. It is proposed to build a special asylum for all the state lunatics, who are now distributed among county asylums,

hospitals, licensed houses, workhouses, and jails, to the number of 591,* and it is a duty which we trust will not be longer delayed. There can be little doubt that the presence of these crime-tainted individuals is felt deeply by the innocent lunatics, and that their recovery is retarded by the indignation excited at their degrading companionship with the outcasts of society. The erection of a criminal asylum upon a large scale would both compel a better system of classification, and would necessitate some solution of the difficult question—What shall be done with criminal patients who have recovered? One class of cases at least, as Dr. Tyler Smith has pointed out, leaves no room for doubt. The females who have committed offenses whilst under the influence of the delirium attendant upon puerperal fever, and who, having recovered, are past the age of child-bearing, should at once be released. They are no longer liable to a recurrence of mental aberration, and to keep them incarcerated for life is to treat past misfortune as an inextinguishable crime. Nothing can be more cruel, unjust, and motiveless.

It is proposed to remove Bethlehem Hospital into the country on the plea that ground can not be obtained in sufficient quantity for the use of the inmates. If by this is meant that agricultural pursuits can not be carried on in St. George's Fields, we rejoice in the fact. A sane man, accustomed to the busy scene of a large town, would be wretched if he was to pass the remainder of his days amid the silence of the fields; and the lunatic remains for the most part under the same domination of former habits. The notion that his faculties are universally disordered, all his perceptions destroyed, all his tastes obliterated, and all his sympathies extinct, is one of the grossest errors which can prevail. Nor do the better class of patients (such as form the inmates of Bethlehem) require the hard exercise which is necessary for the maintenance of health with an agricultural pauper. They find far more recreation in strolling through the streets in the neighborhood of the asylum, under the care of an attendant,

* Steps are being taken, we believe, to effect this necessary change; but unless Parliament puts its pressure upon the Home Office, we shall expect to see the arrangement completed when the Nelson Column is finished, and not before.

than in wading through plowed fields, or in taking a turn at spade husbandry. To this we must add, that insanity is often a sudden seizure, that individuals go raving mad in the streets, that in short there are frightful casualties of the mind, as of the body, which require the instant attention of the mental physician. For this reason alone every lunatic asylum should no more be removed into the country than every ordinary hospital. But, apart from this circumstance, we repeat that Bethlehem, within call of friends and within the hum of the busy world, glimpses of which can be caught by the patients from the loop-holes of their retreat, and into which they are occasionally allowed to enter, is far better placed for purposes of cure than in any rural district, however well supplied with the means of pursuing agricultural labor. At present, all the sights of the metropolis are from time to time enjoyed by the inmates. "The male patients last year," says Dr. Hood, the resident physician, "who were not fit to be discharged were allowed to spend a day at Kew; another day they went by steamboat to the Nore; and, conducting themselves well under the charge of careful attendants, visited many public exhibitions—the National Gallery, the Crystal Palace, Marlborough House, the Zoological Gardens, Smithfield Cattle-show, etc." Who can doubt that people accustomed to such sights and sounds would infinitely prefer them to the delights of walking between hedge-rows, hoeing weeds, or digging potatoes? Who can doubt that these little excursions of the wall-bound inmates into the cheerful life of the outside world are a vast advantage to the slowly recovering brain, and constitute just that desirable transitional training necessary to their safe restitution to unlimited freedom? In fact, under the old system, when convalescent patients, who had been confined for months in dungeon-like cells, bristling with bars, were taken to the gates and returned suddenly to unrestrained liberty, the effect of the contrast was often so great, that they set off running in a paroxysm of excitement, and were frequently brought back again in a few days, reduced by a too abrupt release to their old condition. It would not, perhaps, be undesirable to add to Bethlehem some small rural establishment, answering to the *succursales* of foreign lunatic asylums; but this should be strictly an appendage, to

which patients should be sent for a short time, for change of air and scene—just as all the world now and then take a trip to the country to refresh the wearied eye with the sight of green trees and fields, and to cure that moral scurvy contracted by perpetually dwelling upon the dismal vistas of blackened bricks which constitute metropolitan prospects.

For the fullest development of the prevalent system of treating the insane we must go to Colney Hatch and Hanwell, the two great lunatic asylums for the county of Middlesex. The former, situated on the Great Northern Railway, only six miles from the metropolis, is the largest and perhaps the most imposing-looking non-metropolitan building of the kind in Europe. In this establishment, built within the last six years, we may study the merits and demerits of modern asylums. Containing within its walls a population, inclusive of officers and attendants, of 1380 persons, which is equal to that of our largest villages, and presenting the appearance of a town, its wards and passages amounting in the aggregate to the length of six miles, it is here that we shall find the completest system of organization, and, if we may use the term, of official routine. The enormous sum of money expended upon Colney Hatch, which has reached already to £270,000, prepares us for the almost palatial character of its elevation. Its façade of nearly a third of a mile, is broken at intervals by Italian campaniles and cupolas, and the whole aspect of the exterior leads the visitor to expect an interior of commensurate pretensions. He no sooner crosses the threshold, however, than the scene changes. As he passes along the corridor which runs from end to end of the building, he is oppressed with the gloom; the little light admitted by the loop-holed windows is absorbed by the inky asphalt paving, and, coupled with the low vaulting of the ceiling, gives a stifling feeling, and a sense of detention as in a prison. The staircases scarcely equal those of a workhouse; plaster there is none, and a coat of paint, or whitewash, does not even conceal the rugged surface of the brickwork. In the wards a similar state of things exists: airy and spacious they are, without doubt, but of human interest they possess nothing. Upward of a quarter of a million has been squandered principally upon the exterior of this build-

ing; but not a sixpence can be spared to adorn the walls within with picture, bust, or even the commonest cottage decoration. This is the vice which pervades the majority of county asylums lately erected. The visiting Justices doubtless believe that it would be a superfluous and even mischievous refinement to trouble themselves about pleasing the eye or amusing the brain of the lunatic; but this is a mighty error, as every person knows who understands how keenly sensitive are the minds of the majority of the insane.

“Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,”

sings the graceful Lovelace; but it should be remembered that the lunatic has no divine Althea to muse upon in his house of detention, and the majority of the insane have no healthy wings by which their minds can leap beyond the dreariness of the present. To divert them from the demon in possession, all the ingenuity of philanthropy should be employed; but this truth has been overlooked both here and at Hanwell, and we are lost in astonishment when we reflect upon the folly of lavishing hundreds of thousands upon outward ornamentation, whilst the decorations common among the poorest laborers are denied to the inmates, for whom all this expense has been incurred. There is no more touching sight at Colney Hatch than to notice the manner in which the female lunatics have endeavored to diversify the monotonous appearance of their cell-like sleeping-rooms with rag-dolls, bits of shell, porcelain, or bright cloth, placed symmetrically in the light of the window-sill. The love of ornament seems to dwell with them when all other mental power is lost, and they strew gay colors about them with no more sense, but with as much enjoyment, as the bower-bird of the Zoological gardens adorns his playing-bower.* The prison dress of the male pa-

* The walls of one of the wards of Colney Hatch are decorated throughout with well-executed bas-relief pictures from Greek subjects by a patient. We are informed that the lunatics transferred here from the undecorated wards enter the apartment with expressions of delight, and are particularly careful to preserve the objects of their pleasure in good condition. In some metropolitan asylums, the inmates have adorned their prison-house with pieces of sculpture and pictures; and the Germans are fond of indulging the love of color by filling some of the windows with stained glass. In France, abundance

tients is in keeping with the desolate walls. It is infinitely depressing even to the visitor to see nothing but dull gray garments; and the lunatics themselves feel degraded by a uniform dedicated to the jail-bird. The medical officers of both this asylum and Hanwell are deeply impressed with its injurious effects, and they have long denounced it. Happily the system is confined to the men, not, however, from any benevolent feeling toward the females, but simply because gown-pieces of the same pattern can not be procured in sufficient quantities to clothe the entire community. Among the sane, self-respect is increased by the possession of decent clothes, and the lunatic is often still more amenable to their influence. A refractory patient at Colney Hatch was in the habit of tearing his clothes into shreds. Mr. Tyerman, one of the medical officers, ordered him to be dressed in a brand new suit. The poor man, a tailor by trade, either from professional appreciation of the value of his new habiliments, or from being touched by this mark of attention, respected their integrity, and from that moment rapidly recovered. Before leaving the asylum, he stated that he owed his cure to the good effect produced upon his mind by being intrusted with this new suit of clothes. At Hanwell, the patients who destroy their dresses are put into strong canvas garments, bound round with leather, and fastened with padlocks. This plan is adopted at some other lunatic asylums; but it always looks repulsive.

It is only, we believe, in the metropolitan county asylums, which should be model establishments, that the gray prison dress is retained. In the majority of county asylums the smock-frock of the district is used, and the patient moves about undistinguished from the rest of the population by any repulsive badge. In France and Belgium they manage better still. Dr. Webster, in his notes on foreign lunatic asylums, published in the “*Psychological Journal of Medicine*,” speaks of the bright head-dresses and vivid shawls used in France as giving a cheerful appearance to the assembled inmates. Nothing less could be expected from the known disposition of a people of whom it

of flowers are placed about the establishment as being eminent sources of delight. In these particulars, we have not a little to learn from our Continental brethren.

has been said, that if any man among them was thrown naked into the sea, he would rise up clothed from head to foot, with a sword, bagwig, and ruffles to boot. In the present matter, they have been wiser in their generation than ourselves; and we can imagine with what surprise they would learn that at Hanwell, the most celebrated English establishment for the treatment of the insane, patients are rewarded for good conduct by allowing them to wear a fancy waistcoat. This fact of itself shows the aversion to the prison garb, and the necessity of discarding it. But the same visiting committee which inspects the county jail governs the asylum, and we regret to say that they allow the organization of the former to be introduced into the latter.

In spite of these drawbacks, the progress made with the last twenty years has been immense. A walk through the wards and workshops of Colney Hatch will prove that the lunatic is at last treated as though he had human sympathy and desires, and was capable of behaving in many respects like a rational being. All large asylums possess an advantage over smaller ones in their greater ability to classify their inmates. The wards and corridors of Colney Hatch and Hanwell are so extensive that they may be likened to different streets inhabited by distinct classes. It is usual to name the compartments according to the mental condition of the patients contained in them. Thus, in most asylums we have the refractory ward, the epileptic ward, the paralytic ward, the ward for dirty patients, and the convalescent ward. At Colney Hatch, it is considered better to use numbers instead, as the patients soon become acquainted with the denomination of the class to which they belong, and often behave in conformity with it. Thus the lunatic, finding himself in a refractory ward, will sometimes act up to the part assigned to him, when he would otherwise be peaceable. The vice of classification is, that it separates the population of an asylum into so many mental castes, which, in some measure, prevents that easy transition from lunacy to sanity which it is desirable to maintain. In the choice of difficulties, however, there can be little doubt that these divisions in lunatic establishments, as at present constructed, present the most convenient as well as the best means of treating the insane, and the errors to

which it is liable can at all times be obviated by the careful supervision of the medical officers.

Nothing strikes the visitor with greater admiration than the care taken of the paralytic and imbecile patients which form so large a percentage of the inmates of the county asylums. In most cases, the sleeping apartments of these poor creatures at Colney Hatch and Hanwell are padded round breast high, in order that they may not damage themselves against the walls whilst seized with convulsions in bed, and a pillow has been invented perfectly permeable to the air, on which they can lie with their faces downward during the paroxysm of a fit, without the risk of suffocation. In extreme cases, even the floor is padded, lest the sufferer should unconsciously throw himself upon it. The bed-ridden paralytic reclines upon a water-bed, and is tended night and morning as sedulously as a helpless babe. This test of the care which prevails in an asylum is to be found in the condition of the persons who can not help themselves. Where trouble begins, negligence begins also in an ill-regulated establishment. Nowhere do the alleviations of humanity seem more required than with the idiots and paralytics. Of all the wards at Colney Hatch these are the most depressing. It is impossible to contemplate a room full of creatures moving about on their seats with a monotonous action like a company of apes, or when paralyzed in their lower limbs, to see them dragging themselves like seals along the floor by the aid of their arms, without being oppressed by the sense of the dreadful condition to which man can be reduced when the mind is ruined and the nerve-power diseased. It is only in these wards and the refractory that, on ordinary occasions, the stranger would discover that he was among the mentally afflicted. It is reported that a lady, after she had been shown over a large asylum by the celebrated Esquirol, inquired, "But where are the mad people?" All the infinitely finely-shaded stages of lunacy which lie between mental health, wild fury, and chronic dementia, are, in the popular idea, merged in the raving maniac. Yet it is rare for a casual visitor to witness scenes of violence in a lunatic asylum. Those who are mischievous are trained to concentrate their dislike upon the medical officers and attendants rather than upon

their fellow-patients. The matron of Hanwell Asylum, in her Report for 1856, thus speaks of one of the criminal lunatics, who belongs to this refractory class :

"She seldom interferes with any other patient, the officers and attendants being the special objects of her furious attempts, and her mode of attack is peculiar; there is not usually any thing in her manner or appearance to indicate mischief, and she has perhaps previously spoken calmly to the person upon whom—having watched until she has turned her back; for as long as the face is toward her the individual is safe—she springs with the quickness and velocity of a tigress, fastening her hands in the hair, and bringing her victim to the ground in an instant. If not immediately rescued, the head of the unfortunate person is dashed repeatedly upon the floor; and it has been found impossible hitherto to detach the hand of this patient without a quantity of hair being torn by her from the head of the sufferer."

The visiting magistrates are also highly obnoxious to the patients; and their passage through a ward generally leaves behind it a trail of excitement, which often generates outbreaks that do not subside for some hours. On the whole, however, it is remarkable how small an amount of violence is attempted by the insane. In Colney Hatch, with its 1250 patients, there are far fewer personal assaults in a year than would take place in any village containing half the number of inhabitants. Still, precautions are always necessary; and the attendants, from long observation, are generally fore-warned, and consequently fore-armed. Special arrangements are made for those persons who have an unusual tendency to injure themselves or their companions. The suicidally inclined are always placed at night in dormitories with other patients, an arrangement which effectually prevents any attempts at self-destruction; while those who have a propensity to commit homicide are provided with separate cells. There is at the present moment a person at Colney Hatch who labors under the delusion that he can only recover his liberty by killing one of the keepers, and in accordance with this idea he has already made several attempts on their lives. A lamentable death took place at Hanwell the year before last, through the neglect on the part of an attendant to see a homicidal patient properly secured in his apartment for the night.

"On the 12th of April, the patients of No. 7

ward, (25 in number,) having had their supper, were going to bed at a quarter before eight o'clock—all of them being more or less refractory, having a single bed-room each. The attendant, in seeing them to bed, inadvertently locked up two (B. and W.) in one room; he stated that, observing the day-clothing of all outside their doors, he supposed that the patients were in their rooms, and therefore, did not take the precaution to look into them. The room No. 19 was the one usually occupied by W., a man of exceedingly clean habits, of a mild expression of countenance, but very violent, prone to strike suddenly and without provocation any person within reach of him; so frequently had he done this, that he was not allowed to sit near other patients, even at meals, but took his food apart from them at a side-table. B., whose room was No. 10, directly opposite No. 19, was occasionally violent, always dirty in his habits, and destructive of clothing. It is supposed that this man entered No. 19 room by mistake, and that his presence there excited the homicidal tendency of the other into action. What is known is, that the night-attendant, when he visited the ward at half-past ten o'clock, and went as usual to the room No. 10, found it unoccupied, and the patient's clothes outside the door; then hearing a noise in room 19, he opened the door, and saw B. extended at full length on his back on the floor, naked, and quite dead. W. came out of the room in his shirt immediately the door was opened, and, pointing to B., said: 'That fellow will not allow me to sleep.' There was a mark round B.'s neck as if caused by a cord, which had produced strangulation, and a mark of a severe blow at the top of the nose, and of a bruise on the chest: the bed-clothes were in great disorder; amongst them were found the shirt and flannel of B.; one sleeve of the former was twisted like a rope, as if W. had strangled B. with it."

The utmost precaution will not always insure safety; for patients considered quite harmless will now and then commit the most horrible acts. A black man, a butcher, who had been many years in an American asylum, and had never shown any violence, one night secreted a knife, and induced another patient to enter his cell. When his companion had lain down, he cut his throat, divided him into joints, and arranged the pieces round his cell as he had been accustomed to arrange his meat in his shop. He then offered his horrible wares to his fellow-lunatics, carrying such parts as they desired to those who were chained. The keeper, hearing the uproar, examined the cells, and found one man missing; upon inquiring of the black butcher if he had seen him, he calmly replied: he had "sold the last joint!"

Even those who have apparently harmless delusions, will sometimes, if thwarted, commit unlooked-for atrocities. Not many years since, an inquisition was held before Mr. Commissioner Winslow upon a young gentleman who would travel considerable distances to see a windmill, and sit watching it for days. His friends, to put an end to his absurd propensity, removed to a place where there were no mills. The youth, to counteract the design, murdered a child in a wood, mangling his limbs in a terrible manner, in the hope that he should be transferred, as a punishment, to a situation whence a mill could be seen.

Idleness is, perhaps, a greater curse to the majority of lunatics than to sane individuals. Occupation diverts the mind from its malady. Colney Hatch and Hanwell, from their populousness, and from the fact of their being filled principally by metropolitan lunatics, afford admirable examples of the new method of employing patients in the trades they have been accustomed to follow when in health. As the ranges of workshops at Colney Hatch are the most extensive, we will draw our description from that establishment. Of the male patients, only 245, out of an average of 514 in the house during the year 1855, were employed in labor at all, the remainder consisting of violent maniacs, and those afflicted with paralysis, epilepsy, and idioticy, none of whom are capable of undertaking any work. Sixty-five persons were allotted to the gardens, grounds, and farms, leaving 180 to be distributed in the workshops and various offices of the asylum. The tailoring department is the most extensive. Upon the occasion of our visit, there were at least a score of crossed-legged lunatics cutting out and making up gray dresses for the inmates, or repairing old clothing, their conduct being in no manner distinguishable from that of sane journeymen. The shoemakers numbered a dozen, every man handling his short knife. Those unaccustomed to lunatics will find it a nervous proceeding to thread their way among so many armed madmen, and will wish themselves well out of this apparently dangerous assembly. Yet, in truth, they are no more to be feared than any similar number of lucid workmen, as the homicidally inclined are carefully excluded. The carpenters planed away merrily among their

chips in an adjoining apartment, using, now and then, chisels, gouge, and saw in perfect freedom. Many excitable patients have been placed in these shops without any bad result, and even those who are disposed to be mischievous when suspected, have become quiet when trusted with edge-tools of the most formidable description. The greater the confidence reposed in the majority of the insane, the more does it tend to insure good behavior. Of the other artificers in different departments, we may mention painters, upholsters, bakers, butchers, brewers, and coopers, whilst a still larger number are employed in the kitchen and dining-hall, or as helpers in the corridors and wards. The services of all these lunatic artisans and laborers were valued last year at £1059, 3s.

As far as possible, the men work at the trades they have previously followed, but there are many patients whose skilled labor can not be utilized in this comparatively confined community; such, for instance, as rule-makers, jewelers, whale-bone-cutters, coach-painters, gold-beaters, buhl-cutters, wax-doll makers, and a score of other heterogeneous craftsmen, who are only to be found in a great metropolis. These persons engage in the employment most suited to them, and thus many of them leave the asylum skilled in two trades. Equally efficacious is the occupation on the farm, which contains seventy-six acres of pasture and arable land, principally dedicated to the rearing and maintenance of stock. On the 1st of January, 1856, there were 28 cows, 1 bull, 2 calves, 152 pigs, 40 sheep, 7 horses, etc. The tending of these animals, the culture of the fields and of the thirty-one acres of ornamental grounds, the milking the cows, the slaughtering of the meat, and the production of the butter, afford varied and healthy employment to the sixty-five agriculturists. Some persons who never handled a spade before here set to work cheerfully and with a will, and a French polisher, a Wesleyan minister, school-teacher, or a law-writer, may be seen digging away at a field of potatoes: or a ship-carpenter, saddler, cabman, coal-heaver, and organ-player, diligently engaged in filling a manure-cart. They would, it is true, be better employed in occupations more in accordance with their previous habits, but these can not be found for them, and labor of any kind is preferable to idleness. On the female

side of the house, industry is resorted to as a means of cure to a still larger extent. Of the 503 equal to labor, 270 work as needlewomen, 7 are employed in the kitchen, 72 wash, iron, and clearstarch in the laundry, 125 help in the wards, and 29 attend school, and are otherwise engaged. The total value of the female labor of the house is computed at £500 per annum.

Colney Hatch is not so extensively embarked in industrial and agricultural pursuits as the North and East Riding Asylum, where the patients are received from a mixed manufacturing and agricultural population, and the produce of their fields and workshops is much greater than could be extracted from worn-out metropolitan patients. Not only do the lunatics rear the vegetables, but they take them to the asylum gates, and dispose of them to the public. The result affords a proof of what we hold to be a settled principle, that chronic cases of insanity are greatly benefited by as much intercourse as possible with the saner part of the community.

In accordance with the opinion that the pursuits of lunatics should be similar to their pursuits in former days, the south wing of Haslar Hospital is devoted to the officers, seamen, and marines of her Majesty's fleet who are afflicted with insanity. Every window of the building commands a fine view of Spithead and the Isle of Wight, and here the old Salts can sit and watch the splendid panorama, crowded with vessels, and active with that nautical life which recalls so many happy associations to their minds. They form fishing-parties, make nets, and go on pleasure-excursions in row and sailing craft. The "madmen's boat" of eight oars, manned by patients, and steered by an attendant, is well known to the sailors on the Solent, and so harmless are they considered, that young ladies often accompany them on trips to the Isle of Wight, implicitly trusting in their seamanship and politeness.

Mental labor as a means of cure, has not been adopted in England to any great extent; most asylums have their libraries, in which attentive readers are always to be found, but the inmates rarely attempt to produce amusement or instruction for their fellows. There is one signal exception to this rule in Murray's Royal Asylum at Perth. This establishment, under

the superintendence of Dr. Lauder Lindsay, appears to be the very focus of intellectual activity. The programme for the winter session of 1856-57 reads more like the prospectus of the Athenæum of some large city than the bill of fare for a lunatic asylum. Famous professors reflect in its lecture-room the philosophy and science of the outer world, and their choice of subjects would not be disavowed by the committee of a London scientific institution.

1. Beauty.—Professor Blackie, University of Edinburgh.
2. Authenticity of Ossian's Poems.—Hugh Barclay, Esq., LL.D., Sheriff-Substitute of Perthshire.
3. Chemical Affinity.—Thomas Miller, Esq., LL.D., Rector of Perth Academy.
4. Vital Phenomena of Vegetation.—George Lawson, Esq., Demonstrator of Botanical History, University of Edinburgh.
5. Winter: its Lessons and Associations.—Rev. Dr. Crombie, of Scoon, late Moderator of General Assembly.
6. Sketches from the History of Ancient Nations.—Rev. John Anderson, Kinnoull.
7. Education: its Aims and Uses.—Rev. Wm. Murdoch, Kinnoull.
8. The Genesis of Thought.—Dr. Browne, Crichton Royal Institution, Dumfries.
9. Electricity: its Phenomena and Applications.—Dr. Fairless, Crieff.
10. Natural History of Man.—Dr. Stirling, Perth.
11. Natural History of Zoophytes.—Alex. Croall, Esq., Montrose.
12. Art in its Applications to Common Life.—Thomas R. Marshall, Esq., Edinburgh.

These scientific and philosophic expositions are attended by all the better-class patients. The paupers have a separate set of lectures and classes, the major part of which are delivered and conducted by the inmates themselves. Galvanism, The Blood, Time, Economic Botany, are among the subjects which the deranged brains of the Perth asylum were contented last winter to hear elucidated. The activity of the place does not stop here: chamber concerts, in which the patients perform; grand concerts, in which artists from without supply the leading stars; and theatrical performances, in which the different characters are all taken by "resident" actors, are among the resources which were employed to amuse and interest the inmates during the winter months just past. A pit full of lunatics watching "Box and Cox" played by their fellows, is a curious subject for contemplation. Not content with these efforts, they seem to think that they are nothing unless criti-

cal, and accordingly they have set up a journal, in which they review their own performances. The first number of *Excelsior* is now before us, in which we find poetry, news, and criticisms on music and contemporary literature; and he who reads with the idea of finding any thing odd in this production will most certainly be mistaken, for no one could divine that there was a "bee in the bonnet" of printer, publisher, and every contributor. Balls and conversaziones form the staple of the lighter recreations of this singular community, whilst the more athletic games of running, leaping, hurdle-racing, Highland dancing, putting the stone, footing the bar, and lifting dead weights, are pursued with such success, that the lunatics boast with pride that they have beaten some of the prize-holders of the outer world.

It might be supposed that intellectual striving was not the medicine to offer to a diseased brain; but we are informed by Dr. Lindsay that, in the vast majority of cases, the best results flow from this method of treatment, and that a large percentage of cures is obtained. Such patients as would be injured by stimulating their faculties, are debarred by the physician from their undue exercise, and others must be too far gone, or be too uninformed to be capable of the pursuit. The surprise that lunatics should be susceptible of healthy mental exertion arises from the common forgetfulness that many understandings are slightly affected, or are only deranged upon particular points. When Nat Lee was in Bedlam, he said that it was very difficult to write like a madman, and very easy to write like a fool. The works of the fools are more voluminous than the works of the madmen, because there are more fools than lunatics; but those who are completely mad are so far from experiencing a difficulty in writing in their own character, that they can not write in any other. As many, however, who are not altogether right in their minds are no more exclusively insane than people who are not absolutely wise are entirely foolish, it is easy to see that they may still be equal to much profitable mental exertion. In these days, poor Christopher Smart would not be deprived of his pen and ink, and compelled to indent his long poem on "David" with a key on the panels of his cell; nor perhaps would the following epigram, which a woman in Bedlam wrote on Martin Madan's argu-

ment in favour of polygamy, be handed about as a phenomenon to be wondered at:

"If John marry Mary, and Mary alone,
It is a good match between Mary and John:
But if John marry more wives, what blows
and what scratches!
'Tis no longer a match, but a bundle of
matches."

In France, and we believe in some other continental countries, it is the habit to employ lunatic labor in the private farms surrounding the asylum. This plan was in the olden time pursued in England; but it appears to have gone out with the ancient system of coercion. When radical revolutions are accomplished, good ideas sometimes perish with the bad; and we cannot help thinking that the abandonment of this method of exercising lunatics was an error, and that a return to the old practice, under proper regulations, would be of advantage both to employer and employed. Never must we lose sight of the wisdom of freeing the patient as much as practicable from the companionship of his fellows, and of placing him, to the utmost of our power, in the same free condition which he enjoyed in his days of sanity.

At Colney Hatch, as at Hanwell, and indeed all other public asylums, the sexes occupy separate portions of the building, and are only allowed to be present on particular occasions. This unnatural arrangement undoubtedly arose from the introduction into asylums of prison and workhouse systems of management; for certainly nothing can tend to render the life of the patient more dreary than to find himself carefully excluded from the company of the other half of creation. It is stated by the advocates of separation that the mingling of the sexes among the insane would be productive of occasional misbehaviour; but nothing could be more unjust than to deprive the majority of the benefits which would arise from frequent social reünion, in consequence of the erotic tendencies of the few. It is with pleasure therefore we see the attempts which are being made to assimilate the intercourse of lunatics to that of the sane at Hanwell, Colney Hatch, and other asylums. The most interesting feature of the former establishment is the ball which takes place every Monday night. Shortly after six o'clock, the handsome assembly-room, bril-

liantly lit with gas, becomes the central point of attraction to all the inmates, male and female, who are considered well enough to indulge their inclinations for festivity. On the occasion of our visit, there were about 200 patients present, together with a few visitors, and many of the attendants. In a raised orchestra five musicians, three of whom were lunatics, soon struck up a merry polka, and immediately the room was alive with dancers. In the progress of this amusement, we could see nothing grotesque or odd. Had the men been differently dressed, it would have been impossible to have guessed that we were in the midst of a company of lunatics, the mere sweepings of the parish workhouses; but the prison uniform of sad-colored gray presented a disadvantageous contrast to the gayer and more varied costumes at Bethlehem, and appeared like a jarring note amid the general harmony of the scene. In the corners of the room, whist-players, consisting generally of the older inmates, were seen intent upon their game; not a word was uttered aloud, not a gesture took place that would have discredited any similar sane assembly; yet not a patient was free from some strange hallucination, or some morbid impulse. Among the merriest dancers in Sir Roger de Coverley, was a man who believed himself to be our Saviour, and who wore in his hair a spike in imitation of the crown of thorns; and one of the keenest whist-players was an old lady, who, whilst her partner was dealing, privately assured us she had been dead these three years, and desired as a favor that we would use our influence with the surgeon to persuade him to cut off her head. In the midst of such strange delusions, it was curious to notice how rationally those who were their dupes enjoy themselves; and it is impossible to deny that such reunions are eminently calculated to hinder the mind from morbidly dwelling upon its own unhealthy creations. It is found that the too prolonged and frequent repetition of the balls somewhat diminishes their interest—an evil provided against at Hanwell by restricting the time allotted to them. At nine precisely, although in the midst of a dance, a shrill note is blown, and the entire assembly, like so many Cinderellas, breaks up at once, and the company hurry off to their dormitories. These hebdomadal balls have not yet been introduced at Colney Hatch. A movement has, how-

ever, been made during the last six months toward a limited association between the sexes, by allowing them to dine together. Of the 500 patients who assemble in the ample dining-hall, 200 are females and 300 males. The scene when the women first made their appearance is described as something remarkable; the men rose in a body apparently delighted beyond measure; and the presence of the softer sex has not only tended to break the former monotony, but to keep the assembly in order and good humor. Before this happy meeting, there were occasional outbreaks of some of the more excited patients; but now, when any of the men are inclined to be fractious or discontented, the women turn them into joke, and they are silenced immediately. As yet, the two sexes are not allowed to sit at the same table, but are located on opposite sides of the room. By far the better plan would be to seat them on different sides of the long tables; but as many persons in authority, wanting confidence in human nature, object to this natural arrangement, the innovators must be satisfied for the moment with the present imperfect concession. When it was first proposed to introduce a billiard-table at Bethlehem, the scheme was rejected by a majority of two thirds of the governors, on the score that the players would fight each other with the cues and balls, and bagatelle, as a kind of half measure, was permitted instead. As the patients confined the balls to their legitimate purpose, and the mace was not turned into an offensive weapon, the billiard-table was at last, with reluctance, established. The same thing will, doubtless, happen with respect to the dining arrangement at Colney Hatch; and, before long, we trust male and female lunatics will exchange courtesies across the table, instead of across the room.

In the chapels of nearly all the larger lunatic asylums the quieter inmates are accustomed to meet at the daily morning and evening service. In the spacious chapel of Hanwell and Colney Hatch, the attendance on week-days, as well as on the Sabbath, is far better than can be found among the same number of people out of doors—250, on the average, attending on the week-days, and 500 on Sundays. We do not suppose that the lunatic is more religious than the sane, but the *ennui* which, to a certain extent, still attaches to the asylum, renders any form of

reunion agreeable, and as the going to the chapel is "something to do," numbers of the inmates obey the summons who might stay at home if they were at large. The conduct, nevertheless, of this congregation is most exemplary. "The heartiness," says the chaplain, in his report for 1856, "with which they join in the responses and the psalmody is very encouraging, while their quiet, orderly conduct—the prayer offered up by many on entering chapel—the regularity with which they all kneel or sit, according to the order of the service—would, I think, if generally witnessed, put to the blush many of our parochial congregations." Now and then an epileptic patient will disturb the chapel by his heavy fall; but as those who are thus afflicted are located near the doors, the interruption is but momentary. The chaplain of Colney Hatch has trained twelve male and female patients to practice church-music and psalmody. The choral service is well performed, and, in conjunction with the organ, has a visible effect in soothing the wilder patients, and in pleasing all. The sacrament is not denied to those who are fit to receive it, and no more touching scene can be witnessed than that which is presented in the chapel, when a score of communicants, disordered though their minds sometimes be, humbly kneel, and

"Drain the chalice of the grapes of God."

The out-of-door games of the insane are very much regulated by the extent of ground attached to the asylum. Where this is ample, as at Colney Hatch, cricket is the favorite summer recreation; a skittle-alley, a bowling-green, and a fives-court, are found in most county asylums. In America, where women adopt more masculine habits than in England, female lunatics play matches on the bowling-green; and in France, gymnastic exercises are employed for the exercise of both sexes, and may, we think, be introduced into the English asylums with advantage. The idiotic patients and those who are incapable of much exertion, may be seen in airing courts, enjoying the monotonous swinging motion of the machine known in domestic life under the name of "the nursery yacht," being nothing more than a rocking-horse with the horse left out by particular desire. In addition to these means of diverting the minds of the

patients, walking parties, under the superintendence of officers of the establishment, are made up two or three times a week. During the haymaking season, it is customary to allow the inmates of asylums to which farms are attached to go forth into the fields to assist with the rake and the pitchfork. This permission is always looked upon as a great treat, and its effect upon the patients is of the happiest kind, especially *if the scene of their temporary labor admits no sight of the asylum and its wearisome walls*. Here for a few hours they seem to realize the liberty and delight of younger days. The physician on such occasions may read in their "grateful eyes" that we are at present arrived only half-way on the road of non-restraint. Individual patients, again, are suffered to leave the public asylums on a day's visit to their friends, under the care of a nurse; and some who are nearly convalescent are permitted to go and return of their own accord. It is the custom of Colney Hatch and Hanwell, and, we believe, of most asylums in England, to grant the patients a certain period of probation among their friends, in order to test their fitness to be discharged as cured; to give them, in short, mental tickets-of-leave. This is an admirable plan, inasmuch as it secures to the patient the full enjoyment of liberty, at the same time that it enables him to keep himself well in hand, knowing that, as he is not unconditionally released, an immediate recall to the asylum would follow any sign of returning irrationality.

The dietary in public asylums is ample, and the quality excellent. Hanwell may, perhaps, be considered the model establishment in this respect. It is the joke of the other asylums, that one man has been regaled there daily for years with chicken and wine. Even the fancies of the patients are now and then gratified at some expense. There is an old lady in Hanwell who believes that the whole establishment is her private property; and, on one occasion, she complained to the medical superintendent that, notwithstanding all the expense she was at to keep up the grounds and forcing-houses, she never could get any grapes. The next day she was presented with a bunch, which had been purchased to appease her repinings. This humoring method of treatment, as it is called in other asylums, is much patronized by the matron, a per-

son who seems to enjoy as much power as the medical officers. In her report for 1856 she thus speaks of a patient who died in the course of last year :

"She had been employed many years in the laundry, and always imagined she was to be removed elsewhere—that on Monday morning a wagon would call at the gate for herself and property. Accordingly, every Monday morning throughout the year, at 10 o'clock, she was accompanied to the gate, dressed with a colored handkerchief pinned fancifully over her cap instead of a bonnet, and carrying a small parcel (*her property*) of most heterogeneous contents: thimbles, ends of tape, polished bones, pebbles, pieces of smooth coal, etc. The wagon was never found to be waiting, and Mary, without evincing any disappointment, walked cheerfully back to the laundry, telling the superintendent that 'the wagon would be sure to come next Monday, but that she need not lose time, so she would work all this week.'"

In many asylums this method of treatment is thought calculated to feed the original delusion; but here, again, the judgment of the physician ought alone to determine the course to be taken in each individual case. In patients laboring under violent excitement, to oppose a hallucination, however absurd, would add fuel to the fire. Again, in a chronic case, like that of the laundry-maid, the harmless fancy of the poor creature might not only be indulged with impunity, but served to renew week by week her stock of cheerfulness.

The lunatic colony of Gheel, situated twelve miles south of Turnhont, in Belgium, amid a vast uncultivated plateau, consisting of heath and sand, called the Campine, affords an extraordinary example of the preëminent advantages of the present mode of managing lunatics. Until the era of railroads, this spot was so out of the ordinary track of the world, that but few persons even of those who were interested in the treatment of the insane were aware of its existence. Here we discover, like a fly in amber, a state of things which has lasted with little change for twelve hundred years. Here we see the last remnants of the priestly treatment of insanity, coupled with a system of non-restraint which certainly existed long before the term was ever heard of in England and France. Gheel owes its origin to a miracle. Saint Dymphna, the daughter of an Irish king, suffered martyrdom in this place from the hand of her

father, in the sixth century. So great was her fame as the patron-saint of lunatics, that her shrine, erected in the church dedicated to her, speedily became the resort of pilgrims, who journeyed hither in the hope of being cured of their madness, or of preventing its advent. Her elegantly sculptured tomb contains, among other bassi-relievi, one in which the devil is observed issuing from the head of a female lunatic, while prayers are being offered up by some priests and nuns; and close at hand another chained maniac seems anxiously awaiting his turn to be delivered from the demon. The idea, carefully inculcated by the priests, that lunacy meant nothing more than possession by the devil, has long been banished from other lands. Here, however, it has flourished for many centuries, and the ceremony of crawling beneath the tomb has existed so long, that the hands and knees of devotees have worn away the pavement. The act is still occasionally performed amid a scene in which superstition and terror are combined in a manner calculated to cure any lunatic, if deep mental impressions were alone required to purge away his malady. But what is far more interesting and astonishing, to those accustomed to the bolts and bars, the locks, wards, and high walls of crowded European asylums, is the almost entire liberty accorded to the lunatics resident in the town of Gheel and its neighboring hamlets, to the number of 800, or one tenth of the whole district. No palatial building, such as we encounter in nearly every county in England, is to be seen. The little army of pauper and other patients gathered from the whole superficies of Belgium, instead of being stowed away in one gigantic establishment, in which all ideas of life are merged in the iron routine of an enormous work-house, are distributed over five hundred different dwellings, three hundred of which are cottages, or small farm-houses, in which the more violent and poorer classes are dispersed, and the remaining two hundred are situated in the town of Gheel, and are appropriated to the quieter lunatics, and those who are able to pay more liberally for their treatment. In these habitations, the sufferers are placed under the care of the host and hostess, more than three patients never being domiciled under one roof, and generally not more than one. The lunatic shares in the usual life of the

family; his occupations and employment are theirs, his little cares and enjoyments are the same as theirs. He goes forth to the fields to labor as in ordinary life; no stern walls perpetually imprison him and make him desire to overleap them, as Rasselas desired to escape even from the Happy Valley. If it is not thought fit for him to labor with plough or spade, he remains at home, and takes care of the children, prunes the trees in the garden, and attends to the potage on the fire; or if a female, busies herself in the ordinary domestic duties of the house. The lunatics, as may be supposed, are not left to the discretionary mercies of the host and hostess. A strict system of supervision prevails, somewhat analogous to that of the Lunacy Commissioners and the visiting Justices of England. The entire country is divided into four districts, each having a head guardian and a physician, to whom is intrusted the medical care of every inmate belonging to that section. There are, in addition, one consulting surgeon and one inspecting physician for the whole community. The general government of the colony is vested in the hands of eight persons, who dispense a code of laws especially devised for it. The Burgo-master of Gheel presides over this managing committee, whose duties are to distribute the patients among the different dwellings, to watch over their treatment, and to admit or discharge them. A Visiting Commissioner is annually appointed, who inspects the dwellings of the different hosts, and sees that the patients are properly cared for. The oversight of the lunatics falls almost wholly upon the hostess, the man rarely interfering, unless called upon to control a disorderly patient. The people of Gheel, from having been engaged for ages in the treatment of the insane, are said to have acquired extraordinary tact in their management, which, Dr. Webster remarks, may be considered to exhibit a most judicious mixture of "mildness and force." Although instruments of restraint, such as the strait-waistcoat and the long leathern thong below the leg, to prevent patients from running away, are occasionally resorted to, the sectional physician must be instantly informed of their imposition, and their use can not be continued without his sanction. So little are they required, that Dr. Webster found less restraint in this colony, unconfined by walls, than in

the asylum at Mareville in France, containing a similar number of lunatics. Yet there were fewer escapes than from the strictly-guarded restraint-abounding prison—only eleven persons having fled from Gheel in the course of last year, and nineteen from Mareville. Here also, it will be observed, there is no separation of the sexes. The lunatics live the life of the other inhabitants, and males and females associate in the same household. If we compare the effects of this simple treatment with that of the most expensive of our own asylums, we are compelled to admit that the balance is in favor of Gheel, where, notwithstanding the free admission of chronic cases, upwards of twenty-two per cent. of cures take place annually, while at Hanwell and Colney Hatch the cures never exceed fifteen per cent. No fair comparison can be instituted between the expense per head at Gheel and in our English establishments, inasmuch as living is much cheaper in Belgium; but we may state, that the average cost of board and lodging for each pauper in the colony is ten pounds per annum, or exactly the sum charged for lodging alone in our county asylums.*

A plan, toward which we have been slowly advancing during the last half-century, will speedily, we hope, be more closely followed. A trial is already, to some extent, being made of the neighborhood of existing asylums, and might supplant, with immense advantage, the prevailing custom of building new wings and over-populating old wards. The present system of enormous buildings, which destroys the individuality of the inmates, and suppresses all their old habits and

* These particulars respecting the pauper lunatic colony of Gheel are taken from an article, by Dr. Webster, in the "Psychological Journal of Medicine." This Review, which originated with, and from the first has been under the able editorship of, Dr. Forbes Winslow, has given an immense impulse to the study of psychology. It has enlarged the views of the physician of the insane, and by extending his horizon, has given him a far better knowledge of the special department to which he formerly confined his studies. It is as impossible to understand the workings of a morbid mind without possessing a knowledge of its ordinary action, as it is to interpret the sounds of a diseased lung without being first acquainted with those of a healthy one. The great service which Dr. Forbes Winslow has rendered by unraveling the phenomena of mind in its normal, as well as in its disturbed state, entitles him to a very high meed of praise, and has deservedly ranked him among the first psychologists of the present day.

modes of life, is evidently disapproved by the Commissioners, as appears from the language they hold in their Tenth Annual Report :

"We have the best reason for believing that the patients derive a direct benefit, in many ways, from residing in cheerful, airy apartments, detached from the main building, and associated with officials engaged in conducting industrial pursuits. A consciousness that he is useful, and thought worthy of confidence, is necessarily induced in the mind of every patient, by removal from the ordinary wards where certain restrictions are enforced, into a department where he enjoys a comparative degree of freedom; and this necessarily promotes self-respect and self-control, and proves highly salutary in forwarding the patient's restoration. As a means of treatment, we consider this species of separate residence of the utmost importance, constituting, in fact, a probationary system for patients who are convalescing; giving them greater liberty of action, extended exercise, with facilities for occupation; and thus generating self-confidence, and becoming not only excellent tests of the sanity of the patient, but operating powerfully to promote a satisfactory cure. The want of such an intermediate place of residence is always much felt; and it often happens, that a patient just recovered from an attack of insanity, and sent into the world direct from a large asylum, is found so unprepared to meet the trials he has to undergo, by any previous use of his mental faculties, that he soon relapses, and is under the necessity of being again returned within its walls. Commodious rooms contiguous to the farm-buildings are now in the course of construction at the Somerset County Asylum; and there is every reason to believe that the patients will derive benefit by residing in these apartments, which at once possess a domestic character, and afford every facility to carry on agricultural pursuits."

It strikes us forcibly that the Commissioners have tended to create the evil they deprecate in not protesting against the erection of gigantic asylums; but it is cheering to find that the idea of supplemental buildings possessing a "domestic character" has taken possession of their minds, and that they are now enforcing it on the minds of others with their well-known zeal and ability. The Devon Asylum, among others, has adopted the plan; and its accomplished physician, Dr. Bucknill, the editor of the *Asylum Journal*, bears important testimony to the great advantages to be derived from it.

"I have recommended the erection of an expensive building detached from, but within the grounds of the present asylum, in preference

to an extension of the asylum itself. My reasons for this recommendation are, that such a building will afford a useful and important change for patients for whom a change from the wards is desirable. The system of placing patients in detached buildings, resembling in their construction and arrangements an ordinary English house, has been found to afford beneficial results in the so-called cottages which this institution at present possesses. *These cottages are much preferred to the wards by the patients themselves, and permission to reside in them is much coveted.* I am also convinced that such auxiliary buildings can be erected at much less expense than would be incurred by the enlargement and alteration of the asylum itself. I propose that in the new building the patients shall cook and wash for themselves."

"These cottages are much preferred to the wards by the patients themselves, and permission to reside in them is much coveted." In these few lines we read the condemnation of huge structures like Colney Hatch, built externally on the model of a palace, and internally on that of a workhouse, in which the poor lunatic but rarely finds any object of human interest, where his free-will is reduced to the level of that of the convict, and the very air of heaven necessary to his health is doled out at intervals, when, with infinite lockings and unlockings, the attendants order a batch of persons into the stagnant and tiresome airing-courts. Infinitely better for the lunatics would be the freedom and homeliness of the smallest cottage to the formal monotony of cheerless wards; better far that they should, as Dr. Bucknill suggests, cook and wash for themselves, than that these offices should be performed wholesale in the steam laundry and the steam kitchen. A patient would undoubtedly feel a far greater interest in peeling his own potatoes for the pot, and in cooking his own bit of bacon, than in receiving them ready cooked. It is the duty of the physician to interest the patient in his daily work, and no more effectual method of accomplishing this could be suggested than in putting him to work for himself.

Wherever large asylums are already erected, no better plan could perhaps be suggested than the building of satellite cottages, which would form a kind of supplementary Gheel to the central establishment; but we should like to see the experiment tried, in some new district, of reproducing in its integrity the Belgian system. The colony of Gheel was once a

desert like the country which surrounds it; it is now, through the happy application of pauper lunatic labor, one of the most productive districts of the Low Countries. Have we no unoccupied Dartmoors on which we could erect cottages, and train the cottagers to receive the insane as members of the family? The performance of domestic offices, the society of the goodwife and goodman, and the influence of the children, would do far more to restore the disordered brain of the lunatic—pauper or otherwise—than all the organization of the asylum, with its daily routine, proceeding with the inexorable monotonous motion of a machine, and treating its inmates rather as senseless atoms than as sentient beings, capable, though mad, of taking an interest in things around them, and especially awake to the pleasure of being dealt with as individuals, rather than as undistinguishable parts of a crowd. The children are of particular moment. Lunatics are singularly gentle to them, and are interested in all their actions. At Gheel, it is customary to send the bairns into the fields to conduct the patients home from their labor in the evening; and we learn from Dr. Webster that a violent madman, who will not stir upon the command of his host, will suffer himself to be led, without a murmur, by an urchin scarcely higher than his knee. The presence of the young in the ward of an asylum seems to light it up like a sunbeam. The love of children does indeed lie at the very foundation of the human heart, and we can not estimate too highly their beneficial influence upon the brain which is recovering from the horrors of insanity.

One of the most important points in reference to insane paupers, as we have already intimated, is the bringing them as speedily as possible under treatment. The reluctance of the lunatic himself to be removed is usually extreme, and it is marvellous what ingenuity he will often employ to thwart the design. Southey relates that a madman who was being conveyed from Rye to Bedlam slept in the Borough. He suspected whither he was going, and, having contrived by rising early to elude his attendant, he went to Bedlam, and told the keepers that he was about to bring them a patient. "But," said he, "in order to lead him willingly, he has been persuaded that I am mad, and accordingly I shall come as the mad-

man. He will be very outrageous when you seize him, but you must clap on a strait-waistcoat." The device completely succeeded. The lunatic returned home, the sane man was shut up, and until he was exchanged, at the end of four days, remained in his strait-waistcoat, having doubtless exhibited a violence which amply justified its use. The aversion of the sufferer himself to be taken away coincides with an equal aversion on the part of his relatives and friends to send him from home, nor do they take the step till the madness grows intolerable. Precious time is thus lost at the outset, and when the removal occurs, it is mostly to the workhouse. Here the patient is usually kept during the remainder of the curable stage of his malady. The parochial authorities are generally guided by an immediate consideration for the pockets of the rate-payers, rather than by any care for the welfare of the lunatic; and, as they can maintain him in the "house" at three shillings a week—when they would have to pay nine if they transferred him to the county asylum—in the workhouse he remains until he becomes so dirty or troublesome in his habits, that the guardians are willing to pay the difference to get rid of him. The first few months of the disease, within the narrow limits of which full 60 per cent. of the recoveries take place, are thus allowed to run to waste. Months fly by, and the victim subsides into the class of incurables. This produces a second evil. As the drafts of incurables are perpetually flowing into the asylums, they become "blocked up" in the course of a few years, and are converted into houses for the detention of hopeless cases. To this condition three fourths of the asylums are already reduced, and the efforts of philanthropic medicine are brought to a dead lock by the shortsightedness of the parish authorities, who do not consider that, for the sake of saving a few shillings in the board of Betty Smith in the first weeks of her craziness, they are converting her into a chronic burthen, seeing that she will probably live on to a good old age in the asylum, and cause them an ultimate expenditure of hundreds of pounds. To the swifter removal after the outbreak of the disorder we must look for a permanent remedy; but, in the mean time, something must be done to disembarass the public asylums of the dead-weight of hopeless cases, if we seri-

ously intend to take advantage of the curative appliances we already possess. The Commissioners seem inclined to favor the erection of separate Asylums for those who are beyond the reach of medical art. To us it seems that the more economical plan would be to apportion certain wards in the various workhouses for the reception of chronic cases, and to draft off the idiots alone to special establishments. By this means our water-logged asylums would speedily right themselves, and again become—what they should never have ceased to be—hospitals for the cure of the insane. At present, we encourage an elaborate system for the manufacture of life-long lunatics. It is well known that the cures of early cases of insanity throughout England amount to 45 per cent, and at Bethlehem and St. Luke's, where no others are received, the cures have amounted to 62 per cent and 72 per cent respectively; whereas at Colney Hatch, Hanwell, and the Surrey County Asylum, the three great receptacles for the sweepings of the metropolitan workhouses, the average cures do not exceed 15 per cent. If we take the lowest averages of cures, there is still a difference of 30 per cent of human creatures who sink down into the cheerless night of chronic dementia and idiotcy, or who dream away the remainder of their lives in hopeless childishness. Another ground of complaint is, that a degree of clerk's work is imposed upon the medical superintendents of large asylums, which is quite inconsistent with a proper discharge of their chief duty—the recovery of their patients. Irrespective of the routine-labor of making daily, and quarterly, and yearly reports, which is very considerable, they have far more to do in their strictly professional capacity than they can possibly accomplish. The three great asylums near the metropolis contain upwards of 3000 patients, or the population of a good-sized country town; and their moral and physical training is confided to exactly six medical men, or as many as will be found in a hospital of a hundred beds! It is needless to observe how little attention can be paid to each individual, and that the more promising patients must be inevitably swamped in the sea of hopeless lunatics. As long as our asylums remain mere houses of detention, the want of medical superintendence is not so apparent; but immediately these establishments are restored to their proper

functions, we predict that the evil will become too glaring to last.

In many boroughs the authorities have entirely evaded the Act of Parliament relative to their insane pauper poor, and have not only neglected to erect proper asylums, but have resisted for years the attempts of the Commissioners to compel them to do their duty. In all such cases, the lunatics not only suffer the ills consequent upon insufficient care, but when too numerous for home accommodation, are subjected to a system of *transportation*, which is not only disgraceful to the municipal authorities themselves, but to the age for permitting it. True to their economical instincts, the guardians of the poor often “farm out” their insane paupers to the proprietor of some private asylum, quite regardless of distance. The Commissioners, justly indignant at this sordid practice, state in their last Report that:

“At present, large numbers of these patients are sent to licensed houses far from their homes, to distances (sometimes exceeding, and often scarcely less than 100 miles) which their relations and friends are unable to travel. The savings of the laboring poor are quite insufficient, in most cases, to defray the expense of such journeys, and their time (constituting their means of existence) can not be spared for that purpose. The consequence has been, that the poor borough lunatic has been left too often to pass a considerable portion of his life, *and in some cases to die, far from his home, and without any of his nearest connections having been able to comfort him by their occasional presence.* The visits of his parish officers are necessarily cursory and infrequent, and, he is, in fact, cast upon the humanity of strangers, whose prosperity depends upon the profits which they derive from maintaining him and others of his class.”

This is a system which, we are confident, is as illegal as it is heartless, and we are astonished that bodies of Englishmen should dare to insult the miseries of lunatics by thus punishing them and their friends for their affliction. There are now 25 insane paupers at Camberwell House, London, who have been sent from Southampton, a distance of 80 miles, though the Hants County Asylum is situated within 16 miles of the borough. Seventeen persons are, in like manner, banished from Great Yarmouth to Highbridge House, near London, and their relations, who must travel 146 miles to see them, pass, in the course of their journey, the

Norfolk and Essex County Asylums, both of which establishments have many vacancies, and would willingly receive them. The pauper lunatics of Ipswich, King's Lynn, Dover, Canterbury, Portsmouth, and various other boroughs, are in the same way transferred by the local authorities to some of the metropolitan licensed houses.

The feelings of the poor for their afflicted relatives are often of the deepest kind, and the utmost distress is entailed upon them by these cruel separations from those they love. In one case, a native of Ipswich, too poor to go by the railway, walked to London and back, on foot, a distance of 140 miles, for the sole purpose of visiting his wife, who had been wickedly banished to Peckham House, London. In other cases, parents have pleaded so piteously to be conveyed to their children, that the Commissioners have suggested that the expenses should be paid out of the parish funds, but the authorities who had contrived the original proceeding in order to save two or three shillings a head, could not, of course, be induced to furnish money for so sentimental a purpose. The Commissioners have resolutely refused their sanction to such disgraceful transactions whenever they have come within their knowledge and jurisdiction—one instance out of many which proves that, however much the borough authorities may denounce them as a centralized power, they have done excellent service in checking local ignorance, selfishness, and inhumanity.

If we now turn to consider the condition of private asylums, we shall find much in them to praise as well as to condemn. When men of reputation, acknowledged skill, and character—such as Dr. Conolly, of Hanwell; Dr. Forbes Winslow, of Hammersmith; Drs. Sutherland, of Fulham, and Munro, of Clapton; Dr. Hitch, of Cheltenham; Dr. Noble, of Manchester; Dr. Newington, of Ticehurst; and Dr. Fox, of Bristol—have the management of private asylums, the public need be under no apprehension of patients being improperly received, illegally detained, or cruelly and unscientifically treated. The licensed houses in the metropolitan district directly under the control of the Lunacy Commissioners, amounting to 41 in number, represents, without doubt, the fairest specimens of these establishments. Liable as they are, at any

moment, to the inspection of the Commissioners, and presided over as many of them are, by the most eminent members of the profession, they are generally maintained in a high state of efficiency. They are principally devoted to the care of the higher classes of the community, and afford perhaps the nearest approach yet made to a perfect method of treatment, being conducted in most cases on the principle of a private family. The bolts, bars, high walls, and dismal airing-courts of the public asylum are either unknown, or so hidden as no longer to irritate the susceptible mind of the lunatic. The unwise division of the sexes is rarely adopted. Scrupulous attention to dress and all the forms of polite society are enjoined, alike for their own sake, and as a method of interesting the patients in the daily life of the community. When we partook of the hospitalities of one of these establishments, we could detect nothing in the countenances or the appearance of the guests which was characteristic of their condition—the restless eye, the incoherent conversation, the sudden movement of the peculiarly formed head, which our preconceived notions led us to expect, were none of them observable. One individual, indeed, there was whom we mentally concluded to be certainly mad. Yet, singular to say, this gentleman was the only sane individual in the room besides ourselves and the medical superintendent; and on further acquaintance, having told our ill-placed suspicions, he frankly confessed that he had in his own mind paid ourselves a similar compliment. The eager glance of curiosity, natural to inquisitive strangers, was the nearest approach in this lunatic party to the outward appearance of lunacy. So much for the “unmistakable” countenance of the insane! It is not to be supposed that the more violent can be allowed this social freedom, even in private establishments, or that madness is different in a metropolitan licensed house from what it is in a public asylum; but we unhesitatingly assert, that in the vast majority of cases the large amount of freedom, and the absence of any prison-like characteristics, have an undoubted effect, not only in calming the mind of the patient, but in expediting his recovery. Hence the percentage of cures in a high-class private asylum are immeasurably beyond those of any public establishment. The pleasure-ground, out-

of-door games, carriage and riding-parties, billiards, whist, and evening parties, all contribute their aid in restoring the unhinged mind. We have seen four or five patients leave the doors of one of these licensed metropolitan houses, and remain out for hours without any attendant, their word of *honor* being the only tie existing between them and the asylum.

The condition of a few of the provincial licensed houses is still glaringly bad, and shows that old ideas, with respect to insanity, are not entirely obsolete. The Report of the Commissioners of Lunacy for 1856 relates circumstances which lead us back to the old days of Bedlam. Thus, at Hanbury House, the Commissioners found "one young lady fastened by webbing wristbands to a leathern belt; she was also tied down to her chair by a rope." Again, they found on their last visit to the Sandford Asylum, in December, 1855, "a patient just dead, his body exhibiting sores and extensive sloughs, arising necessarily, we think, from want of water-pilows or other proper precautions. The room has a stone or plaster floor, and is without a fire." It is, however, encouraging to find that, as far as personal restraint goes, the very worst of our private asylums are far superior to some of the best of the public asylums of France. Dr. Webster, our great authority on this point, gives, in the *Psychological Journal*, the results gleaned in his visits to these establishments in the August and September of 1850:

"Forty male lunatics out of 1464 then resident were in *camisole*, (strait-waistcoats,) some being also otherwise restrained, thereby giving an individual in restraint to every 33½ male inmates, or three per hundred. Amongst the female lunatics, again, the proportion was somewhat larger; 72 persons of that sex, out of the total 1902 resident patients, being under medical coercion; thus making one female in restraint to every 26½ inmates, or at the rate of 3.78 per cent. In contrast with this report, respecting the above named French provincial asylums, I would now place an official statement of the practice pursued at Bethlehem Hospital during the same period. At this establishment, where formerly the straight-waistcoat, with various kinds of personal coercion, were even in greater use than on the other side of the Channel, *not one* insane patient, among an average population of 391 lunatics, was under constraint of any description during the five weeks ending the 25th of September, when I first visited that institution after my return from the Continent, and

which embraced the whole time referred to in this memorandum."

From these curious facts it will be seen that we are far in advance of our French, and, we may also add, of our other continental neighbors.* When the beneficent thought struck the great Pinel to knock off the fetters of the English captives, he sounded a note which reverberated through Europe, and the poor insane captives issued from their dungeons, in which they had been so long immured, as the prisoners emerge from their prison to the divine strains of Beethoven's "Fidelio." But when this vast step was accomplished, there still remained an immense amount of coercion scarcely less injurious than the old darkness and chains; and to Englishmen is mainly due the credit of abolishing it. Nor shall we rest where we are. It is our belief, as well as our hope, that before another generation has gone by, the last vestige of restraint, in the shape of dismal airing-courts, and outside walls, which serve to wound the spirit rather than to enslave the limbs, will pass for ever from among us, and only be remembered with the hobbles and the manacles of the past.

It has been asserted by some psychologists that lunacy is on the increase, and that its rapid development of late years has been consequent upon the increased activity of the national mind. This statement is certainly startling, and calculated to arrest the attention of all thoughtful men. Is it true that civilization has called to life a monster such as that which appalled Frankenstein? Is it a necessity of progress that it shall ever be accompanied by that fearful black rider which, like Despair, sits behind it? Does mental development mean increased mental decay? If these questions were truly answered in the affirmative, we might indeed sigh for the golden time when

"Wild in woods the noble savage ran,"

for it would be clear that the nearer humanity strove to attain toward divine

* In Belgium, where many of the pauper lunatics are located in religious houses, and are attended upon by the frères and sœurs of these establishments, it is not uncommon to find the patients, at certain times of the day, totally deserted and left to their own devices—the attendants being engaged in their religious duties!

perfection, the more it was retrograding toward a state inferior to that of the brute creation. A patient examination, however, of the question entirely negatives such a conclusion. Dr. Ray, of the United States, in taking the opposite view of the case, says :

"If we duly consider the characteristics of our times, we shall there find abundant reason for the fact that insanity has been increasing at a rate unparalleled in any former period. In every successive step that has led to a higher degree of civilization; in all the means and appliances for developing the mental resources of the race; in the ever-widening circle of objects calculated to influence desire, and impel to effort, we find so many additional agencies for tasking the mental energies, and thereby deranging the healthy equilibrium which binds the faculties together, and leads to a harmonious result. The press and the rostrum, the railway and the spinning-jenny, the steam-engine and the telegraph, republican institutions and social organizations, are agencies more potent in preparing the mind for insanity than any or all of those vices and casualties which exert a more immediate and striking effect."

Such is the burthen of the story of all those psychologists who believe that insanity is fast gaining upon us; but if "in the ever-widening circle of objects calculated to influence desire and impel to effort, we find so many additional agencies for tasking the mental energies, and thereby deranging the healthy equilibrium which binds the faculties together," it should appear that those classes of society which are in the van of civilization should be the chief sufferers. Bankers, great speculators, merchants, engineers, statesmen, philosophers, and men of letters—those who work with the brain rather than with their hands, should afford the largest proportion to the alleged increase of insanity. How does the matter really stand? In the Report of the Commissioners in Lunacy for the year 1847, we find the total number of private patients of the middle and upper classes, then under confinement in private asylums, amounted to 4649. Now, if we skip eight years, and refer to the Report of 1855, we find that there were only 4557 patients under confinement, or about 96 less, notwithstanding the increase of population during that period. If we compare the number of pauper lunatics under confinement at these two different periods, we shall find a widely-different state of things; for in

1847 there were 9654 in our public and private asylums, whilst in 1855 they numbered 15,822. In other words, our pauper lunatics would *appear* to have increased 6170 in eight years, or upward of 64 per cent. It is this extraordinary increase of pauper lunatics in the county asylums which has frightened some psychologists from their propriety, and led them to believe that insanity is running a winning race with the healthy intellect. But these figures, if they mean any thing, prove that it is not the intellect of the country that breeds insanity, but its ignorance, as it can not be for one moment contended that the great movements now taking place in the world originate with the laboring classes. We shall be told, we know, that there is a constant descent of patients from private asylums to the public asylums; that the professional man and the tradesman, after expending the means of his friends and family for a year or two, in the vain hope of a speedy cure, becomes necessarily in the end a pauper lunatic, and that this stream aids to swell the numbers in the county institution. Allowing its due weight to this explanation—and those who know public asylums are well aware how small, comparatively speaking, is the educated element—yet as the same disturbing element in the calculation obtained at both periods, we may safely conclude that the figures are not thereby essentially altered.

A still more convincing proof that mental ruin springs rather from mental torpidity than from mental stimulation, is to be found by comparing the proportion of lunatics to the population in the rural and the manufacturing districts. Sir Arthur Halliday, who worked out this interesting problem in 1828,* selected as his twelve non-agricultural counties—Cornwall, Cheshire, Derby, Durham, Gloucester, Lancaster, Northumberland, Stafford, Somerset, York, (West Riding,) and Warwick, which contained a population at that time of 4,493,194, and a total number of 3910 insane persons, or 1 to every 1200. His twelve agricultural counties were Bedford, Berkshire, Bucks, Cambridge, Hereford,

* It may be as well to state that the Poor-Law Commissioners also worked out the problem with very similar conclusions in 1851, and that the investigations made by the Swedish Government into the condition of the insane in Norway, in 1835, further corroborate the statement that insanity prevails to a greater extent in rural than in urban districts.

Lincoln, Norfolk, Northampton, Oxford, Rutland, Suffolk, and Wilts—the total population of which were 2,012,979, and the total number of insane persons 2526—a proportion of 1 lunatic to every 820 sane. Another significant fact elicited was, that whilst in the manufacturing counties the idiots were considerably less than the lunatics, in the rural counties the idiots were to the lunatics as 7 to 5! Thus the Hodges of England, who know nothing of the march of intellect, who are entirely guiltless of speculations of any kind, contribute far more inmates to the public lunatic asylums than the toil-worn artisans of Manchester or Liverpool, who live in the great eye of the world, and keep step with the march of civilization, even if they do but bring up its rear. Isolation is a greater cause of mental ruin than aggregation—our English fields can afford crétins as plentifully as the upland valleys of the mountain range seldom visited by the foot of the traveler; whilst, on the other hand, in the workshop and the public assembly, “As iron weareth iron, so man sharpeneth the face of his friend.”

If we required further proof of the groundless nature of the alarm that mental activity was destroying the national mind, we should find it in the well-ascertained fact that the proportion of lunatics is greater among females than males. It may also be urged that Quakers, who pride themselves on the sedateness of their conduct, furnish much more than their share; but for this singular result, their system of intermarriage is doubtless much to blame. Still, the fact remains that, within a period of eight years, extending from 1847 to 1855, an increase of 64 per cent took place in our pauper lunatic asylums. These figures, however, afford no more proof of the increase of pauper lunatics than the increase of criminal convictions, since the introduction of a milder code of laws and the appointment of the new police, afford a proof of increased crime.

As the Commissioners very justly observe, medical practitioners, of late years, have taken a far more comprehensive as well as scientific view of insanity than formerly; and many forms of the disease now fall under their care that were previously overlooked, when no man was considered mad unless he raved, or was an idiot. But the great cause of the increase of lunatics in our asylums is to be ascribed to the erection of the asylums themselves. With the exception of three or four Welsh counties, and two or three in the north of England, there is not a shire in England which does not possess some palatial building. These establishments, in which restraint, speaking in the ordinary acceptance of the term, is unknown, and in which the inmates are always treated with humanity, have drained the land of a lunatic population, which before was scattered among villages or workhouses, amounting, according to the computation of the Commissioners, to upwards of 10,500—just as the deep wells of the metropolitan brewers have drained for miles around the shallow wells of the neighborhood in which they are situated. For the same reason, the number of lunatic paupers has declined in registered hospitals, since 1847, from 384 to 185, and in “licensed houses,” from 3996 to 2313. Upon the whole, we may safely predict, that when these disturbing causes have ceased to act, the annual returns of the Commissioners will show that, as the treatment of insanity is every day better understood, so the pauper lunatics in our public asylums, instead of increasing in a ratio far beyond that of the general population, will show a diminished proportion. Already there are symptoms that the flood is returning to its proper level; for while the lunatics of all classes in the public asylums, licensed houses, and in the Royal Hospital at Haslar, were 20,493 in 1855, they had only advanced in 1856 to 20,764, which is an increase in the twelvemonth of but 271!

From Titan.

THE WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

A STORY FROM ZSCHOKKE.

THE TEMPTER.

I FOUND myself far from home, on business, at Prague. It was in April. However agreeable the diversion, I could not suppress my home-sickness. I longed for our little town, where my young wife had been impatiently expecting my return already for seven weeks. Since our wedding-day we had never before been so long separated. It is true, Fanny sent me letters every week; but these lines, so full of love, and fondness, and melancholy, were only oil to the fire. I wished Prague and St. Nepomuc just four-and-thirty miles behind me to the north-east.

To him who has not a lovely little wife of two-and-twenty, charming as love, with two little loves playing around her, and who is not, after five years of married life, five hundred times more in love than on the day before his wedding, in vain do I talk of my home-sickness.

Enough! I thanked Heaven when all my business was finished; and taking leave of my few acquaintances and friends, told my host to make out my bill. I was to set off on the morrow with the post.

In the morning, the landlord appeared with a pretty heavy account. I had not ready money enough to pay it and the expenses of the journey too. I wished to change a note. I felt for my pocket-book, and sought it in all my pockets, and in all corners. It was gone. I felt very uncomfortably, for there more than fourteen hundred dollars in bills in it, and that is no trifle under the sun.

It was in vain that I turned the room topsy-turvy—the pocket-book was not forthcoming.

“I might have known it,” said I to myself. “Let a man be happy for only one moment in his life, the devil is sitting behind the hedge, ready to play him a trick.

One ought not to rejoice in any thing in this world, and then should we have less vexation and misery. How often have I found it so!”

The pocket-book was either stolen or lost. I had had it in my hands only the day before; I was accustomed to carry it in the breast-pocket of my coat. Fanny’s letters were there too. I was certain that I had felt it the night before when undressing. How now were my bank-notes to be recovered? Whoever had got them could easily change them into gold and silver.

I began to swear, which, by the way, is not my besetting sin. Had the Evil One gone about still, as in the good old times, although as a roaring lion, I should have struck a bargain with him on the spot. As my thoughts took this turn, there suddenly occurred to me the recollection of a figure, that I had seen at billiards about a week before, in a close red coat, and that then seemed to me like a prince of darkness in human shape. My blood actually ran cold at the remembrance; and yet I was so desperate, that I thought to myself, “I don’t care, for my part! Were he here now, he would be right welcome, if he would only bring me my pocket-book.”

Just then some one knocked at the door. “Holloa!” thought I; “the tempter is not going to take a joke in earnest.” I ran to the door; my mind was full of the plaguy red-coat, and I really believed that it was he.

And lo!—wonderful surprise!—when I opened the door, in stepped, with a slight nod, the very tempter I was thinking of.

A MORE PARTICULAR DESCRIPTION.

I MUST relate how and where I had made the acquaintance of this ~~tempter~~.

that the reader may not consider me a mere victim of my imagination.

I had gone one evening to a coffee-house or cassino, where an acquaintance had once before carried me to play billiards. I hoped to find the latest newspapers. At a small table sat two gentlemen, engaged at chess. Some young men were sitting at a window, in lively conversation about ghosts and the nature of the human soul. A little elderly man, in a scarlet cloak, was walking up and down the room with his hands behind him. I took a glass of Dantzic cordial and the newspaper.

No one attracted my attention so much as the gentleman in scarlet. I forgot the newspaper and the Spanish war. There was, in his figure, in his movements, and in his features, something striking and repulsive, which corresponded with his evident want of taste in dress. He was something under the usual size, but large-boned and broad-shouldered. He seemed to be between fifty and sixty years of age, and had a stoop in his walk. His coal-black hair hung thick about his head. His tawny complexion, and his hawk's-nose and high cheek-bones, gave him a very repelling look. For, while his features were cold and iron, his large eye sparkled like the eye of a young man; and yet one read in it no inspiration, no soul. There, thought I, is a born executioner, or grand inquisitor, or robber-captain, or gipsy-king. For a mere jest, that man could set cities on fire, or see children stuck upon pikes. I would not like to travel alone in a wood with him. He has never smiled in all his life.

There I was mistaken. He could smile. He listened to the young men at the window, and smiled. But what a smile! It chilled me like ice. The malice of the infernal regions seemed to mock one from every feature. "If that man there in the red coat is not Satan himself," thought I, "he must be Satan's brother." I looked involuntarily at his feet for the cloven foot, and, sure enough, he had one human foot like ours, but his left was a club-foot in a laced boot; yet he did not limp with it, but walked softly about as if among egg-shells, which he did not care to break. He ought to have let himself be exhibited for ready money, to make all the Voltaires believers.

I entirely forgot the Spanish war. I held the newspaper before me, it is true,

but kept peeping over it at this remarkable figure.

As the red-coat passed the chess-table, one of the players said to his antagonist, who seemed somewhat embarrassed, "You are lost now, beyond salvation." The red-coat stopped a moment, cast a glance upon the board, and remarked to the victor, "You are mistaken. In three moves you will be checkmated." The winner smiled haughtily, his opponent shook his head despairingly, and moved; at the third move the supposed victor was actually checkmated.

Whilst the chess-players were replacing their men, one of the young men at the window said warmly to the red-coat, "You smile, sir; our discussion appears to interest you; but your smile tells me that you are of a different opinion about the world and the Deity. Have you read Schelling?"

"Oh! yes," said the red-coat.

"And what does your smile mean?"

"Your Schelling is a sharp-minded poet, who takes the tricks of his imagination for truth, because no one can oppose him, except with other fancy webs which only require still greater acuteness to weave them. It is with philosophers now-a-days as ever: the blind dispute about the theory of colors, and the deaf about the laws of music. Alexander would willingly have been shipwrecked against the moon, in order to subdue it; and philosophers, dissatisfied in the sphere of reason, want to be super-rational."

So said the red-coat; some disturbance arose. But he waited not, but took his hat, and glided away.

I had not seen him since, but I did not forget the striking figure and the infernal physiognomy, and I was really frightened at the thought of dreaming about them.

And now he stood unexpectedly before me in my room!

THE TEMPTATION.

"PARDON, sir, if I disturb you," said he; "have I the honor to address Mr. Robert —?"

"I am that person," I replied.

"How do you prove it?"

"Strange questions," thought I; "a police spy without doubt." A half-torn letter lay on the table. I showed him my address on the envelop.

"Very good," said he. "But the name

is a very common one; you may find it in every corner of Germany, Hungary, and Poland. You must give me better vouchers; I have some business with you, and have been directed hither."

"Sir," said I, "pardon me; I can not now attend to business; I am just upon the point of leaving, and have yet a thousand things to see about. You must be mistaken in the person, for I am neither politician nor merchant."

He stared at me, and said, "Indeed!" He was then silent for awhile, and appeared about to depart; but began again: "You have, however, been doing some business here in Prague? Is not your brother upon the point of becoming bankrupt?"

I must have grown fire-red, for, as I believed, that was known to no soul in the world except my brother and myself. Here the tempter gave one of his malicious smiles again.

"You are again mistaken, sir," said I; "I have a brother, it is true, and more than one, but none that fears bankruptcy."

"Indeed!" murmured the tempter, and his features again became hard and iron.

"Sir," said I, somewhat sensitively, for I was not at all pleased that any one in Prague should know of my brother's circumstances, and I was afraid that the old fox would see into my play as he did into the game of chess at the coffee-house, "you have certainly been directed to the wrong person. I must beg pardon for requesting you to be brief; I have not a moment to lose."

"Have patience only a minute," replied he; "it is important for me that I should speak with you. You appear disquieted. Has any thing disagreeable happened to you? You are a stranger here. I myself do not belong to Prague; and I see the city now for the first time for twelve years. But I have considerable experience. Confide in me. You look like an honest man. Do you need money?"

Then he smiled, or rather grinned again, as if he wanted to buy my soul. His manner became even more suspicious. Involuntarily I cast a glance at his club-foot, and really I began to feel a superstitious dread. I was resolved in no case to commit myself with this suspicious gentleman, and said, "I need no money. Since you are so generous in your offers, sir, may I ask your name?"

"My name can not be of much conse-

quence to you," replied he; "that's nothing to the matter. I am a Mandeville. Does the name give you more confidence?"

"A Man-devil!" said I, in odd embarrassment, and knew not what to say, or whether the whole thing were in jest or in earnest.

Just then some one knocked at the door. The landlord entered, and handed me a letter which had just come by the post.

"Read your letter first," said the red-coat, "and then we will talk further. The letter is, without doubt, from your lovely Fanny."

I was more startled than ever.

"Now do you know," continued the stranger, with a grin—"do you not now know who I am, and what I want with you?"

It was upon my lips to say, "You are, sir, I verily believe, Satan himself, and want my poor soul for a breakfast;" but I restrained myself.

"But further," added he, "you are going to Eger. Good! my way lies through that town. I start to-morrow. Will you take a place in my carriage?"

I thanked him, and said that I had already ordered a post-chaise.

At this he became disturbed, and said, "There is no getting at you—but your Fanny, and the little Leopold, and Augustus, I must get acquainted with in going through. Can you not guess who I am, and what I want? The deuce! Sir, I would render you a service. Do speak."

"Well," said I, at last, "since you are a wizard, my pocket-book is missing. Advise me how I shall get it again."

"Bah! what signifies a pocket-book? Is there not something else——?"

"But in the pocket-book were important papers—more than fourteen hundred dollars in value. Advise me what I shall do if it is lost, and what if stolen."

"How did the pocket-book look?"

"It had a silk cover, light-green, with embroidery, and my initials wrought in flowers—a piece of my wife's work."

"Then the cover is worth more than the fourteen hundred dollars." With this he smiled upon me with his horrible familiarity, and then added, "We must see about it. What will you give me, if I supply your loss?"

At these words he looked at me as sharply and strangely as if he expected me to answer, "I will make you a present

of my soul ;" but as I remained embarrassed and silent, he plunged his hand into his pocket and drew out my pocket-book.

"There have you your jewel, the fourteen hundred dollars, and all," said he.

I was beside myself. "How came you by it?" cried I, tearing it open, and finding all safe.

"I found it yesterday afternoon, about four o'clock, upon the Moldau Bridge."

"Right: just about that time I had crossed the bridge, had had the pocket-book in my hands, and had, as I thought, put it into my pocket."

"It probably did not go into the pocket," said the red-coat. "But I could not tell whether it had been lost by a person on foot or on horseback, before or behind me. I waited an hour upon the bridge, expecting to meet some one in search of it. As no one came, I went to my hotel. I read the contents of the letters to discover the loser. An address gave me your name and your residence here. So I have come now to you. I was here last evening, but did not find you."

How one may be deceived by a man's physiognomy! I was ready to throw my arms around the neck of my man-devil. I said the most obliging things to him.

My joy was now as excessive as my previous vexation had been. But he would listen to none of my thanks. I vowed that as long as I lived I would never again trust to physiognomical impressions.

"Remember me to your beautiful Fanny. A pleasant journey to you! We shall see each other again," said he, and departed.

RETURN HOME.

I WAS now resolved to be off. I had paid mine host; and my servant with my trunk on his back was going before me, when on the steps of the hotel I met my brother, on whose account I had come to Prague.

Of course, all thoughts of starting immediately were at an end. We went back to my chamber. There I heard with pleasure that the embarrassed circumstances of my brother had been relieved, greatly to his advantage. Instead of suffering an immense loss, he had made a large profit on a speculation in cotton and

coffee; and he had now hastened to Prague to attend to his affairs himself.

"I have got my sheep out of the pit now," said he, "but I have had worry enough. I will bid good-by to business. I will put my money out at moderate interest, and so run no risk of being to-day a millionaire, and to-morrow a beggar and swindler. I have come now to thank you for your brotherly kindness, and to bring my business connections for ever to a close."

I had to accompany my brother to different houses. But he saw my impatience and home-sickness, and therefore, after a few days, advised me to return home without him. I resolved to do so the more readily, as his stay in Prague would be prolonged several weeks. I took an extra post, and flew toward my dear home.

On the way, the strange Mandeville continually arose before my imagination. I could not forget the odd figure with the red coat, the club-foot, and the ill-omened features. I could not help thinking, too, of the bushel of black hair which stood about his brow. Perhaps there was a little horn under it; and then was he Beelzebub complete, from top to toe.

It is true, he had brought back my pocket-book; no man in the world could have acted more honestly. He had read Fanny's letters, and my brother's instructions to me, and so, naturally enough, had become acquainted with my secrets. But—his face—no, nature could not have written so illegibly! Enough, had I ever believed in the existence of a Mephistopheles, I should have had no doubt of it now for a single moment.

I followed this train of thought, and will not deny that I gave myself up right willingly to the play of my imagination; for it beguiled the time. I concluded that my honest man-devil might be the real devil, and his honesty a mere trick to snap up my poor soul on the way to heaven. And if he really were the devil, what had he to offer me? Gold and goods? I was never avaricious. A throne? Yes, that I would have been glad to have for a week, in order to give peace to the world; but then I should want to go back again to my own simple dwelling, to cultivate turnips with my own hand, like a second Cincinnatus. Pretty women? A harem full of the most beautiful Helens, Armidas, and Armandas?

No ; when I thought of Fanny, the loveliest Circassians seemed to me but old women. I would not have given a straw to be Dr. Faust. And why? I was happy! Happy? No ; not quite so, even because I was so happy. I trembled a little at the thought of the Skeleton who, with his terrible scythe, might so easily mow down my Fanny, my two sons, and even myself. And then there was always the great question, whether and how we should ever come together again in paradise? I should have liked to have thrown a look into the future life, just to quiet myself. But suppose my devil had granted me my pious wish, and let me peep through a crack in heaven's gate, what else could a subject of Adramelech have been able to show but his own dark abode?

But enough of this nonsense.

I had been two days and a night on my way home, and it was getting late on the second day. In vain did I scold the driver, and urge him on with words and money. It was growing later and darker, and I was becoming more and more impatient. Ah! I had not seen Fanny for almost three months, nor my children, who bloomed at the side of their young mother like two rose-buds near a hardly-blown rose! I fairly trembled with delight, when I thought that my wife (the loveliest of her sex) would be in my arms that day.

It is true that I had loved before ever I had become acquainted with Fanny. I had once had a Julia, who had been torn from me by the pride of her parents, and wedded to a rich Polish nobleman. It was our first love—to both bordering on mutual idolatry and distraction. At the moment of separation, we had sworn eternal love, and kisses and tears had sealed the oath. But all the world knows how it goes with such things. She became the countess St. —, and I saw Fanny. My love for Fanny was holier, riper, more tender. Julia was once the idol of my imagination, but Fanny was now the adored of my heart.

The clock of our little town struck one as we drove into the sleeping streets. I got out at the post-house, and leaving my servant behind me with my trunk, as I intended, in case all were asleep at home, to return and pass the night there, I walked out to the suburb, where the windows of my dear home, under the high nut-trees, glimmered in the moonlight.

HATEFUL VISIT.

AND all slept! O Fanny, Fanny, had you only been awake, how much grief and terror you would have saved me! They slept—my wife, my children, the domestics ; nowhere any light! A dozen times did I walk round the house—all was fast ; I would not disturb any one. Better the rapture of meeting in the morning hour, when one is refreshed by sleep, than in the feverish midnight.

Fortunately, I found my beautiful new summer-house open. I entered. There stood my Fanny's work-basket on a little table ; and I saw, by the moonlight, on the table and seats, the drums and whips of my children. They had probably spent the afternoon there. These trifles made me feel almost as if I were with my loved ones. I stretched myself upon the sofa, and determined to pass the night there. The night was mild and balmy, and the fragrance of flowers and garden-plants filled my apartment.

One who has not slept for forty hours finds every bed soft. In my weariness I soon fell asleep. But I had hardly closed my eyes when the creaking of the summer-house door awakened me. I sprang up ; I saw a man enter, and thought it was a thief. But imagine my astonishment : it was friend red-coat!

"Where do you come from?" said I.

"From Prague. In half an hour I must set out again. I was determined to keep my word, and to see you and your Fanny as I passed through. I heard from your servant that you had gone on before, and I expected to find all awake at your house. You do not mean to pass the night here in the cold, damp air, and get sick?"

I went out into the garden with him, and quaked in every limb. In my secret heart, indeed, I laughed at this superstitious fear, and yet I could not rid myself of it. Such is human nature. The hard features of my Prague friend appeared by the pale moonlight even more terrible, and his eyes glittered even more brightly.

"You have really frightened me like a ghost," said I ; "I tremble all over. How came you to seek me in my summer-house? You seem to know every thing."

He smiled maliciously, and said, "Don't you know me, and what I want with you?"

"I don't know you now any better than

I did at Prague. But, just for the joke, I will tell you how you appeared to me; you will not take it amiss: I thought that if you were not a wizard, you must be Satan himself."

He grinned again, and replied, "What if I were Satan, would you make a bargain with me?"

"You will have to offer me much before I should give you my hand upon it. For truly, Mr. Satan—permit me to call you so, just in joke—my happiness is complete."

"Oho! I shall offer you nothing, give you nothing. That was the custom in old times, when people believed in the devil, and so were on their guard against him; then one had to bribe them. But now-a-days, when no one believes in the devil, and every thing is carried on by reason, the children of men are as cheap as dirt."

"I hope it is otherwise with me, although I do not believe in Beelzebub. A drachm of reason is worth more to me than a bushel of faith in the devil."

"Just so! Your proud security, ye mortals—permit me to speak in the character you have assigned me—your proud security supplies me with more recruits than a legion of recruiting officers in Satan's uniform. Since you have begun to consider eternity as a problem, and hell as an eastern fable; since honesty and stupidity have come to be considered as virtues of equal value; since licentiousness is held to be an amiable weakness; selfishness, magnanimity; public spirit, a folly; and mere trickery, prudence—you give the devil no trouble to catch you. You come to me of your own accord. You have reason upon your lips, and the might of a hundred passions in your hearts. The best among you, corrupted creatures, is he who has the least opportunity to sin."

"This is talking like the devil indeed," cried I.

"Certainly!" cried the red gentleman, and grinned. "But I speak the truth because you people do not any longer believe it. So long as truth was yet sacred among men, Satan must needs be the father of lies. But now the case is reversed. We poor devils are always the antipodes of mankind."

"Then, in the present case at least, you are not my opponent; for I think just as you do, my philosophical Mr. Devil."

"Good! then you belong to me already. Let a man give me a hold of a single hair, and I will have his whole head; and—but it's cool here—my carriage is, I guess, all ready; I must start. So good-by."

He went. I accompanied him back to the post-house, where indeed his carriage stood waiting.

"I thought you would come in and drink a parting-glass of punch with me, which I ordered before I went after you."

I accepted the invitation. The warm room was very agreeable.

THE TEMPTATION.

THE punch was standing on the table when we entered. A stranger was walking, moody and tired, up and down the room. He was a tall, meager, elderly man. Baggage was lying around on the chairs. I noticed a lady's shawl, bonnet, and gloves.

As we were drinking together, the stranger said to a servant, who brought in some baggage, "Tell my lady, when she comes, that I have gone to bed. We must start early."

I determined not to return to the cool summer-house, but ordered a bed for the night. The stranger retired. The red gentleman and I chatted together, and drank the punch-bowl empty. The brandy warmed and exhilarated me. The red-coat hasted to his carriage, and as I helped him in, he said, "We shall see each other again." With this the carriage rolled away.

When I went back into the room, there was a lady there, taking away the bonnet and shawl. As she turned toward me, I lost all self-possession. It was Julia! my first love, upon an excursion to Italy, as I afterward learned. She was no less startled than I.

"For heaven's sake, Robert, is it your spirit?"

"Julia!" stammered I; and all the rapture of first love awoke in me at this unexpected meeting.

I turned respectfully toward her. Her eyes were full of tears. I drew her to my heart.

"This is not my room," said she, drawing the shawl around her. "Come, Robert, we have much to say to each other."

She went; I followed her to her room. "Here we can talk freely," said she, and we sat down upon the sofa. How we talked! Once more I lived again in all the fever-tumult of an old love, which I had supposed was long ago extinguished. Julia, unhappy in her marriage, treated me with all her former tenderness. She was more beautiful, more blooming than ever. She found me handsomer, too, as she was pleased to say.

There was a magic, which I can not describe, in Julia's words, and in her whole manner. All the past rose vividly before me. Our first acquaintance at her sister's wedding-ball; the emotions which filled us then; our meeting again in the garden of the ducal castle; then the excursion upon the water with our parents; then—but enough——

Suddenly the door opened. The tall, lank man entered, with the question, "Who is this with you, Julia?"

We sprang up, terrified. The count stood for a moment speechless, and pale as a corpse. Then with three steps, he strode toward Julia, wound her long chestnut locks around his hand, hurled her shrieking to the floor, and dragged her about, exclaiming, "Faithless woman, false wretch!"

I rushed to her aid. He pushed me away with such force, that I tumbled back upon the floor. As I rose to my feet again, he let go the unhappy Julia, and cried out to me, "You I'll throttle!" In my desperation, I caught up a knife from the table, and threatened to plunge it into him if he did not keep still. But the frantic man threw himself upon me, and seized me by the throat. I lost my breath, and brandished the knife in all directions. I thrust it repeatedly at him. Suddenly the unhappy man fell. The knife was in his heart.

Julia lay sobbing on the floor beside her murdered husband. I stood there like a statue. "Oh!" thought I, "were it only a dream, and I lay waking on the sofa in my summer-house! A curse upon the red-coat! A curse upon the pocket-book! Oh! my poor children! Oh! my dear, unfortunate Fanny!—upon the very threshold of my domestic paradise, here am I hurled back into hell such as I have never dreamed of!—I am a murderer!"

The noise in the room awakened the people in the house. I heard them stirring and calling. Nothing was left to me

but flight, to escape discovery. I seized the candle to light myself out of the house.

CONSUMMATION OF HORROR.

As I rushed down the steps, I resolved to hasten to my house, awaken my wife and children, press them once more to my heart, and then, like a second Cain, wander forth in the world, a fugitive from justice. But on the stairs I saw that my clothes were sprinkled with blood. I trembled at the thought of being seen.

The street-door was locked. As I turned to escape through the yard, I heard people crying and calling after me from above. I ran across the yard to the barn; I knew that thence I could get out into the gardens and fields outside the town. But my pursuers were close behind me. I had scarcely reached the barn, when some one seized me by the coat. With fearful desperation I tore myself away, and hurled the burning candle into a large haystack near by. It suddenly caught fire; so I hoped to save myself. I succeeded. They let me go, their attention being diverted by the fire; I escaped into the open country.

I rushed blindly forward, over hedges and hillocks. The idea of seeing my Fanny, and Augustus, and Leopold, was no more to be thought of. The instinct of self-preservation took precedence of everything else. When I thought of my return home yesterday, and of my expectations of the coming morning, I could not believe what had happened. But my bloody and clotted clothes, and the cool morning air, which chilled me through, convinced me only too truly of the reality. I ran almost breathless, until I could run no longer. Had I had any weapon of death about me, or had a stream been near, I should have ceased to live.

Dripping with sweat, and utterly exhausted, with trembling knees, I continued my flight at a slower pace. I was obliged at times to stop, to recover myself. Several times I was on the point of fainting quite away.

Thus I succeeded in reaching the next village. While I stood hesitating, whether to go round it or go boldly through it, for it was bright moonlight, and the sun had not yet risen, the village bells began to ring, and soon I heard bells from more distant quarters. There was a general alarm.

Every stroke harrowed me. I looked round. O Heaven! behind me appeared a dark-red glow; a huge pillar of flame licked the very clouds! The whole town was on fire. I—I was the incendiary!—O my Fanny! O my children! what a horrible awakening has your father prepared for you!

Then it seemed to me as if I were lifted up by the hair, and my feet were light as feathers. I ran, leaping furiously, round the village, to a pine wood. The flames of my house shone like the day, and the moaning alarm-bells rang with heart-rending tones through my distracted soul.

As soon as I had reached the depth of the wood, and had got so far in that I could no longer see the light of the conflagration, which had hitherto caused my shadow to dance before me like a ghost, I could go no farther. I threw myself on the earth, and cried like a child. I beat my head against the ground, and tore up the grass and roots in my frenzy. I would gladly have died, but knew not how.

A faithless husband, a murderer and incendiary, all in one short hour! Oh! the red-coat was right; there are none innocent among us, except those who lack opportunity to sin. Offer the devil a hair, he has your whole head. What accursed fate led Satan to me in the summer-house? Had I not taken his punch, I should have seen Julia without forgetting Fanny; I should not have murdered the count; I should not have lain here in utter despair, a horror to myself, and cursed of mankind.

In the meantime, the alarm-bells boomed most fearfully, and frightened me to my feet again. I rejoiced that it was not yet day. I could still hope to get a good start without being known. But I sank down again, weeping, when I recollected that it was the first of May, my Fanny's birth-day. How had we always kept the blessed day in the circle of our friends! And to-day! what a day! what a night! Then it suddenly occurred to me, it is WALPURGIS-NIGHT! Strange! the old superstition had ever made this night the night of horror, in which bad spirits keep festival, and the evil one assembles his witches on the top of the Black Mountain. I could almost have believed in the truth of the silly fable. The horrible red-coat now occurred to me more vividly than ever, with his strange speeches. Now—why should I deny it!—now would I have given my soul, were he really the person-

age whom he had pretended in jest to be, that he might save me, take from me all memory of the past, and give me my wife and children, in some corner of the earth where we might spend our days undiscovered.

But the alarm-bells sounded still louder. I discerned the gray of the morning. I sprang from the ground, and continued my flight through the bushes, and came upon the highway.

CAIN.

HERE I took breath. All that happened was so horrible, so sudden, I could not believe it. I looked around me; the reflection of the conflagration glowed through the pine-trees. I felt that my clothes and my fingers were all wet with the blood of the count.

"This will betray me to the first that meets me," thought I; and I tore off my spotted clothes, and hid them in the thick bushes, and washed my hands in the dew on the grass. Thus, half clad, I ran out on the highway.

"What am I now?" said I to myself: "whoever sees me will pursue me. Only crazy people or murderers run through the woods half-naked; or I must pretend that I have been robbed. Could I only meet a peasant whom I could overpower, he should furnish me with clothes, so I might disguise myself for awhile. I might hide myself in the woods by day, and continue my flight by night. But where get food? where money?" And now I recollected that I had left my pocket-book in my coat, which I had thrown away, and so deprived myself of all my cash.

I stood for a moment undetermined. I thought of turning back to seek my pocket-book. But—the blood of the count! I could not have looked upon that again, had a million of dollars been to be got by it. And to go back, to have continually before my eyes the light of the conflagration flickering through the pine-trees! . . . No; the flames of an open hell rather!—So I wandered on.

I heard the rattling of a vehicle—perhaps a fire-engine and peasants running to give their aid. Instantly I threw myself into the bushes, whence I could look out. I trembled like an aspen leaf. A handsome open traveling carriage, drawn by two horses, and loaded with baggage, approached. A man sat in it, driving. He

stopped just before me, got out, and went back a little way to pick up something he had dropped.

"It would help me mightily to get off," thought I, "were I only in that carriage! My legs are giving out; they will drag me no farther. Clothes, money, swift flight, all now within reach. Heaven certainly means to favor me. I'll take the hint. I'll jump in!"

No sooner thought than done. Not a moment was to be lost in consideration. Every man is his own nearest neighbor, and saves himself first when he can. Despair and necessity have no law. A leap, and I was out of the bushes into the road, from the road into the carriage; I seized the reins, and turned the horses round, away from my burning home. The man sprang at the horses, and just as I let them feel the whip, he tried to seize them by the bit. He stood right before them. I plied the whip more vigorously. It was now or never with me. The horses reared and sprung forward. The owner fell and lay under the horses' feet. I drove over him. He cried for help. His voice pierced me to the very soul. It was a well-known voice—a beloved voice. I could not believe my ears. I stopped, and leaned out of the carriage to look at the unfortunate man.—I saw him! But—I shudder to relate it—I saw my brother, who must unexpectedly have finished his business at Prague, or for some other reason was on his way home.

I sat there as if struck by lightning, disabled, paralyzed. My poor brother lay moaning under the wheel. Such a thing I had never dreamed of. I dragged myself slowly from the carriage. I sank down beside him. The heavy wheel had gone over his breast. With a low, tremulous voice, I called him by name. He heard me no more; he recognized me no more. It was all over with him. I was the accursed one who had robbed him of a life as dear to me as my own. Horrible! two murders in the same night! both indeed involuntary—both committed in despair. But they were still committed, and the consequences of the first crime, which I might have avoided.

My eyes were wet, but not with tears of grief over the beloved dead, but tears of frantic rage against my fate—against heaven. Never in my life had I stained myself with an atrocious crime. I had been alive to all that was beautiful, good,

great, and true. I had had no sweeter joy than to make others happy. And now, a cursed thoughtlessness—a single unhappy moment of self-forgetfulness—and then this guilty play of accident or necessity had made me the most miserable wretch under heaven. Oh! let no one boast of his virtue, his strength, or his circumspection! It needs only a minute for a man to thrust aside a little his firmest principles—only a minute—and the pure angel is capable of the greatest crimes. Well for him is it, if fate, more favorable to him than to me, throws no brother in his way to be run over like mine!

But let the moral go. For him who has not found it out of himself, there is no moral. I will hasten to the end of my unhappy story, than which no poet ever invented any thing more horrible.

REMORSE.

I KISSED the pale brow of my brother. I heard voices in the wood. Terrified, I sprang up. Should I let myself be caught over the body of this beloved one, whom I had first intended to rob, and then murdered? Before I could think, I was again in the thickest of the bushes, leaving the corpse, together with the horses and carriage, to their fate. The all-powerful instinct of self-preservation was alone awake in me; every other feeling was dead. In my distraction I rushed through brake and briar; where the bushes were the thickest, and the underwood the most entangled, thither I rushed. "Whoever finds thee," cried I to myself, "will kill thee, thou Cain! thou fratricide!"

Exhausted, I sank down upon a rock in the depth of the wood. The sun had risen without my having noticed it. A new life breathed through all nature. The awful Walpurgis-Night lay behind me with my crimes; but its offspring danced like devils in my path. I saw my weeping Fanny with her orphaned children—I saw the disconsolate family of my unfortunate brother—I saw the scaffold, the last procession, the place of execution.

Life became an intolerable burden to me. "Oh! that I had let myself be throttled by the count," thought I to myself, "for I deserved it! I was then false to my Fanny and to the vows which I had a thousand times sworn to her. Or had I only turned about when the town was

burning behind me, I might have kissed my wife and children once more, and then flung myself into the flames. I might then have been spared the murder of my brother."

I trembled at life because I trembled at new crimes, which seemed to await me at every step. So much was I shaken by what had occurred, that I felt that to the sinner every breath he draws may bring a sin. I thought of suicide—but for that I wanted means. So I determined to give myself up to justice, and confess all my guilt. Thus I hoped—although indeed under the bitterest circumstances—once more to press to my heart my Fanny, my Leopold, my Augustus, to implore their forgiveness, and then depart into eternity accompanied by their tears. I might yet make many domestic arrangements, and give my Fanny hints and counsels concerning various things.

These thoughts gave me some satisfaction. I became more quiet. I had given up life, and now the furies of conscience ceased to rage within me, since they had obtained what they wished.

I got up, and proceeded I knew not whither. In my distraction and anguish I had forgotten the country through which I had passed. The woods lay thick and dark around me. I longed for the light of the conflagration, which should guide me to my judges. But it was no matter; every step, every road, would lead me to them at last.

After having walked for some time, I got out of the forest. I came upon a wild road, and struck instantly into it, caring not whither it might lead.

THE TEMPTER.

I soon heard the neighing of horses before me. I was startled; the love of life awoke in me anew. I thought of fleeing back into the wood. I had been very wicked; I was a criminal of the worst kind; but I might hope still to be happy, could I save myself this time. For I never was a complete villain, although the most thoughtless. So thought I to myself, forgetting all my resolutions, and already in imagination I was in a remote solitude, where, under a strange name, unknown to the world, I could live with my wife and children. Occupied with these thoughts, I had still gone forward. As the road opened, I saw right before me

horses standing, a carriage upset with a broken wheel, and, to my horror, or to my delight, standing near, the well-known red-coat.

When he saw me, he grinned after his usual fashion. "Welcome here!" said he. "Did I not tell you that we should find each other again?—I have been waiting all night; my coachman has gone back to the town for help, and has not returned."

"His help is wanted more there than here," said I; "the whole town is on fire."

"I thought so," returned he, "for I saw the light in the sky. But what do you want in the woods? What are you seeking here? Why are you not helping to extinguish the fire?"

"I have quite other fires to extinguish," said I.

"I thought so; didn't I tell you so?"

"Oh! save me, I have become a wretched criminal, a faithless husband, a murderer, an incendiary, a highway robber, and a fratricide—all since the moment you left me—all within three hours. And yet, I swear to you, I am not a wicked man."

The red-coat stamped on the ground with his club foot as I said this, apparently in high displeasure. But his features remained hard and stern. He made me no answer. I then related to him the unprecedented history of the night. He kept quiet.

"Do you not now know who I am, and what I want of you?"

"My soul! my soul!" shrieked I; "for now, indeed, I begin to believe that you are the person whom in jest I took you to be in Prague."

"And that person was?"

"Satan."

"Then fall down and worship me!" bel-
lowed he, in a horrible voice.

I fell upon my knees before him like a crazy man, raised my clasped hands, and cried, "Save me!—Save my wife and my children from destruction! They are innocent. Carry us to some desert, where we may have bread and water, and a cave to live in. We shall be as happy there as in paradise. But blot this Walpurgis-Night from my memory, or else paradise itself would be a hell. If you can not do that, it were better for me to atone for my crimes on the scaffold." As I said this, he raised his club foot and pushed me contemptuously with it; so

that I fell backward to the earth. I sprang up. I was about to repeat my entreaties, but he interrupted me: "There, commend me," said he, "to your pious, tender-hearted man! Look at the proud mortal in the majesty of his reason! look at the philosopher who denies the devil, and brings eternity itself into learned doubt! he crowns his crimes with the worship of Satan."

"Now, I know thee, Satan," cried I, raving. "I see now that not a touch of the sympathy which dwells in the human heart has a place in your iron breast. I want no sympathy from thee. Thou feelest nothing but malicious scorn. I would have purchased thy favor, purchased it with my soul. But my soul will do better. It will find the way to repentance and mercy. It will escape you yet, and when you fancy yourself most sure of it."

Scowling grimly he replied, "No, sir, I am not the devil, as you suppose. I am a man, like you. You have been a criminal; now you are a madman. But he who has once broken with his better faith, is soon done with reason too. I despise you. Truly, I would not help you, if I could. I do not want your soul. It is all ripe for hell, and Satan need not offer a brass farthing for it."

HOPE.

For a few moments I stood before him, doubtful and embarrassed. Shame and rage, remorse and a readiness for any crime that could save me, for the moment struggled within me. I can not describe what I felt; for the history of that single moment would grow into a volume under my pen, and yet I could not do it justice.

"If you are not he for whom I take you," said I at last, "I can not help wishing you were he. Save me, or I am lost. Save me, for you alone are to blame for my horrible fate."

"That's the way with man," said he, grinning: "he always makes himself out perfectly innocent, even when stained with a brother's blood."

"Yes; you, sir, were the first cause of all my terrible sufferings. Why did you come in the night to my summer-house, where I was sleeping, harmless and quiet, awaiting the break of day? Had you

not awakened me, all this never would have happened."

"But did I awake you to conjugal infidelity and to arson? That's just the way with man. When he has assassinated some thousands, he would lay all the blame on the miner who has dug the steel out of the earth. Your breath, sir is the cause of your crimes, because, if you could not breathe, you never would have committed them; but without breath you could have no life."

"But why did you play the part of the devil with me in the garden, and say so significantly that whoever lets the devil have hold of a hair, it will be the string by which he will get his whole head."

"True that! Did I tell you a lie? Who can testify more fearfully to that truth than yourself? Have I asked a hair of you? or did you offer it to me? But, sir, when you saw Julia, your first love, you ought to have remembered Fanny. You trusted too much to your virtue, or rather you did not think of virtue at all. Religion and virtue would have told you, flee home to the summer-house. Sir, the instant temptation appears, man must take care how he permits himself in the slightest thought that favors sin; for the first little thought of evil, which one allows himself to entertain, is the aforesaid hair in the claw of the devil."

"Right! oh! right! but could I have foreseen that?"

"To be sure you could."

"It was impossible. Think only of the horrible coincidence of circumstances?"

"Of that, as a possibility, you ought to have thought. Could you not have thought of the count, when you held his wife in your arms? of the conflagration, when you threw the candle into the hay? of fratricide, when you drove the horses over the body of their owner?—for, whether he or another, every man is your brother."

"Too true! But drive me not to greater despair. You must at least grant that the first fault might have happened without all the other horrors, if there had not been the most terrible combination of circumstances."

"You are mistaken! What was there so terrible in the count's coming to his wife? What was there so very terrible in there being hay in the barn, as in all other barns? What so strange in your

brother's happening to pass that way? No, sir; what you call a horrible coincidence, might have been for you, had you kept in the right path, most happy. The world is good; it is the mind that turns it into a hell. It is man that first makes the dagger and the poison, which else would have been the peaceful plowshare or the healing medicine. Do not pretend to vindicate yourself."

Here I could not help crying out in utter despair, when I saw the full extent of my enormities. "Oh!" cried I, "up to this night I have been innocent: a good father, a faithful husband, without reproach—now I am without rest, without honor, without consolation!"

"No, sir; there, too, I must contradict you. You have not become what you are in one night, but you became it long ago. One can not change from an angel to a devil in one hour, unless he possesses already every disposition to become a devil. Opportunity only is wanting for the inner man to become the outer. You only needed to see Julia alone. The fire sleeps in the steel and flint, although we see it not—strike them together, and the sparks fly. The spark falls into a powder-cask near by, and half a city, with all its prosperity, is thrown into the sky. Commend me to your pious people who attend the poor sinner to the gallows! That many more do not hang there is merely the favor of fortune."

"That's a comfort. So then, if you speak the truth, the world is no better than I, or you, as to that matter?"

"No, sir. There, once more, you are mistaken. I grant you half the world, not the whole. I do yet believe in virtue and principle, although you have never really believed in them, with all your supposed exaltation of mind. But half the world, yes! and especially in our days, when the ruling spirit is love of ease, selfishness, and cowardly hypocrisy. That is your spirit, too. And that is the reason why you stand here now as a criminal."

"You are right; but I am no better nor worse than any other man in these times."

"What you are, that the world appears to you to be. We never see the outward in ourselves, but ourselves in the outward. All out of us is only a looking-glass."

"For God's sake, sir!" cried I, beside

myself, "save me, for time flies. If I have been bad, I can become better."

"Certainly. Need brings strength."

"Save me, and my wife and children! I can be better; I will be better, for I see now with horror of what crimes I was capable; crimes which I never could have believed that I could commit."

"It may be. But you are a weakling. Weakness is the foster-nurse of all wickedness. I will save you, if you can save yourself. Do you know me now, and what I want of you?"

"You are an angel! my guardian spirit."

"I did not, then appear to you in vain in the summer-house, before the perpetration of all these enormities. But courage! Whoever has faith and spirit for the divine, retains everything."

RESCUE.

As the red-coat said these words, it appeared to me as if his bright garment glowed around him like a flame, and a greenish light shot up out of the earth around us; but it was only the trees. Colors blended strangely with one another before my eyes. At last all was extinguished. I lay in a fainting-fit. I was no longer conscious. Something had come over me.

Then I felt a dim return of consciousness; a far-off sound was in my ears; and before my eyes broke a twilight of glimmering rays. As thought, sound, and vision became more vivid, I thought over my condition, but I could not make out what was the matter with me.

"I am either fainting, or losing my senses, or dying," thought I. "Is the soul tearing herself away from the nerves, the spirit from the body: what then remains? A world is departing with my senses; and the spirit, as a dependent power, is resolved into the ocean of all power. Then is man only a foam-bubble, thrown up from the ever-moving, ever changing surface of the ocean of the All, reflecting in itself the green islands and the infinity of heaven. And the reflected islands and heaven vanish away, as the bubble returns whence it came. No, no," cried I to myself; "that is the way I became a criminal, because I lost all faith in God and in myself, and had given myself up to the brain-spun threads of a one-

sided sophistry. The great world-spirit is no Dead Sea, and man's soul no bubble."

So I thought, and opened my eyes, and over me hovered the old man, as if resting on clouds, with a friendly seriousness. I saw no longer the cold, stern features, but a mild expression in his transfigured mien; but the light dazzled me, and I soon shut my eyes again, and dreamed on. I could not stir a limb.

"What is the matter with me, or what is going to take place?" thought I; for it seemed to me that I heard the hum of cities and villages go by, and the noise of waving woods; and then again the rushing of streams and the roar of breakers; and then the tinkling of sheep-folds and the songs of shepherds. "What has happened to me? whither am I going?" sighed I, softly, with a great effort.

Still over me hung the form of the old man, and his eye rested tenderly upon me. "I save you," said he at last, in a tone unspeakably gentle. "Fear no more. Thou hast seen thy life and thy death. Thou weak one, be a man. A second time I can not save you."

Thereupon there was a glimmering before my eyes, and methought I lay in a rocky cavern, in which the daylight shone through a narrow cleft. But the old man still hung over me as he said, "Now thou art saved, and I leave thee. I have fulfilled my wishes."

"But," sighed I, "my Fanny! my children! Give them to me in this desert."

The old man answered, "They are thine already."

"Blot out the remembrance of my guilt for ever, if thou canst."

The old man spoke—"I will blot it out; it will trouble thee no more."

As he said this, he dissolved away over me like a mist, and I gazed at the gray rocks above me, and understood nothing of what had happened. But I was filled with an unspeakable peace. And yet it was all like a fairy tale.

While I still gazed at the rocks above me, the lips of an unseen being were pressed to mine. I felt a warm kiss.

A NEW WORLD.

THAT kiss brought me back to earth. I thought my eyes were open, but I found that they were shut; for I heard light

footsteps around me, and yet saw no one in the cave.

There came a soft breath upon my cheek, and two sweet lips once more touched mine. The feeling of life again returned to my outward senses. I heard the whispering of children's voices. Dream and reality were mingled confusedly together; but they soon began to be parted the one from the other more distinctly, until I came fully to myself, and perceived clearly what was round me. I became aware that I was lying in a stiff, uncomfortable posture. It seemed to me as if I were on the sofa in my summer-house. I opened my eyes, and my Fanny hung over me. It was her kisses that had awakened me. Our children clapped their hands for joy when they saw me awaking, and clambered up on the sofa upon me, crying, one after the other, "Papa! papa! good-morning!" And my dear little wife locked me in her arms, and with eyes filled with tears, chid me for having slept all night in the cold summer-house; and had not Christopher, our man-servant, come back but a quarter of an hour before from the post-house, and told the maids in the kitchen of my arrival, not a soul would have known that I had come.

But the heavy Walpurgis-dream had affected me to such a degree, that I lay still for some time, not venturing to trust my eyes or my ears. I looked around for the fantastic cave in the desert, but still I was in the summer-house. There lay still the drums, whips, and playthings on the floor. Upon the table still stood Fanny's work-basket—all just as I had found it when I had chosen my night's lodging there.

"And Christopher has but just returned from the post-house?" asked I. "Has he slept there all night?"

"To be sure, you strange creature!" said Fanny, and patted my cheek. "He says, too, that you yourself told him to do so. Why have you passed the night on this sofa, which is as hard as a rock? Why did you not rout us out of our beds? How gladly would we all have been prepared for your reception!"

I started with delight. "You have slept, then, safely and quietly all night?" asked I.

"Only too soundly," said Fanny. "Could I have guessed that you were here in the summer-house, there would have

been an end of all sleep. I would have slipped to you like a ghost. Do you know, too, that it is Walpurgis-Night, in which the witches and hobgoblins play their tricks?"

"I knew it only too well!" said I, and rubbed my eyes and smiled joyfully at finding that all my crimes were a dream; that neither post-house nor city was burned; that neither the red-coat from Prague, nor the long-since-forgotten Julia, had made me a visit.

I clasped the lovely Fanny more fondly to my heart; and with her and the children upon my lap, I felt now, more vividly than ever, the peace of a good heart and pure conscience.

A new world bloomed around me; and more than once I was doubtful whether it were a dream or not. I looked often toward the pleasant roofs of our town, to convince myself that I had thrown no candle into the hay.

Never in my life had I had a more connected, vivid, and definite dream; only at the last, when it blended itself with my waking moments, had it become wild and fantastic.

We went in triumph through the beautiful garden to the pleasant dwelling-house, where all my household welcomed me most heartily. After I had altered my dress a little, I went, loaded with all sorts of playthings for my boys, into Fanny's room to breakfast. There sat the young mother with the merry little ones. At each look of love, a new rapture streamed through my heart. I sank silently on Fanny's breast, and with tears of joy presented to her the little tokens which I had bought for her in Prague, saying, "Fanny, to-day is thy birth-day."

"Never have I celebrated it more delightfully than now!" said she. "I have you again. I have invited some of our friends to pass the day with us, to welcome you home. I hope it does not displease you? But now sit down by us, and tell me all about yourself."

But my remarkable dream stood too vividly before my eyes. I thought it would be a relief to relate it. Fanny listened, and became very serious. "Truly," said she, at last, "one ought to believe in the witchery of Walpurgis-Night. Thou hast dreamed quite a sermon. Be yet more pious, my pious one, for surely thy good angel has spoken with thee. Write down thy dream. Such a dream is more

remarkable than many a life. I rely, you know, much upon dreams. They do not tell us of the future, but they tell us of ourselves. They are sometimes the clearest looking-glasses of the soul.

THE TEMPTER AND THE TEMPTATION.

A REMARKABLE, although indeed not extraordinary, coincidence occurred on the day following my Walpurgis-dream.

My wife had invited some friends from the city to a little family festival. On account of the beauty of the day, we dined in the upper roomy saloon of the summer-house. The Walpurgis-dream was almost blotted out from my memory by bright and pleasant realities.

My servant announced a strange gentleman who wished to speak with me—a Baron MANDEVILLE, from Drostow.

Fanny saw that I was startled. "You will not surely," said she, "tremble before the tempter, if he does not bring the temptation with him, and not even before the temptation, while you are at my side."

I went down. There, seated on the very sofa where I had slept the night before, appeared the real, living red-coat from Prague. He arose, greeted me like an old friend, and said, "You see I keep my promise. I must now see your lovely Fanny, with whom I have become quite accidentally acquainted through your confidential letters. Are you not jealous? And," he continued, pointing out into the garden, "I have brought a couple of guests with me, my brother and his wife. But my sister-in-law already knows you. We unexpectedly met in Dresden, and now travel in company."

I expressed my pleasure at seeing him. Just then a thick, stout man entered the room where we were speaking, and at his side was a lady in a traveling-dress. Imagine my astonishment. It was Julia, the wife of the count!

Julia was less embarrassed than I, although she changed color. After the first civilities, I carried my guests into the saloon above. I introduced them to my Fanny. The tempter, turned visitor, said the most flattering things to her.

"I have," said he, "already quite adored you in Prague, where, without the knowledge of your husband, I got to know all the little family secrets which you communicated to him."

"I know all," said Fanny to him. "You paid fourteen hundred dollars for those secrets. But you are, after all, a very bad man, for you have caused my Robert a restless night."

"We have not done with that yet, Fanny," said I; "for see, here is the lovely temptation;" and then I introduced her to the count's wife—"Julia."

Women never suffer long from embarrassment. Fanny embraced Julia as a sister, and placed the tempter on one side of her and the temptation on the other. "As far as possible from you!" cried she, in a tone of roguish warning.

Fanny and Julia, although they had never seen each other before, soon became true heart-sisters, and had a great deal to say to each other, making me the butt of their raillery. For my part, it was peculiarly delightful to see these two together; both lovely—but Julia only a beautiful woman, Fanny an angel.

Julia, as I learned from her during a walk in the garden, was perfectly happy. She was truly attached to her husband, on account of the nobleness of his character; but for her brother-in-law, the red-coat, she had the tender affection of a child. He had spent much of his life, as she told me, in traveling, and now resided on an estate in Poland, near her husband's, dividing his time between books, and agricultural labors, and offices of benevolence. She spoke of him with animation, and insisted that a better man did not exist on earth. I gathered from all she told me a practical reflection—that one must not trust too much to physiognomy.

"Why did you put that mysterious

question to me at Prague," said I, after a while, to the worthy red-coat: "*Do you not know now who I am, and what I want of you?*" For it was these words that had struck me so at Prague, and had afterward sounded again so distinctly in my dream.

"It is plain enough what I meant," cried he. "I wanted to tell you, as I brought back your pocket-book, what I wished with you, and wanted also to let you know that I was the finder, that you should put confidence in me, and give me some proofs of your loss. You continued to be as reserved as if I were a suspicious person, and yet I saw your disquiet, and could not doubt that the right man stood before me."

I now related to him my dream. "Sir," cried he, "long live the Walpurgis-spirits! The dream deserves to be a chapter in moral philosophy and psychology. If you do not carefully write it down, I will do it myself, and send it to you in print. There are right golden lessons in it. I am glad, however, that I have the honor to shine at last as an angel of light, otherwise I would not listen to a word more of your Walpurgis-Night adventure."

We spent a happy day together; I with the truly excellent Mandeville, and Fanny with Julia.

When we parted at evening, Fanny said to me, when we reached the door; "Here we will bid good-by, and not accompany the beautiful temptation a step farther. Your Walpurgis-dream contains a good lesson for me too. Do you not know me, sir, and what your Fanny wants with you."

From Titan.

HISTORY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

IN 1831, Lord Mahon read to the Society of Antiquaries the history of this sacred relic, of which the following is an abstract:

In the reign of the Emperor Constantine the Great, his mother Helena, when almost an octogenarian, undertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, in search of the

Holy Sepulcher, and the Cross on which Jesus Christ had suffered. A vision, or perhaps dream, disclosed the place of the Holy Sepulcher; the three crosses were found buried near it, and that of the Saviour is said to have been distinguished from the others by its healing powers on the sick, and even restoring a corpse to

life. The spot was immediately consecrated by a church, called the New Jerusalem, and of such magnificence, that the celebrated Eusebius regarded it as the fulfillment of the prophecies in the Scriptures for a city of that name. A verse of the sybil was also remembered or composed, which, like all predictions after the event, tallied in a surprising manner with the object they so happily revealed.

The greater share of the Cross was left at Jerusalem, set in a case of silver; and the remainder was sent to Constantine, who, in hopes of securing the prosperity and duration of his empire, enclosed it within his own statue on the Byzantine Forum. The pilgrims, also, who thronged to Jerusalem during a long course of years, often obtained a small fragment of the Cross for themselves; so that, at length, according to the strong expression of Saint Cyril, the whole earth was filled with this sacred wood. Even at present there is scarcely a Roman Catholic cathedral which does not display some pretended pieces of this relic; and it has been computed, with some exaggeration, that, were they all collected together, they might prove sufficient for building a ship of the line. To account for this extraordinary diffusion of so limited a quantity, Saint Cyril has asserted its preternatural growth and vegetation, which he ingeniously compares to the miracle of the loaves and fishes.

From this period the history of the holy Cross may be clearly traced through the twelve succeeding centuries. In spite of its frequent partitions, say the monkish writers, the Cross remained undiminished at Jerusalem until the year 614, when that city was besieged and taken by the Persians, who removed the relic to Persia, where it continued fourteen years, until the victories of the Emperor Heraclius, who restored it to its former station on Mount Calvary; the emperor lying aside his diadem and purple, and bearing the Cross on his own shoulders toward the Holy Sepulcher. An officer was then appointed to its peculiar care, with the title of *Stauroputax*; and the anniversary of this event, the 15th of September, is still celebrated in the Greek Church as a festival, under the name of the Exaltation of the Cross.

Only eight years afterward, (A.D. 636,) an army of Arabs, proselytes of Mohammed, invaded Palestine; the imperial forces

were routed at Termuck, and Heraclius, downcast and dismayed, returned to Constantinople, bearing with him the invaluable fragment, whose alleged miraculous powers were never exerted for its own protection. It was, however, preserved at Constantinople with the utmost veneration in the church of Saint Sophia, and the honors paid to it are attested by the father of English historians, Bede. Never but on the three solemn festivals of the year was its costly case unclosed; when a grateful odor pervaded the whole church, and a fluid resembling oil distilled from the knots in the wood, of which the least drop was thought sufficient to cure the most inveterate disease.

In the year 1078, the Holy Cross recommenced its travels. During the tumultuous deposition of Michael VII., a wealthy citizen of Amalfi secured the Cross in its golden case set with jewels, and offered the relic at the shrine of Saint Benedict, at Casinum. We next trace the Cross to Palestine, where the Crusaders bore it in the van of their armies when marching against the Mussulmans; during one of their battles with Saladin, the sacred relic was broken, and one half of it was captured by the enemy, and most probably destroyed. The remaining fragment, early in the thirteenth century, took the field with the King of Hungary and the Duke of Austria: from whom it passed into the hands of their brother crusaders, the Latin sovereigns of Constantinople; but it was not received with its ancient share of veneration—a new Crown of Thorns, alleged to be that of the Passion, holding at this period a far higher rank with the public.

In the the year 1238, the pressure of poverty and impending ruin compelled the Emperor Baldwin II. to sell what the piety of Louis, king of France, induced him as eagerly to purchase. A very considerable sum was given in exchange for the holy wood; and on its arrival in Paris, it was deposited by King Louis in a chapel, which he built on this occasion. There the Cross remained for above three hundred years, until May 20, 1575, it disappeared from its station: the robber could not be traced, nor the spoil recovered, when it was reported that Henry II. had secretly sold it to the Venetians; and to appease the angry murmurs of his subjects, Henry, the next year, on Easter-day, announced that a new Cross had been

prepared for their consolation, of the same shape, size, and appearance of the stolen relic, and asserted that, in divine powers, or claim to religious worship, it was but little inferior to its model; and "the people of Paris," says Estoile, an eye-witness of this transaction, "being very devout, and easy of faith on such subjects, gratefully hailed the restoration of some tangible and immediate object for their prayers." Of the original fragment no further trace has been found.

It should be added, that Constantine the Great obtained, at the same time with the Cross, the pretended nails of the Passion. He melted part of them into a helmet for himself; and the other part was converted into a bridle for his horse, in supposed obedience to a prophetic text

of Zechariah: "In that day there shall be upon the bells (bridles) of the horses, holiness unto the Lord," (Zech. 14: 20.) Yet, though the helmet alone might appear to have required all the nails which could possibly be employed in a crucifixion, it is not unusual in Southern Europe to meet with fragments of old iron for which the same sacred origin is claimed. Thus Lord Mahon saw at Catania, in Sicily, one of these nails, which is believed to possess miraculous powers. There is another in a private oratory of the Escorial. All the nails from the time of Constantine are rejected as spurious by Cardinal Baronius; yet Pope Innocent VI. expressed his belief in their authenticity. One of the nails is stated to have been used in the Iron Crown of Lombardy.

From Fraser's Magazine.

C H A R L O T T E B R O N T Ë . *

THREE and thirty years ago, (it is only forty-one this twenty-first day of April, A.D. 1857, since Charlotte Brontë was born,) a party of children were gathered round the kitchen fire in the old-fashioned parsonage of Haworth. There were four of them, Charlotte, Emily, Anne, Branwell—a brother and three sisters. Two older ones were among the rest last autumn, but they lie with their mother now in the churchyard outside. How the eldest died may be gathered from a few branding pages in "Jane Eyre." The child was killed by cruel neglect, and though the little martyr never bore malice to any living creature in her life, her death has been bitterly avenged.

The village of Haworth lies high among the Yorkshire uplands, and the parsonage looks down upon the village. There are no trees, little vegetation of any kind, a few stunted bushes and shrubs in front of the house; behind, right up to the kitchen door, a wide expanse of bleak and melancholy moor. For weeks together, in winter, the inmates are blockaded by the snow which the north wind brings down from the hills. But the old church is not a stone's cast across the tombstones, so that service on Sundays is seldom missed by the little dwellers in the parsonage. The members of the congregation are imprisoned in narrow castellated pews, on which the names of the proprietors are painted in white letters, as they are painted on coffins. There is now, 1857, a square tablet inserted in the wall, "To the memory of Charlotte Brontë."

* "The Life of Charlotte Brontë," Author of "Jane Eyre." By Mrs. Gaskell, Author of "Mary Barton." London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 2 vols. 1857.

The Rev. Patrick Brontë, who has come all the way from Ireland to plant himself finally in this hopeful district, is the incumbent—a strict, honorable, conscientious man. There is still a dash of the wild Irishman in him, notwithstanding his Cambridge education and sacred calling: so that, when angry or annoyed, “he works off his volcanic wrath by firing pistols in rapid succession out of the back-door,” which opens, luckily, upon the moors, across which no one travels except the itinerant packmen who come from the unknown country on the other side of the hills. His parishioners are a rough, lawless, and kindly set, with the shrewd sagacity and blunt address of men born and bred in the West-Riding.

The children, with the ruddy fire-light lighting up their faces, form a curious group. None of them are very good-looking, except the brother. Of the sisters, “Emily is the prettiest.” Charlotte is plain, and very diminutive; to compensate for these disadvantages, her hair is soft, thick, and brown, and her eyes emit a wonderful light—vivid and radiant. “I never saw the like,” Mrs. Gaskell says, “in any other human creature.” She is very short-sighted, however, though her friends accuse her of being able to see, like a cat, in the dark; and she constructs hieroglyphics so minute that they can not be read now without a microscope. They must write so in Lilliput, if they write at all there.

The father is occupied with the duties of his parish, and as there is no society in the neighborhood, the children are left very much to themselves and “Tabby,” the old Yorkshire serving-woman. They are grave, quiet, considerate. They never play riotously, as children do play, and ought to play. The elder sedulously watch the young ones, and nurse them in a grave, motherly way, which reminds us of certain charming sketches in Leech’s portfolio. But from the youngest up to Charlotte, they are all sedate and precocious. They write plays and act them. They publish a magazine for themselves every month; and they give us, as *Blackwood* used to do in those days, “a double number for December.” Charlotte’s favorite hero is the Duke of Wellington. He and his sons, the Marquis of Douro and Lord Charles Wellesley, appear in a hundred romances which she wrote in those invisible microscopic characters be-

fore she was fourteen. The little creatures are fierce politicians—Tories to the backbone, every one of them. They read the *John Bull* and *Blackwood’s Magazine*. “The editor,” says Charlotte, solemnly, in a paper written at the time, “is Mr. Christopher North, an old man, seventy-four years of age; the first of April is his birthday: his company are Timothy Tickler, Morgan O’Doherty, Macrabin Mordecai, and James Hogg, a man of most extraordinary genius, a Scottish shepherd.” One of their plays is entitled “The Islanders.” In it each of the children takes possession of a favorite island, and selects “chief men” to carry on the government. “Branwell,” is Charlotte’s contemporary account, “chose John Bull, Astley Cooper, and Leigh Hunt; Emily, Walter Scott, Mr. Lockhart, Johnny Lockhart; Anne, Michael Sadler, Lord Bentinck, and Sir Henry Halford. I chose the Duke of Wellington and two sons, Christopher North and Co., and Mr. Abernethy.” Little sister Annie, who is seven, and has to be lifted upon her chair, chooses Sir Henry Halford and Mr. Sadler!

A strange childhood!—out of which, through various schools and others harsh experiences, the Brontës grew up to man and woman’s estate, and which explains a good deal in their subsequent history. They are the offspring of the moors; and after the sea—whose authority is supreme—the moorland has perhaps the strongest influence in forming and determining the character. All their lives the Brontës love these moors intensely. They look down from their bleak “hills of Judea,” and wonder how the dwellers contrive to exist in the “Philistine flats” beneath. The turbid waters of their “beck” are more sacred than the Jordan’s. In dreams, at Brussels, they hear the Haworth harebells rustle in the wind. Emily can not live away from them. She pines and sickens, and would die if she were not brought back and restored to their wild companionship. Every thing they say or write is consecrated by this bleak communion. Their honey has the taste of the heath. The scent of the heather is as clearly traceable in their works as the smack of the salt sea in the architecture of the lagoons.

After passing through much uncongenial drudgery as teachers, both at home and on the Continent, the sisters, in 1844, find themselves once more united in the quiet home among the hills. Through-

out the intervening period, Charlotte has been silently amassing materials for future work. Nothing comes amiss to that observant and inventive brain. She notices every one with whom she is brought into contact—dissects and analyzes. The result is, that when she begins to write, her life is transcribed into her novels. The one is a daguerreotype of the other. The scenes reviewers condemn as exaggerated, the characters they pronounce unnatural, are taken from personal experience. When you read her life, you read “Jane Eyre,” “Shirley,” “Villette,” in fragments. The separate parts have simply to be taken out, arranged, riveted together, and you have the romance. But what in the life is fragmentary and incomplete—for we live bit by bit, and never contrive to act out our play uninterruptedly at one sitting—is by the artist’s insight cast into dramatic sequence. In one of her letters, Miss Brontë describes the way in which she molds her experience into fiction :

“You are not to suppose that any of the characters are literal portraits. It would not suit the rules of art, nor of my own feelings, to write in that style. We only suffer reality to suggest, never to dictate. The heroines are abstractions, and the heroes too. Qualities I have seen, loved, and admired, are here and there put in as decorative gems, to be preserved in that setting.”

But no explanation can ever be quite exhaustive. The experience can never entirely explain the work. For between lies the mystery of Genius.

What Charlotte is when she returns from the Brussels *pension*, she remains till her death. Very small of stature—when ordering any piece of dress she has to give special instructions, “the full woman’s size not suiting me ;” very quiet, shy, and diffident ; very resolute when a duty has to be performed ; very timid when happiness has to be encountered or success enjoyed. Her physical constitution is miserably weak and sensitive, but her will is perfect. She is never exacting, never sanguine, never disappointed when people fail her. From her earliest years she has schooled herself not to expect or demand much—scarcely, indeed, to *hope* at all. Yet the spell of the imagination is very potent upon her ; sometimes she invites it, sometimes she dreads it ; but it may not be disobeyed, even when it torments her.

One might expect such a woman to hold extreme, exaggerated, unhealthy views ; on the contrary, she is always moderate. Vagueness, inaccuracy, slovenliness, whether in mind or person, she can not tolerate. Sentiment and sentimental insincerity are repugnant to the simple directness of her character. She was naturally and by education superstitious, and her mental conflicts would have driven many a man into the cloister. But it is not so with her. She is deeply religious, but never fanatical. She has the old Puritans’ perfect confidence in God’s government ; to her, as to them, the trials of life are divinely appointed, and “at the end of all exists the Great Hope ;” but there is no narrowness in her creed. She does not venture to attribute to the Almighty, in the government of his universe, the partialities of a parish bigot. It is indeed most interesting to find this girl, in her Yorkshire solitudes, grasping, single-handed, at doctrines to which our most devout men are yet blindly striving, as they best can. The character altogether is very complex—cool yet vivid, affluent yet ascetic, vehement yet sedate.

In 1844, the sisters, as we have said, are again united, and recommence the interrupted occupations. The stock of the rustic stationer is exhausted by the reams of paper the girls consume ; letters to famous men—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, publishers in London, editors in Edinburgh—pass incessantly through the village post-office ; and an occasional epistle returns for “Mr. Currer Bell,” though “no such gentleman,” Mr. Brontë assures the carrier, “lives in the parish.” The first fruit of this suppressed agitation is the advent from the metropolis of a diminutive volume, “Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell.”

That modest little volume has an old charm for us, in its rude typography, plain binding, peculiar punctuation, and the date, 1846, on the title page—just the year Sir Robert repealed the Corn Laws. For it was when the country was in the last throes of that great conflict, when Peel was winning victory for the people and defeat for himself, and the barbed shafts of the Israelite quivered every field-night under the Minister’s spotless shirt-front, that the poems of the three sisters were given to the world, and permitted to pass unnoticed, as was indeed to be looked for. Yet the book is one that might have ri-

veted attention even then, and must not now be forgotten.

For the poems are perfectly genuine—veritable utterances of the women who wrote them. There is no poetic exaggeration, no false sentiment nor study of theatrical effect. They do not wanton with the flowers of rhetoric. I do not believe that more than half a dozen metaphors occur throughout the volume. A Puritan could not be more conscientious in his intercourse with his crop-eared brethren, than these girls are in their poetic talk. The imagination is taken to task. The estimate of life is strictly subdued. They have worked out an experience for themselves, and, with God's help, they will stick to it. Their gravity of thought and chasteness of language contrast strikingly with the florid and exuberant ornamentation of our younger poets—the poets of the *Rénaissance*.

And, because of this entire genuineness, they never imitate. There is no foreign music in their melody. One does not detect the influence of any other writer. Young poets are habitual plagiarists: but with this volume neither Byron, nor Scott, nor Tennyson, nor Browning, has anything to do. The writers speak out plainly and calmly what they have felt themselves, and their thoughts assume, without effort, the poetic form to which they are most adapted.

They speak calmly, I say, yet we feel sometimes that this composure is enforced. There are deeps of passion underneath the passionless face.¹ The estimate of life is studiously grave and somber; but at times an intoxicating sense of liberty thrills their blood, and the wild gladness of a Bacchante sparkles in their eyes:

"I'd die when all the foam is up,
The bright wine sparkling high,
Nor wait till in th' exhausted cup
Life's dull dregs only lie."

There is the martyr's spirit, but there is the hero's too. They *will* not love nor hate over-much: but the throbbing of the wounded heart can not be always restrained, and at times they are intensely bitter:

"They named him mad, and laid his bones
Where holier ashes lie,
But doubt not that his spirit groans
In hell's eternity."

There are indications in Currer's contributions of that amazing intellectual force which, a year afterward, was to move painfully every English heart; but as yet she has not learned her strength. Her steps are restrained and embarrassed. She does not move freely. She touches life with the tips of her fingers, so to speak: her whole heart and soul have not yet been cast into her work.

Yet most of the subjects are strangely chosen for girls, and such as a very marked and decided idiosyncrasy alone would have selected. In Acton's, indeed, there is more of the ordinary woman, mild, patient, devout, loving; and her poetry has little to distinguish it from the poetry of many women who acquire "the faculty of verse." But those of the other two are very different. In them there is none of the ordinary romance of girlhood. Their heroes are not the heroes of the ball-room, but of the covenant and the stake—the warrior-priest who can die for his faith; the patriot who, if it be for his country's gain, will steadfastly allow his honor to be soiled, and

"Wait securely
For the atoning hour to come;"

the worker who in his loneliness achieves the redemption of his people; the martyr with the thorny crown upon his brow, but with the peace of God and the hope of immortality in his heart. Success, the usual gauge applied by youth, is not with them the test of worth;

"The long war closing in defeat,
Defeat serenely borne,"

is in their eyes the noblest fate that can be reserved for any man. So they do not pray for happiness, but for inward control, and the patience which endures to the end.

"Of God alone, and self-reliance,
I ask for solace—hope for aid."

Praise, fame, friendship, the good word of the world, they do not covet; they can live without them; nay, resign them cheerfully, if need be.

"There's such a thing as dwelling
On the thought ourselves have nursed,
And with scorn and courage telling
The world to do its worst."

And these are the feelings expressed, not by strong men, but by two delicate women in their girlhood! The stern spirit of their northern hills and of the bleak Yorkshire moorland haunted their birth-place, and must have entered early into their souls.

Yet the book does not altogether lack the gentler graces of poetry. In the concise realism of Currer there is little indeed of that abstract and ethereal spirit men call the imagination; but it inspires the wild and plaintive music of many of Ellis's songs. Some of these are so perfect that we can not understand why they are not widely known; certainly modern poetry has produced few lyrics more felicitous either in sentiment or expression than "Remembrance." How quaint and composed, and yet how plaintive, it is! The bereaved speaks calmly, but there is a passion of tears below:

"REMEMBRANCE.

"Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee,
Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave!
Have I forgot, my only love, to love thee,
Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave?

"Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
Over the mountains, on that northern shore,
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves
cover
Thy noble heart for ever, ever more?

"Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,
From those brown hills, have melted into spring:
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
After such years of change and suffering!

"Sweet love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
While the world's tide is bearing me along;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure, but can not do thee wrong!

"No later light has lighted up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

"But when the days of golden dreams had perished,
And even despair was powerless to destroy,
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
Strengthened and fed without the aid of joy.

"Then did I check the tears of useless passion—
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine;
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
Down to that tomb already more than mine.

"And, even yet, I dare not let it languish.
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain;
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I seek the empty world again?"

The lyric entitled "A Death-Scene," in which a girl passionately beseeches her dying lover not to quit her, has a beauty of a peculiar kind:

"O Day! he can not die
When thou so fair art shining
O Sun in such a glorious sky,
So tranquilly declining;

"He can not leave thee now
While fresh west-winds are blowing,
And all around his youthful brow
Thy cheerful light is glowing!

"Beside thee, on my knee,
My dearest friend! I pray
That thou to cross the eternal sea
Wouldst yet one hour delay.

"I hear its billows roar
I see them foaming high;
But no glimpse of a further shore
Has blest my straining eye.

"Believe not what they urge
Of Eden isles beyond;
Turn back from that tempestuous surge
To thy own native land.

"It is not death, but pain,
That struggles in thy breast—
Nay, rally, Edward, rouse again;
I can not let thee rest!"

"One long look that sore reproved me
For the woe I could not bear—
One mute look of suffering moved me
To repent my useless prayer.

"Paled, at length, the sweet sun setting,
Sunk to peace the twilight breeze:
Summer dews fell softly, wetting
Glen, and glade, and silent trees.

"Then his eyes began to weary,
Weighed beneath a mortal sleep;
And their orbs grew strangely dreary,
Clouded, even as they would weep.

"But they wept not, but they changed not,
Never moved and never closed;
Troubled still, and still they ranged not,
Wandered not, not yet reposed.

"So I knew that he was dying—
Stooped and raised his languid head;
Felt no breath, and heard no sighing,
So I knew that he was dead."

Here is a song which reminds us of one sung in the *Princess*; but this was written before *her* time:

"SYMPATHY.

"There should be no despair for you
While nightly stars are burning:
While evening pours its silent dew,
And sunshine gilds the morning.

"O God, within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest
As I—undying Life—have power in thee!

"Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts; unutterably vain;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

"To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

"With all-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above;
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"Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
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But her father still lives, and she lives for him. It is long before the old gentleman can realize that this woman, of whom all England is talking, is his daughter Charlotte; but when at length convinced, and when Yorkshire people begin to honor, in their rough way, the little woman who had drawn their hard features so faithfully, and to make pilgrimages to the rude parsonage as to a shrine, he becomes gladly and proudly interested in his child's fame. And Charlotte is the most faithful and docile of children; is bound up in the old man's happiness, obeys his slightest wish—nay, will not allow "Paul Emmanuel" to die, because her father asks her to spare him; and so—though with her mind's eye she has seen her hero perish in that wild storm on the Atlantic, and *knows* that he is dead—leaves his fate unexplained and enigmatical. As the years went by, life brightened upon her. She paid an occasional visit to the metropolis, where she beheld the great soldier of her childish romance; and Thackeray, who, of all men, after "the Duke," she honored most; and Rachel, whose performances inspired her with the critical admiration and womanly antipathy she has described in one of her novels. "Shirley" and "Villette" followed each other rapidly; they were received with acclamation; "Currer Bell" became a fixed star in contemporary literature. One vivid streak of sunlight broke across her life at its close; but the frail frame was unused to

on the confines between our love and our hate.

Their caprice, their sullenness, their mercilessness, hurt and revolt us; but we can not abandon them to perdition without a prayer that they may be saved. Heathcliff, the boy, is ferocious, vindictive, wolfish; but we understand the chain of fire that binds Cathy to him. There stands the brawny young Titan, with his blackened visage, and unwashed hands, and unkempt hair, as though he had come in hot haste from the infernal forge, sullen, resentful, no Christian virtue implanted in his heathenish soul, no English grace softening his obdurate visage; and yet, as he stands moodily in the presence of his fastidious, courtly, and well-bred rival, we feel that though his soul is the fouler, he is the greater, the more lovable of the two. He may be an imp of darkness at bottom—as is indeed most probable, considering his parentage—but he has come direct from the affluent heart of nature, and the hardy charm of her bleak hill-sides and savage moorlands rests upon the boy. On the boy only, however; for the man develops and degenerates; it is then a tiger-cat's passion, a ghou's vindictiveness, a devil's remorse.

The elder Cathy, too, is very subtly conceived in her fire, and tenderness, and vanity, and perversity, and the untutored grace of her free moorland nature. The hardy, half-savage child, with her mocking spirit, and bleeding feet, and swart companion-imp, "as dark almost as if it came from the devil," scampering across the hills in gipsy-fashion, and scaring the meek maidens of the village with her elfish laughter; the willful little vagrant who, in her dreams of Heaven, breaks her heart with weeping to come back to earth, and wakens sobbing for joy because "the angry angels have cast her out into the middle of the heath on the top of Wuthering Heights;" the perverse, fervent, untamed coquette, alternating between love and pride, hell and heaven, our admiration and our dread—unplumbed depths of passion convulsing her soul, but with nothing mean or meager in the whole of her burning heart—excites a wonderful interest, retains it to the last, and gives to the *Catherine Linton* scrawled upon the nursery panel an eerie and fitful pathos. Her childish delight in arranging on her death-bed the lapwing, the mallard, and the moor-fowl's feathers

—the wild birds she had followed with Heathcliff in their childish rambles across the moorland—is sad and true as the "coronet flowers" of Ophelia. In that idle forgetfulness and tender confusion, there is a genuine reminiscence of the Shaksperian madness. This richness and affluence of poetic life in which Emily invests the creations of her brain, these delicacies and subtleties of insight, are all the more striking, from the grave, somber, and resolutely homely form in which her tale is narrated. She may describe abnormal characters; but, whatever they are, she describes them with startling genuineness.*

This was the only romance Emily ever wrote; a year after its publication she died. These very grand and impressive lines were her last:

"No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere;
I see Heaven's glorious shrine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

* Joseph, the old retainer, with his Yorkshire brogue and inclement Calvinism, must at least have been drawn from the life. The character is capitally sustained throughout, from our first introduction to him:

"Joseph was an elderly, nay, an old man; very old, perhaps, though hale and sinewy. 'The Lord help us!' he soliloquized, in an undertone of peevish displeasure, while relieving me of my horse: looking meantime in my face so sourly, that I charitably conjectured he must have need of divine aid to digest his dinner, and his pious ejaculation had no reference to my unexpected advent."

His grim and revengful application of his doctrinal system is always very characteristic:

"'Nay, nay, he's noan at Gimmerton,' said Joseph. 'T's niver wonder but he's at t' bottom of a bog-hole. This visitation worn't for nowt, and I wod hev ye to look out, Miss—yah muh be t' next. Thank Hivin for all! All warks together for gooid to them as is choozen, and piked out fro' the rub-bidge! Yah know whet t' Scripture sea.'"

Or again:

"He laid the whole burden of Hareton's faults on the shoulders of the usurper of his property. If the lad swore, he wouldn't correct him, nor however culpably he behaved. It gave Joseph satisfaction, apparently, to watch him go the worst lengths; he allowed that the lad was ruined: that his soul was abandoned to perdition: but then he reflected that Heathcliff must answer for it. Hareton's blood would be required at his hands; and there lay an immense consolation in that thought. Joseph had instilled into him a pride of his name and of his lineage; he would, had he dared, have fostered hate between him and the present owner of the Heights: but his dread of that owner amounted to superstition; and he confined his feelings regarding him to muttered inuendoes and private comminations."—*Wuthering Heights*, p. 172.

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happiness; it wore grief better; and the joy of a new life killed her. She died on Easter Eve, 1855.

Mrs. Gaskell has done her work well. Her narrative is simple, direct, intelligible, unaffected. Her descriptions of the Yorkshire uplands, and of the people who live there, are vivid and picturesque. She dwells on her friend's character with womanly tact, thorough understanding, and delicate sisterly tenderness. Once or twice there is a burst of uncontrollable indignation against those who blunderly misunderstood or willfully maligned. The extracts from the letters are excellently selected. And they are remarkable letters—as the letters of the most remarkable woman of her age could not fail to be; but we own that we were not prepared for the fine sense and temperate strength they disclose. Many parts of the book can not be read without deep, even painful, emotion. That life-long sickness, borne meekly, uncomplainingly, with quiet courage, and which yet at times pressed tears, as though they were drops of blood, out of the heart, is sadder than any story. Still, we feel as we read, that though trying and distressing in many ways, it is a life always womanly. And we are thankful that such a life—the life of the authoress of “*Villette*”—should have been written by the writer of “*Ruth*.” No one else could have paid so tender and discerning a tribute to the memory of Charlotte Brontë.

Such was the life and the character—we have a few “last words” on the works and the genius.

“*Jane Eyre*” has been austere condemned by austere critics. It is said that in it the interest depends on the terrible and the immoral—two elements of interest which can not be rightly appropriated by fiction. Admitting that the charge is true, we inquire—why not?

The old dramatists, at least, did not judge so; and the result was, that they evoked “high passions and high actions” which stir our hearts to the core. Where, in modern tragedy, with its guarded touch and surface propriety, shall we find such an appeal to our deepest feelings, as—leaving Shakspeare altogether out of question—in Hieronimo's madness?

“In truth it is a thing of nothing,
The murder of a son or so;
A thing of nothing, my lord;”

in Annabella's:

“Forgive him, Heaven, and me, my sins.
Farewell,
Brother unkind, unkind;”

in Calantha's:

“O my lords!
I but deceived your eyes with antic gesture.
When one news straight came huddling on another—
Of death, and death, and death; still I danced forward.
But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
They are the silent griefs which cut the heartstrings.
Let me die smiling.
One kiss on these cold lips—my last; crack, crack,
Argos now 's Sparta's king.”

They look terror and death, the momentous issues of life, fearlessly in the face; wherever the true tragic came out, there we find them. And they succeeded in impressing on us a sense of its greatness, its reality, its infinite capacities for grief or gladness, such as we now seldom obtain. Seldom, because we have become afraid of its sternness, and gloss it over; because very few of our poets dare to gauge boldly the perilous pains of the spirit, the great majority contenting themselves with saying pretty things at their fastidious leisure about sorrows which are as genuine as a pasteboard doll's; because, when a woman like Charlotte Brontë does try to evoke that mighty spirit of tragedy which lurks in the heart of every man, she is told that she is creating the horrible, and breaking artistic statutes more immutable than those of the Medes and Persians.

The charge of immorality is one easily made—still more easily repeated. According to certain scrupulous zealots, every thing is immoral in our present art—from “*Marie*” and “*La Traviata*,” to “*Ruth*,” “*Jane Eyre*,” and “*Aurora Leigh*”—which presumes to assert that society is not a mass of respectabilities, and that there are certain waifs and strays scattered about, who, as they have contrived to get into the world, require at least to be looked after till they leave it. With such men it is out of the question to argue. They can not know how the fire of Almighty God shrivels up as a scroll that skin-deep sensitiveness which calls itself modesty, but which we call selfishness, intense and unmitigated; how purity and courage go hand in hand; how it is the most stainless conscience which is least afraid of impurity, as it is the least easily

sullied by contact with the impure. It really passes one's patience to be told that a story like "Marian Erle's"—a story which shows us how manifold complex temptations, poverty, hardship, starvation, violence, beyond and apart from vicious inclination, beset the virtue of our women, and recruit the ranks of an unhappy and degraded class—how a lenient construction of these circumstances should mitigate our censure and secure our pity for those who are still, even at the worst, women, with souls to be saved, and not wild beasts to be hunted, and trampled upon, and goaded to death—how the child of shame has a Father who is in heaven, and, as His child, bears no brand upon its brow—how the holy instinct of motherhood is in all cases an instinct divinely implanted, and therefore not in any to be scorned and scoffed at by us, but to be revered for ever as a wise and pitiful ordinance of God—it passes one's patience to be told that a story saying so many things which it was right and needful should be said, ere practical reformers could hope to enlist any wide or active sympathy in their efforts at restoration, is a story of "an immoral tendency." But if "Aurora Leigh" is such a book, then "Jane Eyre" may be included in the class. For it speaks freely of many questionable matters, on which our sanctimonious society closes its eyes, or passes by on the other side; and it exhibits a freedom and latitude in discussing difficult questions which have struck many pious souls with consternation. Wiser critics there are, however, who may judge more leniently. They may hold that rudeness, indelicacy, masculine directness, are words that have been somewhat loosely applied to describe a fine and peculiar insight into the heart of man. They may even go to the length of inquiring, as we do: Why should not holy hypocrisy be unmasked and sacrificed? Why should not the struggle between virtue and vice be chronicled? Why should it not be said: She was tempted, and she overcame? nay, even: She was tempted, and she fell?

Hear, at least, Mrs. Gaskell's indignant protest, and then condemn if you dare:

"Who is he that should say of an unknown woman: 'She must be one who, for some sufficient reason, has long forfeited the society of her sex?' Is he one who has led a wild and strug-

gling and isolated—seeing few, but plain and out-spoken Northerners, unskilled in the euphuisms which assist the polite world to skim over the mention of vice? Has he striven through long weeping years to find excuses for the lapse of an only brother, and through daily contact with a poor lost profligate, been compelled into a certain familiarity with the vices that his soul abhors? Has he, through trials close following in dread march through his household, sweeping the hearthstone bare of life and love, still striven hard for strength to say, 'It is the Lord! let Him do what seemeth to Him good'—and sometimes striven in vain until the kindly light returned? If through all these dark waters the scornful reviewer have passed clear, refined, free from stain, with a soul that has never in all its agonies cried '*Lama sabachthani!*'—still, even then, let him pray with the Publican rather than judge with the Pharisee."

But while we aver, without hesitation, that "Jane Eyre" is not an immoral book, we are ready to admit that those parts which have been censured are by no means blameless, when considered artistically. The confidence between Jane Eyre and Rochester is much too sudden; and excessive. There is too little attractiveness in the heroine to account for a violent passion in such a man. The explanation is inadequate. Why should so much fondness be lavished upon this demure, keen-eyed little woman? Why should it be? we ask; and the reply is: It would not be so with us; and a feeling of contempt for the infatuation of this otherwise astute and daring man of the world is the result.

The characters, also, though drawn with mastery, are too strongly marked. Rochester is the type of one order of mind; St. John Rivers of another; and the features in each case are exaggerated to produce an effective contrast. Still, both are of the grand order of men. The broad-chested, grim-mouthed Rochester, sweeping past us on his black horse Mesrour, and followed by his Gytrash-like sleuth-hound, is a modern apparition of Black Bothwell, somewhat more vivid and lifelike than Mr. Aytoun has succeeded in raising. It is like passing from the intoxicating fumes of a witch's cave into the still severity of an Attic porch, when we quit this burly northern Viking and make St. John's acquaintance. St. John is the warrior-priest, cool and inflexible as death. His integrity is austere, his conscientiousness implacable. It is impossible to love him; nay, even Rochester, in his devilish mad-

ness, is preferable to this inexorable priest. Yet the man is not tranquil; there is a passionate unrest at the bottom of his heart. A statue of snow, and fire burns underneath! But the fire will not thaw the ice. He will die ere the passion vanquish him—ere he abandon the mission on which the Great Captain has sent him—ere he flee from the fiends he has been called to conquer. There is no impulse of tenderness; he never relents; one last touch of human sorrow for his moorland birthplace, strangely affecting in such a man, and then the sacrifice is completed.

“‘Let us rest here!’ said St. John, as we reached the first stragglers of a battalion of rocks guarding a sort of pass, beyond which the beck rushed down a waterfall; and where, still a little further, the mountain shook off turf and flower, had only heath for raiment, and crag for gem; where it exaggerated the wild to the savage, and exchanged the fresh for the frowning, where it guarded the forlorn hope of solitude, and a last refuge for silence.

“I took a seat; St. John stood near me. He looked up the pass and down the hollow; his glance wandered away with the stream, and returned to traverse the unclouded heaven which colored it; he removed his hat, let the breeze stir his hair and kiss his brow. He seemed in communion with the genius of the haunt; with his eye he bade farewell to something.

“‘And I shall see it again,’ he said aloud, ‘in dreams, when I sleep by the Ganges, and again in a more remote hour—when another slumber overcomes me—on the shore of a darker stream.’

“Strange words of a strange love! An austere patriot’s passion for his father-land! He sat down; for half an hour we never spoke—neither he to me, nor I to him.”

“Shirley” presents a notable contrast to Miss Brontë’s other novels. In them there is a profound and frequently overmastering sense of the intense dreariness of existence to certain classes. The creative spirit of poetry and romance breaks at times through the dull and stagnant life; but as a rule it is different; and “Villette,” especially, becomes monotonous from the curb maintained upon the imagination. But “Shirley” is a holiday of the heart. It is glad, buoyant, sunshiny. The imagination is liberated, and revels in its liberty. It is the pleasant summertime, and the worker is idling among the hills. The world of toil and suffering lies behind, but ever so far away. True, it must be again encountered, its problems resolved, its sores probed; the hard and

obstinate war again waged manfully; but, in the mean time, the burn foams and sparkles through the glen; there is sunshine among the purple harebells; and the leaves in the birken glade dance merrily in the summer wind.

“Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labor in the deep mid ocean, wind, and wave,
and oar;
Oh! rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.”

In “Villette,” Miss Brontë returns to the realities of life; but with power more conscious and sustained. She is less absorbed, and more comprehensive. There is the same passionate force; but the horizon is wider.

“Villette” is by no means a cheerful book; on the contrary, it is often very painful, especially where the central figure—the heroine—is involved. *Her* pain—her tearless pain—is intense and protracted. And in this connection “Villette” may be regarded as an elaborate psychological examination—the anatomy of a powerful but pained intellect—of exuberant emotions watchfully and vigilantly curbed. The character of this woman is peculiar, but drawn with a masterly hand. She *endures* much in a certain Pagan strength, not defiantly, but coldly, and without submission. Over her heart and her intellect she exercises an incessant restraint—a restraint whose vigilant activity curbs every feeling, controls every speculation, becomes, as it were, ingrained into her very nature. *She*, at least, will by all means look at the world as it is—a hard, dry, practical world, not wholly devoid of certain compensating elements—and she will not be cajoled into seeing it, or making others see it, under any other light. For herself, she will live honestly upon the earth, and invite or suffer no delusions; strong, composed, self-reliant, *sedate* in the sustaining sense of independence. But cold and reserved as she may appear, she is not without imagination—rich, even, and affluent as a poet’s. This is in a measure, however, the root of her peculiar misery. The dull and cheerless routine of homely life is not, in her case, relieved and penetrated by the creative intellect; but, on the contrary, acquires through its aid a subtle and sensitive energy to hurt, to afflict, and to annoy. Thus she is not always strong; her imagination sometimes

becomes loaded and surcharged; but she is always passionately ashamed of weakness. And through all this torture she is very solitary: her heart is very empty; she bears her own burden. There are cheerful hearths, and the pleasant fire-light plays on the purple drapery that shuts out the inhospitable night; but none are here who can convey to her the profound sympathy her heart needs pitifully; and so she passes on, pale and unrelenting, into the night. Undoubtedly, there is a very subtle, some may say obnoxious, charm in this pale, watchful, lynx-like woman—a charm, certainly, but for our own part we have an ancient prejudice in behalf of “Shirley’s” piquant and charming ferocity.

Miss Brontë always wrote earnestly, and in “Villette” she is peremptorily honest. In it she shows no mercy for any of the engaging *ruses* and artifices of life; with her it is something too real, earnest, and even tragic, to be wantonly trifled with or foolishly disguised. She will therefore tolerate no hypocrisy, however decent or fastidious; and her subdued and direct insight goes at once to the root of the matter. She carries this, perhaps, too far—it may be she lacks a measure of charity and toleration, not for what is bad—for *that* there must be no toleration—but for what is humanly weak and insufficient. Graham Bretton, for instance, with his light hair, and kind heart, and pleasant sensitiveness, is ultimately treated with a certain implied contempt; and this solely because he happens to be what God made him, and not something deeper and more devout, the incarnation of another and more vivid kind of goodness, which it is not in his nature to be, and to which he makes no claim. It is the patience, the fortitude, the endurance, the strong love that has been consecrated by death and the grave, the spirit that has been tried in fire, and mortal pain, and temptation—it is these alone she can utterly admire. We believe she is wrong. But as we recall the lone woman sitting by the desolate hearthstone, and remember all that she lost and suffered, we can not blame very gravely the occasional harshness and impatience of her language when dealing with men who have been cast in a different mold.

“Villette” excels Miss Brontë’s other fictions in the artistic skill with which the characters are—I use the word advisedly

—*developed*. She brings us into contact with certain men and women with whom she wishes to make us acquainted. She writes no formal biography; there is no elaborate introduction; the characters appear incidentally during the course of the narrative, and by degrees are worked into the heart of the every-day life with which the story is concerned. But the dissection goes on patiently all the time—so leisurely, and yet so ruthlessly—one homely trait accumulated upon another with such steady, untiring pertinacity, that the man grows upon us line by line, feature by feature, until his idiosyncrasy is stamped and branded upon the brain. Probably the most genuine power is manifested in the mode in which the interest is shifted from Graham Bretton to the ill-favored little despot—Paul Emmanuel. No essential change takes place in *their* characters, *they* remain the same, the colors in which they were originally painted were quite faithful, perfectly accurate—not by any means exaggerated for subsequent effect and contrast. It is only that a deeper insight has been gained by *us*, and if our original judgment undergoes modification, it is not because any new or inconsistent element has been introduced, but because, the conditions remaining the same, *we* see further. Leaf after leaf has been unfolded with a cold and impartial hand, until we have been let down into the innermost hearts of the men, and taught by the scrutiny a new sense of their relative value and worthiness. And Paul Emmanuel is surely a very rich and genuine conception. “The Professor” will ever be associated in our memory with a certain soft and breezy laughter; for though the love he inspires in the heroine is very deep, and even pathetic after its kind, yet the whole idea of the man is worked and wrought out in a spirit of joyous and mellow ridicule, that is full of affection, however, and, perhaps, at times closely akin to tears.

M. Heger, of the Brussels *Pension*, was probably the original of Paul Emmanuel; but we can not help believing that the author of “Vanity Fair” was in Miss Brontë’s thoughts when she wrote. Thackeray was, as we have said, after “the great Duke,” her peculiar hero; *their* portraits hung in the parsonage parlor side by side. “And there came up a lion out of Judah!” she exclaimed, when she first saw Lawrence’s picture of the

giant. To him, moreover, she dedicated "Jane Eyre," as to one in whom she detected an "intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognized." When she came to know him, her admiration did not abate. "Thackeray is a Titan of mind. His presence and powers impress one deeply in an intellectual sense; I do not see him or know him as a man. All the others are subordinate." Our many-sided satirist was, however, to her, a tantalizing study, an enigma she could not quite solve. She admired him, she honored him, but he puzzled her. She was angry with him because he did not, as she believed, adequately use his great powers; he excited in her ire and sorrow, as well as gratitude and admiration. She rebelled against his judgment; she vehemently combated his conclusions. "Why should he lead so harassing a life? Why should his mocking tongue so perversely deny the better feelings of his better moods?" To the last she could not quite fathom or compass him; the little woman did not hesitate to grapple with the Philistine. "The giant sits before me; I was moved to speak to him of some of his shortcomings; one by one the faults came into my head, and one by one I brought them out, and sought some explanation or defense. He did defend himself like a great Turk and heathen: that is to say, the excuses were often worse than the crime itself." How graphic! But she will allow no one else to attack him. "Some people have been in the habit of terming him the second writer of the day; it just depends on himself whether or not these critics shall be justified in their award. He need not be second. God made him second to no man. If I were he, I would show myself as I am, not as critics report me; at any rate, I would do my best. But Mr. Thackeray is easy and indolent, and seldom cares to do his best." There is certainly a reserve of strength in every thing Thackeray puts his hand to; the grand seriousness of the latter half of "The Newcomes," however, would, I think, have satisfied his vehement kindly little critic. But it might not be. There was no Charlotte Brontë at Haworth when "the Colonel answered 'Adsum.'"

To ourselves, one of the most surprising gifts of the authoress of these volumes is the racy and inimitable English she writes. No other Englishwoman ever commanded

such language—terse and compact, and yet fiercely eloquent. We have already had occasion to notice the absence of comparison or metaphor in her poetry; the same is true of her prose. The lava is at white heat; it pours down clear, silent, pitiless; there are no bright bubbles nor gleaming foam. A mind of this order—tempered, and which cuts like steel—uses none of the pretty dexterities of the imagination; for to use these infers a pause of satisfied reflection and conscious enjoyment which it seldom or never experiences. Its rigorous intellect seeks no trappings of pearl or gold. It is content to abide in its white veil of marble—naked and chaste, like "Death" in the Vatican. Yet, the still severity is more effective than any paint could make it. The chisel has been held by a Greek, the marble hewed from Pentelicus.

Compare, side by side, these pictures of the winter and summer twilight:

"The ground was hard, the air was still, my road was lonely; I walked fast till I got warm, and then I walked slowly to enjoy and analyze the species of pleasure brooding for me in the hour and situation. It was three o'clock; the church bell tolled as I passed under the belfry; the charm of the situation lay in its approaching dimness, in the low-gliding and pale-beaming sun. I was a mile from Thornfield, in a lane noted for wild roses in summer, for nuts and blackberries in autumn, and even now possessing a few coral treasures in hips and haws, but whose best winter delight lay in its utter solitude and leafless repose. If a breath of air stirred, it made no sound here; for there was not a holly, not an evergreen, to rustle, and the stripped hawthorn and hazel bushes were as still as the white worn stones which causewayed the middle of the path. Far and wide, on each side, there were only fields where no cattle now browsed; and the little brown birds which stirred occasionally in the hedge looked like single russet leaves that had forgotten to drop.

"On the hill-top above me sat the rising moon, pale yet as a cloud, but brightening momentarily. She looked over Hay, which, half lost in trees, sent up a blue smoke from its few chimneys; it was yet a mile distant; but in the absolute hush I could hear plainly its thin murmurs of life. My ear too, felt the flow of currents; in what dales and depths I could not tell; but there were many hills beyond Hay, and doubtless many beckons threading their passes. That evening calm betrayed alike the tinkle of the nearest streams and the sough of the most remote."

"A splendid mid-summer shone over England;

skies so pure, suns so radiant as were then seen in long succession, seldom favor, even singly, our wave-girt land. It was as if a band of Italian days had come from the south, like a flock of glorious passenger-birds, and lighted to rest them on the cliffs of Albion. The hay was all got in; the fields round Thornfield were green and shorn; the roads white and baked; the trees were in their dark prime; hedge and wood, full leaved and deeply tinted, contrasted well with the sunny hue of the cleared meadows between.

"It was now the sweetest hour of the twenty-four. 'Day its fervid fires had wasted,' and dew fell cool on panting plain and scorched summit. Where the sun had gone down in simple state—pure of the pomp of clouds—spread a solemn purple, burning with the light of red jewel and furnace flame at one point, on one hill peak, and extending high and wide, soft and still softer, over half heaven. The east had its own charm of fine deep blue, and its own modest gem—a rising and solitary star; soon it

would boast the moon, but she was yet beneath the horizon."

And now, closing these volumes for the last time, a profound sense of regret comes upon us that a woman so powerfully and uniquely gifted should have been taken from us on the verge of her ripe maturity. Such regrets, however, are idle and unavailing. We will not say "after life's fitful fear she sleeps well;" *that* was not the boon she prayed for; but rather try, as we best may, to echo the grave hope of our poet:

"We revere, and while we hear
The tides of music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other, nobler work to do."—

Shirley.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE ROMANCE OF THE WREATH.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

My hostess laid the bill on the table, with a smile and a courtesy.

"One pound sixteen and four pence half-penny, sir" — and then she counted out the change of my five-pound note—"one, two, three pounds—one, two, three and six pence, seven pence half-penny."

"All right, Mrs. Mullins—thank you."

And so I discharged the modest bill for a week's board and lodging at a quiet, little, out-of-the-way inn, which was hidden deep in a mountain pass of one of the southern counties of Ireland.

"And now will you tell Larry to put my valise on the car, and drive round as soon as he can?"

Mrs. Mullins disappeared, with another smile and courtesy; and, to wile away the time, I began my twentieth inspection of the prints that were hung around the room. They were chiefly Scripture pieces, such as one finds in the farm-houses through the country, rude in execution, and daubed over with gaudy color: they possessed, however, the unusual advantage of being set in black frames. There was Patrick, the tutelary saint of Ireland, clothed "*in pontificalibus*," with a miter on his head of enormous magnitude, and a hybrid instrument (being a cross between a bishop's crosier and a shepherd's crook-headed staff) lying in the hollow of his right arm,

while his hands were outstretched in the act of enforcing the exhortations that he was addressing to a congregation of serpents and other venomous reptiles around him. The serpents were not like the deaf adder, "that stoppeth her ears against the voice of the charmer!" On the contrary, they had all raised themselves upward, with many a sinuous fold, so as to bring their heads as high as the saint's hands—sustaining themselves, miraculously, no doubt, upon the few last joints of their tails. The toads crept lovingly around the feet of the blessed apostle, as if desirous of the enthanasia of being crushed by his sandals; and from the sod—intensely green, as Irish sods alone can be—shamrocks, the size of cabbage roses, reared their triple leaves in luxuriant profusion. Near to this was "The Holy Family." Joseph was bald-headed, and apparently well stricken in years, clothed in a purple robe not unlike a Roman toga. The Virgin and Child—well, I will only say they were not just such as Raphael would have designed; but, to make amends, there was a grand looking ox, who thrust forward his curly-browed head, and with large eyes and placid face seemed to take his full share in the sentiment of wondering devotion depicted on the face of the good carpenter. Not far off from this, Samson bore away the gates of Gaza; right heavy gates they were, too—solid iron, not less than ten tons each, I should say—and painted green. The opposite wall was rich in the hagiology of saints and martyrs of both sexes. There was St. Martin, a knightly-looking gentleman, seated on a bright bay massive horse, that champed the bit and pawed the ground. The saint was cutting off with his sword some half dozen ells from a scarlet cloak, of such ample dimensions as to diminish not a little the charity with which he shared its superfluity with the naked beggar who cowered almost beneath the horse's feet, and griped the tail of the garment. St. Denis marched along, carrying his head under his arm—typifying, I presume, that if a man has but a good heart, he may get along in the world very well without a head. St. Michael trod the devil under foot, and pierced him with a pike of the pattern which, some "sixty years since," might have been seen by hundreds at Vinegar Hill; while St. George—that embodiment of all that is gallant and chivalrous—sat gracefully on his milk-white

charger, that stood firmly on his hind hoofs, while he pawed the air with his fore-legs. Beneath was the dragon—a marvel of zoology—writhing in endless convolutions; his lizard body covered with scales of steel-blue, and ending in a tail bifurcated like the fluke of an anchor. His large green expanded bat wings flapped the haunches of the charger, while his goggle eyes emitted flames of light, and his forked fiery tongue protruded from his gaping red jaws, through which last the saintly knight was skillfully poking in the sharp end of his lance. I had completed my inspection of all these "things of beauty," as it is now the fashion to call all objects of art, in the language of poor Keats, and yet the car had not made its appearance. I stepped to the fire-place, over which was suspended an object that had more than once excited my curiosity. It was a mahogany case about a foot square and two inches deep, fronted with glass; within was a wreath attached to the back, and in a very faded and withered state. It consisted of roses, thistles, and shamrocks, twined round a wire, and above the wreath was a harp surmounted by a crown. Now all this was common-place enough, and seemed to admit of the simplest explanation—the imperial emblems—just as one might see them on our Irish copper coinage five-and-twenty years ago. But what was the meaning of the words written under the wreath: "In memory of the happiest day of my life," and then in one corner, "Ellen S., ob. November 25. *Ætatis suæ* 37 an." A thought crossed my mind, I rang the bell.

"Mrs. Mullins, do you set any particular value on this?" and I pointed to the case—"a family relic?"

"Well, no indeed, sir. I bought it years ago, at the auction at Streamvale, with other lumber."

"Will you sell it to me?"

"Indeed, sir, I don't think it is worth much, but if you have a fancy for it, you shall have it at your own value."

The bargain was soon made, and I took it home. When I was about to hang it up in my study, the back fell out, and I observed there was an inner back also. A folded paper lay in the space. I took it out, and opened it. It was written over; but dust and damp had almost obliterated the characters. I deciphered them, however, with a little trouble, and found they were some verses, and here they are:

"THE ROSES! the roses! how bright is their bloom,
With their gay-painted leaves and their breath all
perfume.

In the pride of its beauty how richly it grows,
Like the fair maids of Albion—the beautiful Rose.

"But the rose hath a thorn; he who grasps it will
smart,
And the rose hath a canker that eats to its heart,
And the rose leaves will fall when the winter
wind blows—
Fair, cruel, and faithless—I'll not wear the Rose.

"THE THISTLE! the thistle! how bravely it grows
On highland and moorland, 'mid frost and 'mid
snows;
Sad memorial to man—for the hour of its birth
Was the hour when the sin-curse first blighted
the earth.

"But the Thistle of Scotia, though hardy and wild,
Hath the down in its heart like her own mountain
child.
Let the Laird, as he ranges his fatherland free,
Wear that badge in his bonnet. No thistle for
me.

"THE SHAMROCK! the shamrock!—I know a
sweet vale,
Where the green sward is smoothest, and softest
the gale,
Where birds sing all day by the clear fountain's
gush,
And a maid sings there sweeter than linnet or
thrush.

"And once on a day, in the ripe month of June,
In that valley of Erin, at still, sultry noon,
I sat at her feet, where that clear fountain flows,
And I sang her this song of the Thistle and Rose.

"I paused in my song, then I stooped to the
ground,
And a tiny, green plant by the fountain I found.
Half sportive, half earnest, I placed it straightway
On the breast of the maid, and thus took up my lay:

"THE SHAMROCK! the shamrock! how modest it
grows;
Not flaunting and bright as the gay, glowing Rose;
No sun-lover taints every charm till it fades,
But unchanging it lives, like our own mountain
maids.

"The Shamrock! the shamrock! it seeks not to
brave
The storm, like the Thistle, when wintry winds
rave,
But lieth in peace, like those meek hearts that
rest
In the trust of their love on some sheltering
breast.

"The shamrock! the shamrock! an emblem divine!
In holiest meaning its triple leaves twine.
Take, Scotia, thy Thistle—take, Albion, thy Rose,
BUT THE SHAMROCK FOR ME, AND THE LAND
WHERE IT GROWS!

"The maiden she frowned, and the maiden she
smiled,
A smile bright as morning, a frown as eve mild.

'In Ireland for me you sing Shamrocks. I'll swear
You sing Thistles and Roses for maidens else-
where.'

"Then swear I all oaths that a lover ere spoke,
That woman e'er trusted, and man ever broke,
That no flower or no form could my fancy beguile
From Shamrock or maiden of Erin's green Isle.

"Sir Minstrel, no true Irish maiden will prize
The praise that the worth of a sister decries.
Full dear are my two British sisters to me,
Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock—I love them all
three.

"And now for thy penance—a wreath thou shalt
twine,
Where Roses, and Thistles, and Shamrocks com-
bine;
And lovingly there let the Shamrock inclose
The leaves of the Thistle, the flowers of the Rose.

"My task was soon finished—then proudly I laid
The wreath that I wrought on the lap of the maid.
'My penance is done—now I claim a reward.
To the poet and lover his guerdon accord.'

"But why should I tell of that fair maid's reply,
Whether yielded in words, in a look or a sigh;
But still do I bless as the years roll away
The song and the wreath that I wove on that day.

"I've hung up that wreath, though 'tis withered
and dead,
Its bloom all departed, its odor all fled,
With a harp and a crown, as meet emblems above.
The harp is the bard, and the crown is my love."

Chance brought me again to the moun-
tain inn, and I did not fail to make some
inquiry about the owner of the wreath.

"Who lived at the place where you
bought the case, Mrs. Mullins?"

"Oh! Streamvale, sir. Why, poor old
Mr. Strangeways. Ah! he's dead and
gone long ago."

"Do you know any thing about him?"

"Well, not much, sir. He was an Eng-
lish gentleman who came to these parts,
and fell in love with Miss Roche, and mar-
ried her. She was an orphan and an only
child, and lived at Streamvale. So he set-
tled there. She died when I was a very
little girl, but I can just remember her
funeral. The old gentleman lived many a
year after. He was very fond of children,
though he had none himself, and of flowers,
too, which he was always gathering and
making wreaths of. They said he wasn't
quite right in his head, but he was very
kind and harmless. He died at last, and
then some relation from England came
over and sold the place and the furniture,
and went away again."

And that was all I could learn — 'twas
enough, however, to give me the outlines

of the loves of the bard and his mistress, and left me free to fill up the picture according to my own fancy—a picture whose original is, thank heaven, to be found oftener in the world than people think. Two persons of sufficient education, taste, and good sense, to be mutually attracted—to be mutually forbearing—to be mutually respecting—liking and disliking the same things—having resources enough within the sphere of their own domesticity, to be little careful of seeking happiness outside it. The wreath seemed to my fancy to be a fair type of such a pair—the rose-odor of affection surviving the bloom of youth; the thorny asperities of life, which are the lot of every son and daughter of Adam, ever smoothed by the downy fingers of meekness and patience; while faith and truth keep their hearts ever verdant as the shamrock. But the wreath fades away and falls asunder, and so life passes, and the union is dissolved. First goes the rose—the delicate texture, and

the sweet odor—so passes away the wife—the thorn remains awhile, with its sharp dart—the memory of the lost one, but it loses by degrees its sharpness to wound, and at length it falls away too. Then the hardy thistle gives way—the tough leaf bends and breaks, and the soft down falls off as white hairs fall from the head of an old man. Last and longest, the little triple-leaved shamrock endures—verdant with faith, and hope, and love, to the end—and when it goes—all is gone! The last component of the floral wreath—as the last, too, of the conjugal—is withered. The one is perished for ever. Not so—oh! not so the other. An Almighty breath shall renovate it—an Almighty hand shall reconstruct it—brighter than ever, better than ever, without the thorn or the canker. And the harp, too, shall be there for the singer—and the crown for the conqueror—and so that which seemed a romance on earth shall be a reality in heaven.

From Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.

T H E H A U N T E D S H I P .

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

GHOSTS are not generally supposed to patronize the ocean, or even lakes or rivers, water does not seem to be a favorite element with them when they return to these mundane scenes for good or evil. The solemn churchyard, in which are deposited their earthly remains, with its grassy mounds and its marble tombstones—the dim aisle of the night-deserted church, the subterranean vault, the dark tapestried chamber or lonely corridor of the ancient castle—the moldering ruins of the once gay baronial hall, where met in time of yore the chivalry and exalted beauty of

the day—the gloomy, pathless wood—the wild, solitary heath—these are the places specters would appear to haunt. They do not usually skim the dark blue waves, or tread, at midnight's hour, the silent deck. Yet sailors are said to be very superstitious; and some of them believe in mermaids, flying Dutchmen, death-ships, etc., not to speak of the ill-luck of sailing on a Friday, or the mortality on board which is foretold by a shark following a ship for any distance.

The awe of the supernatural is not confined to any class, or station, or race of

people. It pervades all nations, and, more or less, all grades of society. The untutored savage who, though he acknowledges the existence of *One Great Spirit*, admits into his creed the worship of beasts, of birds, of serpents, and of snakes, and has faith in the power of images made of clay, feels a natural shrinking from the supposed presence of the dead: and amidst some tribes, offerings are laid on the graves of the departed, to propitiate their spirits and keep them quiet. Among the most civilized and most Christian nations of Europe, the same *natural shrinking from the supposed presence of the dead* is found to prevail, and to prevail to such an extent, that, despite of the ridicule ostentatiously lavished on "superstitious fears," the strong-minded man and the giddy girl will alike look uneasy, probably turn pale, when spectral visitants to this world are spoken of during the silent and solemn hours of night, and when tales of their reëpearance are well told. Many would shudder to sit up alone with a corpse; and few would care to wander alone at night amidst the melancholy, grave-skirted walks of a burying-ground. There is something in night, silence, and solitude combined which seems to touch upon that mysterious world, to which none can pass except through the gloomy gates of death; and at such a time, should any unusual appearance seem to flit before the eye, should any unaccustomed noise be heard, the coldest reasoner, the boldest scoffer will start, he knows not why. There is as surely a dreamy dread of the supernatural in the natural, as there is an immortal spirit in the mortal frame. But not to weary the reader with dissertations on ghost-craft, demonology, or "airy nothings," we shall, without further comment, proceed to relate the tale of "The Haunted Ship."

The well-built and goodly ship *Regenboog* (*Rainbow*) belonged originally to a Dutch mercantile firm at Amsterdam. This wealthy firm traded with the East and with the West, as well as with more neighboring European ports. Their commercial relations extended from Riga, Copenhagen, and Hamburg, in the North, to Marseilles, Leghorn, and Odessa, in the South; but the greater part of their traffic was carried on with Java and other parts of the Oriental world, and with the Dutch colonies of Surinam and Curaçoa, beyond the larger portion of the Atlantic Ocean.

Of course, they possessed a tolerable number of ships, and employed a good many captains and seamen. Of these captains, the commander of the *Regenboog* was the cleverest, the most active, and the most fortunate in the result of his voyages. Good luck always seemed to attend him. He was an excellent sailor, and a first-rate man of business. Every speculation in which he engaged succeeded; and the Amsterdam house were so anxious to bind him to their interests, that they at length made him a partner in their concern, and a joint-owner of the ship which he commanded. Captain Zwart did not become so elated by his advancement in the world as to relax in his energetic attention to the duties of his calling, and the pecuniary affairs of his patrons. But he thought it was time to consider his own comfort a little more, and, in order to do this, he determined to marry. At Curaçoa, he had seen a very lovely Dutch creole, the daughter of a planter there, who was reputed to be a man of large fortune. This planter, who was a correspondent of the Amsterdam house, had always shown great kindness and hospitality to the commander of the *Regenboog*, and had received him upon terms of equality, a favor not usually granted by West-India proprietors to the skippers on board whose vessels they ship their produce for sale in Europe or America. But Captain Zwart had much to recommend him. In the first place, he was an exceedingly handsome man; and good looks, whatever *plain* philosophers may say to the contrary, tell very much in any one's favor. Then he was lively and agreeable in manners, intelligent in conversation, and full of anecdote; for he had visited every quarter of the globe, and not, like some stupid people, without seeing or observing anything. He drank schnapps and smoked with the papa, whom he amused by his jocular stories; he brought India muslins and India fans to the mamma; and while he talked nonsense to, and flirted with, the pretty daughter, he bestowed so much of the artillery of admiring looks upon her, from his brilliant and speaking black eyes, that he fairly took her heart by storm.

It was not, however, until he had become a partner in the wealthy Amsterdam house, that his *attentions* were received by the family of the Curaçoa planter as being in any way dictated by *intentions*. He certainly could not say, like Cæsar,

"I came, I saw, I conquered!" for he had made sundry voyages to Curaçoa before his ambitious wishes were accomplished; but accomplished they were, eventually, and the bold sailor carried off the prize. He looked upon himself as a fortunate man. Madeleine had the prettiest little foot and ankle imaginable, (West-Indians have generally small feet,) an exceedingly graceful figure, faultless features, eyes as soft as those of a dove, and a profusion of bright brown hair, shading a forehead that was as white as snow. But she had one charm more captivating than the beauty of a Venus would have been—she was the heiress of two fine estates; and the gallant captain—consigning in imagination the sun-bleached planter and his spouse to an early tomb—already beheld himself the owner of the windmills and cattle-mills, the boiling-houses, curing-houses, cane-fields, etc., etc., on the "Schoon Gezicht" (Beautiful View) and the "Lommerrijk Tuin" (Shady Garden) estates, which belonged to his father-in-law.

Within a short time after her marriage, the fair Madeleine left the luxury of her paternal home, the deep affection of the paternal and maternal hearts, which had beat only for *her* in this world of care, to embark with her handsome husband for his native Holland. Arrived there, it was with equal pride and pleasure that Captain Zwart presented his graceful West-India bride to the blousy wives and daughters of the Dutch merchants, who had been his masters, and were now his partners. He settled Madeleine at Rotterdam—that city of canals and long brooms—the latter so industriously used in cleansing the outside of the houses, somewhat to the discomfort of foot-passengers, who are liable, occasionally, to get a miniature shower-bath, as the mop at the extremity of the tall pole is dexterously twirled round and shaken by the vigorous Dutch housemaids in their ample petticoats.

All went smoothly in the captain's home; and though Madeleine regretted her husband's frequent absence, yet she knew that his avocations rendered such absence necessary, and she never suspected that he could waste a thought on any other of the feminine gender but herself. She little dreamed that he had fallen in love with a buxom widow at Antwerp. Such, however, was the fact. The widow Vanderbroeken had taken the fancy of

the handsome captain, and she returned his preference with interest. She was still a fine-looking woman, with a very full bust, cherry lips, and saucy, laughing eyes. She had no idea that the gallant skipper was a married man, and therefore she took no pains to conceal from him the favorable impression he had made upon her. He, on his part, was doubly smitten, for the widow, in addition to her personal charms, had abundance of wealth at her command. Besides a good stock of ready money, he had ascertained that she possessed lands on the Rhine below Wesel, and a large share in a profitable brewery in Belgium. What were all the "shady gardens" and "beautiful views" of a distant West-India island to this tangible property at home! The commander of the *Regenboog* sighed deeply to think of what he had lost. If he had but known the rich and well-favored widow Vanderbroeken before he had chained himself in matrimony to the pale, spiritless Madeleine, with a fortune only in perspective! He wished that the Dutch laws were as convenient as those of Turkey, and allowed a plurality of wives—he wished Madeleine were in the next world—he pondered upon the possibility of divorcing her—but all his reveries ended in the distressing conviction that nothing could be done, and he must submit to his fate. Just as he had reasoned himself into something like calmness at this idea, he received an unexpected and cruel shock. Letters arrived from Curaçoa announcing the death of his father-in-law; *that* event would have caused him no grief, but the news was accompanied by the dreadful intelligence that the estates were in debt far beyond their actual value, and that there would not be a stiver for Madeleine, her mother, or himself!

Now, our Dutchman liked pretty women, he liked the juice of the juniper and the grape, but he liked money much more than either. Money was his passion, the great object of his worship, for the possession of which he was willing to sacrifice every thing else on earth; and to it he would have sacrificed his hopes of heaven, had he ever thought of a future world. He determined at once to go out to Curaçoa, and try if he could not recover some portion, at least, of his wife's inheritance; and he resolved on taking her with him, in the hope that she might, by a fortunate chance, catch the yellow fever and die. He knew

that it was then raging in many of the islands; and if it kindly carried her off, why, he would be free, and he would return and marry the wealthy widow of Antwerp. Poor Madeleine little knew that she was to be taken back to the West-Indies in the hope that she might die there of the fatal fever. She was thankful to return to her native island, for she longed to weep over her dear father's grave, and to comfort, by her presence, her afflicted mother.

Once more the cabin of the *Regenboog* received her; for it so happened that a voyage to the West-Indies was then its destination. She was, of course, in deep mourning for her father; but when they got into the latitude of Madeira, the weather became so warm that, there being no passengers on board, she consulted her own comfort by wearing loose white cambric, or muslin dresses. During the heat of the day, Madeleine seldom came on deck, but in the evening of those delicious cool evenings in which there seems bliss on the very air from the ocean, so calm, so soft, so refreshing it is, she usually left her seclusion below, and paced the deck for a time, or sat gazing on the dancing blue waves that seemed gaily to sparkle and sport around the ship.

One night—it was after they had got within the influence of the *trade-winds*, and were steadily and speedily careering before the joyous breeze—Madeleine had been on deck as usual, and had stayed till rather an advanced hour. She had spoken, as was her wont, kindly but laconically to the mate, the man at the helm, and the sailors who were on deck, and having leaned for some time in deep meditation over the side of the ship, wrapped, as it were, in melancholy thoughts, she descended at length to the cabin. All was still above, all was still below, for the noises occasioned by the presence of active human beings are earlier hushed on board ship than on shore. Eight bells had just struck, and the middle watch had just come up, and were exchanging a few words with those of the previous watch, who had lingered a moment on deck, when a strange sound startled them all; it was something like a stifled shriek, but the cry was altogether unearthly. Piercing, yet subdued it broke upon the ear, and it seemed to arise from the depths of the ship, or the depths of the ocean.

"Hush! hark! what is that?" groaned the men who were on deck.

Presently a splash was heard, as if something had fallen into the sea.

"It was a woman's voice!" muttered the first mate, who was keeping the middle watch. "But there is no woman in this ship except the master's wife."

"It was a mermaid's cry," replied old Hendrik, the boatswain, who was quite as superstitious as he was skilled in nautical affairs; "and see! there she goes!"

He pointed in a state of convulsive excitement toward the sea, where in the clear moonlight, a white form was visible, sweeping along with the undulating waves. The upper part of the form alone was to be seen above the water, and the figure, whose face was concealed by some strange mask, appeared to be tossing her arms or waving her hands, either in supplication or invitation to follow her.

"It is a mermaid!" gasped the horrified boatswain, "and they are always the harbingers of ill-luck. We shall never live to reach the shore!"

"It is a drowning woman!" replied the more matter-of-fact mate, "though where she could have come from Old Nick only knows."

"Not from *this* ship, surely," said a sailor. "There's only one female human creature on board, and that's the skipper's wife."

"But look—look!" shouted the boatswain—"she has ducked once, twice—how she is flinging her arms about!"

"Lower a boat, and let us save her!" cried the mate, springing forward to do as he proposed. But he was arrested by the strong arm of old Hendrik.

"Lower a boat for a mermaid, man! Don't you know if you get within her reach it is all over with you? Do you hear that sound?"

"It is harrowing—dreadful!" cried the compassionate mate, as he shook off the boatswain's arm, and began rapidly to undo the boat. "It is the sound of distress and horror mingled with the murmur of the waves."

"It is the mermaid's song," replied the old boatswain, coolly. "Let her go among the fishes and the shells down below. She is worse than a shark or a sea-serpent, and she shan't get any of the *Regenboog's* men to-night, I can tell her."

As he said this, the figure, which had

been gradually sinking, suddenly disappeared, and a bright ray of moonlight danced over the spot on the ocean where it had been seen.

Shortly after, the captain came up; he looked at the sky and he looked at the ocean. He made some remark on the course they were steering, observed that it was a fine night, paced the deck for about a quarter of an hour, then quietly went below as usual.

"He did not see the mermaid," said old Hendrik, "or I'll be bound he would have been somewhat flustered."

"He knows a deuced deal more about the *mermaid* than you think," muttered the mate.

But Captain Zwart had promised to relinquish to *him* the command of the ship next voyage, and he wisely remembered that "the least said is soonest mended."

At a very early hour the next morning, the captain rushed upon deck, apparently in a state of distraction, and made the most agitated inquiries if any one had seen his wife. He said she had been in a very depressed state the previous night; but though he was aware that she had been in low spirits since the death of her father, he had not been willing to admit even to himself the idea that her mind was affected; that, however, she had spoken so strangely the night before, and had gone into such violent hysterics from indulging her grief to excess, that he had given her a sleeping-draught, and not to disturb her, as he was obliged sometimes to go on deck during the night, had retired to another berth, leaving her alone in her state-room; that all being quiet there during the night, he supposed she was sleeping calmly under the influence of the soporific he had administered; and it was only on looking in upon her at break of day that he found her berth empty. He had searched the cabin for her in vain.

"I knew something bad was going to happen," said old Hendrik, "for there was a mermaid alongside the ship last night, and these creatures are as dangerous as vampires. I feared she lured the poor dear lady overboard. There was the mate, he actually wanted to lower a boat and pull after her!"

"And I wish *you* had not prevented me with your folly, boatswain," retorted the mate; "for I'll be sworn it was the poor lady herself we saw struggling in the water, and no mermaid at all."

The captain buried his face in his hands, apparently to hide his emotion, and, groaning as if in agony of spirit, he rushed below to the solitude of his private cabin.

But Madeleine was gone, and never more would arise from her liquid grave—of *that* the captain and the crew all felt convinced. Old Hendrik, the man who had been steering on that eventful night, and most of the crew, execrated the mermaid (who never again made her appearance) as the cause of the lady's death. But the first mate and Jan, the cabin-boy, shook their heads, and looked "unutterable things;" whatever they might have known or suspected, however, they prudently kept their thoughts to themselves. Captain Zwart looked as gloomy as his name, and never recovered his spirits from the time of his wife's disappearance; it was observed, too, that he paid his devoirs more frequently than formerly to sundry flasks of old rum and Dutch "Jenever," especially as the dark hours of night approached. In due time, however, the *Regenboog* anchored safely in the harbor of Curaçoa, and in a short time it left that island again. The intelligence of Madeleine's mysterious and melancholy death caused great regret throughout the little colony, where she had been so much beloved, and gave such a shock to her widowed mother, who was already much of an invalid, that she died before her son-in-law left the West-Indies, and he was obliged to pay her funeral expenses, an outlay which he would not have grudged, had she been as rich as he had once supposed her to be.

On the *Regenboog's* return to Holland, Captain Zwart resigned the command of her, and, according to his promise, obtained the situation for the first mate. Old Hendrik and the other sailors remained in the ship, but the cabin-boy, Jan, had suddenly disappeared, and no tidings could be heard of him. This time, however, no mermaid was blamed; but as it was known that he had gone ashore, it was supposed that he was tired of a seafaring life, and had run away. The vessel, under its new commander, made two or three voyages to the North Seas, during which not a single mermaid had presented herself, though the shores of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, are known to be favorite resorts of the "maidens of the ocean," who have been

frequently celebrated in song by the bards of those countries. At length the *Regenboog's* head was again turned toward the distant West—again it was going to Curaçoa and the free port of St. Thomas—again it was across the wide Atlantic.

It had had a glorious voyage, and every sail set to catch the favoring breeze, it was scudding on swiftly, but gently, over the moonlit sea. There was not a cloud in the soft blue sky above, not a sail on the wide expanse of ocean around, but the moonbeams glittered and danced upon the slightly foaming waves, and melted into silver-like paths upon their heaving surface. The new captain and the old boatswain were both on deck, for the night was warm, and there was not much inducement to go below; eight bells struck, and "How late it is!" the captain had just exclaimed, as he turned toward the companion-way, when a white female form was seen slowly to emerge from it. She took the other side of the deck, and, gliding along with noiseless footfall, she walked leisurely toward the stern of the vessel, then retracing her steps, she passed along until she reached the top of the cabin-stairs, where, with the abstracted air of a sleep-walker, she quietly descended to the cabin below. Presently, the appalled spectators on deck beheld apparently the same white form borne on the waves, and treading the deep blue waters as if they had been firm as a marble pavement! On—on she came—then wildly tossing her arms, and clasping her hands in supplication, the unearthly form gradually sank, until it disappeared totally beneath a bright ray of the silver moon. No one on deck had spoken—and for a few moments after the figure was lost to sight they remained in awed and solemn silence. At last the boatswain exclaimed, in a hoarse and choked sort of voice:

"There is *that* mermaid again!"

"It is no mermaid," said the captain, shuddering; "it is the spirit of the unquiet dead! But why did she come? *He* is not here!"

"Who is not here?" asked old Hendrik; "and of what unquiet spirit are you speaking?"

"No matter," replied the captain, quickly. "Let bygones be bygones! It would do no good to the dead or to the living to rip up old stories now."

He went down stairs without explaining himself further; but old Hendrik began to reflect; and, by some process of reasoning in his own mind, he ended by connecting the specter visitor of that night with the mysterious disappearance of the former captain's melancholy-looking wife, the unfortunate Madeleine.

On its return to Holland from the West-Indies, the new captain, old Hendrik, and all the sailors, left the *Regenboog*; and it was manned by an entirely new crew, as well as having a new commander. But the white ocean-spirit still chose to haunt the unlucky ship; the passengers, officers, and seamen, were scared almost out of their senses; the strange appearances continuing to be visible on each succeeding voyage across the Atlantic, the vessel acquired so bad a name, that no one would take passage by it—and still worse, no crew would join it—no mate or master take charge of it.

Under these circumstances, the *Regenboog* was sold to a mercantile house at Hamburg, but "*the white lady*" who haunted it was inexorable; again and again she appeared, though more faintly, and in a form less defined. The imaginative Germans were still more frightened than the phlegmatic Dutch had been. No amount of thalers could persuade any seafaring man to embark in the unlucky vessel, and it was sold to a Danish ship-owner at Copenhagen. The poor *Rainbow* was repaired, refitted, repainted, and rechristened. It was thenceforth called, in Danish, *Det Gode Haab*, ("The Good Hope.") And hopefully it went forth on its first voyage, under its new name and new colors; for the "blood-red flag" of Denmark, with its white cross—symbolical of peace—waved from the mast-head.

The Cattegat, the Skager Rack, and the German Ocean—the British Channel and the Bay of Biscay, were all happily and peacefully passed, and neither vengeful ghost nor cruel mermaid had disturbed the equanimity of the crew and passengers, the latter of whom ate and drank, and made merry, and played whist in the cabin in the evening, or paced the deck, as inclination prompted. One evening, three of the passengers (there were no ladies on board) proposed to the captain to have some cigars and brandy-and-water on deck, and they sat rather late, enjoying the refreshing breeze, and in the intervals of their conversation gazing on the blue sea,

which seemed here and there to glance like heaps of diamonds beneath the sparkling rays of the clear bright moon. After chatting on a variety of cheerful subjects, the deep stillness around, unbroken save by the unvarying and endless plash of the waters over which they were calmly sailing, perhaps rendered them more grave, and by degrees they began to speak of supernatural appearances. One gentleman, an enthusiastic youth, recited the Danish author Ingemann's beautiful poem, entitled "Dödsseileren"—"The Death-Ship"—dwelling particularly on these verses:

"No sail was spread to catch the breeze,
The masts lay shattered on the deck;
And it did not steer one steady course,
But drifted like a wreck.

"Hushed—hushed was all on board that bark;
But flitting by—now here, now there—
Seemed dim uncertain shadowy forms,
Through the misty moonlight air."

The captain then told the story of the "Bloody Head." How, whenever it became the turn of one particular sailor on board a ship, which he named, to keep the watch between twelve and four o'clock during the night, the few who were on deck with him were often scared out of their wits by seeing a bloody head fall from the top of the mainmast and roll on the deck before the man, who generally went into strong convulsions. It was at length whispered that he had, on some previous voyage, committed a murder on board that very ship, and that it was the decapitated head of his victim which thus pursued him. The officers of the ship determined at length to remain all on deck one night when it was the duty of the accused sailor to keep the middle watch. The wretched man was most unwilling to come up; he volunteered to undergo any amount of punishment rather than keep that watch; but his supplications and alarm were of no avail; he was compelled to go up, and he had not been long there when, to the amazement and horror of his superior officers, a bloody head *did* seem to fall from some part of the shrouds, and to roll at his feet, without leaving the slightest stain upon the deck—"But, Heavens! what is yon?" exclaimed the captain of the *Gode Haab*, interrupting his tale, and staring as if his eyes were about to start out of his head.

"What—what?" cried his excited auditors, turning quickly to look in the direction of his gaze. Pale and petrified with terror, they beheld a female figure clad in white, and with a sort of misty veil over her face, slowly pass along the deck. As she came near the man at the wheel, he dropped it suddenly and fainted on the spot; but she heeded him not; she walked to the stern of the vessel, then quietly turning, she passed back and seemed to glide down the cabin stairs.

"Let us follow!" cried the captain, and he and one of the gentlemen rushed down to the cabin, which they entered just in time to see the spectral visitant standing for a moment close to the cabin window, while her almost transparent robe seemed to flutter in the breeze of night, and then she gently descended into the deep ocean beneath! Presently those who remained on deck saw the apparition floating for a few moments like a sea-bird on the white-crested wave, then gradually disappear beneath the dancing waters.

It was the *Regenboog's*, alias the *Gode Haab's* last voyage. Her evil fame had become too widely disseminated; there was scarcely a port in the north of Europe where the *Haunted Ship* was not known by reputation, and no one would go to sea in her. The owners, hoping to disprove the reports against the vessel, wrote to Amsterdam to institute inquiries respecting its original history. But the answer they received was by no means such as they had hoped to obtain, or such as was calculated to remove the vessel's evil renown. In addition to what has already been related, they heard that Captain Zwart, who had, as he wished, married the rich Antwerp widow, had not long after been seized with fits of aberration of mind, which had increased until he had become a raving lunatic, and that he had been placed in an asylum for the insane at Ghent.

It had also been proved that he had drowned his first wife, by forcing her over the cabin window of the *Regenboog*, after having tied a handkerchief tightly over her face to deaden the sound of her cries. The only witness to this frightful scene had been Jan, the cabin-boy, who having been attracted to the cabin door by the strange noise within, had found it fastened on the inside, but had seen what was going on through a chink in the door. He had no idea that his master was going

to force the poor lady over the cabin window, until he saw her pushed out, and heard the splash in the sea below. He was just going to rush on deck and entreat the mate and the sailors to try to save her, when his master, hearing him move, came quickly to the cabin door, and, finding it impossible to make his escape up the cabin stairs, and being in mortal fear lest his master should pitch him into the sea also, he crept softly to a mat near, and pretended to be fast asleep. As he often slept on the outside of the cabin door, at the foot of the companion stairs, the captain, after examining his face by the light of a lantern, and bestowing three or four kicks on him, left him lying there.

It was evident to the boy, however, that Captain Zwart suspected he knew more than he wished him to do, for he had threatened to take his life if he ever breathed a syllable of any thing he had seen or heard, or fancied he had seen or heard, in the cabin at any time. And he kept so strict a watch upon him for the rest of the voyage out and home, never once allowing him to go on shore at Curaçoa, that he had no opportunity of communicating the terrible secret to any one. He had ventured once to make a few significant signs to the mate, and whisper a word or two, when his master, coming suddenly upon him, had accused him of some imaginary fault, and beaten him severely. He fully intended to disclose the facts when he should return to Holland, and be safe from Captain Zwart's vengeance. But the captain had taken him

on shore with himself, and sent him off immediately with a letter to a master of a foreign ship in the harbor, which was on the eve of sailing. Against his will he was detained on board that ship; and when, on its touching at a port in England, he ran away from it, he was forced to go on board an English merchantman, to avoid starvation, as he had neither money nor friends. War broke out; he was seized by the press-gang, and compelled to serve in a man-of-war. When at length he obtained his discharge, he took the earliest opportunity of returning to Holland, and of unburdening his mind of a secret which had so long weighed heavily on it.

But the avenging hand of Providence had already punished the murderer through the medium of his own evil conscience. The recollection of his guilt haunted him night and day; he lived in constant fear of its being discovered; and the secret misery that he endured at length preyed so deeply on his mind, that his intellect gave way; habits of intemperance into which he had fallen increased the evil, and he died a wretched, raving maniac.

The haunted ship was sold for a mere trifle, after the lapse of some time, to a Flensburg merchant; but he could not get her manned; she was consequently dismantled, and some years afterward she was seen lying a useless hulk in one of the harbors of Sleswick; and there she may still be lying, a fatal monument of the crimes and superstitions of the eighteenth century.

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

T H E P L E I A D E S .

A TRUE TALE OF THE SEA.

It was a lovely night, "the moon, parting aside the light clouds" that floated in the heavens, peered forth with her brilliant face. The sea sparkling, beneath her earnest glance, seemed like one casket of gems; each ripple appeared a diamond, and from each billowy wave gleamed

forth "the ever-changing opal's light." Truly Luna had never a more "shining bath in which to lave" than on this night. For hours I had stood watching "the sea of fire" as it appeared in its brilliancy. I had never recollected seeing it more dazzling bright; and calling to Henry M.,

who was standing near, I invited him to share the glorious spectacle with me. He came, I thought, rather reluctantly; and after giving one rapid glance, turned coldly away. I followed him, for I had noticed that he shuddered as if in horror at the sight. On similar occasions I remembered his exhibiting the same apparent disgust, and I felt somewhat anxious to find out the cause. He had seated himself when I reached him, in thoughtful attitude, and placing myself by his side, I gathered from him the following thrilling incident:

"It is some years since the vessel I then belonged to was taking in a cargo of sugar at Barbadoes. We were obliged to go from our ship, which was anchored at some distance from the landing, in boats, and transport our cargo in that manner. The afternoon was a very windy one, when two comrades and myself pushed off in our boat, 'nothing fearing,' to take in a load of sugar. We had got out of sight of the vessel, when suddenly there came upon us one of those violent gusts so often experienced in a tropical climate. It seemed as if the 'caverns of the wind' had been suddenly opened, and their pent-up prisoners rushed out to scatter with their footsteps the ocean's foam around. The boat reeled as the blast descended, which was sweeping over us, with a mighty power, hurling us from our places with a giant's strength. Oh! the horror of that moment, when I found myself tossing about on the merciless deep, and how cold the waves felt as dashing over me, I would rise and sink with their swell. I had caught two pieces of timber that were floating past, and in that manner sustained myself, for the shore was at too great a distance for me to reach it by swimming. Upon looking around, I found that my companions were near me buffeting the waves. For several hours we tossed about, looking out anxiously for a sail, and striving to keep up each others' fast-drooping spirits. As long as I saw my companions near, I felt buoyed up, and continued to combat with the waves. But the fearful agony of that moment I shall never forget, when looking again at the spot where I had last seen them tossing wildly their hands, as if imploring for aid, I found that they had disappeared. I called aloud, I implored them to answer; only one word, I said, to tell me that I am not all alone—alone on this

horrible deep. But, O my God, my God! (said the speaker, overcome by his emotion,) no voice replied, they were gone, gone. The waves had opened and engulfed them. Yes, I was alone—alone to combat with the fierce elements that seemed driving me on to eternity; alone with my fast failing strength, no voice near to cheer me, no human arm to uphold me. To add to my horrors, night threw her mantle covering over the earth and sea, and soon its shadows darkened all around. It was the first quarter of the moon, and oh! how I looked up and blessed her, as she hung out her brilliant crescent, 'like a silver boat launched on a boundless flood.'

"While I lay gazing up to heaven, and thanking God for even this little ray of light, which was enough to enable me to distinguish surrounding objects, I saw a shark moving its ponderous form toward me. I felt as if divested of all powers of volition, and it seems as if I had been spared the fate of my companions to meet with this more horrible death. Slowly the creature advanced, and then remained perfectly motionless at a little distance, watching me. I bent my gaze upon it, and kept it fixed steadily; it moved not, neither did I, save the gentle motion of my body caused by the rocking of the waves. All was still and silent, the winds had murmured themselves to sleep, the billows moved quietly, as if fearful of disturbing the slumbers of those who slept beneath them. It must have been about ten minutes (to me it seemed an 'age of ages') that this strange scene continued. At last I saw the creature move gradually off, and with a deep plunge that agitated the waters around, it sunk beneath the waves. After this, I lay perfectly exhausted from terror and fatigue—I felt that my wasted strength was fast giving way, and I knew not what instant the shark would return, eager for its prey. Completely overcome by exhaustion, you would scarcely believe it, I slept—yes, slept, and dreamed. It could not have been more than a minute I lay in this deep slumber, and oh! what a vision swept across my brain. I thought that, as I lay gazing up to heaven, a delightful strain of music filled the air, and slowly arose that brilliant group of sisters—the fair Pleiades. They rested their 'starry instrument' in the azure skies, and striking its shining chords,

they breathed forth a strain of peace and comfort. Again and again the delightful tones breathed out, then died away, 'the faint exquisite music of a dream,' until at last no sound could be heard, but the dying echoes that gradually expired in their own sweet music. At this moment an increased ripple in the waters aroused me from my sleep, and I can never forget the thrill of horror that ran through every nerve, when I perceived the shark slowly moving around me in circles, as if preparing to seize upon its victim. Maddened almost to insanity. I believe that I should have made no effort at resistance; but on raising an appealing look to heaven, to pray for strength to sustain me, I saw, glittering in all their beauty, the Pleiades. In a moment my dream rushed across my mind, and I fancied I saw Hope written in burning letters upon their brows, and nerved by that sign, I prepared for the conflict. Silently the creature revolved around me, and every instant would open its huge mouth as if to engulf me therein. At last it came close, and I felt its cold nose touch my face. In a moment, with all the energy of despair, I rushed upon it. The piece of timber I had under my right arm now served me as a weapon of defense, and sustaining myself by the left, I fought with the other. For about an hour I struggled with the fierce monster. I beat it about the head, trying to stun it; and every fresh dart it would make at me, I would renew the attack with increased vigor. I screamed with all my might, to attract any vessel that might be near, until at last it seemed as if all strength was deserting me. It was a desperate and fearful struggle between life and death, and I dared not relax one moment, for that instant would hurl me to destruction. But even during that long and terrible scene, the Pleiades seemed ever before me, and I would murmur Pleiades, Pleiades, as if I thought that bright band would come down and succor me. At last I made a vigorous effort, and gathering up my remaining strength, I dealt the monster a blow on the head that seemed to stun it. It remained perfectly motionless for a moment, and then I saw it move gradually off, and disappear in the depths of its ocean home. I was so completely exhausted after this, that I had scarcely strength to breathe, but was compelled to make an effort to keep

myself from sinking. Worn out as I was I dared not close my eyes, but kept them fixed upon 'the starry lyre of the sisters,' which seemed to be echoing back my murmurings of Pleiades, Pleiades.

"As I lay tossing about on the deep, it appeared to me memory was gifted with ten thousand eyes that, glancing back, brought to light every action of my past existence. Not a deed, not a thought, but sprung to life once more; every friend I had known, every hope I had cherished, every sorrow I had wept over, seemed actually present. Then, for the first time, did the freak that made me leave the comforts of home appear a crime; and again did the tearful voice, and subdued 'good-by' of my mother sound mournfully distinct; as it seemed to blend itself with the dreamy sounds of the waves. While I thus pondered on the past, the lovely Pleiades gradually 'sunk into their ocean bower,' and 'night with all her starry host' passing away, morning broke upon me. Upon looking around at the vast waste of waters that encompassed me, I espied a sail; my heart beat joyously, again I seemed endowed with supernatural energy, and I called aloud for assistance. My cries were heard; and in an instant a boat was lowered, and came wending its way through the waters. I watched it with intense anxiety. As soon as it reached me I was taken in, and on arriving on board I saw painted upon its stern, in large golden letters, its name, 'The Pleiades!' Yes! that glorious sisterhood upon whom I had anchored, as it were, my hopes, was to me the harbinger of life, the ark of safety from the storm.

"Do you wonder now that the glittering of the waves is to me but as a dark shadow, and that I shudder as I gaze into that fearful depth? And do you deem it a marvel that I should turn away my glance from the waves below to the skies above, where, pictured in brightness, glimmer that group of my vision—the Pleiades—who on that fearful night hung out their 'golden sign of promise' on high. Yes, 'the stars that gem the deep midnight' have for me more beauty than all the brightness that silvers the ocean's foam; for truly did their 'footsteps pass like angels' o'er the sky' when, on that fearful night, there was breathed to me a lesson of hope from the bright, the beautiful Pleiades."

From Titan.

T H E B L O O D Y H A N D .

THE recollections of my boyhood are in many respects far from pleasing. I was left an orphan at so early an age, that I have no remembrance whatever of my parents, and he who stood to me in the capacity of guardian was a distant relative of my mother. He lived in a old and ruined mansion, in one of the most retired parts of a northern county, and here, under his care, and that of his kind-hearted housekeeper, I passed the early part of my life. My guardian was unmarried, and advanced in years; and his habits were so gloomy and reserved, that he cultivated acquaintance with no one. All the rustic inhabitants of the neighborhood stood in awe of him. He treated me with as much kindness as a man of his disposition could possibly show; but, nevertheless, my feelings toward him were always restrained by a kind of half-fearfulness and a consciousness of mystery. As I grew old enough, I became his almost constant companion, and, indeed, his only one, except a dog, as moody as his master, and which seldom left his side. The dullness about me did not tend to increase my natural cheerfulness, but still I had enough of boyish vivacity to render me considerably superior to these depressing circumstances. I did most of the talk, for words seldom passed my solemn guardian's lips; but as he never checked my babbling, I think it could not have displeased him.

My guardian always wore a glove upon his right hand—not a common short glove, to button at the wrist, but a long gauntlet, reaching half-way up to the elbow. It struck me one day as rather curious that I had never seen that hand uncovered. He used it as freely as the other in most employments, so that there was nothing in its physical condition to occasion this peculiarity. But I observed that he always used his left hand in writing; and whenever I shook hands with him—which I did every night before retiring to rest—he gave me that hand, drawing back the other, as if a touch upon it would

give him pain. With childish thoughtlessness, I asked him the reason of this, on one occasion, when he seemed less somber than usual. He did not reply in words, but he gave me a look which sealed my lips at once upon the subject, at least I never spoke to him again about it; but when I mentioned it to old Mr. Thomas, the butler, he said something respecting a severe attack of rheumatism, many years before, which had occasioned this precaution. I believed this, for my guardian's health was but indifferent; indeed; three or four times a year he was seized with a sudden illness, which confined him to his own room. On these occasions, no one was allowed to attend him but the butler, who was an old and confidential servant. During my younger days, these periodical attacks did not strike me as strange, but as I grew older, I became aware that there was something very unusual in them. Once, presuming on the favor that he had always shown me, I ventured to enter the chamber unperceived during the continuance of the attack. I was startled to find my guardian stretched on a couch in the room, in his usual dress—his eyes were open, but fixed and staring like a dead man's eyes. I ventured to speak to him—no answer was returned. I listened to hear his breathing—his chest remained motionless. I touched his hand, it was cold and rigid. The conviction flashed upon me that he was dead, and with a loud cry, I threw myself upon his bosom. My lamentations soon brought the butler into the room, who led me quietly away, comforting me by the assurance that my guardian would soon recover. And, indeed, the very next morning, when I entered the breakfast-parlor, I found him waiting for me—a little paler than usual, but otherwise evincing no sign of the illness he had undergone. As he did not seem aware that I had seen him in his late singular attack, I thought it prudent to make no allusion to it, but from that day forth it was a mystery on my mind.

My guardian was the last of an old family. It had been a famous family in its day, and many deeds of knightly prowess had been wrought by warlike members of it in chivalric times. The season of its prosperity had long since passed away, and the last of this distinguished race was a simple country gentleman, alone with his ancestral glory. Still, the armorial bearings of the family indicated its past greatness, and conspicuous upon the shield was borne, as an honorable cognizance, the red right hand, or, as a herald would term it, a dexter hand, couped at the wrist, erected gules upon a field sable. There were numerous tales and traditions connected with the family, and I heard many of these from the lips of the old housekeeper, who delighted in relating them, and who never suffered them to lose aught of the marvelous in her narration. With a skill which I thought truly wonderful, she unfolded to me the armorial mysteries of our escutcheon, told me the real or supposed reason why the cross which divided the shield was white, and not red; the legend of the three blazing stars that were quartered in one compartment, as well as the thrilling adventure that gave birth to the motto on the scroll. I asked her to tell me of that red hand, and wherefore it was present in such bold relief on the escutcheon; but it was always treated as a forbidden subject, and I was specially cautioned never to mention it in the presence of my guardian, for it had been discovered that on this point he was specially sensitive. So, being thus a dark and interdicted thing, it came to occupy much of my thoughts. I could not help thinking that there must be some fearful secret written on that crimson palm. I nourished many grim and unearthly fancies in connection with it, and it seemed to have a preternatural fascination for me. To me it was always

“The Bloody Hand, significant of crime,”

staring forth brightly from the faded bearings of the time-worn hatchment, (which was never removed, except to be replaced by a new one,) gleaming out on the carved back of the old chairs; blazoned on the covers of the ancient tomes which weighed down the shelves of the library; thrown out in bold relief upon the marble floor of the chapel, by any beam of sunlight that pierced the stained-glass window.

Meeting me everywhere, at last it seemed to mingle with all my thoughts; some spirit-hand, I deemed, had stamped it on my heart; my very sleep was broken by its presence. I started from troubled dreams, and woke to an undefined memory of horrible fancies, in which nothing was clear, but the apparition of that ghastly hand. Everywhere the same, crimson upon black, telling, as it seemed to me, an everlasting tale of mourning and of murder.

I was by this time twelve years old, and being of an excitable temperament, my health and spirits became seriously affected by the fear and mystery which continually haunted me. I courted solitude almost as much as my guardian, and the chief part of my time was spent in roaming over the deserted and ruinous parts of the old mansion in which we lived. Every roofless chamber, every shattered staircase and passage, was well known to me, and I sought for friends and neighbors in the starlings and sparrows which built their nests and reared successive broods, with impunity, in the moss-grown walls. I carried many fearful thoughts in my mind, which I did not dare to utter, and I brooded over them in secret solitude. When a young mind is thus shut up with a gloomy freight of trouble and dread, it preys upon itself, and is soon wasted by its own fire. Every one that saw me said that I was changing, and my guardian, who was kind with all his moroseness, saw that a fresh scene and another sphere were necessary for me. So I was sent away to a public school in a town some distance off. Here I entered upon a new world to me, the society of my equals in age; and amidst the sports of youth and the duties of study, I gradually lost the gloom which had taken such a hold upon my spirits. Once a year I returned for a few weeks of vacation to the old hall which served me for a home; though it was associated with such feelings of past terror that I could scarcely call it by that name. At each successive visit, I found my guardian more and more under the influence of that melancholy which had been the bane of his life. A brief lighting up of the features when I came into his presence, a slight pressure with his left hand, and he relapsed again into his usual moodiness. My vacations were not holidays, they had no attractions for me. My sole relief was in visiting the

spots which, in my earlier youth, I had been accustomed to frequent, and even these seemed still pervaded by that mystic influence which used then to weigh down my soul. In due time, I was entered at Cambridge, and in my first year was eminently successful. The very want of those things which form so large a feature in youthful happiness—ties of family affection, and the blessings of home—served to stimulate my exertions, and sent me to my studies, as a relief and an employment. I went home, proud of my success, to pass the vacation as usual at the old hall. My guardian received me with greater show of feeling than he had ever manifested before, which I attributed to the circumstance of my distinction at the university. His old walks, which he had discontinued for years past, were again resumed, and he conversed with me from time to time on the subject of my studies, and the current topics of the day, with a freedom that quite astonished me. I had never seen his brow so clear before; I had never till now received from him so much outward display of kindness, though I had always felt that beneath all his gloom were concealed a kind heart and a superior intellect. I began to hope that his former condition had only been the result of hypochondria, and that with an improved state of health, he would become cheerful and happy. But toward the end of my stay, he was seized with one of those visitations which I have before described, and which had latterly become more frequent and alarming in their character. This attack left him in a state of great prostration, and it was a considerable time before he could again leave his chamber. One day I sat with him in his own room: I had been reading to him, at his desire, from a favorite work of his—the “*Consolation of Philosophy*,” in Chaucer’s translation; and fearful of wearying him, I closed the book, and began to converse. I ventured to express my grief on account of these frequently-recurring attacks, and the effect which they had upon his health.

“Ah!” he replied, “it is indeed a grievous affliction, and a mysterious one. But I am the last of a family which has been beset with crime and mystery, and with me, thank heaven, all this will cease.”

I could not press for the solution of the mystery which his lips seemed ready to pronounce. I remained silent. After a long pause, he proceeded:

“In due season all will be revealed to you. Time enough to publish a forgotten crime; time enough to unfold the secret to the world, when—— But I have written it down, I have written it with this hand,” holding up the gloved right hand; “with *this*, for I thought it the most fitting. Take the book away,” he added; “the glare of the gilding blinds me.”

The volume was a very old folio in black-letter from the library, and there was not much gilding left upon it. But the family arms were imprinted in large size upon the cover, and the red hand appeared conspicuously there, though much of the rest had faded. I comprehended that there was some troubling secret connected with that sign, and removed it from before him.

I returned to Cambridge with pleasanter feelings than I had known for a long time. I hoped that the affection which had troubled my guardian was likely now to pass away, or at least to be greatly mitigated. It appeared to me, so far as I could judge, to arise from some mental delusion, the result of a bad state of health; or else to proceed from some secret grief, which would be relieved if he would only unbosom himself. He had said nothing more to me on the subject than what I have related, and I did not wish to press it upon his attention; but since he had once alluded to it, I had no doubt that he would end by making me fully his confidant. But scarcely a month of the term had passed, when a messenger arrived at my rooms, summoning me back in all haste, for my guardian was dangerously ill, and had desired me to be sent for. The bearer of the message knew but little of the circumstances; he could only tell me that his orders were to use the utmost dispatch, as the gentleman had not long to live. It was late in the evening when the intelligence came, but the next morning early I entered the park-like inclosure which surrounded the old mansion. I was met at the hall-door by the aged butler, whose sorrowful countenance informed me at once that I had arrived too late to witness my guardian’s death. The old man wept as he told me of the sudden seizure, similar in character to the fits or trances to which he had so long been subject; of his partial revival, and relapse into another fit, accompanied by convulsions; then of his return to consciousness, and of the

solemn words in which he expressed his conviction that his end was near, and his wish to see me again before he died. "And after that, sir," he continued, "his time was short indeed: he gave me this key, with orders to hand it over to you in case you should not arrive in time to see him alive; and shortly after, another fit of convulsions came upon him, and soon all was over."

There had been nothing of outward affability in my guardian to command the affection of those about him, but these worthy servants had certainly a great regard for him. People could see that there was kindness in him, if it had not been repressed by his brooding melancholy; and if his deeds of positive goodness were not many, he at least did no actual wrong, and his very misery seemed to win upon the hearts of the few that witnessed it. There was one faithful mourner whom no persuasion could induce to leave his dead master's side; it was old Brian, the hound, who had shared for so many years his owner's gloomy solitude. As for me, I felt that I had lost my oldest and almost my only friend, who had been to me all that I had ever known of parent and protector. And sorrowful though my youth had been in that lonely house of his, and fearful as I had felt in his society, yet, now that he was gone, my heart refused to dwell upon all this, and I could only think of him with reverence and loving sympathy.

It did me good, when I came to look upon the corpse, to find that the expression of the features was milder and less mournful than I had ever seen them wear before. It would have been painful to me, if he had looked as gloomy in death as he had used to do, or if the convulsion-fits had marred his countenance; but, as I looked upon him now, it seemed to me that he was at last set free from his long trouble. I had forgotten the hand which he had always kept so carefully covered, till, my eye falling upon it as it lay bare, I perceived that it was covered with a deep red stain, which marked the wrist also, and extended partly up the arm. The Bloody Hand—the Bloody Hand, which, living, he liked so ill to look upon, he bore it on his own person, as well as on that fearful coat-of-arms; and yet what relation could there be of power enough to make a life-time gloomy, between this mark which nature, in a freak, had branded on

him, and that honorable cognizance which, for centuries before, had been borne upon his shield.

The last solemnities were celebrated, and the body of my deceased guardian was laid to rest in the family vault, among the relics of his buried ancestry. Every one recognized me as his successor, and I proceeded to examine the papers which he had left. The key that had been, by his direction, delivered to me, belonged to an escritoire in the library, which contained a large mass of documents of various kinds. First of all, I perceived a letter addressed to myself, on opening which, I read as follows: "My dear son; (for so I am pleased to call you, while I thank God on my bended knees that you are not so in reality,) as I am conscious that my life is not, and has not been for many years past, certain for a single day, I have long ago prepared my will, in which, as you will find, I have bequeathed all my little property to you. It has lost value greatly in my weak hands; in yours I hope it will prosper, and that it may give you the happiness which it is impossible it could ever confer on me. I wish that I could offer you some worthier recompense for the harm that I have done you, in casting the gloom of my unhappy presence upon the days of your boyhood and youth, which should naturally have been pleasant and joyous. I pray you to pardon me this wrong, and I doubt not that you will do so, when you have read in the papers inclosed herewith the story of my secret troubles. Ponder them well, and pity the misery of my life, and be thankful that I have no son to inherit from me the legacy of sorrow which I received. I have written this with my right hand, and I have written it with red ink. These papers will tell you why. And so your guardian bids you lovingly farewell."

The collection of papers contained in the escritoire formed a sort of journal; the chief subject of which was his own unhappy condition. Reflections on the nature of that mental trouble which weighed upon him; statements of its presumed cause; speculations as to how it would end—these were the points upon which he had written quires upon quires of manuscript. I read it all through with the greatest attention. The same ideas were repeated over and over again,

and the same facts stated, with a slight difference in language and detail; but there was no contradiction or incoherency; it was evident that he had written down his firm convictions. The great part of the writings—every thing in fact, which related to his own feelings, and to their cause—was written in red ink; and whenever he had occasion, in writing of other matters, to allude to these points, he had followed the same rule. So that, even in the midst of directions respecting his property, and other affairs of business, written with ordinary black ink, I often found a sentence or two concerning himself gleaming out in bright red. From these documents, I discovered the mystery which had so long oppressed him; and the discovery astonished and saddened me. I have compiled from the mass of materials a few extracts, as nearly in his own words as possible, which will serve to throw light upon what had been so dark to me, and so bitter to him.

“I have had another of my solemn visitations; no doubt to remind me of that event which brought such a bane upon me. Small fear, indeed, that I should ever forget it, when it is branded on my soul in lines of fire—when it is the one great thought that, sleeping or waking, fills my whole mind. Yet I take a trembling interest in these unfoldings of the long past—these revelations from the spirit-world—a world to me less strange than this material one, because I see more of *its* life and manners. I take a pleasure in looking on that scene which has come before me so much oftener of late, because I like to see how faithful my memory is; and as each incident in it comes before me, in the order which I could have predicted, I rejoice to find that it is chronicled in its proper place in my remembrance; and so, from the likeness which pervades the whole, I gather additional evidence that all is exactly true. It has often occurred to me that I would put down in writing the strange things which beset me, that I may leave to the world some excuse for that unamiable neglect with which I can not help treating it. I have just returned from that mysterious trance which periodically comes upon me, and I have seen again that vision (I call it by that term, though to me it is more tangible than aught else)—that vision which will come ever and anon, as if to make sure that my

mind still retains it. It is fitting, then, that I should fulfill my purpose now, and that I should pen my record with this my witnessing hand, the outward sign and seal upon my own body of the truth of what I write. And since I write of blood, and write it with a bloody hand, it is meet that the ink should be red, the hue which best befits the theme.”

“I saw it, as I have seen it a hundred times before. The light of a keen wintry morning; hoar rime covering every thing; icicles glittering in the faint sunbeam, keen, sharp, and lustrous; another glitter, keener, sharper, and more lustrous still, of a thousand sabers bared to the light of day. Everywhere a waving mass of people's heads; everywhere a restless murmuring of suppressed voices; all around eyes gleaming with painful expectation, and some tearful, as if with sorrow. A something standing forth on high before the throng, which gathers every gaze to itself, looking mournful and uncomely, and draped in funeral black; a sable block upon it, and a broad steel blade. So, then, there is murder afoot; there is strange work to be done; people are come to feast their eyes upon a brave spectacle; and we are to do honor to this forthcoming sacrifice. Let us be silent now, for the players come forth upon the stage—a man of kingly presence, and indeed a king; a priest in fair vestments; then one who hides his features with a mask—a mask which baffles the myriad eyes which look inquiringly upon it, but to me it may as well have been a clear glass, so perfectly can I see through it. I know him, alas! too well: his name is my name; his family is my family; his honor is my honor; and his crime is mine. And I, who live in the remote distance from him, who close up and finish the line which he now renders accursed—I long in vain to check this horrid deed, that I may avert the doom which I see suspended. I feel as if myself, now present to behold the crime, could look forward to myself in what appears a far-off future; and I protest against my masked kinsman, who will stain our race with blood.

“But the deed is done. There is a flood of crimson on the black carpeting, and a long-drawn sigh from that great multitude rises like a pitying spirit.

Stoop, guilty kinsman, and take up the head of him whom thou hast offered up! Raise it high, that men may look upon its mild features, and see how placidly a man may meet with death. Drip—drip—drip—upon thy hand that grasps the axe beneath, I see it falling in large drops, and fast, till it has wrapped it round and over like a crimson glove. Ay, we have looked our fill, and so take the sight away. Thou hast upon thy hand, and upon thy heart too, a stain so deep imprinted, that all thy years and labor will fail to make thee pure again."

"My cruel kinsman again, but wearing a mask no longer; baring his unblushing brow in courts and palaces, and brave as any in the van of battle. He keeps his secret well, and never vaunts that ghastly deed which he wrought in the face of the wintry sun. The lips are sealed of the few who knew what features were then hid beneath the mask. But take away that bright steal gauntlet, which he wears both day and night. The tale is written there, plainly enough for him, in lines of blotted crimson. Wash it, as it may please him, in the holiest or most pungent water, he can not do it away. What wonder that the arm does not wither! Again!—and inquisition is made for blood; and some are hanged, and some are banished; but the true culprit, the man who acted the headsman so well, stands by, unknown and unsuspected. I said he had removed his mask; but he wears another now, for he smiles when his heart is very bitter, and his face is gay and gladsome, while in spirit he could gnash his teeth for very woe. If they knew the secret, guilty man, and wished to punish thee, they should let thee live on, with thy whole life a torture, a fear, and a lie."

"I have revealed my secret. And now thou mayest see (thou for whose eyes I chiefly write) wherefore my existence has been so gloomy. It is appointed that the crimes of past generations should be visited upon their successors, and a deed of bloodshed stamps upon a family a lasting curse. But upon me a more than usual punishment has descended. Every

man of our race since that day of terror has been oppressed with its transmitted woe. But I am the last of the race, and all the sorrow has been concentrated in me. I do not know that I have ever shed a drop of blood with my own hand—I do not know that I have ever crushed a fly—and yet my heart is burdened as if I had wrought the foulest murder. I feel as if, in some former state of being, of which that trace only remains upon my mind, I had done some deed dark enough to convulse the world with terror. So I bear the weight of my guilty kinsman's guilt. It has gathered force as it came down to me, and I must keep the accumulated burden, and pass with it to the grave: for I am the last of my race. And therefore these signs are given to me, which have not been given to my predecessors, and which link me in close relationship to that murderous ancestor of mine—these visions which pass so often before my mind, in which that scene is constantly depicted; and this right hand of mine ingrained with blood, like that which raised the axe, and did the crime. The man who brought the curse, and the man in whom it ends—we, of all our line, are the likest to each other."

This is all I think it necessary to quote from these papers. I leave it with those who are skilled in the psychological mysteries of human nature to determine the mental, or moral, or physical cause which produces these strange effects. I will only add, that, on searching through the records of the family, I found that there was some probable foundation for the visions which haunted my guardian's mind. The secret evidence was very strong that it was really an ancestor of his—a man of rank and influence in the Parliamentary army—who officiated as headsman at the execution of King Charles I. There was, of course, no historical connection between this deed and the cognizance of the "bloody hand" upon the family coat-of-arms; but the evidence respecting the kinsman's share in the king's death my unhappy guardian had carefully collected and studied, and upon it he had built that belief which made his life a burden. Now he rests in peace, and that sore-troubled heart is no longer clouded with the shame and sorrow of the Bloody Hand.

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

THE BLESSINGS OF SLEEP.

BY RUFUS USHER.

MAN is placed in a position which subjects him to the influence of two distinct controlling agencies—nature and society. All the principles which govern his thoughts and actions result from these, either alone or combined. Nature gives him an organic life, furnishes him with corporeal faculties, and endows him with reason. In the first stages of existence, there is no perceptible dissimilarity between the prince-born infant and the offspring of the peasant. It is only as these germs of existence progress onward, that we can discover the ever-varying features, forms, habits, propensities, and equally varied moral and intellectual endowments, which constitute that unmistakable individuality separating each being from all others.

Leaving out those occasional organic defects which nature in all forms of animal like exhibits, being exceptions to the ordinary rules which govern the principles of life, the natural endowments of the human species are the same in all, differing only in degree. All have the organs of sight, of hearing, of taste, of feeling, and a capacity for reflection. It matters not whether it may be a power of thought to furnish the world with a Newton, or whether sufficient only to act as a guide in the most humble department of social life. There is enough intellect in the lowest grade of existence to rank both extremes in the same class, as distinctly as we place in the same species the fir, stunted and sickening in some stony, earthless dell, with those that crown in matchless beauty the snow-clad hills of Norway and Sweden.

Nature is ever bounteous, and bestows her greatest and most needed blessings alike on all, however her purposes may be temporarily, and in detail, frustrated by the laws which govern society. The

elements that surround the thatched roof of the cottage are the same as those which encircle the battlements of the towering palace. But look into those dark alleys in the densely-peopled city—those dens that intersect almost every locality of the huge metropolis. So narrow is the entrance, that like the path to some secret rendezvous through a subterranean entrance, two can not traverse it side by side; whilst masses of lofty buildings on all hands render these abodes of human beings as impervious to the rays of the sun as the den of ancient banditti. See those children in the court, how ragged, dirty, pale, and emaciated they appear. Surrounded by an atmosphere which comes not from on high, as does the pure light of heaven on the flower-enameled field, but polluted with vapors effluxed from all that is unsightly and impure; what wonder this should be the abode of sickness and fever; that helpless babes and children should perish in the bud of existence, in a ratio unknown where the light and health-inspiring breath of heaven uninterruptedly descend to earth. This huge mortality in the entrance to life is not God's work, nor is it destiny, meaning God in another form. Human laws are too often opposed to the divine; and will so continue, till the unclouded light of intellect shall have framed human institutions on the broader basis of nature's universal laws—yet, despite all human imperfections, nature's dictates can be but imperfectly frustrated. So benevolent are they, that notwithstanding the deformities of social life, they rise above all obstructions, and assert an indisputable claim, in executing their high and benign commission.

One of these prominent blessings, which no laws, no contingencies can annihilate, is sleep. It is the precious endowment

bequeathed to all forms of sentient existence, blessing all, and cursing none. It answers purposes valuable alike in health and sickness, in prosperity and adversity. In every form misery assumes, nature administers this precious balm. See that care-worn traveler, wandering through the village at eventide, with feeble voice asking alms. He, perhaps, was once happy, blest with a home, surrounded by friends, loved and caressed. How sad a fall is that for man. It is a height from which all the fallen do not fall, for there are some of the world's scorned and neglected ones who never felt the warmth of human kindness—whose parents died ere thought was formed—who have been left in the wide world unprotected and uncared for, and whose childhood was as unblest as their riper years. Then does the world's scorn lose half its bitterness, because faith in man has never grown and flourished—no friends have been tried and found flying like a shadow at the touch of adversity. But here is a soul alive to sorrow and remorse, wandering about unprovided with a shelter for the coming night. Every form that crosses his path seems to mock and despise him. Happy children busied with their frolics, and reveling in happiness, and shouting with joy, awaken in his mind a thousand recollections of by-gone days, when he, too, had boon-companions, and bright hopes, and an undimmed future.

He sits down on the tufted bank, and listens thoughtfully to the hum of merriment, and the jocund peals of laughter, and pictures again the scenes of his happy boyhood—the evening pastimes—the open-hearted friends, and the happy home that awaited him, when the shadows of night told of the swiftness of hours happily spent. Amid such recollections he rises from his resting-place, and his own position, wretched and penniless, again confronts his consciousness and confounds his reason, and he wanders on with no better wish than to perish from the earth. But memory must yet drink down another bitter draught. He meets the happy village couple, full of joy, and love, and hope; and memory, as though in very mockery, pictures to him again the time when he too loved and was beloved. Then the very thought of life becomes burdensome, and hurrying to the nearest hovel, with agonizing reflections sinks down on his litter of straw. But heaven has yet a boon

for misery, nor from the wretched takes away the balm of sleep.

It is midnight, and the setting moon sheds her feeble rays on the dark waves of the Thames, as they glide noiselessly on beneath the huge buildings of the mighty metropolis. Watch that restless figure, with hurried step pacing the water-side. Partly intoxicated with spirits, but more deeply intoxicated with deep draughts of wretchedness, she occasionally stands hesitating whether or not to take that fearful leap, which shall stop for ever the beating pulse—the throbbing brain—the aching heart. Perhaps there rises before her the image of one who loves her, and of one she loves, and that form beckons her beseechingly to come away. How many, like this poor disconsolate girl, would have committed the rash act but for the recollection of one who still feels for the wretched, the unforgiven. The thought of one commiserating heart still left her in the world checks the presumptuous thought, and prompts the poor outcast to turn her steps once more in quest of a shelter. On that bed of rags where all around is desolate and loathsome, and human sympathy stands aloof, heaven's benignant messenger fears not to come, and waving his gentle wand, in mercy seals up awhile the book of life, and on the stormy ocean bids the waves be still.

There is no grief so deep rooted, no suffering so acute, but the universal blessing of sleep can relieve. Even the wretched, brutalized slave, bent down with incessant toil, living only to feed the avarice, or perhaps to minister to the yet deeper crimes of some reckless tyrant, is not forgotten in the distribution of this precious endowment. Without this boon, in vain would cruelty and extortion in their worst forms wring from the slave his daily toil. In vain would the dealer in human blood lash and goad his victims, did he attempt to stay this benign visitor.

In man's greatest extremities, in his hour of deepest need, how often does heaven interpose and claim a cessation from misery. Pain, excruciating and intense, may fall to his lot, but endurance has its universal limits; the senses must perish, or sleep must end the fearful combat; coming like a deliverer—as a calm succeeding the storm, or the boisterous tide receding from the shore. What a vast amount of suffering, physical and mental, is suspended by sleep! Ship-

wrecked travelers on the wide world of waters, whose waking thoughts are only those of despair—who have looked on the foaming deep and on death, as already nigh—who have frantically uttered adieus to far-off friends—even to these, tempest-tossed in their leaky and shattered bark, nature still claims her great boon, and shuts out occasionally the noise of the angry billows.

Conscience, most terrible when dark and dreadful secrets roam through the troubled soul—moping in darkness that may be felt, even when the bright sun fills the earth with joy and gladness—even this restless monitor is allowed a respite from its untold toil; and the gnawing worm awhile lies dormant, as though tired of its daily task. Enter the condemned convict's cell at midnight, even his last mid-

night. Steal softly to the couch of that doomed one, as he sleeps his last earthly sleep. What untold agony is suspended in that blessed unconsciousness. The prison clock has announced the morning's first hour, but he still sleeps. The warning voice of time again and again speaks out, but he wakes not yet. Without, there is a hum of many voices, and a perpetual noise of footsteps—it is the approach of mortals more sleepless than the murderer, gathering to witness his disgrace and agony. How the crowd thickens. The noise grows louder and louder, and jesting and vulgar joy have pervaded the dense mass. But still the poor helpless sinner sleeps, and the broad light of day has penetrated his cell ere he awakes, for the last time, to ponder over the future.

From Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.

THE AQUEDUCT OF SEGOVIA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ROSALIE KOCH.

SEGOVIA, a rather important town in Spain, is remarkable for an aqueduct, 200 feet high, and 2535 feet long, entirely built of black granite, the blocks of which are firmly bound together, as if for eternity, although without mortar and cement.

The spring which supplies this aqueduct with water takes its source in the mountains of Fuenfria, situated rather more than three hours' drive from the town. From this distance, considerable though it be, the pillars and arches begin, rising higher and higher, until, towering far above the gable-ends of the houses and the hill of Segovia, they at length offer their refreshing gift to the inhabitants of the town upon the great square of St. Se-

bastian. In the last of these enormous arches there is one single stone wanting, and the legend relates, that the hand of man can not succeed in filling up this gap. The whole construction of this splendid aqueduct marks so stupendous a conception, that in former times it was looked upon as a work of supernatural power. It has defied for two thousand years the ravages of time, and from generation to generation the following legend of its origin has been handed down:

There lived once at Segovia a pious old clergyman, who had adopted and brought up in his house the daughter of an unfortunate sister of his, who had been long dead. Martha had to attend to the house-

hold affairs, the kitchen and the washing, and to do every thing herself without the assistance of a maid-servant; for the good priest shared his slender income so liberally with the poor, that he was obliged to be as economical as possible in his own home.

In those times there was not a single spring in Segovia, and the inhabitants were forced to take a two hours' walk in order to fetch water into town. This was a great task to Martha; for, notwithstanding the fatigues of a day spent in active employment, she had every evening to wend her weary way to the mountains of Fuenfria, with one pitcher upon her head, and the other under her arm, to bring water for the following day's use. Nevertheless, she liked to have her room always clean, and to have the neckhandkerchiefs and collars of the worthy pastor beautifully washed.

One evening, after a warm and fatiguing day, Martha was particularly impatient and dejected at this task. "Ah!" said she, thoughtlessly, "I would give my very soul if I had not to run so far every day to fill those pitchers afresh with water."

"Done! Agreed!" suddenly exclaimed a finely-toned voice behind her. She started, and, on looking round, she beheld an elegantly-dressed gentleman, smiling as he contemplated her. The last rays of the evening sun beamed through the small window in the kitchen, and poor Martha fancied that the velvet mantle of the stranger shone blood-red.

She was at first terrified at the unexpected appearance of a gentleman, not being able to understand how he could have come there; but as her visitor had nothing terrible about him, and wore a hat and sword like a cavalier of rank, she took courage and said, smiling, "Yes, so be it, if these pitchers are filled with spring water, without my having to move them from this spot. I am much too tired to-day!"

"'Tis well, my child!" replied the stranger. "You shall hear from me again." And with these words he bent over the large stone pitchers which stood on the ground, then disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

When Martha was alone, she became uneasy, and she reflected seriously upon the words which she had uttered in jest. "It was very wrong of me," said she,

ashamed of herself; "one ought not to jest on such subjects. Who could the strange gentleman have been? I wonder if he has called to see my uncle?"

She was about to take up her pitcher, and set off along the well-known road, but she started on perceiving that the jugs were already filled to the brim with pure, clear water.

"Lord of Heaven!" cried she, in great anxiety, "if that man really were the prince of hell, and I have promised him my soul merely because I was too lazy to do my duty! What have I done, thoughtless being that I am!" And she hid her face in her hands, and wept bitterly.

In the anguish of her heart she related the matter to her uncle. He was shocked in the extreme. At length, however, he said:

"Take courage, your thoughtlessness shall not draw you into the power of the wicked one! Pray to God for help, and forgiveness of the sin which you have committed, unfortunate girl! Then with a loud voice summon into your presence the Prince of Darkness. I shall remain near you, and support you!"

With fear and trembling Martha did as the old man commanded her, and immediately the stranger appeared in the middle of the room; but this time he was not dressed in silks and velvets, nor had he a sword by his side; he looked rather like a bricklayer, and held a spade in his hand.

"What do you want with me?" asked he, impatiently; "I have fulfilled your wish, and need not serve you further."

The pastor at this moment stepped forward from the shadow of the door, and said, in a solemn tone:

"I have a word to speak to you, for the soul of this child, which you seek to win, is confided to me. Who has given you power over her?"

"Herself!" answered the stranger, severely.

"She is still young, and has no will of her own yet," declared the pastor.

"Not at all," was the sneering reply; "the girl has had teaching and religious instruction enough, and knows right well the meaning of what you term *sin*."

The good old man shuddered, and made the sign of the cross, but the fiend continued unmoved:

"Come what may, she now belongs to me. She will either keep her word, and

then I shall take her soul for the service which I have rendered her in saving her unpleasant trouble; or she will break her word, in which case she will as assuredly fall into my power, for she will have told a falsehood, and will therefore be condemned. You who are a priest must certainly know that lying is a great sin."

The pastor became very uneasy at these words, for he could not help thinking that the devil was right. Still he would not let him have the soul of the unhappy girl; she should not be lost to her rightful Lord and Master; and in his grief he began to pray aloud.

This seemed little to please Satan, for after reflecting a short while, he said:

"You must admit that my right to your niece is well founded, and that I can insist upon the contract without further conditions; but to show myself amiable toward you, and that you may see that I am not so bad as people say I am, I will render you another service still, and bring the water from the mountain of Fuenfria even to your door."

"And how long shall the water flow?" demanded the man of God, listening eagerly.

"As long as one stone of Segovia stands upon the other. But it is a great and difficult undertaking, and I require time to accomplish it! Shall the soul of the young damsel belong to me after I have achieved this vast work?"

Martha was frightened to death when she heard these words; she knew that the pious old man had never yet broken his word. She therefore stole softly up to him, and clasped her hands in supplication. He whispered to her to be comforted, and to step into the next chamber, and put back the clock a whole hour.

Martha slipped out quickly, and after obeying the pastor's commands, she fell upon her knees in the little chamber, illuminated by the bright moonlight, and prayed God fervently to pardon her criminal folly, and save her from the power of the Evil One.

"Well! the matter is now settled be-

tween us," exclaimed the stranger in the inner room. "In three days, Segovia shall have water in abundance."

"No, not in three days, but in three hours," answered the clergyman, decidedly. "If the work be not finished before sunrise our bargain is at an end."

"Impossible!" cried Satan. "Are you not aware that it is already late?"

"The clock is just striking midnight," said the man of God, and the large clock in the next room struck twelve full strokes. "I only agree on this condition."

"Midnight already!" muttered Satan.

"The sun rises about ten minutes to three! Ah! I have not a moment to lose. I require one hour to detach the granite from the rock, thirty minutes to cut the stone in pieces, and to convey it to the spot; the rest of the work is to sketch the plan, that will take also an hour, and twenty minutes suffices to execute it. Well, it shall be done; but remember, an honest man is as good as his word!"

"An honest man is as good as his word!" answered the old pastor, calmly, notwithstanding his face was deadly pale, and cold drops of perspiration ran down his temples.

The mysterious guest immediately vanished. Martha knelt in prayer in the small chamber; the aged priest supplicated before the picture of the Saviour of sinful mankind.

When the sun rose on the edge of the horizon, and the inhabitants of Segovia one after another awoke from their slumbers, they beheld, with as much joy as astonishment, a miraculous work. The aqueduct was completed all to one stone, which was wanting in the last arch; for, as the mysterious architect had just taken the last stone in his hand to fill up the gap, the glorious sun made its appearance above the gray edge of the horizon. One moment later, and the victory had been his; but the Almighty had graciously listened to the fervent prayers of the two supplicants. Martha's soul was saved!

L O U I S A G A S S I Z .

At the head of our present number, and beautifully embellishing it, stands the very truthful portrait and striking likeness of Professor Agassiz, which we are sure will be very gratifying and acceptable to all our literary and scientific readers. It was photographed and engraved while the letter-press of this number was being printed. The skill and accuracy of the artist, Mr. Sartain, in its execution, will be very manifest to all who are familiar with his speaking countenance and the almost playful smile which seems hovering about his lips.

We subjoin a brief biographical notice chiefly as we find it in printed form.

Louis Agassiz, one of the most eminent naturalists of the present day, was born May 28th, 1807, at Orbe, in the Pays de Vaud, in Switzerland, where his father was a clergyman. He received his education successively at the Gymnasium of Biel, the Academy of Lausanne, and the Universities of Zurich, Heidelberg, and Munich; in which last institution he took his doctor's degree. From his youth upward, he exhibited a passion for the study of nature. At Heidelberg and Munich his attention was chiefly occupied with the subject of comparative anatomy, and, at the latter place, Martius, on the death of Spix, who had accompanied him to Brazil, intrusted, in 1826, to Agassiz the description of one hundred and sixteen species of fishes from among those which are the fruits of his journey; many of them belonging to genera altogether new. He was for many years Professor of Natural History at Neuchâtel.

"About the year 1847, he accepted an invitation to become professor at Harvard University, and he is now Professor of Natural History at Cambridge, Mass. His public career as a naturalist dates from 1828, in which year he published descriptions of two new fishes in the 'Isis' and 'Linnæ,' two foreign periodicals devoted to natural history. In 1829, he assisted Spix and Martius in describing the genera and species of fish found in the Brazils. In the same year also, we find the great

transcendental anatomist, Oken, bringing Agassiz's discoveries before the Berlin meeting of German naturalists. From this time till now, his publications upon various departments of ichthyology have been constant and most important. Amongst the most valuable of these contributions to the knowledge of fishes, may be reckoned his researches upon fossil fishes. The results of these researches have been published in various forms in the natural history journals of the day, and in the transactions of scientific societies. The most important of these labors have been directed to the strata of Great Britain, so many of which are rich in the remains of fishes belonging to the past periods of the world's history. In 1834, he published a paper on the 'Fossil Fish of Scotland,' in the 'Transactions of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.' Since that time, he has published several valuable papers in the same transactions. In 1843, appeared in the same place his 'Synoptical Table of British Fishes,' arranged in the order of the geological formations. In the volume for 1842, a report appeared on the 'Fishes of the Old Red-Sandstone,' and in 1844, a report upon those found in the London clay. Agassiz was the first to propose the division of fossil fishes according to the forms of their scales, and has thus placed in the hands of the palæontologist a ready means of distinguishing, by their scales alone, fishes belonging to the Cartilaginous and Osseous tribes. His papers on this subject will be found in the 13th and 14th volumes of the second series of the 'Annales des Sciences Naturelles,' in the 'Comptes Rendus' for 1840, and in the 28th volume of the 'Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.' His researches have not, however, been confined to fossil fishes; and numerous papers scattered through the scientific periodicals of Europe and America attest his knowledge of recent as well as fossil forms.

"Another family, in both their recent and fossil forms, has attracted the attention of Agassiz, and these are the Star-

Fishes, or Echinodermata. His researches upon this family have resulted in a great work containing illustrative figures, entitled '*Monographes d'Echinodermes Vivans et Fossiles*,' and published in parts, from 1837 to 1842. Several papers on this family attest the zeal and care with which he has studied these animals, which have, through successive periods of time, played an important part amongst the organic beings of the globe.

"Although the attention of Professor Agassiz has been chiefly directed to objects not requiring microscopic investigation, he has successfully investigated many of the forms of Infusoria, which are only seen by means of this instrument. He was not only one of the earliest to confirm Mr. Shuttleworth's curious discovery of the existence of animalcules among the red snow of the Alps, but also to point out the existence of higher forms of animal life (such as the Rotifera) than had been suspected by that observer. In some recent researches upon the habits and structure of animalcules, he has even proposed to abolish the class of Infusoria altogether, endeavoring to show that all these beings may be placed amongst the Polypifera, Rhizopoda, plants, and ova of higher animals.

"His researches upon fossil animals would naturally draw his attention to the circumstances by which they have been placed in their present position. The geologist has been developed as the result of natural history studies. Surrounded by the ice-covered mountains of Switzerland, his mind naturally was led to the study of the phenomena which they presented. The moving glaciers, and their resulting morains, furnished him with facts which seemed to supply the theory of a large number of phenomena in the past history of the world. He saw in other parts of the world, whence glaciers have long since retired, proofs of their existence in the parallel roads and terraces, at the bases of hills and mountains, and in the scratched, polished, and striated surfaces of rocks. Although this theory has been applied much more extensively than is consistent with all the facts of particular cases by his disciples, there is no question in the minds of the most competent geologists of the present day, that Agassiz has, by his researches on this subject, pointed out the cause of a large series of geological phenomena. His papers on this sub-

ject are numerous, and will be found in the '*Transactions of the British Association*' for 1840, in the third volume of the '*Proceedings of the Geological Society*,' in the eighteenth volume of the '*Philosophical Magazine*,' (third series,) and in the sixth volume of the '*Annals and Magazine of Natural History*.'

"In his writings, Professor Agassiz shows a strong tendency to generalization; and if a suspicion has grown up of the unsoundness of his views in certain departments of natural history inquiry, it has arisen from this peculiar mental disposition. He has embraced the doctrine of the successive creation of higher organized beings upon the face of the earth, and a paper of his on this subject will be found in the thirty-third volume of the '*Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*.' A more detailed account of his views on this subject will be found in the '*Outlines of Comparative Physiology*,' written by Professor Agassiz in conjunction with Mr. A. A. Gould. This work, originally published in America, has been republished in England, with notes and additions by Dr. T. Wright. It is unnecessary to say here that these views have upholders and opponents in England. Amongst the most distinguished of the former are Professor Owen and Professor Sedgwick, whilst the latter number amongst them the late Professor Edward Forbes and Sir Charles Lyell. Both parties are equally opposed to the theory of organic development, as proposed in an anonymous work called '*The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*.' Professor Agassiz has written in this controversy with great sagacity, and brought his researches on the '*Embryology of the Salmonidæ*' to bear upon the argument. This work was published at Neuchâtel, in 1842.

"Amidst all his original labors, Professor Agassiz has found time to devote himself to the general literature of natural history. In 1842, he published his '*Nomenclator Zoologicus*,' which contains the systematic names of the genera of animals, both living and fossil, with references to the authors and the books in which they are described. He also laid the foundations of the great work entitled '*Bibliotheca Zoologica et Geologica*,' which has been published in England, edited by the late Hugh E. Strickland and Sir W. Jardine, Bart., in the series of works issued by the Ray Society. It consists of four

volumes, comprising an alphabetical list of all writers on Geology and Zoology, with a list of their works. We must refer to this work for a complete list of Professor Agassiz's own writings up to the time the first volume was published in 1848.

"When the chair of natural history in Edinburgh became vacant by the death of

the late Professor Edward Forbes, it was offered to Professor Agassiz; but he declined accepting it, preferring his honorable and wide sphere of usefulness in the New World to returning to Europe, where he won the first triumphs of his great reputation."

THE FIFTIETH BIRTH-DAY OF AGASSIZ, MAY 28, 1857.—The following lines are by Longfellow, and were read among friends at a birth-day dinner, which they will long keep in fresh remembrance :

It was fifty years ago,
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story-book
Thy father has written for thee.

Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away,
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvelous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says: "Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return!"

—Dwight's Journal of Music.

HAMMER AND NAIL.—When to leave off is no small part of wisdom.

Look at the carpenter's apprentice. The ten-a-penny nail was fixed firm enough right up to the head, but fussy over-hammering must give just three more blows to make all surer, and the

whole shank is loosened in its socket by the jar.

Again, a neighbor artist's very clever sketch had just exactly dashed off nephew Robert's likeness. It was quite unmistakable—the exact twist of his mouth and wink of his eye. Nothing could be better.

Think not? knowingly asked Mr. Stipple: and so he took the drawing home, worked hard at it for five days, and after due diligence in fining and polishing, brings me back the tame, gentleman-like, and fashionable mis-resemblance which we all barely recognize as our bluff Bob, subdued into a dancing-master!

Again, and mingling gravity with our gayeties. Don't commentators always omit to tell us the reason why "the Lord was angry with Balaam because he went, albeit he had been told to go?" It is understandable on the same principle as this, that after a wise father has interdicted some wrong request of a son obstinately bent thereon, if that son asks again, he will say, "Do it, and take the consequences." Ask once, and take your answer: ask twice, and you get the contrary, with its punishment. One good answer should suffice. To human feelings, what can be more worrying than iteration? All our nature uprises in shouts of, "Spoke, spoke!" indignant at fretful repetitions.

Further, one of the wisest of ancients gave it as his tit-bit of experience, that life should be conducted on this identical principle of *ne quid nimis*. Overdoing it is to vault into the saddle so violently as to fall over on the off-side. Overdoing it is to demonstrate practically that too much of any thing is good for nothing; the old proverbial evil of *excess*, capable of infinite and most wearisome illustration—teetotalism, asceticism, libertinism, and all other isms moral, physical, and metaphysical; but just now brought most simply home to ~~any~~ mind by that clumsy apprentice and his over-vehement hammer.